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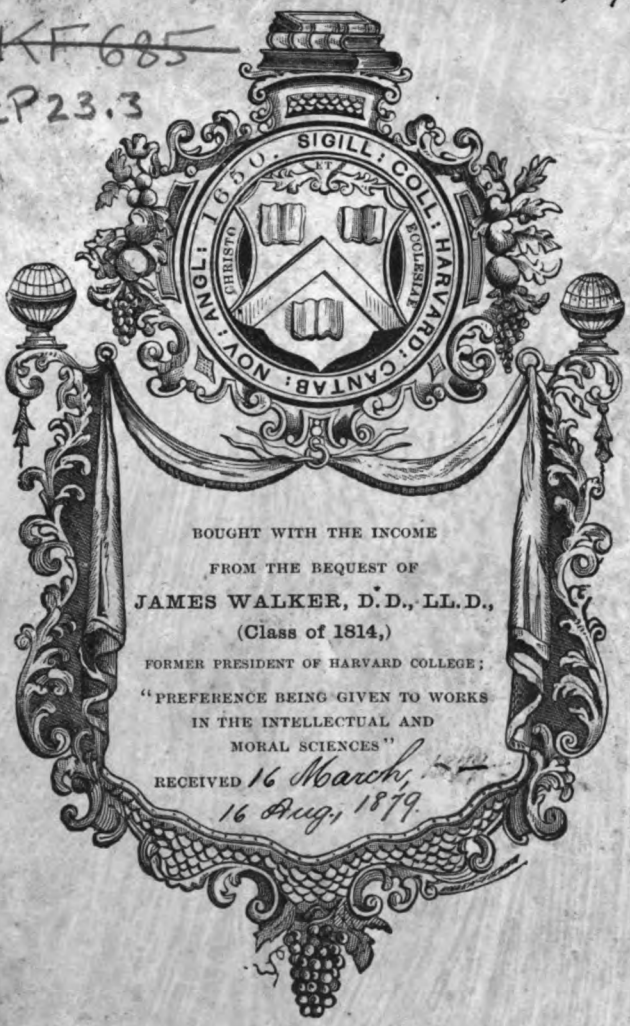

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OF

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VOL. XXIX.

APRIL, 1879, TO SEPTEMBER, 1879.

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THE

Catholic World

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

APRIL, 1879.

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TO OUR READERS.

With this number we begin the Twenty-ninth Volume of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

During the years of financial depression THE CATHOLIC WORLD suffered in common with all other interests and enterprises. We were quite willing to bear our portion of the general distress. At last, however, better times dawn upon the country, and there are solid reasons why we should rise with the general material prosperity. We thank those who stood by us during the trying times, and beg a continuance of their good offices. We trust that those who were compelled to drop THE CATHOLIC WORLD temporarily will renew their subscriptions.

Intelligent Catholics feel the pressing need of diffusing among the people a better knowledge of Catholic principles and their practical application in these days of all others, when there is a general and most persistent attack on religion, morals, and society. Is not a magazine like THE CATHOLIC WORLD, which draws to itself the best Catholic pens, an important auxiliary in repelling this attack, in defending and promulgating Catholic *principles*?

If only those subscribers who dropped THE CATHOLIC WORLD for a time would renew their subscriptions, the magazine would be once again on a safe footing. But we hope for more than this. We hope for a largely increased list during the coming year. A little earnestness on the part of our readers and friends would help us greatly in accomplishing this result. Each reader can influence another, and thus enable us to widen the scope and fully accomplish the aims of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

I. T. HECKER.

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THE CATHOLIC WORLD,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD contains original articles from the best Catholic English writers at home and abroad, as well as translations from the reviews and magazines of France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, and Spain. Its readers are thus put in possession of the choicest productions of European periodical literature in a cheap and convenient form.

Extract from Letter of Pope Pius IX. to F. Hecker.

ROME, Dec. 30, 1868.

We heartily congratulate you upon the esteem which your periodical, "THE CATHOLIC WORLD" has, through its erudition and perspicuity, acquired even among those who differ from us, etc.

Letter from his Eminence Cardinal McCloskey.

DEAR FATHER HECKER: NEW YORK, March 9, 1876.

Eleven years ago I expressed to you my approval of the design of "THE CATHOLIC WORLD," and my expectation of its success as an exponent of Catholic truth. It gives me great pleasure to assure you, on the completion of its twenty-second volume, of the satisfaction I have felt at the manner in which it has fulfilled its original design. The Holy Father has frequently and strongly stated the need of an intelligent and conscientious press, and earnestly encouraged those whose efforts have been directed to advance by this means the spread of religion and morality.

At no time has an able and sound exponent of Catholic principles and opinion been more needed than at the present; for at no period, perhaps, have important questions touching Catholic interests occupied so large a share in the public mind of our country. A careful observance of the course of "THE CATHOLIC WORLD" has convinced me that it has been of great service to the Catholic cause. My best wishes have accompanied it in the past, and the same will accompany it in the future. I take this occasion, therefore, to renew and confirm the words of approval which I addressed to you at the beginning of your enterprise

"THE CATHOLIC WORLD" has not only drawn around it a large number of already distinguished and able pens, but has done good service in bringing forth new and successful ones, thus giving a fresh impetus to Catholic literature in the United States. I would encourage them, as far as lies in my power, to proceed in their good work, while I congratulate the Catholics in America on possessing a magazine of which they may be justly proud, and trust that they will contribute their share to make "THE CATHOLIC WORLD" still more useful to themselves and to the Church at large.

I remain, dear Father Hecker, very sincerely, your servant in Christ,

✠ JOHN, CARDINAL MCCLOSKEY, *Archbishop of New York.*

Copy of Letter from Cardinal Barnabo.

REV. FATHER: ROME, September 3, 1865.

I have heard of the publication of "THE CATHOLIC WORLD" with great satisfaction. I anticipate for it a complete success. There are so many periodicals in our day occupied in attacking the truth, that it is a source of pleasure to its friends when the same means are employed in the defence of it. I return you my thanks for the attention paid in sending me "THE CATHOLIC WORLD." I pray the Lord to preserve you many years. Affectionately in the Lord,

ALEXANDER, CARDINAL BARNABO.
Prefect of the Propaganda.

REV. I. T. HECKER, *Superior of the Congregation of St. Paul, New York.*

THE CATHOLIC WORLD forms a double-column octavo magazine of 144 pages each number, making two large volumes, or 1728 pages, each year, and is furnished to subscribers for

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXIX., No. 169.—APRIL, 1879.

KING ETHELBERT OF KENT.

A LEGEND FROM BEDE.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

FAR through the forest depths of Thanet Isle,
That never yet had heard the woodsman's axe,
Rang the glad clarion on the May day morn,
Blent with the cry of hounds. The rising sun
Flamed on the forests' dewy jewelry,
While, under lifted mists, a host with plumes
Rode down a broad oak alley t'wards the sea.

King Ethelbert rode first: he reigned in Kent,
Least kingdom of the Seven, yet head of all
Through his desert. That morn the royal train,
While sang the invisible lark her song in heaven,
Pursued the flying stag. At times the creature,
As though he too had pleasure in the sport,
Vaulted at ease through sunshine and through shade,
Then changed his mood, and left the best behind him.
Five hours they chased him: last, upon a rock
High up he held awhile his antlered front,
Then took the wave and vanished.

Many a frown
Darkened that hour on many a heated brow;
And many a spur afflicted that poor flank
Which panted hard and smoked. The king alone
Laughed at mischance. "The stag, with God to aid,
Has left our labor fruitless! Give him joy!
He lives to yield us sport some later morn:—
So be it. Waits our feast, and not far off:
On to the left, 'twixt yonder ash and birch!"

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He spake, and anger passed: they praised their sport;
And many an out-blown nostril seemed to snuff
That promised feast. They rode through golden furze
So high the horsemen only were descried,
And glades whose centuried oaks spread far their boughs
O'er violet banks, and fruit-trees, some snow-veiled
Like bridesmaids, others like the bride herself
Behind her white veil blushing. Near, the thrush
Carolled; far off the wood-dove mourned; close by
A warbling runnel led them to the bay:
Two chestnuts stood beside it: 'neath their roof
The banquet gave them welcome.

Feasting o'er,
The song succeeded. Boastful was the strain,
Each thane his deeds extolling, or his sire's;
But one, an aged man among them, scoffed:
"When I was young—when Sigbert on my right
To battle rode, and Sefred on my left—
That time men stood not worsted by a stag!
Not then our horses turned them from a strait,
Scared by the ridged sea-wave!" Next spake a chief,
Pirate from Denmark late returned: "Our skies,
Good friends, are all too soft to build the man!
We fight for fame: the Northman fights for sport;
Their annals boast they fled but once;—'twas thus:
In days of old, when Rome was in her pride,
Huge hosts of hers had fallen on theirs, surprised
And way-worn: long they fought: a remnant, spent,
Fled to their camp. Upon its walls their wives
Stood up, black-garbed, with axes heaved aloft,
And fell upon the fugitives, and slew them;
Slew next their little ones; slew last themselves,
Cheating the Roman Triumph. Never since then
Hath Northman fled the foeman."

Egfrid rose:—
"Who saith our kinsfolk of the frozen North,
One stock with us, one faith, one ancient tongue,
Pass us in valor? Three days since I saw
Upon the East-Saxon's border and our own
Two boys that strove. The Kentish wounded fell:
The East-Saxon on him knelt; then made demand:—
'My victim art thou by the laws of war!
Yonder my dagger lies! Till I return
Wilt thou abide?' The vanquished answered, 'Yea!'
A minute more, and o'er that dagger's edge
His life-blood rushed!" The pirate chief demurred:—
"A gallant boy! Not less I wager this,

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The glitter of that dagger ere it smote
Made his eye blink! Now hear! Three years gone by,
Sailing with Hakon on Norwegian fiords,
We fought the Jomsburg Rovers, at their head
Sidroc, oath-pledged to marry Hakon's child
Despite her father's best. In mist we met:—
Instant each navy at the other dashed
Like wild beast, instinct-taught, that knows its foe;
Chained ship to ship, and clashed our clubs all day
Till sank the sun:—then laughed the white peaks forth,
And reeled, methought, above the reeling waves.
The victory was with us. Hakon, next morn,
Bade slay his prisoners. Thirty on one bench
Waited their doom: their leader died the first;
He winked not as the sword upon him closed!
No, nor the second! Hakon asked the third,
'What think'st thou, friend, of death?' He tossed his head
'My father perished: I fulfil my turn.'
The fourth, 'Strike quickly, chief! An hour this morn
We held contention if, when heads are off,
The hand can hold its dagger: I would learn!'
The dagger and the head together fell.
The fifth, 'One fear is mine—lest yonder slave
Should touch a prince's hair! Command some chief,
Thy best beloved, to lift it in his hands;
Then strike and spare not.' Hakon struck. That youth,
Sigurd by name, his forehead forward twitched,
Laughing, so deftly that the downward sword
Smote off those luckless hands that raised his hair:—
All laughed; and Hakon's son besought his sire
To loosen Sigurd's bonds: but Sigurd cried,
'Unless the rest be loosed I will not live':
Thus all escaped save four."

In graver mood
That chief resumed: "A Norland king dies well!
His bier is raised upon his stateliest ship,
Piled with his arms: the men who love him best
Rush to their monarch's pyre, resolved with him
To share in death, and with becoming pomp
Attend his footsteps to Valhalla's hall.
The torch is lit: forth sails the ship, black-winged,
Facing the midnight seas. From beach and cliff
Men watch all night that slowly lessening flame;
Yet no man sheds a tear."

Earconwald,
An aged chief, made answer: "Tears there be
Of divers sorts: a wise and valiant king

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Deserves that tear which praises, not bewails,
Greatness gone by." The pirate shouted loud,
"A land it is of laughter, not of tears!
Know ye the tale of Harald? He had sailed
Round Southern coasts and Eastern—sacked or burned
A hundred Christian cities. One he found
So girt with giant walls and brazen gates
His sea-kings vainly dashed themselves thereon,
And died beneath them, frustrate. Harald sent
A herald to that city, speaking thus:
'Harald is dead: Christian was he in youth:
He sends you spoils from many a city burnt,
And craves interment in your chiefest fane.'
Next day the masked procession wound in black
Through streets defenceless. When the church was reached
They laid their chief before the altar-lights:
Anon to heaven rang out the priestly dirge
And incense-smoke up-curled. Forth from its cloud
Sudden up leaped the dead man, club in hand,
Spurning his coffin's gilded walls, and smote
The hoary pontiff down, and brake his neck;
And all the sea-kings doffed their weeds of woe
And showed the mail beneath, and raised their swords,
And drowned that pavement in a sea of blood,
While through the open portals rushed their mates;
And, since that city seemed but scant of spoil,
Fired it and sailed. Ofttimes old Harald laughed
That tale recounting.".

Many a Kentish chief
Re-echoed Harald's laugh;—not Ethelbert:
The war-scar reddening on his brow, he rose
And spake: "My thanes, ye laugh at deeds accurst!
An old king I, and make my prophecy
One day that northern race which smites and laughs,
Though near to us akin, shall smite our coasts:
That day ye will not laugh!" Earconwald,
Not rising, likewise answer made, heart-grieved:
"Six sons had I: all these are slain in war:
Yet I, an unrejoicing man forlorn,
Find solace ofttimes thinking of their deeds:
They laughed not when they slew. No God, be sure,
Approves the jest red-handed." Egfrid rose
And three times cried, with lifted sword unsheathed,
"Behold my God! No God I serve save him!"

While thus they held discourse, where blue waves danced
Not far from land, behold, there hove in sight,
Seen 'twixt a great beach silky still with spring,

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And pine broad-crested round whose head old storms
Had woven a garland of his own green boughs,
A bark both fair and large, and hymn was heard:
Then laughed the king: "The stag-hunt and our songs
So drugged my memory I had nigh forgotten
Why for our feast I chose this heaven-roofed hall.
Missives I late received from friends in France;
They make report of strangers from the south
That, tarrying in their coasts, have learned our tongue
And northward move with tidings strange and new
Of some celestial kingdom by their God
Vouchsafed to men of Faith. Nor churl am I
To frown on kind intent, nor child to trust
This sceptre of Seven Realms to magic snare
That puissance hath—who knows not?—greater thrice
In house than open field. I therefore chose
For audience-hall this precinct."

Muttered low
Murdark, the scoffer with the cave-like mouth
And sidelong eyes: "Queen Bertha's voice was that!
A woman's man! Since first from Gallic shores
That dainty daughter of King Charibert
Pressed her small foot on England's honest shore,
The whole land dwindles!"

In seraphic hymns
Ere long that serpent hiss was lost: for soon,
Circling a rocky point with thorny beak,
O'er sands still glistening with a tide far-ebbed,
On drew, preceded by a silver cross,
A white procession. Music, as it moved,
Floated on sea-winds inland, deadened now
By thickets, echoed now from cliff or cave:
Ere long before them that procession stood;
The king addressed them thus: "Hail, heralds sage!
And if from God I welcome you the more!
Since great is God, and therefore great his gifts:
Speak without fear, for him alone I hate
Who brings ill news, or makes unfit demand,
Unmeet for kings. I know that Cross ye bear,
Since in my palace sits a Christian wife,
Bertha, the sweetest lady in this land,
Most gracious in her ways, in heart most leal.
I knew her yet a child: she knelt whene'er
The queen, her mother, entered: then I said,
A maid so reverent will be reverent wife,
And wedded her more late. Both morn and eve
She in her wood-girt chapel sings her prayer,

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Which wins us kindlier harvest, and, some think,
Success in war. She strives not with our gods:
Confusion never wrought she in my house,
Nor minished Hengist's glory: had her voice
Clangorous or strident drawn upon my throne
Deserved opprobrium"—here the monarch's brows
Flushed at the thought, and fire was in his eyes—
"The hand that clasps this sceptre had not spared
To hunt her forth, an outcast in the woods,
Thenceforth with beasts to herd! More lief were I
To take the lioness to my bed and board
Than house a rebel wife." Remembering then
The mildness of his queen, King Ethelbert
Resumed, appeased, for placable his heart:
"But she no rebel is, and this I deem
Fair auspice for her Faith."

A little breeze
Warm from the sea that moment softly waved
The standard from its staff, and showed thereon
The Child Divine. Upon his Mother's knee
Sublime he stood. His left hand clasped a globe
Crowned with a golden Cross; and with his right,
Two fingers heavenward raised, o'er all the earth
He sent his blessing.

Of that stranger band
One taller by the head than all the rest
Obeisance made; then, pointing to the Cross,
And forward moving t'ward the monarch's seat,
Opened the great commission of the Faith:—
"Behold the Eternal Maker of the worlds!
That hand which shaped the earth and blesses earth
Must rule the race of man!"

Majestic then
As when, far winding from its mountain springs,
City and palm-grove far behind it left,
Some Indian river rolls, while mists dissolved
Leave it in native brightness unobscured,
So forward flowed in apostolic might
Augustine's strong discourse. With God beginning,
He showed the Almighty all-compassionate,
Down drawn from distance infinite to man
By the infinite of love! Lo, Bethlehem's crib!
There lay the Illimitable in narrow bound!
Thence rose that triumph of a world redeemed!
Last, to the standard pointing, thus he spake:
"Yon Standard tells the tale! Six hundred years
Westward it sped from subject realm to realm:

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First from the bosom of God's race elect,
His people, till they slew him, mild it soared.
Rejected, it returned. Above their walls
While ruin rocked them, and the Roman fire,
Dreadful it hung! When Rome had shared their guilt,
Mocking that Saviour's brethren, and His Bride,
Above the conquered conqueror of all lands
In turn that Standard flew. Who raised it high?
A son of this your island, Constantine!
In these, thine English oakwoods, Helena,
'Twas thine to nurse thy warrior! He had seen
In heaven this Standard, and thereon these words:
'Through me is victory.' Victory won, he raised
High as his empire's queenly head, and higher,
That Standard of the Eternal Dove, thenceforth
To fly where eagle standard ne'er had flown;
God's glory in its track, good-will to men.
Advance for aye, great emblem! Light as now
Famed Asian headlands and Hellenic isles!
O'er snow-crowned Alp and citied Apennine
Send forth a breeze of healing! Keep thy throne
For ever on those western peaks that watch
The setting sun descend the Hesperean sea,
Atlas and Calpe! These—the old Roman bound—
Build but the gateway of the Rome to be:
Till Christ returns, thou Standard, hold them fast:
But never till the North that, age by age,
Dashed back the pagan Rome, with Christian Rome
Partakes the spiritual crown of man restored,
From thy strong flight above the world surcease,
And fold thy wings in rest!"

Upon the sod
He knelt, and on that Standard gazed, and spake,
Calm-voiced, with hand to heaven: "I promise thee,
Thou Sign, another victory, and thy best:
This island shall be thine!"

Augustine rose
And took the right hand of King Ethelbert,
And placed therein the Standard's staff, and laid
His own above the monarch's, speaking thus;
"King of this land, I bid thee know from God
That kings have higher privilege than they know,
The standard-bearers of the King of kings."

Long time he clasped that royal hand: long time
The king, that strenuous hand at last withdrawn,
His own withdrew not from that Standard's staff
Committed to his charge. His hand he deemed

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Thenceforth its servant vowed. With large, meek eyes
Fixed on that Maid and Babe, he stood as child
That, gazing on some reverent stranger's face,
Nor loosening from that stranger's hold his palm,
Listens his words, attent.

The man of God
Meantime as silent gazed on Thanet's shore
Gold-tinged, with sunset spray to crimsom turned
In league-long crescent. Love was in his face,
That love which rests on Faith. He spake: "Fair land,
I know thee what thou art, and what thou lackest!
The Master saith, 'I give to him that hath':
Thy harvest shall be great." Again he mused;
And shadow o'er him crept. Again he spake:
"That harvest won, when centuries have gone by,
What countenance wilt thou wear? How oft on brows
Once bright with baptism's splendor sin more late
Drags down its cloud! The time may come when thou,
This day, though darkling, yet so innocent,
Barbaric not depraved, on greater heights
May'st sin in malice—sin the great offence,
Changing thy light to darkness, knowing God,
Yet honoring God no more: that time may come
When, rich as Carthage, great in arms as Rome,
Keen-eyed as Greece, this isle, to sensuous gaze
A sun all gold, to angels may present
Aspect no nobler than a desert waste,
Some blind and blinding waste of sun-scorched sands,
Trod by a race of pigmies not of men,
Pigmies by passions ruled!"

Once more he mused;
Then o'er his countenance passed a second change;
And from it flashed the light of one who sees
(Some hill-top gained) beyond the incumbent night
The instant foot of morn. With regal step,
Martial yet measured, to the king he strode,
And laid a strong hand on him, speaking thus:
"Rejoice, my son, for God hath sent thy land
This day good tidings of exceeding joy,
And planted in her breast a tree divine
Whose leaves shall heal far nations. Know besides,
Should sickness blight that tree, or tempest mar,
The strong root shall survive them: winter past,
Heavenward once more shall rush both branch and bough
And over-vault the stars."

He spake, and took
The sacred Standard from that monarch's hand
And held it in his own, and fixed its point

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Deep in the earth, and by it stood. Then lo!
Like one disburdened of some ponderous charge,
King Ethelbert became himself again,
And round him gazed well-pleased. Throughout his train
There passed a movement; and, remembrance had
Of those around, his warriors and his thanes,
That ever on his wisdom waiting lay,
Thus he replied, discreet: "Stranger and friend,
Thou bearest good tidings! That thou comest thus far
To fool us, knave and witling may believe:
I walk not with their sort; yet, guest revered,
Kings are not as the common race of men;
Counsel they take, lest honor heaped on one
Should strip some other. Odin holds on us
Prescriptive right, and special claims on me,
The son of Hengist's grandson. Preach your Faith!
The man who wills I suffer to believe:
The man who wills not, let him moor his skiff
Where anchorage likes him best. The day declines:
This night with us you harbor, and our queen
Shall lovingly receive you."

Staid and slow
The king rode homewards, while behind him paced
Augustine and his monks. The ebb had left
Twixt Thanet and the mainland narrow space,
Marsh-land more late: beyond the ford they found
A path through meads fair-flowered; and, as they passed,
Not herdsmen only, but the broad-browed kine,
Fixed on them long their meditative gaze,
And oft some blue-eyed boy with flaxen locks
Ran, fearless, forth, and plucked them by the sleeve,
Some boy clear-browed as those St. Gregory marked
Poor slaves, new-landed on the shores of Rome,
That drew from him that saying, "'Angli'—nay,
Call them henceforward 'Angels'!"

From a wood
Issuing before them sudden they beheld
King Ethelbert's chief city, Canterbury,
Strong-walled, with winding street, and airy roofs,
And high o'er all the monarch's palace pile
Thick-set with towers. Then fire from God there fell
Upon Augustine's heart; and thus he sang
Advancing; and the brethren sang, "Amen":

"Hail, city loved of God, for on thy brow
Great fates are writ! Thou cumberest not His earth
For petty traffic reared, or petty sway:

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I see a heavenly choir descend, thy crown
Henceforth to bind thy brow. For ever hail!

"I see the basis of a kingly throne
In thee ascending! High it soars and higher,
Like some great pyramid o'er Nilus kenned
When vapors melt—the Apostolic Chair!
Doctrine and discipline thence shall hold their course
Like Tigris and Euphrates through all lands
That face the Northern star. For ever hail!

"Where stands yon royal keep, a church shall rise,
Like incorruption clothing the corrupt
On the Resurrection morn! Strong house of God,
To him exalt thy walls, and nothing doubt,
For lo! from thee, like lions from their lair,
Abroad shall pace the Primates of this land!
They shall not lick the hand that gives and smites,
Dog-like, nor snake-like on their bellies creep
In indirectness base. They shall not fear
The people's madness, nor the rage of kings
Reddening the temple's pavement. They shall lift
The strong brow mitred, and the crosiered hand,
Before their presence sending love and fear
To pave their steps with greatness. From their fronts,
Stubborned with marble from Saint Peter's rock,
The sunrise of far centuries forth shall flame:
He that hath eyes shall see it, and shall say,
'Blessed who cometh in the name of God!'"

Thus sang the saint advancing; and behold,
At every pause the Brethren sang "Amen";
While down from window and from roof the throng
Watched them in silence. As their anthem ceased
Before them stood the palace clustered round
By many a stalwart form. Midway the gate,
On its first step, like angel newly lit,
Queen Bertha stood. Back from her forehead meek,
The meeker for her crown, a veil there fell,
While streamed the red robe to the foot snow-white
Sandalled in gold. The morn was on her face;
The star of morn within those eyes upraised
That flashed all dewy with the grateful light
Of many a granted prayer. O'er that sweet shape
Augustine traced the venerable sign;
The lovely vision sinking, hand to breast,
Received it; while, by sympathy surprised,
Or instinct-taught, the monarch and his thanes
Knelt as she knelt, and bent like her their heads,

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Sharing her blessing. Like a palm the Faith
Thenceforth o'er England rose, those men of God
Preaching by saintly life, not words alone,
The doctrine of the Cross. Some power divine,
Stronger than patriot love, more sweet than spring,
Made way from heart to heart, and daily God
Joined to his church the souls that should be saved,
Thousands, where Medway mingles with the Thames,
Rushing to baptism. In his palace cell
High-nested on that Vaticanian Hill
Which o'er the martyr-gardens kens the world,
Gregory, that news receiving, or from men
Or haply from that God with whom he walked
The Spirit's whisper ever in his ear,
Rejoiced that hour, and cried aloud, "Rejoice,
Thou earth! that North which from its cloud but flung
The wild beast's cry of anger or of pain,
Redeemed from wrath, its halleluias sings:
Those waves our Roman galleys feared, this day
Kiss the bare feet of Christ's evangelists:
That race whose oak-clubs brake our Roman swords,
Glories now first in bonds—the bond of Truth;
At last it fears; but fears alone to sin,
Striving through faith for virtue's heavenly crown!"

THE REALITY AND THE CRITERION OF CERTITUDE.

In the *Academical Questions* of Cicero the learned Roman Varro is represented as excusing himself to Cicero and Atticus for not having made an exposition of the Greek philosophy in the Latin language. He says that he had feared lest all those who were sufficiently learned to understand such matters would prefer to read Plato and Aristotle and the other great Grecian authors for themselves, and that all others would be unable to understand any exposition which he might make in their own mother-tongue. "Wherefore," he says, "I was unwilling to write those things which the unlearned would not be able to understand, and the learned would not care to read."* We are not without fear of meeting with a similar mishap in our present undertaking. We have been thus far trying to make an exposition, which we now resume, of some of the principal parts of the Logic and Metaphysics of Aristotle, as perfected by St. Thomas, in such a way that any person at all given to serious thought may find it both readable and intelligible. It cannot be expected, indeed, that this way of reasoning should be made so plain that even the wayfaring or seafaring man, though a fool,

* "Itaque ea nolui scribere, quæ nec indocti intelligere possent, nec docti legere curarent."—*Quæst. Acad.*, lib. i. § 2.

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shall not err therein. For such there is, happily, an easier way to the truth which is necessary to salvation. But the travellers over the rugged road, the voyagers over the tempestuous ocean of life, who know or think they know enough to need, and to be entitled to, some answer beyond the catechism when they raise questions about their destination and the way to it, ought to be willing to take the pains to understand the only rational answers which can be given to them. Physics, as a pure science, is abstruse and difficult; and yet the most substantial and interesting truths of physics are brought within the reach and made the intellectual property even of schoolchildren. Why not these higher truths, also, which give the intellect a greater perfection, which are more interesting, and far more important?

There are many who put the same question which Pontius Pilate, the educated Roman nobleman and statesman, put to our Lord: "What is Truth?" Is there truth which is certain in itself, and knowable by men, concerning those things which surpass the bodily senses, and a criterion or unerring rule by which truth can be discerned from falsehood, and error avoided or corrected? We maintain that plain common sense suffices to shut out all doubt about these things, so far as is really necessary for the mass of mankind, and that the church gives them an unerring criterion and rule of faith which is assured to those to whom it is sufficiently proposed by an easy process; a way so plain that even the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. But we are dealing with those who professedly doubt the truths of revealed or even of natural religion from motives derived from some sort of philosophy called rational. We have to take them on their own ground; and we may therefore justly ask of them that patience and diligence and close attention to solid arguments which are absolutely necessary to those who seek after wisdom by rational research. Those also who have faith, but who demand a better understanding of the reason of the things which they believe, must be willing to undergo the trouble and labor required by the very nature of the case. It is a serious inquiry after Truth in which we are engaged. The nature, the reality, the criterion of truth and certitude, are the objects of our attention. This is the very object of the science of Logic, a Greek term which in English has for its equivalent Rational Discipline, and, in the words of a textbook * which is one of two prescribed by Leo XIII. for use in the Roman colleges, "considers the order which is in the acts of reason, for attaining truth and avoiding falsehood." We cannot prosecute the inquiry after Truth without investigating the supreme causes of things, and this is the object of Philosophy in general. We are asked for Logic and Metaphysics by all those who demand something which shall satisfy their reason, and we must give them what they ask for, trying to do so with the clearest reasoning and in the plainest English that we are able to use. We must, however, make a path through the densest thicket of the metaphysics of Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas, in order to get a view of the region beyond; and our readers must come

* Liberatore, *Introduction to Logic*, vol. i., of the Philosophy, p. 19.

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after or give up following in our track. It is no garden-walk, and we cannot make it such. Nevertheless Lord Macaulay, who had studied Aristotle, and yet delighted quite as much in the conversation of children as in the Greek classics, has said: "In theology the interval is small indeed between Aristotle and a child."* We have already affirmed that the child is a philosopher and knows the transcendentals and universals. He has the truth and the criterion of certitude. It is not, then, for a new rule and medium above our common nature, by which to find out truth, to prove and verify it, and give security to our tenure of its domain, we are searching, when we inquire for the criterion of certitude. Such an inquiry is vain and futile, and would set the mind turning in a perpetual vicious circle of scepticism. We do not ask what is the receptacle in which space is contained, or in what time time itself exists. There is no other light in which we see light. So there is no faculty by which to measure intellect except intellect itself, there are no other principles or demonstrations extrinsic to first truths and the deductions of reason from them by which to verify and prove the same. "That we are made for attaining truth, and that in effect we do attain it by the legitimate exercise of our cognoscitive faculties, is a postulate of natural certitude, which no one doubts or can doubt without spontaneously renouncing his rational nature. The only thing we can do in addition to making this postulate is to gain a reflexive recognition of it, not in order to acquire certainty in the first instance, which, as we have said, is not possible, but only to discover its intrinsic reason and to convert into philosophical certitude that common certitude which every man naturally possesses."*

The criterion we want is a rule which the intellect derives from within itself as a test of the truth or falsehood of its own judgments, which it uses by taking a review of these judgments in the act of reflection upon itself and its own operations. This criterion is found in the objective truth of the things themselves as it makes itself manifest in the mind by their evidence, or the showing of their reality which is effected in our immediate cognitions. There is no falsehood or error possible in these immediate cognitions. It is only in mediate cognitions and judgments that a discernment of truth and error can be made. The rectitude of judgment consists in its conformity to the real nature of things, and its error in a non-conformity to the same. We can only get at this true essence of being which is distinct from ourselves as the same subsists in the mind ideally by our simple apprehensions. With this we must compare our judgments in order to discern their conformity or non-conformity to reality. This is, therefore, the criterion of truth and certitude for all judgments which the mind pronounces upon those things of which it can take cognizance by itself. For other things, which are made known only by testimony, there is an extrinsic criterion of their credibility, an external rule of the judgments made upon them, and of their respective truth or falsity, and this is the authority of the witnesses who deliver the testimony. Thus, the crite-

**Hist. of England*, chap. xvii. Account of George Fox, 1691.

* Lib., *Conos. Int. App. Del Criterio di Verita*, p. 446.

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rion of certainty for the intellectual judgment that the planet Neptune exists and revolves around the sun in a period nearly equal to one hundred and sixty-five terrestrial years, for Leverrier, Adams, and other astronomers was scientific evidence; for the ordinary student it is the authority of these astronomers.

This brief statement has been premised, in order that the reader may distinctly understand what it is which we are about to explain and prove more fully in regard to certitude and its criterion. We will first make a more explicit definition of the terms Truth and Certitude. Objective truth, or the truth which is predicated of a being, is nothing but its real conformity to its own essence. Truth as subjective, and as predicated of an operation of the mind, is an adequation of the intellect and the thing which is objectively true. Certitude is a quality of the assent which the mind gives to objective truth which makes the assent firm and exclusive of doubt or fear of the contrary. The criterion is a rule employed by reason in reflecting upon its own judgments, a sort of intellectual spirit-level, by which it measures their rectitude. Reason is a light and a law to itself. As in arithmetical computation the correctness or incorrectness of the process and result can only be reviewed and tested by computation, so in all intellectual and rational operations it is the intellect reflecting on itself according to its own intrinsic law and rule of operation, that is its own regulator. It cannot go out of itself to measure its cognitions and judgments by anything wholly and absolutely extraneous to itself, for its acts are all immanent. The objective verity with which it compares its judgments is within itself. This has been already shown in treating of the reality of knowledge. And we must now return upon the exposition then given of the nature of cognition, in order to develop more fully the sufficient reason and nature of certitude, to analyze the ratios of truth and error in rational judgments, and to explain how a being who is fallible and frequently does err in his opinions and beliefs, and who is, moreover, extremely ignorant even when he is most wise, can nevertheless possess and apply an unerring criterion of certitude with due limitations and under the requisite conditions.

In the exposition of the nature of cognition just referred to, it was shown that the mind in actual cognition becomes in a certain sense that which is actually cognized.* My visible moon, and the visible moon of millions of other individuals, is the same moon which existed before our creation, which exists when we neither see it nor actually attend to our imaginary representation of its visible appearance. The object reproduced and represented in our cognoscitive faculty is the same being which exists in itself, only that it is in the ideal state, and is received into the being of the cognoscitive subject, according to the mode of the recipient. In the intelligent subject, it is this intelligible similitude of every real object of cognition, this intelligible species, or ideal conformity to all being which is present to it, which is the form of its actual intelligence. As the likeness to the human species is the form of a statue, making it a statue, as the likeness

* *Cognoscens in actu fit cognitum in actu* is an axiom in scholastic philosophy.

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to Shakspere is the form of a statue of Shakspere, so is the ideal similitude in the intellect its intelligible form. In nature and in art, that which makes a thing to be what it actually is, the form of its essential actuality, cannot be taken from it without destroying it. What accedes to the nature of the thing, or follows from it, may be absent and make it deficient or excessive in certain respects. An animal of a certain species must have what essentially makes it an individual of that species, as for instance a dog must have what is necessary to constitute him a canine animal. Yet he may be, as a witty Franciscan friar once remarked of a dog belonging to a late illustrious bishop, which had no tail and barked frequently, "evil both by excess and defect." A man must have that which makes him a human being, but he may have legs of unequal length, a loathsome countenance, disgusting manners, and a vicious moral character. Cognition, in like manner, whether sensible or rational, must have that which is its constitutive natural form. The similitude of the cognoscitive subject to the real object is this form, and in this nature cannot fail. Nature is no deceiver, and the laws of nature are constant. In so far as the cognoscitive faculties are passive and subject to the laws of nature there is no chance for falsity in cognitions, where the faculties are in a normal state and there is no impediment to their receiving due impressions and duly putting forth spontaneous actions. There is a natural relation and correspondence between sense and whatever is sensible, intellect and whatever is intelligible, reason and whatever is demonstrable. The whole universe of being is objective truth; is, in its nature, apprehensible and knowable as true and real. Being, as such, has in itself the aptitude to make itself known when brought into contact with a cognoscitive faculty. The faculty itself, in proportion to its nature, is in potency to be determined to any cognition, indifferently, by any connatural object duly present to it. When it is determined in this way, its operation is natural, necessary, according to fixed and constant laws of nature, which are as invariable as the laws of motion. The question of truth or falsehood cannot be proposed in respect to these states of the subject of cognition which are determined by the objective verity, because the two terms of comparison are wanting. You cannot ask whether the simple apprehension of the object corresponds or does not correspond to the object, for the simple reason that the object as it is in itself is identical with the object as it is in the apprehension. How can you compare the observed course and time of revolution of a planet with the orbit and period itself as not observed? The theory of a circular orbit can be compared with the observed course and time. Any other theory can be compared, and, among these hypotheses, the one which ascribes to the planet an elliptical orbit around the sun placed in one of the foci, can be proved to conform to the observed facts, and thus verified by the criterion which we have already defined. The observed facts are the objective verity, and their evidence, which is a determination of nature controlling the faculty of observation, is the criterion of the truth and certainty of the judgment, this planet moves in an elliptical orbit, in a certain pe-

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riod, around the sun. The mind has done something, here, of itself: it has pronounced a judgment. There were previous judgments by astronomers before Kepler, and conjectural hypotheses subjected by himself to the test of calculation. They are now condemned by science as false. The one just mentioned is approved as certainly true. And this one illustration suffices to make the whole matter we are considering plain. Truth makes an equation between the mind and the reality, and as this ratio of equality can only exist between two distinct terms, the mind must create the second term, to be compared with the first which it already possesses in its apprehended objective verity, by making a judgment. If the judgment agrees with the objective verity whose evidence shines forth in the primary idea manifesting the object, it is true; if it disagrees with it, it is false. Our judgments are true, says St. Augustine, when we judge that to be which really is, and that not to be which is not. They are false, when we judge that what is not is, and what is is not. The mind can review and reaffirm or reverse its secondary and mediate judgments by applying to them the criterion of truth, by virtue of its power of return upon itself in remembering and reflecting. It can re-cogitate and re-cognize its prior cogitations and cognitions, and renew the reasoning process by which it arrived at its conclusions. Moreover, it can, by the same power of perfect return or bending back upon itself, inspect its own states and operations as modifications of itself, and inspect itself as the principle and subject of these states and operations, investigate its own proper essence and laws, and institute a comparison between subjective truth in itself as psychological, and objective truth as ontological. It can review its primary sensations and intellections and discursive acts. In this way, it can by reflection verify and justify even those first and necessary judgments in which the objective truth is infallibly attained in the first instance, and the original first apprehensions in which these judgments have their inchoate existence. When this work is correctly and completely done, and its results are expressed in accurate terminology, we have a theory of ideology and cognition which gives us a philosophical certainty or science, by which our natural certainty and implicit logic are perfected. A part of this work we are now attempting in the analysis of natural certitude, and we are now prepared to go on still further in the exposition of the three distinct species of certitude which are named, respectively, metaphysical, physical, and moral.

Certitude is a state of the mind in respect to truth which has been already defined. It is produced by a necessary law whenever the truth is made evidently apparent. The difference between its three distinct species just now named is determined by the difference which distinguishes the motive of assent in its several objects. In respect to the exclusion of doubt, the several sorts of certitude are equal. But in the positive intensity of the light of evidence and the proportionate clearness of the mental insight into the objective truth present to the mind, there is a variation and a relative precedence of the different species of certitude, according to the order in which they have been named. When the motive of as-

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sent is founded in the very nature of the thing and the connection of ideas, certitude is metaphysical; when the motive is founded in experience and the constancy of the laws of nature, certitude is physical; when, in fine, it is in the testimony of man and the laws by which their voluntary acts are governed, we have moral certitude, produced in each case by metaphysical, physical, and moral evidence respectively. That a point has position but not divisibility is an example of the first species; that the moon shines by the reflected light of the sun, of the second; that Livy was a Latin historian, of the third; and another example of the third is, that mothers are fond of their offspring.

Rational philosophy takes its beginning from first principles which are self-evident and known by themselves, immediately, as soon as they are presented to the view of the intellect. We have already explained how the intellect, by its innate, intrinsic active power, immediately abstracts the most universal of all ideas, the idea of being, or essence in general. The very name of this faculty, intellect, is derived from *intus legere*, to read within. The human intellect reads within the sensible object its intelligible ratio. The ratio of being is that which is nearest the surface, and first presents itself, as the most universal and most simple, the first in the order of time and in the logical order. "That which the mind conceives as the most known, and into which it resolves all its concepts, is being."* The notions of something or essence, of the one, the true, the good, are aspects of the same universal notion of being, which transcend all generic classification of things, *i.e.*, *thinkables*, and are necessarily attached to all supreme genera or categories of being, and all their subordinate species and individuals. The abstraction of the universal concepts proceeding from the most universal and simple to those which have a less extensive but more intensive nature, distinguishes determinate kinds and sorts of being with their intrinsic, distinctive characters, notes, or marks. Each one of these is called an essence or nature, and is that which determines the common alikeness of things to their diverse and distinct unlikenesses. The essence thus apprehended by the intellectual faculty is apprehended as an abstract ratio or universal, by which you answer the inquiry about anything: What is it? Wherefore it is called in scholastic Latin the *quiddítas*, or whatness of any specific object. As, for instance, you ask the question, What is that figure? It is a circle. Circularity is the abstract ratio, the essence, prescinding from any one circle or number of circles, by which the nature of the given figure is defined. What sort of being is a man? He is a rational animal. The specific essence of humanity, as an abstract ratio, a universal concept of the intellect, is expressed in these words. Now, when the agreement or disagreement of two ideas is self-evident in the immediate intuition of some such essence or nature, we have immediate, *à priori*, metaphysical evidence, producing a judgment of immediate metaphysical certitude, which is a first principle, an undemonstrable postulate of rational philosophy, containing virtually in itself all the truth which can be

* "Illud, quod mens concipit, quasi notissimum et in quod omnes conceptiones resolvit, est ens."—St. Thomas, Qq. Disp., q. i. *De Veritate*, a. 1.

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deduced from it with the help of some other certain principle, by demonstration. This is the way of procedure in geometry, and in all purely rational science, and whatever is self-evident, or demonstrated by pure logic from self-evident principles, is within the scope of metaphysical certitude. The movement of the reason toward this kind of certitude starts from the intuition of ideas, in which first principles are discovered by analysis and affirmed by analytic judgments. These first principles are in themselves irreducible into any concepts more simple, because they originate immediately from intuition. There is, nevertheless, one principle latent in all, which serves as a kind of general equivalent, can be verified in every one, and is a sign that the principle is self-evident. This is the principle of contradiction—that the same thing, namely, cannot be and not be, or be truly affirmed and denied in the same sense. This principle is immediately perceived in the idea of being and is equally universal. It excludes from the idea of being in the most absolute manner its absolute negation, which is not-being or nothing. It is an absolute formula of the *reductio ad absurdum*, by which every negation of a self-evident truth is shown to be a contradiction to reason itself and the essential nature of things, and reducible to a contradiction in terms. Whatever proposition cannot be denied without implying that the same thing is both affirmed and denied in the same sense, is self-evident. It is only necessary to make this implicit contradiction manifest in explicit terms, if it is not already manifest. The well-known nonsense verses:

> **Bear me straight meandering ocean**
> **Where thy stagnant currents roll:**

and these:

> Some boys a-skating went,
> All on a summer's day,
> The ice broke in,
> They all fell in,
> The rest, they ran away;

furnish an illustration of the contradiction in ideas made most obviously absurd in terms. It is a rule of logic that two contradictory propositions cannot both be true, or both false. Whoever violates the principle of contradiction in affirming or denying something violates this rule. Whenever, therefore, you are obliged either to affirm some postulate of reason or to violate this rule, you have a sure and infallible character of self-evident truth which marks the presence of a first principle of metaphysical certitude. And in like manner, the necessary and demonstrated consequences and conclusions deduced from first principles, since they are virtually contained in these, cannot be denied without violating the same principle of contradiction and implying an absurd affirmation and denial of the same thing in the same sense. Therefore, in analytic mathematics, where the demonstrations are the most rigorous possible, the *reductio ad absurdum* is continually employed.* In all judgments of metaphysical certitude, the agreement or the disagreement of two ideas is either self-evident or evident by demonstration. This may be illustrated by an example from grammar. There is a line in Horace which is famous among school-boys: *Triste lupus in*

* "Principium contradictionis est veluti lydius lapis ad analytica judicia internoscenda. Ea enim in hoc numero haberi debent, quæ nisi vera essent, idem simul oporteret affirmari et negari"—The principle of contradiction is a kind of lydian stone by which analytical judgments can be discerned. All, namely, are to be considered as having this quality, which must either be true, or else the same thing must be at once both affirmed or denied.—Lib., *Inst. Phil.*, vol. i. p. 224.

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stabulo—A sad thing is a wolf in the sheepfold. In the delightful story, *Tom Brown's School-Days* at Rugby, a very amusing incident is told, which seems likely to have actually happened to some real boy, it is so very natural. Dr. Arnold having come unexpectedly to hear the recitation of a class, an unlucky idler was called up on the passage in Horace where the *triste lupus* is found. He began, in consternation, "Triste lupus, the sorrowful wolf—" but proceeded no further on that day, for a sudden box on the ears laid him level with the floor, and the doctor, ashamed of his sudden passion, dismissed the class to the playground, where the hero of the morning was ever after known as "the sorrowful wolf." It is a rule of Latin grammar that an adjective must agree with its substantive in gender. Therefore *triste*, a neuter adjective, cannot agree with *lupus*, a masculine noun. Any boy who knew the meaning of the separate words in the sentence and their declinations, and the rules of grammar, would perceive immediately the incongruity of *triste* to *lupus* as the predicate of a subject, and the necessity of supplying a neuter noun understood, to agree with the neuter adjective. All analytic judgments have an analogical resemblance to this one, and surely it must be plain to every one who can reason at all, that whoever questions the principle of contradiction and the metaphysical certainty of which it is a touchstone, deserves to be laid on a level with "the sorrowful wolf" of Rugby.

In respect to those general laws which are matters of physical certitude, the principle of the sufficient reason is in the same attitude as the principle of contradiction is towards the truths of purely rational science. This is the realm of natural and experimental philosophy. This kind of science begins from the intuition of sensible facts, which must be investigated by the aid of experience and a sufficient enumeration to justify an induction, in order that reason may be enabled to determine their sufficient reason by a general, synthetic judgment. The principle of the sufficient reason follows immediately from the principle of contradiction. It means simply that whatever has being is what it is, either by virtue of its own essence or nature, or by some determination proceeding from another being distinct from itself. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* You cannot get something out of nothing. Deny the principle of the sufficient reason, and you make no-being equal to being, contrary to the very intrinsic character of being which absolutely excludes all that is negative of itself, and is manifested in the statement of the principle of contradiction that you cannot deny what you affirm, or affirm what you deny.

In the early age of Italian art Giotto's O was famous, and it became a proverbial saying, "As round as Giotto's O." Suppose, now, that Giotto undertook the illumination of a Missal. Any one initial O would be perfectly round, and have its diameters equal. The sufficient reason is, that this equality belongs to the essence of a circle. One who would deny this must assert that a perfectly round O is both a circle and not a circle. But this O has other determinations which do not come from the nature of rotundity as such, and are not essential to a circle. It is on a particular page, it has definite dimensions, color, and ornamentation. The sufficient reason for the

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existence of this particular letter are the parchment, the coloring matter, the form of decoration invented by the artist, the purpose for which he exercised his art; and the efficient cause, the artist's accurate and masterly hand, the instrument of his mind and will. If any one denies that these are the sufficient reason of the particular determinations added to the essence of the circle, the cause why the letter appears as it does to the eye, he affirms that nothing has been done or exists, which is a contradiction in terms. The principle of causality is nothing more than the principle of the sufficient reason, with a restriction to those cases where something is actually effected by the operation of an active agent, producing a term distinct from itself. The idea of cause is contained in the idea of effect. Volition implies a willer, thought a thinker, attraction or repulsion an active force in matter, movement a mover. A song sung requires a singer of the song. No singer, no song; no speaker, no speech; no painter, no picture. In respect to nature in general, it is an axiom that all observed facts have a sufficient reason, that the sufficient reason is to be sought for by investigating the laws of nature, and that these laws are constant. The existence of a particular law is ascertained by a sufficient induction.

As an illustration, we may take Kepler's laws, quoting for the purpose from the excellent little manual entitled *Fourteen Weeks in Descriptive Astronomy:*

"Tycho Brahe erected a magnificent observatory, and made many rare and beautiful instruments. Clad in his robes of state, he watched the heavens with the intelligence of a philosopher and the splendor of a king. His indefatigable industry and zeal resulted in the accumulation of a vast fund of astronomical knowledge, which, however, he lacked the wit to apply to any further advance in science. His pupil, Kepler, saw these facts, and in his fruitful mind they germinated into three great truths, called Kepler's laws. These constitute almost the sum of astronomical knowledge, and form one of the most precious conquests of the human mind. They are the three arches of the bridge over which astronomy crossed the gulf between the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems."

These laws are: 1. Planets revolve in elliptical orbits around the sun, which is placed at one of the foci. 2. A line connecting the centre of the earth with the centre of the sun, passes over equal spaces in equal times. 3. The squares of the times of revolution of the planets about the sun are proportional to the cubes of their mean distances from the sun. When his work, which had consumed the labor of seventeen years, was accomplished, Kepler exclaimed: "Nothing holds me! The die is cast. The book is written, to be read now or by posterity, I care not which. It may well wait a century for a reader, since God has waited six thousand years for an observer."

The nature of moral evidence and moral certitude is sufficiently illustrated in this very same instance of Kepler's laws. Their truth is assented to with a firm and certain adhesion of the mind, by all those who have not actually mastered their physical and mathematical demonstration, on account of the testimony of astronomers. We receive readily and habitually,

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on a similar authority, a great number of facts and truths which are really astounding to our reason and imagination. The greatest part of our knowledge of our own world, and of the universe, all our knowledge of history, and, in general, our knowledge of everything which we do not know by the direct contact of our own faculties with the objects known, comes to us in the same way, by testimony and human authority, manifested to our minds by moral evidence, and capable of measurement in respect to its certitude, only by the external criterion.

Everything, therefore, which we have been endeavoring to explain concerning the reality and certitude of our human and rational cognition, is completely exemplified in this one instance of Kepler's astronomical discoveries and their incorporation into common and popular science. The single and particular facts were observed by him as objects of sensible and intellectual intuition. His own identity as the basis of the continuity of his thoughts, the operations of his own mind in observing, reasoning, remembering, and reflecting during the long period of seventeen years, were known to him by consciousness, and his philosophical certitude was ascertained and verified to himself by the application of the internal criterion. The purely rational truths which were the rational basis of his geometrical and arithmetical calculations were known to him by ideal intuition and demonstration. The analytical process of induction disclosed to him the three general laws mentioned above, in which is declared, by a synthetical judgment applied to all the planets, the sufficient reason of all the observed facts concerning their orbital revolution around the sun. Finally, his authority, corroborated by that of other astronomers, and accepted by the common sense of men as sufficient, furnishes an external criterion of certitude to those who are unable or unwilling to make a personal investigation of the physical evidence, justifying their belief in these laws without danger or fear of error, and reasonably excluding doubt.

We may also conveniently in this place explain what is meant by the terms analysis and synthesis, which are so frequently used, and often, we fear, without any distinct notion of their true signification. Analysis is a Greek term, of which the English word *unloosing* is an almost literal counterpart, as it is an exact translation. It denotes a disentangling, distinguishing process, by which a universal and elementary principle is liberated from its surroundings and adjuncts, in a manner analogical to the liberation, for instance, of oxygen from its combination with hydrogen in water. In analyzing, we prescind from particulars, and are intent upon a general idea. Kepler was following the analytical method, while he was disengaging the thread of his theory from the complex multitude of observed facts and computations, and pursuing his induction up to a simple and general law, the ellipticity of planetary orbits.

Synthesis is a binding together. A general principle is taken at the outset of the process of investigation or exposition as the rule of the co-ordination of particulars, and applied to one thing after another; as when you select and bind together out of a heap of bank-notes all those of a particular denomination.

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Thus, the laws of Kepler which were obtained by analysis were converted into synthetical judgments. The orbits of planets are elliptical, is a general law. It is applied to all the planets, defining that the orbit of Mercury, the orbit of Venus, the orbits of all the other planets are elliptical, and that they are thus bound together in unity and order to their common centre, the sun. The analytical and synthetical methods are both valid and both necessary. So also are the deductive and inductive methods of reasoning, rational philosophy, and that which is based on experimental knowledge. It is a futile and narrow assertion that there is any opposition between these different parts and various methods of science, and the notion that one should be esteemed and cultivated to the disparagement and neglect of the other is on a par with local and partisan prejudices and the whims of children. Macaulay, in that part of his history of the reign of Charles II. in which he describes the state of science in England and enumerates the distinguished scientists who flourished therein, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, makes the following just remarks, in his own felicitous style, about Sir Isaac Newton: "The glory of these men, eminent as they were, is cast into the shade by the transcendent lustre of one immortal name. In Isaac Newton two kinds of intellectual power, which have little in common, and which are not often found together in a very high degree of vigor, but which nevertheless are equally necessary in the most sublime departments of physics, were united as they have never been united before or since. There may have been minds as happily constituted as his for the cultivation of pure mathematical science; there may have been minds as happily constituted for the cultivation of science purely experimental; but in no other mind have the demonstrative faculty and the inductive faculty co-existed in such supreme excellence and perfect harmony."

There is some exaggeration in this language, and there are other statements in connection with it in which we cannot concur. The eminent literary man who employed it was a man of modern opinions, and shared with his contemporaries in the superficial estimate of purely rational philosophy which is common. It is precisely for this reason that this quotation from him is especially apposite to our purpose. It is a glowing eulogium on man's rational nature, a tribute to the supereminent glory in which great thinkers who have been genuine lovers and seekers after truth, who have enlarged the bounds of real knowledge and real science, are invested by the verdict of mankind. Its philosophical justness is equal to its rhetorical elegance, and the leading idea contained in it is capable of a wide extension, and an application to philosophy in general as well as to the department of physics.

The human faculties are all connected together in harmony, and so are their specific objects, and all the five primary sciences into which universal natural science is divided. They are provinces of one realm, distinct but co-ordinate parts of one great structure, and all stand upon the same basis. You cannot establish or undermine the foundation of one of them, without strengthening or weakening that of all the others. The universe is

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real, knowledge is real, and extends potentially to all being. Science is universal, for the immediate object of the intellect is the universal, and it naturally seeks to know all things in their deepest causes. It is universal ratios and essences which are individuated in material and immaterial things, in bodies and spirits, in the objects of sense, and in each indivisible I of separate persons. Thus, sense, consciousness, intelligence, reflection, rational discursion, immediate intuition and mediate demonstration, induction, and belief on credible testimony, all concur in laying the foundations, building the walls, and erecting the towers of the grand edifice of universal science. The grand idea which pervades this solid, vast, and lofty structure is one, and it is the great glory of the human race, a monument of man's rational nature, of that intelligence which is the distinguishing, characteristic mark of his species among all the living beings of the earth, which makes him its lord and sovereign, and worthy of alliance with angels. The honor cheerfully paid to men of high intelligence is honor to man's rational nature as exhibited in these perfect specimens. Let us be permitted to quote again from Macaulay, who in another portion of his history has added one more rich gem to the coronal of praise with which he has crowned the brow of Newton. He is describing the convention which transferred the crown of England to William and Mary, and enumerating the leading members of the House of Commons. After completing the list of names now almost forgotten among men, he goes on to another which will not be forgotten, even when the famous traveller from New Zealand shall have published his sketches of the ruins of London:

"One other name must be mentioned; a name then known only to a small circle of philosophers, but now pronounced beyond the Ganges and the Mississippi with reverence exceeding that which is paid to the memory of the greatest warriors and rulers. Among the crowd of silent members appeared the majestic forehead and pensive face of Isaac Newton. The renowned university on which his genius had already begun to impress a peculiar character, still plainly discernible after a lapse of a hundred and sixty years, had sent him to the convention; and he sat there, in his modest greatness, the unobtrusive but unflinching friend of civil and religious freedom."

How shall we explain this exceeding reverence won simply by thinking and writing? And, we may also ask, how shall we explain the exceeding reverence with which the man who wrote these words was laid in Westminster Abbey by the most illustrious of his compeers, and mourned by multitudes in both hemispheres? Why do we trace his history from infancy, and read the story of his mental development from its earliest stages to its final result with so deep an interest? It is the spontaneous homage of our rational nature to itself. The very name of man, in its Sanscrit original, means "the thinker." Our highest natural glory and our chief natural delight is in intelligence, and that in proportion to the pure intellectuality of its operations. The man who helps us to think and to know, is the one for whom we have the most gratitude, because he has given us pleasure of the most elevated kind, and whom

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we most delight to honor, because he exalts our own rational nature in our own estimation. It is a well-known truism that the curious mind of man seeks to penetrate the deepest causes of things. The more deeply our intellect can read within the numerous, complex, and brilliant phenomena of the universe and the dark shadows which accompany them, the greater is our pleasure. The more deeply a great thinker penetrates into the sufficient reasons, the causes, the hidden essence of things, the further he can extend the adequation between mind and reality, the more extensive and perfect the similitude of real being which he can reflect from the mirror of ideality, or project upon the canvas of imagination, the more does he approach to our type of the perfection of humanity, and command our willing homage as a great potentate and ruler in the intellectual realm. That which man desires most of all, when he is not stupefied in the slumber of his senses, is *to know*. He has questions to ask which leave him restless while they are unanswered. He desires to know what is in this wonderful and illimitable sensible world which surrounds him, the inorganic, organized, and animated entities of creation; what has been done by his fellow-men since the human race began on the earth; what may be anticipated to take place in future times, and what is the origin and consummation of all. Unsatisfied with all he can discover in this real world, he desires another imaginary world to be created for him, filled with similitudes of real beings. More than all, he desires to penetrate the depths of his own nature, to investigate the world of mind, deeper and vaster than all the spaces of the stellar universe. Even in infancy, man, as says that chief of American humorists and true poet, Mr. Holmes,

> "Sucks his little thumb,
> With 'Whence am I here?' and 'Wherefore did I come?'"

More than all, the human mind seeks to know its primal light, the source of eternal truth, the cause of the universe, the future which is to follow the short present life. It is not possible that it should be satisfied with the answer of those who, like an owl blinking with a ridiculous look of wisdom, gaze into the face of the questioner with portentous solemnity and mutter "unknowable." Much less can it degrade itself so far as to bury all its high thoughts and aspirations in the mud of materialism. Surely, the pride of reason, glorying in the rights and liberties of human intelligence, in the conquests of science, claiming equality with the gods, and all the prerogatives of self-sovereignty, cannot stoop so low as this, and sell out all its dignity for the mean privilege of existing as the brutes, after the manner of the vanquished Romans, bartering with Brennus and his barbarians. The infallible criterion of truth in the authority of the church, and the certitude of Catholic faith, were rejected as injurious to the internal criterion and the certitude of private judgment. The criterion of divine revelation and the certitude of divine faith have been rejected for the same reason. Rational philosophy was proposed as a substitute for religion. The surrender of this last citadel of truth and human dignity is a total abnegation of the rational nature of man and of all his rights and prerogatives which are founded upon it. *Væ victis!*

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Woe to the vanquished defenders of the capitol of man's intellectual kingdom! may be said with more disgraceful and mournful meaning than was resonant in the scornful words of Brennus to the subdued remnant of the Roman senate and army. Those who thus abjure their intelligent nature by the philosophy of nescience and the "gospel of dirt," are only fit to be slaves. They avow that they belong to that class of human beings whom Aristotle regarded as intended by nature for slavery, because they did not possess enough of reason and knowledge to make them fit for any higher destination.

Those nobler and still undaunted spirits who scorn such a base surrender, who retain their rectitude of mind and will, especially such as still possess that precious privilege of youth, to be unhardened by prejudice and untainted with selfish interests, may perhaps find that there is succor for the menaced citadel of rational philosophy from an unexpected quarter. That genuine Catholic philosophy which contains all the best wisdom of the ancients, purified and completed, together with that of the great sages of Christendom, and which formerly conquered all sophistry and error; cast out, exiled, and vituperated in modern times; may be the Camillus who will rescue and restore the citadel and city of truth.

We have endeavored to defend and vindicate the rational nature of man, and the fundamental principles of rational philosophy which are the foundations of all science in general, and of philosophical certitude. This is to prepare the way for the vindication of natural theology; and of the basis of the revealed theology, which rests its claim in the evidences furnished by rational philosophy and rational religion, in connection with testimony and historical facts.

THE JEWS OF ROME IN CHRISTIAN TIMES.

"According to the Gospel, indeed, they are enemies for your sake: but according to election, they are most dear for the sake of the fathers."—*Romans* xi. 28.

A REMARKABLE work recently published in England by the Rev. Henry Formby, on *The Primitive Religion of the City of Rome*, attempts to prove that the early monotheism, of which there are indications in many ancient writers, was originally derived from the Hebrews through the connection of Numa Pompilius with the school of the witnesses of the Lord God of heaven in Jerusalem. It is not improbable that at some earlier age than that of the Machabees Rome and Jerusalem were brought into a philosophical and religious intercourse, which was to end in the transfer of the seat of divine authority on earth from one city to the other, where it shall remain until the end of the world. The Jews, who were scattered throughout every nation and inhabited every large city in such numbers as to excite the astonishment of Strabo, had a superior mission to perform in imparting the knowledge they possessed to all mankind (Isa. xliii. 10), "for

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salvation is of the Jews." They were particularly numerous in Rome, where, as we have said in a former article, they were favored by Augustus, who settled a large colony of them in the Transtiberine quarter of the city about the Vatican and Janiculum hills, and allowed them the free exercise of their religion, distinct cemeteries for their dead, and the practice of the Mosaic law. This emperor used even to send considerable sums through them to Jerusalem to have sacrifices offered in his behalf; and the number of these Jews must have been large when Josephus tells us that as many as eight thousand attached themselves to an embassy which appealed to the emperor against the administration of King Herod (*Ant.*, xvii. 11). They had established the Synagogue of the Libertines at Jerusalem; and since there was not at this period a single religion, except the Jewish, which was felt by the more enlightened part of its professors to be real, we can understand the measure of success which attended the efforts of the better class of Hebrews to spread the knowledge of the true God among the Gentiles and inspire respect for their own belief. In this way many pagans professed the monotheism of the Jews, adopted their moral code, abstained from flesh-meat offered to idols, and abandoned other heathen practices. These were styled Proselytes of the Gate, and were quite numerous at Rome; but those who submitted to circumcision, fully observed the law of Moses, and were known as Proselytes of Justice were comparatively rare (Alzog, vol. i. p. 120). The number of Jews residing in Rome about the thirteenth year of the reign of Augustus, which corresponds with the beginning of the Christian era, has been estimated by statistical antiquarians at considerably upwards of twelve thousand. They bore, however, but a small proportion to the entire population of the city, which was probably about two millions, nearly a half of whom were slaves. Between this time and the arrival of St. Paul the calamities and dissensions of Judea caused the emigration of large bodies of its inhabitants, many of whom took up their abode in the capital of the empire, so that in the reign of Caligula, A.D. 37–41, the greater portion of the city beyond the Tiber —a healthy and delightful locality —was occupied by Jews. A close and constant communication was kept up between these Jewish residents and their fellow-countrymen in Palestine by the exigencies of commerce, in which the sons of Jacob became more and more engrossed as their national hopes declined, and by the custom of repairing regularly to the sacred festivals at Jerusalem. It may be that some of those "strangers of Rome, Jews, and proselytes" who are mentioned in the Acts (ii. 10, 11) as present at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost carried back the earliest tidings of the new doctrine, or the Gospel may have first reached the imperial city through those who were scattered abroad to escape the persecution that followed on the death of Stephen (Acts viii. 4; xi. 19). As time advanced better-instructed teachers arrived, the chief of whom was St. Peter, who reached Rome in the spring of the year 42, in the reign of Claudius. Faithful to the understanding with the other apostles that the principal charge of laboring (but not exclusively) among the Jews was assumed by him, he went immediately to

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reside where a large body of his countrymen was collected, and dwelt in the house of the two Jewish converts, Aquila and Priscilla, on the Janiculum, near the present church of *San Pietro in Montorio* (Guéranger, *Ste. Cécile*). The instructions of this apostle must have created considerable excitement in the Jewish colony, as we may judge by analogy from the relations given in the Acts. In A.D. 49 Claudius "commanded all Jews to depart from Rome" on account of tumults connected with the preaching of Christianity, because, in the words of the Roman historian, "they excited an incessant disturbance, instigated by one Chrestus." That quarrels about the Messiaship of Christ and the commotion caused by the rising Christian community are meant by Suetonius is so obvious an explanation that no one disputes it. In this famous passage, *Judæos, impulsore Chresto, assidue tumultuantes, Româ expulit* (*In Claud.* xxv.), the historian ascribes the dissensions between Jews and Christians (who were all considered Jews, the most part being originally such) to Christ, whose doctrines and character they regarded. We here see the carelessness and contempt with which a Gentile writer usually treated what was called the superstition of the Jews. It was on this occasion that, as St. Peter was leaving Rome, he was detained by a reproachful vision of our Lord on the spot where afterwards arose the oratory of *Domine Quo Vadis*. Returning into the city, he betook himself to the house of the senator Pudens, of the *gens Cornelia*, to whom he was attached by the sacred ties of hospitality through his kinsman Cornelius, the Gentile convert and centurion in the Italic band at Cæsarea. His former hosts, Aquila and Priscilla, went to Corinth, where they became acquainted with St. Paul and abode together; but their banishment cannot have been of long duration, for many Jews returned to Rome in the early part of the reign of Nero, which was marked by clemency and peace. Among them were these two celebrated converts, and in the year 58, when St. Paul wrote his Epistle to the Romans, their house was a place of assembly for the Christians (Rom. xvi. 3). Aquila was a native of Pontus and a tent-maker by trade, a man of wealth and consideration. Priscilla, his wife, was probably the freed-woman of some great Roman lady, who, it is almost certain, was no other than the wife of the senator Pudens, for that lady bore this name, as we learn from the acts of St. Praxedes. In the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles husband and wife are always mentioned together, but the latter generally first, whence we might conclude that she was the more energetic, and perhaps, from her connection with a patrician family, the more influential, of the two. The form *Prisca* is sometimes used, but such a variation in a Roman name is not unusual. A very ancient church on the Aventine, which is now known as *Santa Prisca*, and was long a cardinalitial title called *Titulus Aquilæ et Priscillæ*, marks the habitation of these two Jewish converts when they returned to Rome from the Claudian banishment, the Jews, at least those of the better class, not yet being constrained to reside in a particular part of the city. There are numerous passages in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans which imply the presence at Rome of a large number of Jewish converts to Christianity. Of the names of

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Christians given in the salutations at the end of this Epistle, although that of Mary is the only one distinctively Hebrew, Andronicus, Junias, and Herodion are called St. Paul's "kinsmen," and must consequently have been of Jewish origin. Aquila and Priscilla were certainly Jews. The name Apelles was most commonly borne by Jews, as appears from Horace; and if Aristobulus was one of the princes of the house of Herod, as seems likely, we have also in his household several Jewish converts. Rufus, of verse 13, if the same as the son of Simon the Cyrenean mentioned in Mark xv. 21, was also a Jew. But if some, and even a considerable number of Jews received the Gospel, the greater part obstinately remained outside of the church. When St. Paul reached Rome, about the year 62, the Christians were mainly converts from Gentilism, though many of them may previously have been Jewish proselytes. He invited the chief men among the Jews to come to him, and explained to them that though he was brought to Rome to answer charges made against him by the Jews in Palestine, he had really done nothing disloyal to his fellow-countrymen. The Roman Jews expressed themselves with evident reserve about the Christian community: "For as concerning this sect, we know that it is everywhere opposed" (Acts xxviii. 22). The closing chapter of the Acts vividly brings before us the final reprobation of the Jews in the person of their representatives at the seat of empire, now become the seat of religion also and the heiress of Jerusalem. A day being appointed, a large number came expressly to hear St. Paul expound his belief; and from morning till evening he bore witness to the kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus; "and some believed the things that were said, and some did not believe," and these were the more numerous. Then said the apostle: "This salvation of God is sent to the Gentiles, and they will hear it. And when he had said these things, the Jews went out from him, and had much discussion among themselves." When St. Paul was brought to Rome he was allowed to dwell by himself in private lodgings with a soldier who kept him, and the house in which the impressive scene took place between the prisoner in chains for Christ and his obdurate fellow-countrymen is now the subterranean church of *Santa Maria in Via Lata*, in the modern Corso, which derives its name from having been erected on the broad highway that in the apostle's time ran through the southern extremity of the Campus Martius and beside the magnificent new *Septa* of Julius Cæsar.

The Christians passed at first in the eyes of heathens, and especially of the Roman authorities, for a Jewish sect formed through some internal schism in the bosom of Judaism. As such they would only appear insignificant to the Romans, and in Rome, as elsewhere, the Jews were the first and bitterest accusers of the Christians. "Since the days of the apostles," said Tertullian, "the synagogue has always been a torrent of persecution." When Nero, terrified at the popular hatred excited by his conflagration of the city, cast about him for victims to bear the odium, it was probably Jewish influence which suggested the Christians, for Nero's wife, Poppæa Sabina, who then ruled him, was a proselyte,

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and he was himself surrounded by Jewish soothsayers and magicians. Thus began the first general persecution, and on June 29, A.D. 67, SS. Peter and Paul were put to death.

We do not hear much of the Jews in Christian writers, except in a controversial way, during the era of persecutions, although Judaizing Christians, and heretics infected with Jewish errors, sometimes troubled the church in Rome; such were the Cœlicolæ, the Cerinthiani, Ebionæi, Nazaræi, Elcesæi, and Samsæi. By the 63d of the Canons of the Apostles clerks who went into the synagogues to pray were deposed and laymen were excommunicated. By other canons in the same collection ecclesiastical censures were imposed on those who fasted on the Lord's day, observed Jewish feasts, or gave oil for consumption in synagogues; and since "evil communications corrupt good morals," the clergy and laity were forbidden to eat unleavened bread with Jews, or to have any very intimate relations with them, or to consult with them in sickness; and the danger which lurked in association with the Jews is exemplified at great length by St. John Chrysostom in his six homilies *In Judæos*. But while warning the faithful against the danger of too close an intimacy with this misguided people, the Roman pontiffs were always ready to enlighten them and to ameliorate their temporal condition, which became more and more distressing as time wore on and the successive invasions of cruel and rapacious barbarians broke down the fabric of Roman civilization. We find a few scattered notices of Jews in Rome under Theodoric, King of Italy, in the beginning of the sixth century, when two disputes at Rome between Jews and Christians were settled by this Arian prince (Cassiodorus, *Var.*, iii. cap. xlv. and iv. cap. xliii.) One of the matters regarded with peculiar jealousy by the popes was the right of Jews to hold Christians in slavery, and at their instigation the earlier Christian emperors made various enactments restraining or entirely abolishing this shameful servitude, lest, as says St. Gregory the First (540–590), the true religion should be degraded by the subjection of its followers to the reprobate Jews. But if this great pope showed himself a strenuous advocate of the legal right of a Christian to his freedom against the Jew who would irregularly hold him in bondage, he was also a powerful patron of the Jews against every species of injustice and oppression, as we see by his letters, and particularly by one to Fantinus, the proctor at Palermo, and to Victor, bishop of the same city, concerning the Jewish synagogues and dwellings attached which had all been wrongfully seized, since by a law of the Theodosian Code (*De Judæis*, l. xxv. and xxvii.) the Jews were allowed to retain their synagogues, but only forbidden to erect new ones.* Another letter to the same proctor shows us that the pope's tribunal was open equally to Jew and Christian, for one *Jamnus*, having personally appealed to it at Rome to obtain the return of his written bond, fraudulently detained by his creditors after his debt had been satisfied by the sale of his ship and chattels, had justice promptly done him. St. Gregory decided that the

* St. Gregory's authority over Sicily was not merely spiritual, but the Roman Church having immense possessions there, the popes exercised a temporal supervision, if not full sovereignty, over a greater part of the island.

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slaves of Jews, on becoming Christians, should be entitled to their liberty. He commended the bishop of Cagliari, in Sardinia, for protecting the Jews against the machinations of a certain fanatic, and blamed the bishop of Terracina for oppressing them. The influence of this celebrated pope was very far-reaching in the whole of the middle ages in regard to the treatment of the Jews who lived in the States of the Church, and the almost exceptional condition of the Jews in Rome, and the amount of liberty they enjoyed there during so many centuries, were due in a great measure to his mild and liberal disposition, perfected by a legal training and the piety of a saint. He would not, however, relax the rigid rule, made by one of his predecessors, not to hold any personal communication with Jews, because they often sought to corrupt by costly presents the members of the papal household, that the laws against them might not be executed. *Hinc est*, says John the Deacon, and this pope's biographer, *quod sicut a majoribus traditur, et usque ad tempora nostra, dum adhuc pubescere-mus oculis nostris conspeximus. consuetudo vetus obtinuit ut omnes illius superstitionis homines quantum cunque pulcherrima mercimonia detulissent, nunquam pontificalibus alloquiis fruerentur, nunquam obtutibus apostolicis potirentur, sed extra velum longissimæ porticus, non quidem in scamnis, sed in marmoreo pavimento sedentes, suscepta pretia numerabant, ne videlicet viderentur aliquid de manu pontificis accepisse* (*Vit. S. Greg.*, lib. iv. cap. l.)

Soon after the pontificate of St. Gregory the Great the Jews disappear almost from the annals of Rome, and their number was reduced in a few centuries to that mere handful found there by Benjamin of Tudela. Once only during this long period do we hear of an uprising of the Roman populace against them, which was in the year 1020 on the occasion of a frightful earthquake. On the accession of every new pope the Jews did homage and sang hymns in their own language, and as a return their *Schola* was one of the seventeen guilds or companies which received a gratuity of bread and wine and other delicacies from the palace on certain festivals. *Judæis viginti solidos provesinorum*, says Cenci in the *Ordo Romanus*. The earliest account that we have of the ceremony performed by the Jews when the new pope went in solemn cavalcade to take possession of the Lateran dates from the pontificate of Calixtus II., in 1119. In 1165 the Jews are described as going out to meet Alexander III. on his return to Rome *cum signiferis, stratoribus, scrinariis, judicibus, clero, etc., de more legem suam deferentes in brachiis* (Muratori, *Ant. Ital.*, tom. i. p. 896). This presentation of a copy of the law, which was elegantly written and richly bound, is a happy thought, suggested, perhaps, by the expression of St. Augustine that the Jews are *Christianorum bibliopolæ et librarii*. Besides a copy of the law, which was a tribute to the spiritual character of the pope, the Jews, to acknowledge his temporal dominion, presented annually in feudal style to the *Camera Apostolica* one pound of pepper and two pounds of cannel wood—rare articles in the middle ages, and which indicate the traffic of the Roman Jews with the East. For some centuries the Jews stood bareheaded on Monte Giordano, near where the modern Gabrielli palace is built, to offer

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their congratulations to the new pope going to take possession of his see—*juxta palatium chromacii Judæi faciunt laudem;* but in the year 1484 a less exposed and more convenient site was assigned to them by Pope Innocent VIII. within the enclosure of Castel San Angelo. *Cum papa*, says Burkhard, the pontifical master of ceremonies to this pope, *pervenisset prope castrum St. Angeli se firmavit, et Judæi, qui ad inferiores merulas in angulo dicti castri versus plateam se cum ornatu, et lege suâ receperant, obtulerunt P.P. legem adorandam, et honorandam verbis hebraicis in hanc ferme sententiam. Papam acclamantes: Beatissime Pater: Nos viri hebraici nomine synagogæ nostræ supplicamus S. V. ut legem Mosaicam, ab omnipotenti Deo Moysi pastori nostro in monte Sinai traditam, nobis confirmare, et approbare dignemini, quemadmodum alii Summi Pontifices S. V. prædecessores illam confirmarunt, et approbarunt. Quibus respondit pontifex: Commendamus legem; vestram autem observationem, et intellectum condemnamus, quia, quem venturum dicitis, ecclesia docet, et prædicat venisse, Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum.* A remarkable occurrence connected with the Jews of Rome is the rise of a Jewish family to enormous wealth and power, its conversion to Christianity and bold attempt to seat one of its members on the chair of St. Peter, which led to a lamentable schism. The name of the family that suddenly emerged from the synagogue in Trastevere to make a figure in the Church was *Pierleoni*. The great-grandfather (or, as some maintain, the grandfather) of the anti-Pope Anaclet II. was by birth a Jew—the Rothschild of the middle ages—whose financial ability made him useful to the Holy See, but whose great riches were accumulated, according to popular belief, by long-continued and oppressive usury.* In course of time he was baptized as Benedictus Christianus—*i.e.*, Benedict the convert—and after his conversion married a lady of noble blood. Their descendants were admitted into the Roman patriciate and allied themselves by marriage to the best families of the city. His son Leo, who signs himself *Leo de Benedicto Christiano* in a document of the year 1060, must have been a man of no ordinary character, if we judge by a metrical inscription composed for his tomb by the Archbishop Alfanus, in which his prudence, wisdom, wealth, and devotion to the Holy See are recorded. He was buried in San Alessio, on the Aventine. His son, Petrus Leonis, or Pier di Leone, gave to the family its distinctive patronymic *Pierleoni*. The possessions of the Pierleoni within the city covered a great part of the modern Ghetto, and their fortified palace (now the dwelling of the Orsinis) was constructed on the site and out of the ruins of the theatre of Marcellus, large portions of which are still standing. By means of walls and towers along the river they commanded an extended water-front, and controlled the bridge, even then called *Pons Judæorum*, between the city and the island of the Tiber. Their special rivals were the Frangipanis, who held the Arch of Titus, the Coliseum, and parts of the Palatine and Cœlian hills. Petrus Leo died on

* *Cum inæstimabilem pecuniam multiplici corrogasset usura—circumcisionem baptismatis unda dampnavit. Factus dignitate Romanus, dum genus et formam regina pecunia donat, alternis matrimoniis omnes sibi nobiles civitatis asscivit.* says Arnulf in his indignant letter to the anti-pope's legate in France (*Monument. Germ.*, xii. p. 711).

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June 2, 1128, leaving several children; and a marble sarcophagus with barbarous bas-reliefs and sculptures, which once contained his corpse, is now preserved, with other remains of the ancient basilica, in St. Paul's on the Ostian Way. One of his sons, who bore his own name, was sent to study at the University of Paris and afterwards became a monk of Cluny. While still young he was created a cardinal by Pope Paschal II. On the death of Honorius II., in 1130, those members of the Sacred College who were solicitous for the church's good and sensitive to her honor, knowing the loose morals and ambitious design of Pier Leone, hastened to elect Cardinal Gregory Papareschi, who took the name of Innocent II.; but his opponent, relying upon the influence of his family and the number and daring of his adherents, who had been gained over by a lavish distribution of money, had himself elected by the remaining cardinals and assumed the name of Anaclet II. As the party of the anti-pope was too powerful at the time for Innocent, he retired into France, and the schism was closed only by the death of Anaclet, who to the last kept possession of St. Peter's and Castel San Angelo, on January 25, 1138. St. Bernard of Clairvaux, who had come to Rome in the interests of the legitimate pontiff, was the principal agent in persuading the followers of the late anti-pope to return to their allegiance, and even brought in person the chief men of the Pierleoni family to the feet of Innocent, who received them kindly and promoted them to high offices and honors.

Shortly after the healing of this schism appeared at Rome one of the most remarkable Jews of the middle ages, Benjamin of Tudela, whose curious book of travels, beginning in Spain and continuing through many different countries, contains the fullest account extant of the number and state of the Jews in the twelfth century. He visited Rome some time between the years 1159 and 1167, during the pontificate of that good and wise pope, Alexander III. "A journey," he writes, "of six days from Lucca brings you to the large city of Rome, the metropolis of all Christendom. The two hundred Jews who live there are very much respected and pay tribute to no one. Some of them are officers in the service of Pope Alexander, who is the principal ecclesiastic and head of the Christian Church. The principal of the many eminent Jews residing there are R. Daniel and R. Jechiel. The latter is one of the pope's officers, a handsome, prudent, and wise man, who frequents the pope's palace, being the steward of his household and minister of his private property. R. Jechiel is a descendant of R. Nathan, the author of the book *Aruch* and its comments. There are further at Rome R. Joab B. Rabbi R. Sh'lomo; R. Menachem, the president of the university; R. Jechiel, who resides in Trastevere; and R. Benjamin B. R. Shabtai, *o. b. m.*" *

In this short but important passage, which gives more details about the Jews in Rome than can be found anywhere else from the eighth to the fourteenth century, the initials *o. b. m.* at the end stand for the words "of blessed memory," and denote that the person after whose name they are put

* Asher, *The Itinerary of Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela*, p. 38.

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is dead; *B* stands for Bar, or Ben, the rabbinical Hebrew for son; *R.* is for rabbi, an epithet synonymous with, and used exactly like, the English master, whereas the reduplicate form Rabbi R., Rabbi Rabbi, distinguishes a person who is in possession of the clerical or ministerial dignity in the congregation of the synagogue, or of such eminent talents as universally to command the title of "master and teacher." While we appreciate the reasons why no mention is made of the renegade Pierleoni, whose Jewish origin was so opprobriously thrown up to them by some of the most celebrated writers in Europe during the recent schismatical pontificate of Anaclet II.,* we are disappointed in not finding here the name of Abraham B. Meir Aben 'Esra, a genius who commanded all the knowledge of his age, and had travelled in Africa and to India, and had composed works on astronomy and theology. He visited Rome as early as 1140, and died there in 1168. Being a native of Spain and such a distinguished Jew, he must have been absent from Rome when Tudela passed through that city, or he would certainly have been noticed. R. Nathan, the author of the celebrated dictionary *Aruch* (which Buxtorf, many centuries later, made such ungracious use of for his *Lexicon*), completed this work at Rome in the year 1101, and died there in 1106. He came of a literary family, his father, R. Jechiel B. Abraham, being known for his liturgical poems and other compositions, to be found in the Roman Machasor, where he is styled R. Jechiel B. Abraham *B. Joab*. Aben 'Esra wrote a commentary on Job for R. Benjamin B. Joab of Rome, which is now in the Vatican Library (*Cod. Vat.* 84). The R. Joab B. Rabbi R. Sh'lomo of Tudela was grandnephew to the famous Rabbi Nathan through his brother Abraham. This Rabbi Nathan's family has been traced at Rome down to the beginning of the fourteenth century. R. Menachem, the president of the university—*i.e.*, head of the *Schola Judæorum*—at Rome, is the same whose virtues and learning are commemorated in the verses of Aben 'Esra, and perhaps also the same who is mentioned in manuscript collections of rabbinical decisions as one of the Roman rabbis. The name of *Shabtai*, which Tudela notices, is confined prior to the sixteenth century almost exclusively to Italy, where it was most common in Rome and Naples. It was a very distinguished race, and the chief Roman Shabtais of the middle ages are Shabtai B. Moshe, author of liturgical poetry; Calonymos B. Shabtai, who figured at Worms in 1090; Benjamin B. Shabtai, a teacher—the one mentioned by Tudela; Mathathia B. Shabtai, teacher of Talmudic law about 1250; Sh'lomo B. Shabtai, a commentator of *Sheeltoth* of R. Acha; Mordecai B. Shabtai, author of penitential prayers in the liturgy of the Roman synagogue; Moshe B. Shabtai B. Menachem, noted for his great riches *circa* 1340; Shabthai B. Levi B. Shabtai B. Elia B. Moshe Shabtai, copyist of the Vatican MS. No. 219 *circa* 1394; finally, Elia Beer B. Shabtai, a physician of repute and large practice about the year 1420. In

* St. Bernard says, *Judaicam sobolem sedem Petri occupasse* (Ep. 139), and Walter, Archbishop of Ravenna, stigmatizes the attempt of those who, so soon after embracing the faith, presumed to aspire to the highest dignity in the church, as *Judaicæ perfidiæ hæresis* (apud *Mansi*, xxi. p. 434). Ordericus Vitalis, Arnulfus, and others deride the Hebrew cast of countenance of the Pierleoni.

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the erudite work of Gaetano Marini on the court physicians of Rome—*Degli Archiatri Pontificii*—many famous and really learned Jews are noticed, whose services as physicians and surgeons were employed by several popes, particularly Boniface IX., Martin V., and Paul III. At the period of the revival of letters the Jews were the best Oriental scholars in Europe, and many of them made a living at Rome under the protection of wealthy cardinals and prelates as copyists of Arabic and Hebrew manuscripts. The study of Hebrew was always kept up at Rome by learned men in the church from the days of St. Jerome. Clement V., in the General Council of Vienne in 1311, ordered special attention to be given to Hebrew in the universities and colleges; and at the coronation of Alexander V. in 1409 the Epistle and Gospel were read aloud in Latin, Greek, and *Hebrew*. Elias, a famous Jewish critic (1472–1549), lived and studied some time at Rome; in 1481 the apostolic preacher on Good Friday was complimented by Pope Sixtus IV. for his knowledge of Hebrew, as shown by texts of Scripture and citations from rabbinical writers with which he had heavily loaded a sermon of two hours preached before the court. Under Alexander VI. Jochanan Alemàn flourished at Rome. He was born in Constantinople, but was called to Italy by Pico de la Mirandola, for whom he wrote two works, *Evè Haeda* and *Chescek Schelo'moh*. In 1483 we find the cabalist Abdias Sphornus at Rome and teaching Hebrew to Reuchlin; and so great was the renown of the Roman court for the patronage of every kind of learning, without prejudice of race or religion, that when the French rabbi, physician, and astronomer, Bonet de Lates, was looking about for a patron, he could find no one more munificent or acceptable than Alexander VI. to whom to dedicate his elegant Latin treatise describing an instrument of his own invention for measuring the altitude of the sun and the distance of the stars,* which the pope received so well that the author went to reside in Rome, where he enjoyed a great reputation for mathematics and astronomy. Jacob Mantino of Tortosa, who flourished in the sixteenth century, was physician to Paul III., and translated several works of Averroës and Avicenna into Latin. Julius III. also had a Jewish physician, Vitalis Alatini; and it was this same zealous pontiff who instructed and baptized a learned rabbi who afterwards preached controversial sermons to the Jews in the oratory of *San Benedetto alla Regola*, which had such good effect that Gregory XIII. established a perpetual course of sermons to the Jews in 1584, to be given by a Dominican father who must be a doctor in theology and a perfect master of Hebrew.

Of the many laws made at Rome concerning the Jews living there, some have reference to faith and morals, and others relate to matters of habit and local customs; which last, depending for their *raison d'être* on the manners, amusements, fears, or prejudices of certain ages, are, of course, extremely variable, as may be seen by consulting that most interesting collection of mediæval municipal regulations, the *Statuta Urbis Romæ*, and were often abolished, modified, or re-en-

* *Boneti de Latis, medici Provensalis, Annuli per eum compositi super astrologiam utilitates.* Rome, 1493, in 4to, 12 pages.

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acted, according to the individual inclination of successive pontiffs or the temper of the Roman populace, which it was never easy to control. In a Roman council, convened in the year 743, Pope Zachary forbade intermarriages between Jews and Christians and the selling of Christian slaves to Jews. Innocent III. found much to complain of in the villany of the Jews, who were always Ghibellines, as in Spain they favored the Moors. In the fourth Council of the Lateran, held by him in the year 1215, it was enjoined upon all Jews to wear a distinctive badge on their habit, so that they might be immediately known.*

Usury, that "breed for barren metal," as *Antonio* calls it, being strictly forbidden to Christians, fell naturally into the hands of the Jews, who made no scruple to interpret the prohibition in Exodus xxii. 25 according to the letter, thus excluding from its benefits the Gentile, who might be fleeced at discretion.† Their exactions became at last so severe that some relief was attempted in the fourth Council of Lateran, where the 67th canon says: *Quanto amplius Christiana religio ab exactione compescitur usurarum, tanto gravius super his Judæorum perfidia inolescit, ita quod brevi tempore Christianorum exhauriunt facultates.* Their cupidity was the cause of founding in the fifteenth century, when Jews often claimed the exorbitant interest of twenty and even twenty-five per cent., those benevolent institutions called *Monti di Pietà*, the first of which was opened at Padua in 1491. The one in Rome was established by Father Calvo, a Franciscan, in 1539. The original principle of the Lombard houses, as they used to be called in English, was to lend money on pledges for a fixed term at a low rate of interest, which at Rome was only five per cent., to defray the unavoidable expenses of such establishments. They differed essentially from pawnbrokers' shops in being under government control, and for the benefit of the borrowers and not for the profit of the lenders.

The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were memorable for massacres of Jews in almost every large city of Europe except Rome, where the wild cry of "Hep! Hep!" was never raised, and whose streets were never stained with the blood of this ill-used race of men. This singular shout is supposed to have been formed from the initial letters of the three Latin words, *Hierosolyma est perdita*—Jerusalem is lost! It was the signal for sudden and sanguinary outbursts of popular fanaticism, in Germany particularly, where the Jews made themselves unusually odious to the sons of the Crusaders. A noble tribute to the humanity of the popes was paid by the Jews of that country, who sent a deputation of their number to Innocent IV. (1243–1254) to ask the protection of the Holy See: *Exterminium metuentes duxerunt ad Apostolicæ Sedis prudentiam recurrendum* (Raynald., *Annales*, cap. lxxxiv.) Rome was, in fact, the headquarters and very paradise of the western Jews, and even Dean Milman, who seems in his *History* to be al-

* How Jews are recognized on early Christian monuments is one of the points of sacred archæology. The Jews of our Lord's time appear in various sculptures of scenes from his life on ancient sarcophagi engraved by Bottari, *Tav.*, lxxxv. *et passim.* They are usually distinguished by a flat cap or berretta, without a rim, and chipped to represent the curly material—lamb's wool—of which it was made. This was probably a common feature of Jewish dress among the Romans.

† We remember that a few years ago the only Jew in Tivoli, near Rome, was a money-changer named Giacobbe, who was allowed to occupy, scandalously as we thought, the very room once inhabited by St. Ignatius Loyola.

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most more friendly to them than to the Christians, is fain to acknowledge that "in Rome the Jews have been more rarely molested than in any other country. They have long inhabited a separate quarter of the city, but this might have been originally a measure at least as much of kindness as contempt—a remedy against insult rather than an exclusion from society." Another writer, who has made a special study of the Jews of the middle ages, and whose bias, being unfriendly to the church, makes his testimony stronger, leads us to infer that the spirit of justice and humanity shown towards the Jews in Rome was not an effect of the milder or more refined nature of the Italians, who were civilized in ages when English, Germans, French, and Spaniards were still almost barbarians, but was inherent in the beneficent nature of the Papacy; for while French kings were grinding down the Jews in every worst manner, *French* popes protected them, and it was a *German* pope, St. Leo IX., who converted by his kindness the first of the Pierleoni family, and allowed him to give his own name to his son and heir: "Dès que l'établissement des pontifs à Avignon fut décidé on y vit affluer de l'Espagne, de la France, et de l'Allemagne une nuée de Juifs que le commerce autant que *l'espoir du repos* y attirait. Clément V. les reçut à bras ouverts. Il fut leur protecteur contre les Pastoureaux" (Beugnot, *Les Juifs d'Occident . . . pendant la durée du Moyen Age*, part i. p. 158). Clement VI. (Pierre Roger de Beaufort, 1342–1352) was another powerful friend, and by letters of October 5, 1348, given at a time when there was the most intense excitement against the Jews, who were accused of kidnapping and murdering Christian children—particularly during Holy Week *—of poisoning wells, and otherwise spreading the terrible pestilence that then desolated many parts of Europe, he sought to allay the fears of the people, and forbade under very severe penalties to kill or to calumniate the Jews (Baluze, *Vitæ Paparum Avenion.*, xi. p. 254).

The celebrated Rabbi Joshua, or Joseph, whose ancestors fled from Navarre to Avignon when his brethren were expelled from Spain, and who afterwards lived at Rome, wrote a history of the Jews, in which he says that at the capture of the city by the Constable of Bourbon, under Clement VII., in 1527, which was followed by long-continued bloodshed and pillage, many of his race were slaughtered and all suffered in the general disorder; but the continuator of the chronicle of the Abbas Uspergensis declares that the Jews not only bought their own security, but made vast sums by purchasing the plunder—sacred vessels, church ornaments, etc.—at the cheapest rates: *Ex prædâ omnis generis vili emptâ, ingens lucrum facientes.*

The same rabbi tells us that at the triumphal entry into Rome of the Emperor Charles V., in 1536, they were threatened with spoliation by his followers. "And had it not been for the mercies of the Lord, which never fail, the Jews would have been given up to pillage on that day. For the men of the emperor gaped with their mouths, hissed, and gnashed their teeth at them, but the Lord de-

* See Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, "The Prioresses Tale," for the spirit of the age ready to believe anything against the Jews.

"For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe;
You call me misbeliever, cut throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine."
—*Merch. of Venice.*

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livered them." Under Julius III., a quarter of a century later, Cornelius of Montalcino, a Franciscan friar, embraced Judaism, circumcised himself, and "set his face as a flint" to preach against Christianity in the streets of Rome. The Talmud, to which his apostasy was attributed, was publicly burned; but although the populace was terribly excited, no violence was attempted against the Jews, on account of the measures which the pope had taken to defend them. "And he was long-suffering with them," says Rabbi Joseph (ii. p. 523), "because he delighteth in mercy." A few years later Gregory XIII., under whose pontificate the Jewish population of Rome amounted to about thirteen thousand, issued an edict, which was suspended at the gate of the Jewry, forbidding the reading of the Talmud, blasphemies against Christ and his blessed Mother, and ridicule of the ceremonies of religion. In 1562 St. Pius V. established a House of Catechumens, where Jews wishing to become Christians could be received for a time and properly instructed; and in many other ways has Roman charity displayed itself for the benefit of the Jews, to whom it is a greater kindness to instruct unto justice than to open wide the gates of wealth and honor, for "not by bread alone doth man live, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God" (Matt. iv. 4). In the year 1555 Pope Paul IV. issued a bull, *Cum nimis*, assigning to the Jews for ever a certain sufficiently ample and healthy locality in Rome, where no one can say that

> "They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
> Ghetto and Judenstrass, in murk and mire;
> Taught in the school of patience to endure
> The life of anguish and the death of fire."
> —LONGFELLOW.

Our space does not allow us to pursue our subject into the recesses of the modern Ghetto, but we wish to give in this connection just one instance of the ignorance of the latest English guide to the Eternal City, whose *Walks in Rome* has succeeded to Story's once popular *Roba di Roma*—stuff from the *sewers* of Rome. Mr. Hare, after telling his readers how "the fanatical Dominican (!) Pope, Paul IV.," imprisoned the Jews, goes on to say that "the Ghetto, or Vicus Judæorum, as it was at first called, was shut in by walls which reached from the Ponte Quattro Capi to the Piazza del Pianto, or 'Place of Weeping,' *whose name bears witness to the grief of the people* on the 26th July, 1556, when they were first forced into their prison-house" (vol. i. p. 252). This is mere bosh, but, since it is only a little matter about a pope, and a very saintly one, the Italian proverb must hold good, *Se non è vero, è ben trovato;* but any one acquainted with the origin of the streets and squares of Rome knows that the Piazza del Pianto has no connection whatever with the Jews and their Ghetto, but existed long before the Jews were restricted to this part of the city, and derives its name from a devout picture of Our Lady of Sorrows, called *Madonna del Pianto*, exposed at the corner of a private dwelling-house in the form of a shrine (Panciroli, *Tesori nascosti di Roma*, p. 476; Vasi, *Tesoro Sagro*, tom. ii. p. 89; Vasari, *Vite de' piu excellenti Pittori*, vol. vi. p. 742). During the reign of Clement VII. one of those singular Oriental Hebrews upon whose pretensions and adventures so much has been written suddenly appeared in Rome. His name was David Reubeni, prince or ambassador of the Reu-

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benites in the desert of Chobar, from whence he travelled to Djidda by way of the plains, crossed the Arabian Gulf to Abyssinia, and for some time wandered about the Nubian Empire and Egypt and Palestine. In 1523 he embarked from the island of Candia for Venice, and thence journeyed through Pesaro and Castelnuovo to Rome, where we know that in October, 1524, he had already been for eight months. Leaving Rome for a tour in the southern provinces, he returned in February, 1525, and a year later departed for a visit to Spain and Portugal. In some of the cities of Granada the newly-converted Moorish Jews hailed him as their Messias, which led to his imprisonment by the inquisitor-general of Murcia; but he must soon have recovered his liberty, for we find him shortly afterwards again in Italy and making some stay at Rome. He is described as a little, weak, spare man of the age of forty, speaking Arabic and Hebrew, and calling himself the envoy of his brother, King Joseph, who ruled over the still existing tribes of Reuben, Gad, and the half of Manasseh in the desert of Chobar. He told the pope that he came to solicit aid against the Mohammedan Arabs, who persecuted this remnant of the people of Israel, and pretended that he was a lineal descendant of David. His royal pedigree was inserted in an epistle which he wrote to John III. of Portugal, to urge him to undertake the conquest of Palestine in conjunction with his brother's army. This impostor finally died in a dungeon in Spain, after several years' confinement. Among the Jews of the Persian, Greek, and Roman periods there were unquestionably many legitimate Davidians, as the descendants of King David were styled; but in consequence of the dispersion and exterminating wars, the connecting links of the old families were lost or confused as early as the first centuries of the Christian era. It was a characteristic weakness of some eminent Jews to boast of noble, and particularly Davidic, blood, and spurious pedigrees were often drawn up and triumphantly exhibited—the "endless genealogies" which St. Paul condemns (1 Tim. i. 4). During the middle ages two families above all others asserted their Davidic descent—the *Nesiim* of Narbonne, which had branches at Mosul, Damascus, and in Andalusia, and the *Negidim* of Egypt. It is curious in this connection to recall of Benjamin Disraeli that, being at Jerusalem in 1831, and visiting the traditionary tombs of the kings, "My thoughts," he says, "recurred to the marvellous career which had attracted my boyhood," and he soon after published the *Wondrous Tale of Alroy*, an Oriental romance of extraordinary eloquence and power, depicting the adventures of a prince of the house of David who in the twelfth century proclaimed himself the Messias and called the Jews of Persia to arms. Solomon Ben Virga, a Spanish Jew and physician, wrote a singular history of the calamities of the Jewish nation, which was translated into Latin by Gentius, at Amsterdam, in 1690. The most remarkable part of the work is its close. It is a bold attempt by an apologue, which assumes the form of history, to place all the Jews of the world under the protection of the Sovereign Pontiff. In fact, Christian Rome has always been "from child to child, from pope to pope, from age to age," the asylum

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and home of this oppressed people, and even the mild restraints to which they were formerly subjected in the Eternal City were gradually but surely melting away before the benign influence of the illustrious and kind-hearted Pius IX.

PEARL.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA, AUTHOR OF "IZA'S STORY," "A SALON IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE," "ARE YOU MY WIFE?" ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—*continued.*

MME. LA BARONNE LÉOPOLD mère lived on a rez-de-chaussée in the Rue du Bac, in an old hôtel between a court and a garden. She was a sensible woman, and had never taken up her abode in the house of her son and daughter-in-law, although they had repeatedly pressed on her to do so, the one from affection, the other with a view to the interests of her children. Where was the use of Mme. Mère spending three thousand francs a year, which might have gone to swell Blanche's *dot*, when she only came to Paris for a couple of months in the spring? But Mme. Mère held to her own pied-à-terre, whether she occupied it for long or for short. She was a small woman, delicately made, and still showing traces of great beauty. It was from her that Blanche got her creamy white complexion and Léon his large black eyes; but the grandmother had not given him the soft lustre of her own, with their long, curling fringes.

Mme. Mère, as she was called by the family and their friends, was not née; but her mother was, being the daughter of a Languedoc nobleman, a descendant of the ancient and illustrious house of Brianceaux—a circumstance which her daughter-in-law was careful to bring forward on fitting occasions, alluding incidentally to "nos aieux, les Comtes de Brianceaux."

Mme. Mère was buried in a big arm-chair by the fire, reading, when Mrs. Monteagle and Pearl were announced. She knew at once who Pearl was, and the moment the young girl looked into her face with that timid, deprecating expression that comes into the eyes of a human being who is going to be hired by another, she fell in love with her.

"Mme. Léopold has just told us," began Mrs. Monteagle, "that you were looking for a—"

"Daughter," said the old lady, interrupting her. "Will you come to me? I am not a very cross old woman." And she held out her hand.

Pearl, with charming grace, bent forward, offering her forehead for a kiss.

They sat down.

"I wish you had not received her in this way," Mrs. Monteagle

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said. "I was hoping you would have been rude or patronizing, and I should have snubbed you and carried her off."

Pearl laughed, and looked up affectionately at her old friend.

"Pardon!" said Mme. Mère. "Come a little nearer to me; I am rather deaf."

"Good gracious! This is dreadful! She will wear your lungs out in no time," said Mrs. Monteagle in her clear voice, and looking at Pearl in dismay.

"Let me come close to her," said Pearl; and she took a low chair and drew it to the old lady's knee, and spoke, looking straight into her eyes, and in a high tone: "Mrs. Monteagle is afraid I shall grow too fond of you, madame, if you begin by receiving me as a daughter."

"Ha! she is jealous. That is well; we shall try and make her more and more jealous! Tell me, now, how old are you?" said Mme. Mère, holding Pearl's hand on her knee.

"Oh! don't be frightened at my age. I am old enough to be steady. Ask Mrs. Monteagle, madame."

"I would trust her to any extent," said Mrs. Monteagle.

"What does madame say?"

Pearl repeated it, blushing as she did so.

"My dear child, the old woman would make you roar yourself into a consumption in three months," said Mrs. Monteagle.

"I don't mind roaring; my lungs are made of iron." Then, pitching her voice again: "Do you think I am clever enough to do all you want, madame? I can sing and play very nicely."

"I am glad of that, mon enfant; it will be a resource for you. But I sha'n't want you to do it for me. All I want is to have a bright young face to look at, and young eyes to write my notes now and then, and to read to me for an hour or so every morning, and then again in the evening. Do you like reading?'

"Very much."

"Good gracious! Why, the woman ought to pay you five hundred a year. I never heard of such selfishness in my life!" said Mrs. Monteagle.

"Are you fond of the country? Are you sure you will not die of ennui alone with an old woman in a big empty château?" pursued Mme. Mère.

"I like the country better than town."

"Ask her how many months she lives in the country."

Pearl put the question.

"Ten months always, my dear; sometimes more."

"My God! it would kill you, child. You would be dead in half the time!"

The servant came in with a note that wanted an immediate answer, and under cover of the man's roaring Mrs. Monteagle and Pearl exchanged a few remarks.

"I can't hear of it."

"Oh! please don't prevent me. Let me try it for a month, just while she is in Paris. I shall never get anything so easy or so nice; and then, if it tires me too much, you will see it before we leave for the country."

"Your mother never would forgive me."

"Dear Mrs. Monteagle! I entreat you."

"Well, if you will have it, I suppose I must give way; but mind, it is only a trial. I shall tell her that. And then we have got to settle about the terms. That is why I insisted on coming. Mme. Léo-

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pold would have screwed you down to fifty pounds a year."

"I am sure it ought to be enough for what I shall have to do."

"Nonsense! You know nothing about it. I shall send you away and have a talk with her. She is rich, and she must pay."

With many misgivings Pearl yielded, and said *au revoir* to Mme. Mère, leaving Mrs. Monteagle to fight the battle about the salary, if battle it was to be.

An hour later Mrs. Monteagle came home and announced that she had carried all her points.

"You are to have a hundred a year, and your washing, and six weeks holiday in the summer, and a month at Christmas. And I consider you are throwing yourself away. However, you are as obstinate as a little mule, and so there is no more to be said about it."

Pearl was quite contented. She had succeeded in doing what she had come for, and though the success was not of a kind to elate her, to make her happy in the full sense, still it was very satisfying. She would be able to help them at home now; this was the ostensible motive of her satisfaction, the only one she could avow; but in her heart what she most rejoiced at was that she had now secured a pretext for remaining away from Polly.

"When I shall no longer be always before her like a living reproach she will get back the old tender feeling for me; she will come by degrees to forgive herself and to forgive me," thought Pearl. In the generosity of her love she never stopped to ask herself what Polly had to forgive. And she was right. We have need, now and then, of something more than love to make our love accepted, and win forgiveness for the sins that are committed against it.

Mme. Léopold called a couple of hours later. Pearl was in her room, writing home the news to her mother.

"Unreasonable pretensions you call them? Then, my good lady, by all means let the engagement be broken," said Mrs. Monteagle. "I shall be delighted, for my opinion is that Miss Redacre is throwing herself away."

"Twenty-five hundred francs a year, and you call that throwing herself away! I call it throwing money away. I can't think what my mother-in-law was about when she agreed to such terms. The girl will have no expense of any sort, and nothing on earth to do!" protested Mme. Léopold.

"Except to sacrifice her youth and her spirits and her health to a deaf old woman. My belief is that Miss Redacre won't stay there a month; the shouting will destroy her lungs. When does your mother-in-law go to the country?"

"She seldom remains more than a couple of months in town. I should not be surprised if she went earlier than usual this year. Now that she has treated herself to such an expensive companion, I should think she might dispense with coming to Paris at all. I shall speak to her seriously again about giving up that apartment. It is preposterous paying such a sum for rent when we could accommodate her in our house. It would put us out, to be sure; but for a month or so that would not signify. Besides, I never mind putting myself out for those I love. It comes naturally to me to devote myself. The least Pearl can do now is to second me in this matter."

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"Of devoting yourself?"

"Of persuading my mother-in-law to give up her apartment. It costs three thousand francs; if it is given up that will more than cover the expense of Pearl's salary."

"If you grudged the salary, as you call it, so much, why did you propose Mme. Léopold taking a companion?" demanded Mrs. Monteagle.

"I never dreamed of her paying more than twelve hundred francs for one. Nobody does. It was most grasping of Pearl to ask such a sum, and for doing absolutely nothing! However, what's done can't be undone; but I look to Pearl's showing her gratitude to me by using her influence to get rid of the Rue du Bac. Mme. Mère has taken such a fancy to her that she will be able to make her do anything. In fact, if Pearl were not well brought up, and with good principles, I should be uneasy; but I trust she will always use her influence strictly within the sphere of her position."

Mrs. Monteagle was so incensed by this cool impertinence that she was going to make a retort which might have broken up the affair there and then, but before she had time to say a word Pearl came into the room. Her eyes were red, but she wore a happy look in spite of this, and came forward to greet Mme. Léopold with a smile that was very touching. Mme. Léopold was a mother; indeed, it was the mother in her that was responsible for most of her faults. Her grasping love of money, her little duplicities and manœuvres, her hardness to others, all sprang from that ill-regulated maternal affection which makes the tigress pounce upon and eat up any unwary beast who comes prowling near the lair where her cubs are asleep. She would have been kind and utterly indifferent to money and worldly advantages of every sort (so she said, and so she believed, very likely) if she had been alone; but her duty as a mother compelled her to be perpetually intriguing for *ces chers enfans*, and kept her on the qui vive to seize and devour every human being who crossed, or looked as if they might by possibility cross, their path. Yet, with all this, and underlying the tiger, was the woman, and at the sight of Pearl's young face, tear-stained and smiling, bearing such a look of anxious care, the woman was stirred in Mme. Léopold and smote her selfishness.

She held out a hand to Pearl, and drew her down and kissed her.

"Mme. Mère has been thanking me rapturously for the beau cadeau that I have made her, ma petite; she is quite in love with you. I am going to be very jealous of you both."

There was a little talk about Mme. Mère's ways and her likes and dislikes, Mme. Léopold giving Pearl some friendly hints that might be useful. Then she rose to go, announcing to Mrs. Monteagle and Pearl that they were to keep themselves disengaged for a family dinner which the baron intended to give.

"It is for Léon's fête, and, alas! I fear it will be a diner d'adieu to him. They say that the regiment is to be ordered out to Algiers at the end of the month."

"Why need you cry 'alas!' over that?" said Mrs. Monteagle. "It is the best thing could happen to him, next to a declaration of war. A campaign in Algiers counts as

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extra service. Then the climate is beautiful."

"But it is such a wearisome campaign!" And the mother heaved a sigh. "There is no society, no distraction; the officers die of ennui."

"Not they! They hunt the tiger, and they make expeditions into the desert, and when they bore themselves too much they marry a pretty Jewess; the Algerian Jewesses are marvels of beauty."

"Grand Dieu! what a consolation to offer me. My son marry a Jewess! I should die of despair. But no, he is a good son; he loves his mother; he is incapable of marrying except to please her. Ah! madame, you have put a knife into my soul."

"Ha! ha!" chuckled Mrs. Monteagle. "He has not done it yet, and, as he is such a dutiful son, he may never do it; but I have known two young men bring home African daughters-in-law to their mothers after three years' absence."

"They were not like my son; he is incapable of it," protested Mme. Léopold.

"They were uncommonly nice young fellows, of good position and with excellent prospects, and might have married anybody. But they bored themselves to the brink of suicide, and rather than cut their throats they married a little Jewess. And they did quite right."

"Quelle horreur!" exclaimed Mme. Léopold, holding up her hands in appeal to a more merciful Providence than this cruel tormentor. "Madame, you are not a mother, or you could not thus make sport of a mother's most sacred feelings. But I know my son. He is incapable of anything so wicked, so ungrateful, so base!"

She left the room, repeating to herself: "Mon Dieu! Epouser une Juive! Jamais!"

"Why did you say that?" said Pearl. "She thought you were in earnest."

"And so I was. I hope he may marry a Jewess, an Ethiopian, or a Hottentot. Serve her right if he does."

Pearl was surprised at her friend's vehemence, but she only laughed, and went away to put on her bonnet for their afternoon walk.

"Serve them both right if he does," thought Mrs. Monteagle. "She will find out when it is too late what a fool she was to hinder him marrying Pearl Redacre simply because she had no money; though what the girl can see in that black stick to care for is beyond my comprehension."

They were soon both ready and back in the drawing-room.

"I don't think we will be asked to the diner de famille after that sortie of yours," said Pearl, buttoning her glove.

"So much the better! If there be a thing I hate, it is a diner de famille. It is a toss-up between that and an amateur concert which is worse."

But she remembered that this dinner might have been a pleasure to Pearl, a last opportunity of meeting the "black stick," and she determined to make it up with Mme. Léopold, so that the invitation might be renewed.

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CHAPTER XIII.

PEARL'S FRIEND.

On the Monday morning after that visit to Mme. Mère, Mrs. Monteagle drove with Pearl to the Rue du Bac. She had been in a very bad temper—the worst of tempers. She had done nothing but snap and chuckle and scold all the morning; she quarrelled with Parker for being so slow in dressing her; she fought Adolphe for not lighting the stove in the dining-room, although a fire would have been an insult to the eastern sun that poured in through the two tall windows, flooding the room with light and warmth. She lectured Pearl on her abominable obstinacy, and warned her with tenfold severity of the doom that awaited it: "When your left lung is gone—the left generally goes first, I don't know why, except, it may be, the action of the heart has something to do with it—you will come to me, and I will do the best I can for you. Taken in time, we may save the right lung; but I would not have you trust too much even to that. What do you say? People live to be old with one lung? Perhaps they do; but I should say they are the exceptions. And I don't believe they are the ones who lose their other lung by sheer perversity; it is by a visitation of Providence, and so Providence helps them. But you will have no one but yourself to blame. One thing I insist upon: you must wear flannels. They are a great protection to the lungs."

"When one's lungs are delicate, dear Mrs. Monteagle, and against cold or damp; but mine are as tough as india-rubber," protested Pearl.

"Tough as fiddlesticks! But you are right: flannel can't lessen the strain of the shouting. That is what will kill you. Not that it matters to me. What a fool I am to trouble myself at all about it! Happily, I don't care a straw about you or any one else. I hate everybody. I always told you I did, so don't pretend to be hurt or astonished at my saying it now. I wish you were all dead. It would be a relief to me. I should only have to think of myself then."

"I know exactly how much to believe of all that," said Pearl. "Give me a kiss, and don't look cross."

"Look cross! I am cross." But she let Pearl take the kiss.

The cab stopped at Mme. Mère's door, and they got out.

"Here she is," said Mrs. Monteagle, laying her hand on Pearl's shoulder as Mme. Mère came forward to welcome them. "See that you are good to her, or I will come here and murder you, madame. I am a very wicked woman, as this child will tell you, and capable of doing anything when I am angry. I am very angry with her for leaving me." She said this with her mouth close to the little French lady's ear, and then, without waiting for an answer, turned abruptly away and was leaving the room without a word to Pearl; but Pearl put her arms round her and kissed her, clinging to her.

"There, there, that will do, child; you know I hate being kissed," said Mrs. Monteagle; but she made no movement to disengage the arms from her neck, or to draw

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away her face from the soft, warm kisses; and when at last Pearl let her go, there was a tear on her sleeve that could hardly have dropped there from Pearl's eyes.

It was an odd sensation when Pearl found herself in her room alone, and looked about her, and said to herself, "I am in a situation; I am earning my bread."

It was a comfortless room to English eyes, though Mme. Mère had been very anxious to make it the reverse, and had herself seen to everything in it being right. A regular French bed-room of the old-fashioned type. There was no carpet, and the floor was polished so as to reflect everything like a glass; so bright and cold and slippery that it gave Pearl the creeps as she stood in the middle of it and examined her surroundings. The bed was in an alcove draped with white muslin curtains tied up with red cords; the chairs were Empire style, square, hard, and covered in red Utrecht velvet with that invariable square, hard pattern cut on it; the clock on the chimney-piece was an Empire monument, straight little gray marble pillars holding up the gold dial, and two slim gray marble candlesticks on either side of it; the table in the middle had a gray marble slab, and looked so cold that Pearl thought it must freeze her if she touched it; there was an armoire-à-glace with pillars, and brass rings grasping them, and a chest of drawers with gray marble top; the window had red woollen curtains, that made the light murky as it shone through them. Altogether a dreary room to poor Pearl, and it required all her courage not to sit down in one of the straight-backed and angular chairs and have a good cry when she had taken off her things; but she resisted the temptation, and set to work to unpack her trunk, and arrange its contents in the armoire-à-glace and the chest of drawers, and then, without allowing herself the dangerous luxury of half an hour's thinking, she went into the salon, where Mme. Mère was anxiously waiting for her. The drawing-room was, in its way, as rigid as the bed-room. It was not carpeted; there were only little squares of carpet before all the chairs, like patches of flowers floating on the water-like surface of the shining floor, and a large flowery rug before the fire and under the centre-table—an Empire table with straight legs and a white marble top. The cheerless character of the furniture was relieved, however, by a fire—big blocks of wood that smoked away against a mountain of ashes piled half-way up the chimney—and by books and newspapers lying about on the sofa and little tables. Mme. Mère was a great reader, and just now, as Pearl reentered the salon, she was hid away behind the *Journal des Débats*—a sin that she indulged in privately of a morning when no one was likely to come in and catch her at it. She was a very pious woman, and would have scrupled to give scandal to the weaker vessels; but her own principles were robust enough to seek the danger and not perish therein, so she read the *Débats* and kept it dark.

"Come and sit by me, and let us have a little chat until déjeuner is ready," said the old lady; and Pearl drew a low chair close to the roomy fauteuil and sat down.

"Would you not rather I read to you, madame?" she said.

"No, ma petite; let us talk. I want to hear all about you from yourself. Tell me everything, what

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you like and what you dislike, and what sort of life you are in the habit of leading at home. I know you are fond of music, so I have ordered a piano for you. Mme. Monteagle has been good enough to go and choose it. I thought she would know the kind of instrument that would suit you. And she tells me you have not a very strong chest; so we must limit our reading to the evenings when I can't do much in that way. My old eyes don't bear the lamp-light; but I won't be very exacting, ma petite, and you must be frank always, and tell me when you are tired. Mme. Monteagle promised me you would."

Pearl took the old lady's hand and kissed it. She had to get over a choking sensation in her throat before she could say anything, and just as she was going to answer the door opened, and Mme. Léopold and Blanche came noisily in.

"Chère enfant!" cried the baroness, with a motherly embrace, and Pearl and Blanche paired off, leaving the two ladies to discourse alone.

"Let us go to thy room," said Blanche, who was more sisterly than ever since Pearl had come back in the capacity of une amie malheureuse; "I have much to say to thee." And Pearl knew at once that there was a parti on the tapis.

"Yes; this one looks serious," said Blanche when they were safe in that icy, pillared little room of Pearl's—"so serious, ma chère, that I am positively forbidden to mention his name; but it is a parti *magnifique!* Tout y est: fortune, position, alliances on every side—mamma is so happy about it!"

"Suppose I guess who it is?" said Pearl.

"Ah! in that case I should not have disobeyed; but I don't see how you could guess. Say, whom do you suspect?"

"Le Marquis de Cholcourt."

"Oh! no. It is not so magnificent as that," and Blanche heaved an imperceptible sigh; "that would have been the ideal!"

In Pearl's gospel the fiancé always was the ideal; but then she knew that hers and Blanche's differed.

"And do you like him very much?—the other, I mean."

"Il n'est pas mal. He is not quite as tall as I should like, but he is three centimètres taller than myself, so we should not look ridiculous. But, ma chère, he has a château, vrai huitième siècle. I have seen the photograph of it—un château comme—on—en—rève!" And the fiancée—that hoped to be—dragged out the words with a weighty emphasis that spoke volumes.

"Are you to live most of the year in it?" inquired Pearl.

"Oh! par exemple, no. I never would marry any man who condemned me to live out of Paris more than four months. What an idea! But, ma chère, there is another great affair on the tapis. Mamma wants to marry Léon, and she has found him such a nice wife, a splendid *dot* and everything; but Léon won't be married. Is it not disagreeable of him? Mamma is so vexed! She has come this morning to try and get bonne-maman to talk him over about it. He is so fond of bonne-maman he would do anything to please her. She paid his debts for him two years ago; but that is a secret. Mamma knows nothing about it, so mind you never let it out! Was it not good of bonne-maman? But she is rich. I dare say she will give

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me my trousseau. How I wish you could be here to help me to choose it! It would be such fun! But bonne-maman will not stay more than a month in Paris this year. There are some works going on down at Gardanvalle that she wishes to superintend. You will die of ennui at Gardanvalle. But I will write to you often, and you will answer me, nice long letters, and that will désennuyer you a little."

"The marriage, then, is as good as settled, since you are already thinking of the trousseau," said Pearl.

"I believe it is bien en traine. Our notaire has had an interview with theirs; but I have nothing to do with that, you know. All that I have to worry about is the trousseau, and after all that is the most troublesome part of the thing, is it not? And then it is never time lost reflecting about it, for if one parti falls through another is sure to turn up, and the trousseau is the trousseau, whoever one gets it for."

The conversation was interrupted by old Pierre knocking at the door and announcing that déjeuner was served. The two girls kissed, Pearl swore profound secrecy, and then they went back to the salon.

"I will do what I can," Mme. Mère was saying; "but don't overrate my influence. A young man may do a good deal to please his grandmother, if he is fond of her; but I never knew of anybody marrying to please his grandmother. Indeed, my dear, I should say Léon was a fool if he did it."

"Bonté divine! If you are going to say *that* to him he had better not come, ma mère," said Mme. Léopold. But Blanche declared bonne-maman was right, and that the best way to manage Léon was not to seem to manage him.

"My good Pearl, I count on you as an ally," said the anxious mother; "urge on Mme. Mère the immense necessity there is for marrying my boy before he starts for Africa. Providence must help me! That idea of his marrying a Jewess out there has haunted me ever since Mme. Monteagle spoke of it. But Léon loves his mother; he will never bring her a daughter that she has not chosen."

At last they were off, and Mme. Mère and Pearl went in to their breakfast.

"Sophie is very clever," said the old lady, "but she is too apt to think that the rest of the world are fools; that they have no will of their own and no right to oppose hers. I hope you like your bifteck, ma petite? I ordered it to be done à l'Anglaise. I know English people like their meat underdone."

It was all Pearl could do to control her feelings when the scarlet slice was put before her; for the cook had overdone madame's suggestion, and sent up the bifteck red-rare. Happily, madame was too full of the two marriage schemes to notice her young friend's countenance; she went on with her own déjeuner, meditating what she was to say to Léon.

Blanche and her intended were to meet at the theatre one of these evenings, and Mme. Mère had promised to go too and give her opinion of the gentleman.

"Not that it can be of any importance to any of them what I think of his tournure," she said; "but Sophie wishes me to go. I think myself he is too old for Blanche. It would not matter for some girls; but for her to marry a man of sixty is, I fear, a risk."

"Sixty! And Blanche is not nine-

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teen yet! What could possess her to marry a man of sixty?" exclaimed Pearl, aghast.

"He unites every condition that Sophie wants; his age is his one defect. He is bald, and he has false teeth; but his sight is good and his hearing. But it is a mistake. What have you there, Pierre? Beignets de pomme. Ma petite, I hope you like beignets?"

But ma petite was too much shocked by this discovery to care about beignets. She ate without tasting them, and then they went into the salon, where Pierre served the coffee and brought in letters which had just come. There was one from Polly. Pearl's heart always beat at the sight of a letter from home; but Polly's handwriting had a more exciting effect on her than any one else's.

"BROOM HOLLOW, May 10, —.

"MY DARLING PEARL: It was a great surprise to everybody to hear that you had actually engaged yourself, and I don't think papa or mamma would ever have consented to your having your own way if I had not fought your battle. I wonder myself why I did. For, of course, I hate the idea of your being in the position of a dependant, and above all amongst those Léopolds. Papa was so dreadfully angry at first, I thought he would never have calmed down. He wanted to know if there was a love affair in the way, and, as I knew he meant Léon, I was able to declare with a clear conscience that there was not. He then said he supposed you were tired of the dulness and the disagreeable work you had to do here, and that that drove you away. I did not know what to say to this, for in my secret soul I suspect he was partly right. Indeed, I don't wonder at it. I don't find that poverty improves on acquaintance, and one certainly can't say of it, as one does of some unpromising acquaintances, that the longer you know it the better you like it. Mamma was very unhappy about you and misses you frightfully. So does everybody, if that is any comfort to you. Our room looks very lonely without you. Mrs. Monteagle has written a long letter to mamma, singing your praises. It made mamma cry, and I think it was this that decided her to let you have your way. Mrs. M. talked about your 'vigorous individuality,' and about allowing people to follow the dictates of conscience and character, and develop this, that, and the other. Even papa was set down by all she said; but it did not convince me. I still think you are acting very ridiculously and unkindly. 'But enough of this, Horatio!' (papa is reading 'Hamlet' to us of an evening now); let us talk of something else. We are as lively as usual here. Lady Wynmere has been laid up with neuralgia, and so the one civilized element in our existence is pro tem. at an end. The Barlows bounce about the county in their saddles, and occasionally pay us a visit. Cousin Bob came back with papa and stayed a few days, which cheered us up, and gave us another lift in the eyes of the neighborhood, I dare say. We will want a good one now, for of course it will soon be all over the place that you have taken a situation as a humble companion, and I don't see how we are to live down *that*, unless I marry a peer; and no peer, unless he walked straight out of the Garden of Eden, would marry a girl whose sister was in service. But I don't care what becomes of me. I am no worse here than I should be anywhere else, and it will all come to an end some day. I must not forget to answer your questions about domestic affairs. Mrs. Mills does the cooking (most abominable cooking it is, half the time not eatable), and she has engaged the postman's daughter to come and help in the dairy and the laundry, and so between them this gentlemanlike establishment gets on as best it may. Mrs. Mills begs me to send you her duty, and you will be glad to hear that the 'ens and chickens are numerous and thriving. Fritz sends you a wag of his tail; the said tail at this moment presents a sorry sight, being exactly like a long black sausage dripping from an ink-bottle, and the rest of his unfortunate person says ditto to the tail. He was washed yesterday, and looked lovely with his thick white hair standing out like a muff and his tail like a bunch of snow-white feathers; but there was a rat-hunt at the end of the meadow this morning, and, though

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Jacob shut him up in the kitchen, the moment my friend heard the report of the gun he leaped upon the table and took a header through the open window, and away with him to the sport; and before any one could stop him he was burrowing half a mile under ground, whence he emerged into public life in the miserable condition I have described. Balaklava is tolerably well, I suppose, for we hear little about him. Mamma is really wonderful, and bears the climate, and the cookery, and the dulness, and all the ills of this valley of tears with the serenity of a philosopher. I suspect she has a private cry every now and then about you; but I have never been able to catch her in the act. I wonder how you are going to like your 'situation,' and how long your heroic fit will last. The boys persist in saying you are after a lark of some sort; their infant minds being incapable of believing that anything else could have tempted you from the bosom of your family. Now I have told you all the news, so good-by. Write soon. Give my love to everybody, and believe me always your affectionate sister,

"POLLY."

There was only one line in all this letter for Pearl: "Mamma has a private cry about you every now and then." It made her heart heave to bursting, and all her self-control could not keep the tears from overflowing. Happily, Mme. Mère was absorbed in troubles of her own, and the little outburst was unnoticed.

The old lady laid aside her letters and finished her coffee in a hurry.

"Ma petite," she said, "I want to see my son, and I must go at once or he will be out. Pierre, fetch a coach; and you, my dear, which do you prefer, to stay at home or to come with me? If you come, you and Blanche can make *la causette* together while I am with my son."

Pearl was too glad to be an hour alone, and said she would much prefer staying behind.

"These work-people are so difficult to manage!" sighed Mme. Mère, taking up her letters and bustling out of the room. "They will pull half the house down under one pretence or another unless my son goes down himself to stop them."

She was soon rattling across the river to the Champs Elysées, and Pearl was alone. Alone! Yes, she realized for the first time this morning that she was alone; that she had to bear her burden and fight her battle without help from any one; that she stood by herself, her own counsellor, and to act the part of monitor to her own heart. You must not suppose from this that she had taken up the attitude of a victim, and fancied herself playing at heroics. She was too simple and had too much common sense to do anything of the kind. Her circumstances were uncongenial, but she was not suffering morbidly from them. She knew, moreover, that they were of her own creation and that she had no right to complain. But rights and feelings do not always adjust themselves harmoniously. Our lives are complex; we accept with glad enthusiasm on one side, and we repel with fierce antagonism on the other; the *fiat* of consent goes up from our soul with the same breath that utters its rebellious anathema. Pearl was satisfied to relinquish the external joys of life, its sweet home happiness, its personal independence and consideration; but she had not realized that in surrendering these she was condemning herself to a moral isolation, which was the hardest sacrifice of all. No one knew what her motive was in cutting herself adrift from her family, so no one pitied or praised her for it. She would have to suffer and get no sympathy; and, to her ardently sympathetic

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nature, there was scarcely any suffering to be compared to this. She could have gone on discharging the duties of her self-elected position cheerfully, with quiet gentleness, never suggesting the idea of sacrifice to those around her, and needing no stimulus of conscious heroism to sustain her—all this she could have done, if only her heart had been fed with the sympathy of that one for whose sake she was immolating herself. If Polly had repaid her by a return of the old tenderness, the sweet sisterly union that had once made the joy of their lives so perfect; if she had let Pearl see that she guessed some generous motive in her conduct, how largely this would have compensated Pearl! But Polly guessed nothing, and absence, which Pearl had expected so much from, was so far only passive in its effect; it checked the growing irritation between the sisters, it averted collisions, but it was not restoring or revealing anything to Polly. Nothing seemed to reach her, nothing moved her. Pearl's gentle, deprecating silence had galled instead of soothing her; she chafed under the generous love that would have multiplied itself to fill up every other void, and cheat her into forgetting what she had lost through her own fault.

The magnet has no power to attract some metals, while on other baser ones it seizes with irresistible force; so there are natures on whom love, the sovereign magnet, does not act. It is not that they are the worst, or even particularly bad; they have simply no power of response in them.

Pearl read her sister's letter over again, and then cried bitterly. But the weakness did not last long; she wiped her eyes and swallowed the sobs, and took herself to task for being so foolish. What was there to cry for after all? Her mother was there, with her great heart full of mother's welcome waiting for her the moment she chose to go home. There was comfort enough in this to carry her through a few months' loneliness without behaving like a coward. She went to the window and threw it open to let the air blow upon her face, that was hot with the tears. There was a lilac-tree in the courtyard, and the May breeze swept its blossoms and bore the scent to her like a sweet kiss. The porteur d'eau was filling his pails; a bird perched on the barrel and sang to the silver rush of the water; but the rumble of the street grew louder for a moment, and drowned the duet between the two. Pearl stood watching them until the bird flew away and the broad-shouldered Auvergnat stopped the crystal spout, lifted his pails, and went tramping on with the water flapping at his heels. Then she closed the window, and, turning into the room, saw Captain Darvallon standing there waiting for her.

"I startled you," he said, holding out his hand.

"Yes," said Pearl frankly, and he saw that her eyes were red; but she did not seem abashed or annoyed by the intrusion. "I never thought of seeing you here," she said; "I thought you were in London."

"So I was yesterday. I have only arrived by the mail that came in at midday. I have come straight here from the hotel."

"How did you know that I was here?"

Pearl had no sooner said this than she blushed scarlet; for it was a tacit admission that she knew it was herself, and not Mme. Mère, he had come to see.

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"Léopold told me," replied Darvallon, looking away and drawing a chair towards her. "I had a letter from him yesterday, and he said you were coming to stay with his grandmother. How do you get on with the old lady?"

"I have not had time to find out yet, but I dare say we shall get on very well; she will neither beat nor bully me. She is a dear old lady."

"In Paris it will do very well; but how when you are buried with her down at Gardanvalle? Léopold says you will die of ennui."

"Mourir pour mourir—one may as well die of ennui as anything else." Pearl shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

"You are tired of life already?" said Darvallon, with his deep-set, gray eyes fixed upon her.

"Not the least!" said Pearl; and she took up her work, a long strip of canvas, and unrolled it, and opened her ivory nécessaire.

"Then why do you talk of dying?"

"It was you who began to talk of it; you announced to me, without so much as a word of preparation to break the shock, that I was condemned to die this summer of a particular disease, and I say that, all things considered, I like it better than small-pox or a railway collision."

She spoke in a jesting tone, hunting assiduously for a certain shade amongst her wools.

"Mademoiselle, would you mind putting aside those corn-flowers and talking to me for a few minutes?" said M. Darvallon.

Pearl stuck her needle in a moon-daisy, rolled up the band of canvas, and folded her hands upon it.

"Now, monsieur, I am all attention," she said, looking at him across the work-table with a gleam of fun in her eyes.

"And so you have carried out your resolution and are earning money," said Darvallon. "Honestly, don't you find it very bitter?"

"I have not had time to decide; but I don't believe I shall. I don't mean to pose for la femme incomprise, and make miseries for myself out of mole-hills. Mme. Mère is very kind, and I intend to be very happy with her."

"And yet you were crying when I came in?"

Pearl's eyes fell, and the color rose to her cheeks.

"I am your friend. I have a right to ask why you are unhappy," persisted Darvallon, not in soft, lover-like tones, but with the quiet interest of a friend.

"I had just been reading a letter from home," she replied, and her under-lip began to quiver till she bit it angrily.

"Pauvre enfant! This is what I foresaw. This is what will be hard on you: the loneliness, the isolation. Strangers don't replace kindred; kindness can't make up for affection. There are people who can dispense with both; but you—you will starve without them. I would not say this if the starvation were a necessity; but I went down to Broom Hollow before I left, and from what they all said, especially Colonel Redacre, I feel convinced your absence is a greater loss than any money you can gain will make up for. I am sure, moreover, that you exaggerate the need for this self-sacrifice. Lord Ranperth has great hopes of getting some literary work for your father, and this would make everything easy at home. Think well what you are doing while there is yet time. Consider if you would not do bet-

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ter to return home instead of going to Gardanvalle."

Pearl listened without interrupting him; but when he ceased speaking she said in a low voice:

"I cannot return home."

"And I must not ask why?"

"No; you must trust me without knowing. Friendship is built upon trust, is it not?"

"Yes; I will prove it and trust you, since you cannot trust me."

Her lips parted quickly, as if to utter an exclamation; but they closed again and she said nothing.

"When does Mme Mère leave Paris?" said Darvallon after a pause, during which Pearl, unable to bear the oppression of the conscious silence, again unrolled her scroll of field flowers and began to work.

"In six weeks or so."

"Léopold has told you, I suppose, that the Fourth Hussars are expecting to be ordered out to Algiers?"

"Your regiment!" said Pearl, dropping her canvas and looking up with dismay in her eyes.

Something purer than vanity thrilled through Darvallon as the involuntary confession escaped her; but he did not let her see this.

"Yes, my old regiment. An insurrection has broken out near Blidah, and they don't know how far it may spread; there will be some hot work anyhow to put it down, so the troops are wild to be off. I have to make up my mind at once whether or not I shall cast in my lot with them."

"But can you throw up your appointment?"

"If I prefer to be sent on active service I can do so; if I apply for it they will reappoint me to a regiment; the question is whether I ought to do so or not."

Now, Pearl was a soldier's daughter, and she knew enough about military matters to understand that, without some exceptional motive to justify the act, a man would be voted a lunatic to throw up an appointment like this for the sake of going off a-skirmishing with the Arabs; but she merely remarked:

"A campaign in Africa counts as extra service, does it not?"

"Yes; it is considered a stroke of luck to be shipped off there for a few years; there is nearly always some fighting going on, so that one has a chance of promotion."

"Then, I suppose, diplomacy will go to the wall," said Pearl, not daring to look up, but pulling her thread into a knot. "The fighting is irresistible, is it not?"

"It is always tempting to a fighting man; but there are other considerations that may sometimes outweigh even that." Then, after waiting in the faint hope that Pearl might express some curiosity as to what these considerations were, he added: "I don't see my way clearly to a decision. What do you think I ought to do, mademoiselle?"

"You must consult your family first, I suppose," she replied, closely counting the stitches in a scarlet poppy.

"I have no family to consult. My father and mother both died while I was a lad at St. Cyr. I have no near relatives living."

"St. Cyr!" repeated Pearl with three notes of exclamation; and then she could have bitten her tongue, for the astonishment was an admission of what might seem offensive.

"Yes, I was educated at the military school of St. Cyr. You thought I entered as a soldier?"

"Oh! no," said Pearl, with a little start, and blushing the deepest carnation that ever burned in the heart of a rose

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"Yes, you did," said Darvallon, smiling pitilessly at her distress. "You heard I was a self-made man, and naturally concluded that I had risen from the ranks. And, indeed, except for the fact of my military education, the assumption is true. My father was a working-man, and I should have been brought up to follow his calling, no doubt, but for an accident. He had occasion to render a service to a marshal of France, who saw no better way of evincing his gratitude than by placing me at school, and after that sending me to St. Cyr. So you see, although I started with my epaulet, I am as genuine a plebeian as ever fought his way up from the ranks."

"If your mother had lived she would have been proud of you," said Pearl, looking up at the plebeian speaker with unabashed admiration.

"Ah! yes. Pauvre mère!"

His eyes grew moist, and he made no attempt to conceal the weakness, not feeling it any shame to his manhood.

"But she is no longer here to care whether I go to Africa or not," he continued presently; "nobody need care, unless my friends do. Léopold, of course, would like me to go, though he protests he will shoot me for a madman if I do. What does my other friend say?"

He tried to speak in the tone of placid interrogation that became a friend consulting a friend; but Pearl detected a note in his voice that set her heart beating. After a pause that seemed never-ending to him she said:

"I shall be more lonely when you are gone."

Darvallon did not trust himself to answer, but he bent his eyes on her with a passionate tenderness that Pearl felt though she did not see it, for the blush rose steadily to her neck and brow. He tasted the sweet triumph in silence, till its intensity grew almost painful. Rising abruptly, he said:

"I must be going. I have an appointment with Marshal N—— at three. Well, since you are determined to be a worker, we must be content to let you have your way. The life you have chosen is not one of ease, but it will have its compensations."

"A life of duty always has," said Pearl brightly.

"Yes; it is the only life worth living, for it is a life of effort, and lofty hopes, and hard-won joys." There was a ring of triumph in his voice that sounded to Pearl like the note of the war-bugle. "Good-by. I shall see you again before I leave.'

"For Africa?"

"For London. I am under orders to return, am I not?"

Pearl stood smiling, with downcast eyes, while the sunbeams streamed in through the high window, making a glory of amber light around her. She looked like one of Fra Angelico's saints in her clinging drapery against the golden background, the flowery scroll rippling to her feet. Captain Darvallon thought her more beautiful than her sister Polly, or any other woman his eyes had rested on. He raised her hand to his lips, kissed it, and left her without another word.

The soldier's heart beat high as he stepped forth into the sunshine. He had no fortune but his sword; but what of that? He would be a match for the churlish dame; he had a will and a strong right hand, and he loved a noble woman.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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CATHOLICITY AND PANTHEISM.*

ON EVIL.

In our articles under the above title published some years ago we endeavored to explain the plan of the universe independently of the question of evil. The difficulty of the subject, the number and difficulty of the questions to be treated, obliged us to this course. But now that our readers have the whole plan of God's external works in its first stage laid before them, we may take up the question of evil, and, after investigating its nature and its cause, see what new relations it creates, what new results it gives rise to, what new modifications, in fine, it introduces in the world. We approach a question which, for its obscurity, for its depth, for its consequence, is the very hardest that can occupy the human mind, and, for its very close connection with the best interest of man, is of paramount importance to him. Hence we find that it has always engrossed the attention of man's intellect, from the rudest and most uncultivated intellect of the savage to that of the loftiest of the most polished nations of the earth whose natural atmosphere was the highest region of the sublimest metaphysics.

Evil is in man, around him, in all his relations, as individual, as a member of the domestic and civil societies; it pursues him at every stage of his life, from the instant he begins to draw his breath in this world to the moment when he yields up his spirit into the hands of his Creator. Evil threatens man beyond his grave with all the horror of a mysterious, most powerful, and inevitable enemy. All man's occupation in life consists mainly in preventing, warding off, freeing himself from, or in committing evil. Hence the interest which man has taken in this great question, though he has never been able to solve it, the question being too high, too deep, too far above his comprehension; and his efforts have resulted in implicating him more and more in the mazes and intricacies of this eternal labyrinth. We approach the question with calm confidence; for we plunge into this dark and profound abyss guided by the light of revelation as explained and developed by the philosophical efforts of nineteen centuries of Christian genius.

NATURE OF EVIL ACCORDING TO PANTHEISM.

In accordance with the system and method we have pursued in our preceding articles, we shall at the outset expound the pantheistic theory in reference to evil. What is the nature of evil according to this system?

The Infinite in this system, as our readers will remember, is something void of, and free from, all determinations and limits whatsoever,

* The attentive reader will observe that some opinions expressed in this article differ from those generally advocated in this Magazine. The learned writer of the article is well known, and we leave to him the liberty of arguing according to his own convictions upon open questions of theology, and to the reader the profit and pleasure of perusing and considering arguments presented with so much ability.—Ed. Cath. World.

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whether we consider these limits or determinations in a physical or metaphysical sense. Hence this Infinite has no limits either of essence or nature, or existence or subsistence, or individuality or personality, no concreteness in any sense whatever. For if it were any of these things, essence, nature, existence, individuality, or personality, it would have some definiteness, some limit, and would no longer be infinite but finite, each one of those ontological notions being a kind of limit or the circumscribing of a being. It is consequently the supreme and absolute indefiniteness, the highest possible abstraction. Now, this supreme and absolute indefiniteness, which is in no sense circumscribed and limited by any metaphysical notions, contains, in some unaccountable manner, an interior and necessary impulse to unfold and develop itself—that is, to put on limits and determinations. So far we have described the supreme *Unity*, as it was called by the Neoplatonists; or the *Substance*, according to Spinoza; or the *Me*, according to Fichte; or the *Universal Identity*, according to Schelling; or the *Idea*, according to Hegel; or Nature, or Society, or Humanity, with the progressists, socialists, and humanitarians. Multiplicity begins as soon as this impulse to develop itself begins to act or to put on limit. This circumscribing or extrication of the Infinite is of course progressive, and begins from the minimum to arise to the maximum of perfection. The different forms or limits which it assumes realize that perfection.

Let the Infinite, therefore, from all eternity launch forth into this progressive development. From the very highest pinnacle of abstraction it descends gradually, to become less and less abstract until it arrives at reality and concreteness, and takes up the form of existence. But this existence is at first of a very imperfect and inanimate kind — *matter*. Then, mounting the steps of limitation, it assumes an organism of the lowest kind and appears in the vegetable kingdom. Gradually redoubling its efforts and limiting more and more its organization, it breaks forth into sensitive life, and by continued process of efforts and developments it finally arrives, in man, at the highest form of life and reaches the goal it aspires to—the consciousness of itself. But even then the process is gradual and slow, because this life does not at first manifest itself in the plenitude of its perfection, but ascends step by step from the minimum of intellectual life to the maximum. Hence in the first cycle of the life of humanity predominate those powers which are akin to sense, such as the imagination and fancy, and thus the cradle of humanity is the age of poetry, of legends and myths. Continuing the march onward, the intellectual faculties begin to obtain the ascendency and create the age of philosophy, until humanity, progressing in this ascending scale, arrives at the plenitude of the consciousness of its own infinity in Christ, who is nothing else than humanity conscious of its own infinite powers.

But in all these forms which this Infinite assumes in order to attain to limitation and perfection, does it always succeed? Are these forms which it endeavors to cast, to extricate from itself, so good and perfect as to be so many steps forward in the march of pro-

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gress, or does the Infinite sometimes fail, and, instead of advancing, go backward? Here is the problem of evil in its full force in the system of pantheism. Of course the advocates of this system cannot deny the existence of the problem; for it is evident that there is something which mankind calls evil both in the physical and moral world. All the revolutions and cataclysms, both in the physical and moral world, proclaim the fact too loudly to be denied by any system. Pantheists are therefore compelled to admit that the Infinite, in the gradual and successive development and extrication of itself, sometimes fails, but that the failure is an absolute necessity of that development, and cannot be called evil. "Whatever is first in rank and perfection," says Spinoza, "becomes that which is most imperfect to attain that which is last and most perfect. There is not, therefore, in the nature of things either good or evil. All is necessarily as it is."*

Evil, therefore, according to Pantheism, is failure in the progressive movement of the Infinite, caused by an absolute necessity inherent in that movement.

We have already in our former articles refuted all the premises of pantheism, and might take for granted the refutation of the consequences of those premises concerning the present question. But a few remarks bearing directly upon the point will, we trust, be not altogether out of place.

To explain a thing scientifically is to give the cause, the origin, or the principle of that thing—*scire rem per causam.* To explain the nature of evil, therefore, it is necessary to study its cause. What is the cause, according to pantheism of that which all mankind calls evil? An absolute necessity inhering in the movement of the Infinite, answers pantheism.

Now, this does not resolve the problem, but leaves it where it was, because we have a right to ask, What is the cause of such necessity? Or, in other words, why is it that the Infinite, in its gradual assumptions of new forms, both physical and moral, must oftentimes necessarily fail? Pantheism cannot give any other reason but an inherent necessity. Now, to show the absurdity of such an answer, let us inquire into the metaphysical reason of the failure of a necessary cause. How can a cause acting by necessity fail in the production of its effects? We can see no possibility of such a failure, except in one of these two cases: 1st, either the cause which is supposed necessary is not sufficient to produce its effect, or, 2d, we must suppose the interference of another agent neutralizing the action of the cause. In no other supposition is a failure metaphysically possible.

For, in the first case, to suppose a cause failing in the production of its effect, for which it is fully adequate and sufficient, and which it must necessarily produce, is to suppose the cause sufficient and necessary in one breath, and to deny those two attributes in another breath; it is to say yes and no of the same thing, at the same time, under the same circumstances. If it, the cause, is necessary, it *must* and cannot fail to act; if it is sufficient, it is fully adequate for the effect; how, then, can it fail? A free cause might be unwilling to employ all its power, an insufficient cause would not be able to produce the effect, and in both cases the

* Ritter, *History of Modern Philosophy*, art. "Spinoza."

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failure would be intelligible, but not otherwise.

In the second supposition the failure might be possible. A necessary, sufficient cause might act, but another agent might neutralize the action of the cause, and cause the effect to fail.

Applying now these evident principles to the subject, it is plain how absurd is the answer of pantheism to the problem of evil. In the first place, the Infinite cannot fail in the gradual development of itself because of the supposition of another agent counteracting its action, since in that system no other agent is admissible but the Infinite. In the second place, the Infinite being a necessary agent and sufficient cause, because infinite, the effect must necessarily follow, and no possible failure can be conceived. What, then, becomes of evil in the pantheistic system? The same result, as the reader may have remarked, is obtained here which we elsewhere found to have followed from pantheistic solutions of the problems of the human mind. The solution renders the terms of the problem incompatible. A necessary and sufficient cause, because not free to withhold its action, and because fully adequate, must *necessarily* obtain its effect. Consequently, in the supposition of a necessary, infinite cause, the first term of the problem *evil* or *failure* is impossible. Evil, then, is swept away by the first term of the problem. Failure, on the other hand, necessarily implies defect and limitation in the agent when by supposition, as in the present case, no alien agent is called to interfere and to neutralize its power. Consequently, if evil exists it cannot originate in an infinite and necessary cause; hence the other term swept away in the pantheistic problem—the Infinite. If the Infinite alone exists evil is impossible; if evil exists it cannot come from the Infinite, and pantheists must either give up the problem altogether or admit the solution of the Catholic Church, that evil originates in a *finite, free* cause.

CATHOLIC SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM OF THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

The Catholic Church teaches that evil originates in a cause which is both *finite* and *free*, two necessary elements which render evil possible.

We prove this statement as follows: A necessary cause, though finite, and consequently limited and circumscribed as to the production of effects enclosed within a certain sphere, cannot fail in producing its effect. For suppose the effect to require ten degrees of power and activity; and suppose, further, that the cause possesses them, and is not free either to employ or not employ them, but must necessarily act and employ those ten degrees of energy; it is evident that the effect must follow and that failure is impossible. For whence could the failure arise? So much power is required, so much power is at hand and is necessarily employed; how, then, could the effect fail?

The supposition of an alien agent neutralizing the power of the cause would not affect our argument, because in such a case sufficient power is not employed to cause the effect when the original power of the cause is neutralized and counteracted by another cause. A necessary, finite cause cannot possibly fail in its action, and to explain the problem and the existence of evil or failure, or whatever panthe-

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ists may be pleased to call it, we must admit that it arises from a finite, free cause—the solution of the Catholic Church.

But, the better to illustrate and strengthen this solution, we will give the doctrine of Catholic philosophy about the nature of evil with as much accuracy as we are capable of. There is an essential difference between these three ontological ideas, which are commonly confounded: *negation*, *limitation*, and *privation*. The first merely conveys the idea of the absence of being. It is founded on a logical relation: supposing a being to exist, and then supposing it not to exist, we form the idea of negation. Limitation implies the absence of a further perfection in a being not necessary either to its nature or essential attributes. In other words, limitation excludes the fulness of being and action—fulness which is not required by the very essence and nature of the being. Privation conveys the absence of a perfection in a being necessary either to the nature, attributes, or properties of the being. Thus, blindness in man conveys the idea of the absence of a perfection which ought to be found in man, and hence involves the idea of privation.

Evil, in its strictest metaphysical acceptation, is nothing but privation, or the absence of a perfection necessary to a being or to the act of a being; and by the term act we mean to include whatever modification may affect or take place in a being. That such is the idea which all mankind has formed of evil is a fact so well established as to be beyond dispute. That man should be without the power of flying like the feathered tribes, or that he should not be a pure spirit like the angels, are things which imply the absence of some perfection, but an absence of which no man ever complained or regretted, and much less called evil, without being laughed at by the common sense of mankind; because those things, though perfections, are not at all necessary to the nature, attributes, or properties of man, and he cannot consider them as a privation or evil. Again, that man is not almighty, all-wise, all-good was never thought to be an evil, because man, being a creature, is necessarily finite and limited, and cannot count the absence of the fulness of being which those things imply as a privation or evil. But all mankind calls evil sickness, the loss of a limb, of personal liberty, the impairing of the intellectual faculties, the absence of moral rectitude, because all these things are necessary to man's nature, attributes, and properties. They *ought* to be found in him.*

The foregoing remarks illustrate that distinction of evil made by philosophers into metaphysical, physical, and moral. By metaphysical evil they mean that necessary limitation which is natural to contingent beings, and which, as we have just said, is not, strictly speaking, evil, but is called so in a wide sense and because it is the necessary foundation of the other two.

Physical evil is the absence of a perfection which a substance or its faculties ought to have.

Moral evil is the absence of a perfection necessary to the action of a moral agent. These two last kinds are strictly called evil, because they truly imply a privation of a thing which ought to be in a substance or in its acts.

* "Privatio est eius quod quis natus est habere et debet habere" (St. Thomas).

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But to have a perfect idea of the essence of evil it is necessary to distinguish its *material* and its *formal* being. The material being of evil is that something really existing which is the foundation of its formal being. In evil there must be something real, something actually existing as a foundation, so to speak, for its formal being; because if there was nothing real or positive in evil it would be a mere negation and no evil at all.

The formal constituent of evil is that which really makes it evil. For instance, a man is killed by poison; this is an evil, but in this evil there is something positive—the action of the person who administers the poison, the action of the poison upon the body, the change produced in the body in consequence of the action of the poison, and so forth. Now, every one of these elements is something real, actual, positive, and constitutes what we have called the material being of evil.

What is, therefore, that which makes it *evil?* The absence of the organic and natural state of the body, which causes death, produced by the action of the poison upon the body. It consists essentially in the privation of that organic state which is natural to the well-being of the body, and without which it cannot live. And to make the reader understand wherein, properly speaking, lies the evil in the case, let him suppose the murdered man to be seen by an animal which cannot compare the organic state of an animal body with that of a body in dissolution and decay. What is it that the animal could see in that body? Nothing but being or reality; nothing but what exists. It could see nothing wanting or amiss. But why is it that man can see evil in it? Because he compares the organic and natural state in which the body ought to be with the absence of it in the body before him, and proclaims evil. He can see the privation. The material being of evil, or that which is positive and real in evil, is always good, because these two terms are ontologically identical, differing from each other only by a logical relation.

We conclude, then, that evil is the absence of a perfection which ought to be found in a substance, its faculties, or its acts; that in evil there is a double element—the one, positive element, that something really existing which forms the *substratum* of the negative element; and the latter, in which the formal essence of evil consists, and which is the absence of a perfection necessary to a being, its faculties, or its acts.

Having thus briefly explained the nature of evil, we enter upon the inquiry, *What can be the cause of evil?* And we answer: It must be a *finite, intelligent, free cause—intelligent*, because evil consists essentially in a relation, being the absence of something which ought to be. To cause, therefore, such an absence an activity is required which can perceive the relation existing between a substance, its faculties, and its acts, each with its natural perfections. Now, only an intelligent being can perceive relations; consequently an intelligent being alone can be the cause of evil.

The better to perceive this consequence, let the reader analyze the cause of good. Good, objectively considered, is being or reality. Whence is it that mere reality becomes good? When that reality becomes the object of a tendency

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which it can satisfy and bring to perfection. It is evident, therefore, that good in its formal essence lies in a relation—the relation of an object with a faculty which it can bring to perfection. The formal cause of good cannot be anything else but an intelligence perceiving the relation.

What we have said of good may, in a contrary sense, be said of evil. Evil consists in the absence of a certain perfection to which a faculty or an act really tends, and hence that alone can cause it which can perceive the faculty or the act, the perfection to which they tend, and the relation between them.

It follows from this that no being which is not intelligent can be the real and formal cause of evil. An unintelligent being can only be the material cause of evil.

In the second place, the real cause of evil must necessarily be finite and contingent, because an infinite cause could never fail either in activity or in causing the effect to correspond with its type; in other words, it could not fail either as efficient or typical cause —not as efficient cause, since an infinite cause is essentially an infinite activity, actuality itself, and as such it must necessarily attain its effect.

Again, in an infinite cause, as St. Thomas elegantly explains, there is no distinction between its activity and its ideality, but both are essentially identical and only distinguished by a mental distinction of our own making. So that in an infinite cause the activity which produces the effect, the plan or type which delineates its nature and perfections, are one and the same thing, and both, being infinite, can never fail in producing the effect in the reality with all the perfection which it has in the idea. But the case is entirely different as to finite causes. The activity of the latter is limited within a certain sphere, and that activity, even in its own sphere, is not identical with the type, the rule, of the perfection of the thing to be effected. Hence a failure is absolutely possible, because the activity not being identical with the rule of the perfection of the object to be effected, it is possible that it may depart from it and fail. An example of St. Thomas will illustrate our meaning. To make the plan of a building absolutely perfect three things are required—the activity of the architect, the mathematical rules of architecture, the application of those rules to the building. Now, if the activity of the architect were identical in nature with the mathematical rules of architecture, it would follow that the architect's activity would be itself the rules, and consequently when applied would act according to those rules, and no failure in such a case could be possible. But because the case stands quite contrary a failure may occur in a plan drawn by the very best artist.

Again, suppose a moral agent. If the supreme principle of morality were identical with the faculty and the act of a moral agent, it would follow as a necessary consequence that his action would not only be moral but morality itself; and consequently, by the principle of contradiction, no possible failure or sin could occur, in the act of such an agent, just as it is the case in the infinite. But because those things are necessarily distinct as to the finite, the one being universal, eternal, and objective, and independent of the finite, the latter being particular and subjec-

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tive, a failure may and will occur in the acts of the same.

Yet the failure requires another element to be possible—that is, freedom of will. As we have above said, a finite, necessary cause, though limited in its sphere of action, yet when acting within that sphere, and acting necessarily, can never fail by the very force of the supposition. It may be interfered with by a foreign agent, but, so far as itself is concerned, it employs its amount of action by necessity of its nature, and the effect must necessarily follow. A necessary, finite cause cannot fail. In order, therefore, to render the failure possible, a cause is required which can perceive the relation between an act and its perfection, and which may be able to give its act that proper direction which will lead it to perfection, and at the same time choose to give that act a wrong direction because free.

It follows from all we have said that a finite person alone can be the real efficient cause of evil. Because evil implies three elements: It is, 1st, a *relation*, and consequently it requires for its cause an intelligence able to perceive that relation. 2d. It implies the absence of the plenitude of being and activity, and therefore it seeks the cause to be finite. It demands, finally, a cause which is not necessarily bound to act, to act thus and not otherwise, but a cause which is master of the use, and of the kind of use, it may make of its activity—in a word, a *free cause.*

It follows, again, that God cannot be the cause of evil, because his activity and the transcendental rule of his actions are identical and infinite. He can be said to be the cause of the material *being* of evil—that element in evil which is really existing and positive—but as to its formal element he is cause in no other sense, except inasmuch as he does not interfere in preventing it, but allows it to be caused by the free actions of his creatures; because he cannot prevent the necessary limitation of their being, nor take from them the liberty with which they are endowed.

Leibnitz illustrates this conclusion by a beautiful comparison, which we shall quote: "The celebrated Kepler, and after him Descartes, have spoken of the natural inertia of bodies; it is something which may be considered as a perfect image of the *original limitation* of creatures, to show that privation constitutes the formal part of the imperfection which may be found in a substance or its action. Let us suppose that the current of the same river carries along several vessels which do not differ from each other except in their cargoes—some being laden with wood, others with stone; some carrying more, some less. Such being the case, it will happen that the vessels which are more heavily laden will go more slowly than others—always supposing that neither wind nor oars nor any other similar means hasten them on. It is not, properly speaking, the weight which is the cause of the slowness, because the vessels descend instead of ascending; but it is the same cause which increases the weight in bodies which have more density—that is, which are less spongy and more charged with matter proper to them; because that matter which passes through the pores, not receiving the same movement, cannot be taken into account. The cause, therefore, is that matter is naturally inclined to slowness or privation of velocity, not in order to diminish

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it by itself—for that would imply action—but in order to diminish by its receptivity the effect of the impression when it has to receive it. And consequently, because there is more matter put in motion by the force of the current when the vessel is more heavily charged, it is necessary that it should go more slowly. Let us now compare the force which the current exercises upon the vessels, and which it communicates to them, with the action of God which produces and preserves whatever is positive in creatures and gives them the perfection of being and force—let us, I say, compare the inertia of matter with the natural imperfection of creatures and the slowness of the vessel charged with the defect which is found in the quality and action of creatures, and we shall find that there is nothing more appropriate than this comparison. The current is the cause of the movement of the vessel, but not of its slowness. God is the cause of the perfection in the nature and in the action of his creatures, but the limitation of the receptivity of creatures is the cause of the defects which may exist in their action. Hence the Platonists, St. Augustine, and the Schoolmen were right in saying that God is the cause of the material element of evil, which consists in something positive, but not of the formal element, which consists in a privation, as one may say that the current is the cause of the material element of slowness without being the cause of its formal element—that is, the cause of the velocity of the vessel without being the cause of the limits of that velocity." *

It follows, finally, that a physical agent cannot, properly speaking, be called the cause of evil, because, as we have shown, evil consists in a relation; and to be, in the strict sense of the word, the cause of evil, it would require an agent capable of perceiving that relation. Hence evil exists only for finite personalities as passive subjects or agents of it. Thus, if a stone falling on my foot should lame me for life, assuredly such an accident would be an evil for me; but I could not, with propriety of language, call the stone the efficient cause of that evil, because all that the stone has effected is something real and positive; that which makes it evil for me is the discrepancy which that something positive has with my well-being—a relation which the stone can never perceive.

Again, everything hurtful to sensitive beings affects them painfully, of course; but they cannot attach to that painful sensation the idea of evil, because they cannot detect the relation between that something positive which hurts them and the injurious or unpleasant effect of which they are sensible. Finally, we must remark that, although we are absolutely certain that a finite person alone can be the cause of evil, yet we can only partially understand *how* he can determine to choose it. Not being infinite actuality, the plenitude of force and energy, but only limited and contingent, more akin to not being than to being, it follows that it is absolutely possible for him to fail in acting in such a manner as to give the whole perfection to his own act or to give it its right perfection. Now, whatever is absolutely possible *may* sometimes really come to pass; and *hence evil.* But it is beyond the reach of the human intelligence or capacity to explain the psychological genesis and the internal, sub-

* Leibnitz, *Theodicée*, part i. par. 30.

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jective history of that process by which a finite, intelligent, free agent comes to the determination of choosing evil. It must be ranked among the many profound mysteries which surround our souls and their acts.*

Why does God permit evil?

We have already pointed out the two great reasons why God permits evil. The first is the necessary limitation of his creatures, which establishes the possibility of evil, and which limitation God could not remove without contradiction. The second is the free-will with which he has endowed them, and of which he cannot deprive them without changing their nature and essential attributes. Consequently, if the limitation of their nature renders evil possible, if their free activity renders it *actual*, God can, without contradicting any of his attributes, permit it, and the human mind can have no reason against that permission. Let the human mind show that the permission of evil consequent on the natural limitation and free agency of creatures is in direct opposition to any of God's attributes, and then, indeed, it could object to the permission of evil. But human reason has never and will never be able to do that. Thousands upon thousands of sophistries have been brought forward to show such contradiction, but all these are mere cobwebs, spun out of weak brains, which the slightest touch can break. The creature is limited, and God could not make it otherwise; rational creatures are free, and God cannot deprive them of that essential attribute of their intellectual nature which, apprehending the universal, can yet allow itself to be attracted by the particular and individual. These two things will sometimes result in evil, and how can God be made accountable for it?

There is one real objection which can be raised in this great question of evil. This we shall examine in a future article.

* See Rossely de Lorgues, *La Morte antérieure all Homme.*

TO ST. MATTHEW LEAVING HIS MONEY TO FOLLOW JESUS.

"Whose image and inscription is this?"—St. Matt. xxii. 20.
"He is the image of the invisible God."—Col. i. 15.

Thy trade, O Levi! was well learnt, I trow,
And served thee better than the Rabbin's lore
Thus speedily the One True Coin to know
Impressed from Virgin mould. Yet heart served more
Than wit. Love gains by loss; and, losing all,
Doth all things win. Lost is thy money-stall
And hoarded coins. For stall hast gained a throne:
For coins all wealth in One whose worth is known
By image and inscription—both divine.
Enough: give Cæsar his. Heaven's wealth is thine!

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OSIMO.*

EVERY one who, like Mr. Boffin, has undertaken in some literary mood to "Decline and Fall-off" the Roman Empire according to Gibbon, and thereby become interested in the fortunes of that great military leader whom the bold Mr. Wegg unflinchingly "collars and throws" under the somewhat Britannic name of Bully Sawyers, will remember that this hero, perhaps better known to fame and easier of identification as Belisarius, nearly lost his life at the siege of Osimo by an arrow discharged from the walls that would have inevitably slain him had not the mortal blow been intercepted by one of his devoted guards, who thereby lost his hand. A reader of this classical turn of mind will not fail to look for so historic a place on his map, but he may not carry his love of research quite so far as we did one soft, spring-like day in February, 1877, when we set out from Loreto to visit Osimo in company with the English gentleman who has so ably abridged Father Bambozzi's life from the more diffuse Italian work, but who, modest as he is accomplished, has chosen to conceal his name under the designation of "a lay tertiary of St. Francis." From prolonged residence in Italy he was familiar with all this region, and therefore an invaluable companion. We must confess, however, that it was not with any intention of "looking into the affairs of Bully Sawyers" we undertook the excursion, or, indeed, out of any classical interest whatever in the town of Osimo, though it is a place of high antiquity, known before Christ under the name of Auximum, and spoken of by Lucan as

"Admotæ pulsarunt Auximon alæ."

It was not, therefore, with any preoccupation of mind with regard to the uncertainties besetting the Roman Empire that we drove down from the sacred heights of Loreto into the lovely valley beneath. At our right lay the blue Adriatic, which the cliff of Ancona partially intercepted. To the north and south the receding hills revealed a country at once beautiful and fertile, while in the west rose the imposing Apennines, clothed in a light gauzy mist, now violet, now rose, or gray or golden, but always like the veil to some enchanted land. We crossed the fatal battle-field of Castelfidardo, where so many modern crusaders gloriously fell in the service of the Church, and before long struck into the rich valley of the Musano, with a low ridge of hills on one side covered with vines and olives. In an hour or so Osimo and its towers appeared, picturesque on its steep hill nearly a thousand feet above the sea, well fitted to stand out stoutly against the enemy. It is in the March of Ancona, about six miles from the Adriatic, near the old Flaminian Way. It still retains a part of the ancient Roman wall which Belisarius, or his guard, had so much reason to remember. In these old places the past and the present lie

* *Life of Father Benvenuto Bambozzi, sometime Master of Novices of the Conventual Friars Minor at Osimo.* Abridged from the Italian by a lay tertiary of St. Francis. London: R. Washbourne. 1879.

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in such close juxtaposition that time is annihilated. A thousand years seem but as a day. It was a strong sense of this that now caused a little confusion between the ancient and modern in our mind, so that we began to feel somewhat alarmed as to the affairs of our hero of the Britannic name, and wonder if the weather was going to be favorable for the impending expedition against the Persians!

But we quickly rallied from the weakness of "Declining and Falling" to such a degree, and began to attune our minds to the more modern and more glorious recollections of the place, in honor of which we had undertaken the pilgrimage. Osimo is now more famous—at least in the Christian world—for the tomb of the wonder-working St. Joseph of Copertino than for any classical associations, and is probably destined to acquire additional renown from the saintly Father Benvenuto Bambozzi, the preliminary steps of whose "cause," with a view to his canonization, were taken by Mgr. Seri-Molini, Bishop of Osimo, in September, 1877. Both of these holy men belonged to the order of St. Francis, and ended their days in the convent of the Minor Conventuals of this place. We drove directly to the convent, where, thanks to the merit of our companion, we were most cordially received by the guardian, formerly a novice of Father Benvenuto's, and now the postulator of his "cause." There were but a few friars left in the house, the community having been suppressed some years previously by the Sardinian government, and the forlorn aspect of the deserted convent was melancholy to the last degree. The cheerful endurance of those who were left, under the heavy hand of the powers that be, was no less touching. As an example of this spirit we quote the following passage from our author:

"When I visited the shrine of St. Joseph of Copertino, nearly two years ago, I found only one lay brother in the convent opposite, doing the whole housework and waiting on three priests, one cleric, and myself as a guest. This good lay brother, Fra' Pippo, . . . though wellnigh threescore and ten years weigh on his head, is as lithe and quick about his work as he is ready with an answer. When there is bread to knead or macaroni to prepare, he gets up some three or four hours after midnight; at other times he rises at five o'clock in the morning. This same Fra' Pippo was imprisoned and exiled to Elba (!) on the false charge of persuading a young friar not to enlist in the model Italian army. He, however, drove his keepers desperate by his cheerful ways and ready wit, for he would say: 'I have to be very thankful to this new government. Per Bacco! when I was a friar in the Pope's time I never went beyond the kitchen and the church, and now I am travelling about scot-free and seeing the big world without having any work to do.' He was later on confined in Ancona, but as he drove the ruffians with whom he was pent up mad by his holy and cheerful resignation, he was let off cheap, and went back to his kitchen and church among his own brethren, and there I found him, a perfect example of the hallowing influence which true religion can work, even on a Neapolitan peasant."

We were received in the snug library, packed full of ponderous tomes bound in parchment, delightful to the eye, and from there we went to the studio where the father guardian, who is something of a sculptor, finds his chief recreation in modelling. But the principal points of interest were the tomb of St. Joseph of Copertino and the cell he occupied during the last years of his life. The latter is now an oratory, and in the adjoining room are a thousand objects associated with his memory and care-

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fully preserved as relics. The tomb is in a vast church full of gloom. We visited it at midday, when it is for an hour or two closed to the public. It should be seen on the festival of the saint, when it is hung with brilliant draperies and lit up with countless lights. Then it is thronged by the inhabitants, who at night illuminate their houses and have fireworks on the principal square. They look on St. Joseph as their great protector. When Ancona was smitten with the cholera in 1865, the whole town of Osimo was in consternation. The shrine was opened and the body of the saint exposed. In spite of an attempt on the part of the civil authorities to prevent all such assemblies, as tending to increase the panic, and thereby the danger of disease, the basilica was crowded all day long by people of every rank. Moans, sighs, and the sound of weeping rose from the throng gathered around the glorious shrine, and many were seen praying who at other times seldom set foot in God's house.

We had already come upon the traces of this great saint in the *sagro convento* at Assisi where he spent thirteen years. His cell there is still shown with honor. St. Joseph was born at Copertino, in the kingdom of Naples, in 1603, and, like St. Francis and several other saints, in a stable where his mother had taken refuge from her husband's creditors. He entered a house of the Minor Conventuals at the age of eighteen, and from the first led a life which was one continued miracle. The animal world, and indeed all nature, seemed subject to him, as they were to St. Francis. And he was as much enamored of Poverty as that great patriarch, who chose her as his bride. When he and his companion entered Rome they had but one small piece of silver between them. This he left on the boundary, that, as he said, he might enter the holy city poor and humble as St. Francis. When he arrived at Assisi, and first saw the church, glorious as Christian art could make it, that had been built over the tomb of that *glorioso poverello di Christo*, he fell prostrate before the altar and cried out in his astonishment: "How is it, holy father, that you, who during your life so loved the Lady Poverty, are now in the midst of gold and brocade, and your church so sumptuously decorated?" But an interior voice at once replied that all this pomp was not for St. Francis, who lay beneath the ground in obscurity and humility,* but in honor of the Divine Presence on the altar.

Though poor by birth, and what might be called illiterate, so great was St. Joseph's gift of wisdom and infused light that princes and dignitaries came to take counsel of him. That venerable servant of God, Mary, Infanta of Savoy, daughter of King Charles Emanuel, took up her residence at Perugia for several months, that she might have the privilege of frequently consulting him. Prince Casimir of Poland, whom the pope had dispensed from his ecclesiastical obligations after he had become a Jesuit and been made a cardinal, in consequence of the urgent demands of the Poles to have him for their king after the death of his brother, Ladislas IV.—who left no posterity—fearing God might be displeased at this change of life, went to Assisi to obtain the opinion of St. Joseph. "Is it with the car-

* The body of St. Francis had not then been exhumed.

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dinal's hat, or the sword, I am called to serve the Divine Majesty?" he asked. "With the sword," unhesitatingly replied the saint. He was right. Casimir strengthened the kingdom of Poland, and benefited all Christendom by his victories over the Turks. But, whether in camp or at court, he always found time to keep up a correspondence with the saint. The Spanish ambassador went to consult St. Joseph, and was so satisfied with the interview that he wished his wife to have the same privilege; but when she saw the saint borne across the church over her head on the wings of ecstasy she fainted with terror. The pope finally sent St. Joseph to Osimo, to withdraw him from the pious importunity of the world, and here he died in 1663.

About the middle of September, 1861, Prince Umberto (now king) and his brother Amadeo stopped at Osimo on their way to the battlefield of Castelfidardo. As soon as the Minor Conventuals heard they were to show the princes over the basilica of St. Joseph of Copertino, they ventured to hope their convent would be spared, especially in view of the relations of Donna Maria of Savoy with the saint. But Father Bambozzi quickly suppressed their joy with the words: "Cursed is he who putteth his trust in princes!" It was afterwards found that the decree for the suppression of the convent was dated the very day the princes visited Osimo. The expulsion of the friars took place the following December.

Father Benvenuto Bambozzi is another instance of an Italian peasant's rising to a sublime degree of sanctity by the practice of the lowly virtues. We first heard of him at Rome, but it was at Osimo we conceived a genuine veneration for his character, which has only been increased by the life before us. We remember visiting the humble cell where he died, seeing his instruments of penance, and praying at his tomb in the public cemetery, which, though he had not been dead three years, had more than once required important repairs, in consequence of the people's carrying away portions of it as relics.

Father Bambozzi was born on the 22d of March, 1809, in the territory of Osimo, and the following day received in holy baptism the name of Benvenuto Leopardo, in memory of the two first apostles of this region—St. Leopardo being the first bishop of Osimo, and St. Benvenuto the second. From his childhood he seemed predestined to a life of special sanctity. When his mother wished to send him to school he begged to be let off, because, as he said, he "wished to keep good all his life." But when he found his brother Giuseppe * was learning to read without any visible change for the worse, he acquiesced in his mother's wishes and regularly attended school, without, however, neglecting his work at home. But it was not till some years later, when he began to feel a decided inclination towards the monastic life, that he seriously applied himself to study at the college of Osimo, that he might be fitted to enter among the Minor Conventual friars. A wretched garret, poorly lighted and scantily furnished, constituted his student's quarters. His meals were of the coarsest fare, and his dress that of a peasant of those days. One can hardly wonder that the town scholars, seeing this country

* This brother afterwards became a lay brother among the Oratorians at Sant' Elpidio-al-Mare.

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lad in his short, tight breeches, an outgrown smock frock, and a peasant's cap of mottled wool, from which hung a tassel that continually dangled from shoulder to shoulder, with his school-books under his arm, and one or two pieces of brown bread peering out of his pocket, should make him an object of raillery. And when one day he was introduced to the novices he was soon to join, in spite of their religious training they could scarcely refrain from laughing at his ridiculous dress and rustic bearing. This did not escape the keen eye of their master, who afterwards rebuked them, saying they little knew what a beautiful nature lay hidden under such a rude exterior.

Benvenuto had a most exalted idea of the monastic life. In aftertimes he was often heard to say: "We shall never properly understand on earth how great is the gift of a religious calling; we shall only know in Paradise." "After the grace of being born in the Catholic Church, the most special grace of God is to be called to religion." Accordingly, it was for him one of the happiest days of his life when, at the age of twenty-two, he passed his examination before Father Bartolini, of distinguished memory, and was received into the order of St. Francis. His religious clothing took place December 3, 1832, at the hands of the late Father Francis Ventura, after which the guardian of the convent handed him over to the master of novices for his year of probation. During this year no profane studies are allowed. The entire period is spent in acquiring a knowledge of the spirit and practices of the order, laying the foundation of the interior life, and taking part in the religious exercises of the community. How seriously this young peasant applied himself to acquire the spirit of his calling may be seen from a few extracts taken here and there from his notebook, begun shortly after his entrance into religion:

"I will always remember that my aim is to become holy. I will constantly endeavor to do all things with a view of pleasing God and not myself. I will always live in the holy fear of God, striving to shun every deliberate venial sin and to fulfil my duties to the best of my ability. I will often call to mind that, being a religious, I am a victim destined to be consumed on the altar of Jesus Christ. I will bear my cross, whatever it be, and follow in his footsteps without murmuring, knowing that whatever befalls me, either from the world, the flesh, or the devil, great as the evil may be, is still permitted by God for my good. Therefore I will endure everything in silence, and conform myself to the divine Will. I will bear in mind that I must deny myself inwardly, and hence must daily rejoice, even to the end of my life, when my wishes are thwarted in any way. I wish to have charity for all, however wicked any particular individual may be, since it is my bounden duty to look upon everybody as God's creature. Should the Almighty ever grant me the grace to preach, I will do so in a way that shall have for its first object the good of the poor and ignorant masses, avoiding all attempt at oratory and desire of praise. If I am not called upon to preach from the pulpit, I will nevertheless strive to preach every moment of my life by the force of a good example, by often speaking of God, the eternal truths, and the claims which Jesus has on our love. Should I even be the means of converting the whole world, I will still look upon myself as a useless servant. The greatest of all miseries would be not to be able to look upon myself as the chief of sinners. I will pray with fervor for the ministers of the church, that the world may be renewed through the holiness of their lives. I will, moreover, weep for their sins, which above all others pierce through our Redeemer's Heart. I will often renew my vows, bearing in mind that they are the wings with which I must rise to holiness. I

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will take Obedience for my device, and will, whenever I can, anticipate my superior's commands. Chastity, that maketh us like unto the angels, that raiseth us to the knowledge of heavenly things and bindeth us closely to Jesus Christ, the Spouse of souls, will I make my chosen virtue. I will at all times chastise my body and hold the strictest watch over my eyes, denying them even lawful if needless, gratification, that I may the more easily restrain them in clearly forbidden cases. I will mortify the sense of smell. I will delight in putting up with any inconvenience in this respect, especially when tending the sick, the aged, the poor, or fulfilling any other distasteful duty set before me. Since necessity compels me to take food, I will direct this act to God, begging his grace, so that it may not lead me into sin. I will deny myself in some way, however slight, with regard to my food, at every meal, and be satisfied with whatever is set before me, refraining from choosing my portion in any way. In order to keep the Franciscan rule of Poverty, I will look upon everything I use as given me in charity. I will gladly wear the coarsest clothing, using only what is absolutely needed. And as our nature never says 'enough' with respect to money and commodities, I will try to forego even what is necessary, and frequently examine my conscience on this score. I will take pleasure in seeing the convent bestow alms, and to this end will gladly give up something that would otherwise have fallen to my lot. I will often meditate on the Way of the Cross, and ponder on the Passion of our Saviour, and gaze upon his wounded Heart, in which I would fain for ever dwell, thinking unceasingly on the price which my soul and the souls of those around me have cost. One great means to help me in carrying out my resolutions is prayer. I will therefore pray without ceasing, or at least beg our Lord to give me the spirit of prayer. With regard to vocal prayers, I will rather say a few well than many in a slovenly manner, and I will increase their number when I find myself less apt for mental prayer. The greatest need I have is to meditate on the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ; on the sorrows of his Mother, who is also our mother; and on the eternal maxims. I will not fail, especially in spare moments, to make holy ejaculations in order to ward off temptations and unite myself to God. As the fruit of each prayer, I will aim at acquiring a deeper and deeper knowledge of my own nothingness and the most wretched way in which I respond to the calls of grace, and strive to show an unbounded love for God and trust in him. Knowing as I do how essential peace is to holiness of soul, I will always show myself meek and courteous towards all, especially towards religious, even should there be any among them bearing me a grudge. I will take care not to meddle in worldly affairs, unless prompted by motives of charity, justice, obedience, or some other virtue proper to my state. I will shun melancholy as much as I can, knowing that true joy is found in a peaceful heart, in a holy life, in collected thoughts, and a cheerful kindliness tempered by modest reserve."

These disjointed fragments are unsatisfactory, but they serve to show that the spiritual enlightenment of this young Italian peasant compares favorably with that of persons in any other nation, and how little need there is of foreign intervention for the moral improvement of Italy, unless to procure freedom for the clergy to exercise their ministry.*

After his profession Father Benvenuto was sent to Urbino to study theology—not so much dogmatic as moral theology, his chief aim being to fit himself for an apostolic life among the poor and unlettered. He received Holy Orders in 1834, and after various temporary charges was sent to a convent in the small domain of Fratte Rosee, which stretches along the southern slope of a smiling, well-cultivated hill, about twelve miles from Fossombrone. Eastward, on an eminence, stands the

*We remember passing through an obscure street in Rome, and smiling as we looked up and saw over the door of one of the new chapels opened under the present government (a Waldensian chapel) the device of a candle trying to dispel the thick clouds around it, and the words: Lux lucet in tenebris—the light shineth in darkness!

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castle of Torre, and from the top of another height towers the convent of Santa Vittoria, the foundation of which is said to date from the middle ages. It is a beautiful spot, but solitary, the convent being remote from any other dwelling. There is a handsome church connected with it, and no place could be more delightful to those who wish to give themselves up to a life of devout seclusion. It was in this sweet solitude that Father Benvenuto acquired such a taste for the contemplative life that he wished he could hew out a grotto in the mountain side where he might abide solely with God. And yet such was his charity that he was always ready to exercise the duties of his ministry, especially to those who had incurred some misfortune, or had an aching heart he could heal or soothe. He used to go on foot across the hills to visit those who could not come to him; sometimes, by a sort of divine premonition, arriving just in season to aid some poor sinner in his dying moments.

It was at Fratte Rosee that Father Benvenuto found leisure for the first time to read the great mystic authors of the church, such as St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, etc. These opened to him new heights in the spiritual world, and enabled him to comprehend better the workings of his own soul. He now underwent a great spiritual transformation, passing through those ascending grades of prayer by which God purifies the soul, fitting it for more complete union with him, and giving it a special light to discern the faintest blemish that mars its purity in his all-seeing eye. This clear perception of the guilt of our nature, and of not fully corresponding to divine grace, produces an unutterable anguish in the soul, and Father Benvenuto was often seen to shake like a leaf at the thought. He was so profoundly convinced of his sinfulness of nature that he wondered how God could bear with him any longer and not cast him into the depths of hell. But as this state of mind is only the effect of a sincere love of God, it becomes a means of purifying the soul, and little by little it rises out of this obscurity to a region of light and peace and most sweet union with God.

It was this experience that gave Father Benvenuto such a knowledge of divine things as to enable him afterwards to unfold and explain abstruse points of mystic theology with so much clearness and precision as to astonish many a master in divinity. Above all, it fitted him for the spiritual direction of others, enabling him to discern the wants of different natures and guide them in the mazes of the religious warfare.

One anecdote is related of Father Benvenuto which shows him not without a certain shrewdness in spite of his unworldly nature. The convent of Santa Vittoria, as we have said, stands in a very lonely spot, and previous to his coming here had been repeatedly attacked and plundered by brigands. He had not been here many months before he secretly learned that a fresh assault was intended. The brethren were naturally alarmed, expecting to be at the mercy of the ruffians, as on former occasions—no means of defence being at hand. Father Benvenuto alone was undismayed. Gathering together all their available lamps, he filled them with oil, and, when night came, lit up every room in the convent, and went

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into the church, where he prayed till a late hour. The brigands came, as had been expected, but, seeing so many lights, thought a large force was on hand, and decamped without any attempt at violence.

Father Benvenuto's sister wishing to embrace the monastic life, he provided her with a teacher for the study of Latin, that she might become a choir nun, and obtained her admittance into a Benedictine monastery at Mondavio, a little walled town on a height between the valleys of the Metauro and the Cesano, not far from Fratte Rosee. It was there she made her vows in 1844, under the name of Dame Scholastica, and lived twenty-one years. She was cheerful, open-hearted, and pleasant in her ways, but had withal a certain religious gravity. It is related that she was naturally quick-tempered, but she fought so resolutely against this defect that it seldom gave her any trouble at last. She ardently desired to make progress in the spiritual life, and it was in reply to her request for advice that Father Benvenuto drew up the Ladder of Perfection—a kind of rule of life, which shows how this brother and sister sanctified the tie of nature. We will barely enumerate the degrees of this holy ladder for scaling the heights of virtue, though he makes a practical comment on each one:

I. The *Desire* of Perfection. Let this be your continual longing.

II. Observance of the rule. Let this be the road.

III. Love of God. Let this be the motive.

IV. God's glory. Let this be the end in view.

V. The Will of God. Let this be its rule.

VI. The Grace of God. Let this be its origin and source.

VII. Trust in God. Let this be its soul.

VIII. God's Presence. Let this be the spur.

IX. Obedience. Let this be the guide.

X. Humility. Let this be the groundwork.

XI. The unceasing practice of virtue. Let this be the way of raising the edifice.

XII. Prayer. Let this be its main stay.

XIII. Mortification. Let this be its bulwark.

XIV. Frequenting the Sacraments. Let this be the means.

XV. Silence. Let this be its keeper.

XVI. The love of your neighbor. Let this be its test.

XVII. Detachment. Let this be its token.

XVIII. Remembrance of our Lord's Passion. Let this be its solace.

XIX. Devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Let this be its safeguard.

XX. Purity of intention. Let this be its fulfilment.

In Father Benvenuto's last letter to his sister he says: "Now is the time to abandon ourselves wholly to God, to stifle all earthly cravings and affections, to deny ourselves even in holy things, and greatly humble ourselves for our failings. Let us not, however, give ourselves too much anxiety about them, but live peacefully and calmly, whatever may happen, like the fish in an angry sea." And he recommends her to often recall the presence of God and think of her own wretchedness, but to dwell thereon in holy peace, to gather her thoughts home and speak to God, heart to heart.

Dame Scholastica fell ill in October, 1865. She called all the sisters to her bedside, begged their forgiveness for all her shortcomings, embraced them for the last time, and asked them to repeat the Seven Penitential Psalms, and, with the words of the Royal Psalmist in her ears, she calmly died on the Feast of the Presentation. Her

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father was already dead. He breathed his last on Christmas eve, 1851, with Father Benvenuto at his bedside praying for his departing soul. When all was over Father Benvenuto comforted his mother and then went back to the convent, where, laying aside his own private griefs as usual, he celebrated the festival of the Nativity with the fulness of joy breathed into him by faith.

A few years after his mother lost her sight, and from that time Father Benvenuto visited her frequently, administering every comfort his kind heart could suggest. She died about a fortnight after Dame Scholastica, with him to aid her in the great passage to Eternity.

Meanwhile Father Benvenuto had been sent back to Osimo as master of novices—a post for which he was eminently fitted—and here he spent the remainder of his days. How faithfully he had put in practice the resolutions he made when a mere novice in the house was evident from his severity to himself, his indulgence to others, his readiness to serve his sick brethren, even in the most humiliating offices, his sympathy for the poor, his zeal for the salvation of souls, his cheerfulness amid fatigue and suffering, and his constant prayerfulness and union with God amid his multiplied duties. He sanctified even the most material acts. If he walked about the convent he sought to give boundless praise and glory to God by the very act, as though he were touching at every step some musical chord in honor of the Divine Majesty. If he went to his cell it was to collect his thoughts more fully and to find himself at once in peaceful quiet with God. If he went to the choir it was as the disciples went to the cenacle to await the coming of the Holy Ghost. While vesting in the sacristy he made acts of love to God. At the Holy Sacrifice he "seemed to be in Paradise," to use his own expression. At the Elevation he adored our Lord with profound love—even as Mary did—*quem genuit adoravit.* When he made the Way of the Cross it was with such intense devotion and so keen a realization of the awful scenes of the Passion that any one gazing at his features would have thought the woful tragedy being wrought in his very presence. He was so studious that he was seldom seen without some theological work at hand; for, as he said, "though it is by prayer that we ourselves draw nearer to God, it is only by a sound knowledge of moral theology we are enabled to bring our neighbor nearer to him." Like many other holy souls, he honored some special Christian mystery every day of the week, as on Thursday the institution of the Eucharist. "Every Thursday throughout the year has now become a day of great remembrance and fresh love for me," he says. Friday he consecrates to the Passion, and says it is the day which "comforts me most in this vale of tears, and makes me hope great things for the church." Saturday to Our Lady. "On this day I also call to mind the great work of Creation, which seems ever new to me, and I keep the day as a preparation for Sunday." Sunday, he says, "is to me the day of all days; only in heaven shall we realize something of its greatness."

In an account of his interior life, drawn up for his spiritual director, he says:

"During certain days, and even weeks,

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in which I am overflowing with joy and filled with spiritual consolation, I seem to lose sight of my wretchedness; and yet even at these times, when perhaps thinking least of my worthlessness, I detect some fault in myself, and in fact discover flaws in every one of my actions. At other times, when looking over my life in general, but more particularly when searching into my acts one by one, I see these faults of mine pouring down like drops of rain and boundless as the ocean. I see these things most clearly by the light of grace, which teaches me to live ever united with God, to direct all the affections of my heart to him, and to do all—even the smallest of my daily actions—thoroughly and with the one object of pleasing him. I hold it enough if, at the sight of this great sea of imperfections, I can bow down and humble myself a thousand times a day and offer continued acts to God, my Saviour, in order to prove my exceeding sorrow for my sins and my earnest wish to begin a new life."

When the Marches were overrun by the Piedmont troops in 1860, Father Benvenuto offered himself to God as a voluntary victim to stay the divine wrath; but, though bowed down by affliction at the evils he foresaw, he never lost his peace of mind and quietude of soul. And when the decree for the suppression of the religious orders was issued, and the plundering of their goods followed, he never uttered a word of complaint. "They may hunt us out," he said, "but they can never tear us from the Heart of Jesus or from his love. The love of God is not confined to cloistered walls." When some one thought to please him by speaking of the harsh treatment he had received from the municipality, notwithstanding his services during the cholera, he replied: "If you but knew how many sins I have to account for, you would not compassionate me in this way. Let the Almighty smite this wretched creature as he deserves." And he often said: "I am content to be humbled and despised, so that the power of Jesus Christ dwell within me."

When the expulsion of the friars of Osimo took place, Father Benvenuto and an old religious of fourscore were left as custodians of the church of St. Joseph of Copertino; but when Osimo became a recruiting centre, and Father Benvenuto, by direction of the ecclesiastical authorities, declined administering the oath of fealty to the soldiers, he and his companion had three hours' notice to leave the convent. The whole town was dismayed, and the better part indignant, but no one dared open his door to the houseless father except a priest attached to the little church of St. Bartholomew. Father Benvenuto applied to the civil authorities for permission to say Mass and hear confessions in the basilica of St. Joseph, but he and his brethren were formally prohibited from setting foot in it. "Viva Maria!" he exclaimed. "God be blessed! Now I am happy, for I have done what I could, and feel no remorse." And the next morning, long before daybreak, he was found in his usual attitude of profound contemplation before the altar of St. Bartholomew. His confessional was crowded, and he often rose an hour and a half after midnight to be ready for those who wished to consult him. Nothing could prevent him from the discharge of his priestly offices; neither the wrath and threats of the wicked, nor distance, nor his own bodily infirmities, nor the ill-fame or poverty of those who had need of his services.

"How often," says the author of his life, "have we not seen him returning from some filthy hovel, his clothes swarming with loathsome vermin, which he

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had no sooner shaken off than he went to work again among his beloved poor! The hope of increasing God's glory by leading souls away from the paths of sin has been known to make him face dangers of no small magnitude, and many a time to climb over rude cliffs that might have daunted a nimble youth. Times without number have we known him, when haggard and weary, to exclaim: 'Now I am happy. Viva Maria!' and set to work again as if he were only beginning the labors of the day."

During the last months of Father Benvenuto's life he gave himself up more and more to deep, earnest prayer. He had, in fact, the habit of constant prayer, as he had an abiding sense of God's presence. Every instant was turned to account, and his energy and self-forgetfulness, and his absorption in divine things, made him overlook his own bodily infirmities. In the midst of his duties he was, in March, 1874, stricken down by pneumonia, and died with the crucifix clasped to his breast on Wednesday of Holy Week, March 24, at the age of sixty-six.

OUR DIPLOMATISTS.

"FOREIGN intercourse" costs the people of the United States about $1,230,000 per annum. Assuming the population of this nation to be 45,000,000 of persons, each poll is taxed about two cents and seventy-three mills to sustain our consular and diplomatic service. Again, assuming that 12,000,000 persons actually pay the taxes, each taxpayer pays ten and one-quarter cents per annum for the privilege of being represented abroad by a number of American politicians. The total expenditure of the government of the United States last year was a trifle under $237,000,000. Fully one-half of this amount is paid for interest on the public debt, so that about the one hundred and twentieth part of the expenditure of the United States government goes to sustain the diplomatic service.

Two and three-quarter cents *per capita* as an annual tax, or an average annual payment by each taxpayer of ten and one-quarter cents, does not at first sight seem to be a very onerous burden. Compared with the annual outlay of England, France, and Germany to sustain their respective diplomatic services, our expenditure under the same head appears moderate indeed. The United States government does not expend on its foreign service all told twenty-five per cent. of the sum spent by any first-class European power for a similar purpose. To many persons $102,500 per month will seem a very small sum for sustaining our agents abroad.

In one sense the sum is small and the burden is far from heavy. But a low-priced thing may be very dear. It is always in order to inquire of a purchaser who is boasting of his bargain, What did you get for your money? A tin whistle might be dear at five cents, while an organ might be very cheap at ten thousand dollars. A "chromo" might be dear at any price—most of them are—while a painting of Raphael or Murillo would not be dear at any figure. What one pays

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for a commodity or a service by no means decides the question whether or not he has made a good bargain. The complete decision depends upon what he has received for his money.

What, then, have the people of the United States received for the expenditure of $1,230,000 which was last year appropriated for "foreign intercourse"? The average man who reads his newspapers and who follows the debates in Congress will have some difficulty in answering this question satisfactorily even to himself. It might probably prove a hard problem even for the acute lawyer who is now Secretary of State. We have not drifted into a foreign war, true enough; but is any one prepared to say that, if Mr. Noyes, and Mr. Welsh, and Mr. Kasson, and Mr. Stoughton, and Mr. Maynard, and Mr. Marsh, and Mr. Foster had been during the past year quietly attending to whatever private business they may happen to have at their respective homes, the people of the United States would be at this moment engaged in a conflict with France, Great Britain, Austria, Russia, Turkey, Italy, and Mexico, the countries to which those gentlemen are respectively accredited? The mere suggestion is absurd. That we are at peace with all the world is not primarily due to the fact that certain representatives of American political life continue, for a longer or shorter period, to reside at the capitals of the principal nations of the world. Wars arise between nations much more ably represented abroad than we now are, and between nations who pay much more money for their diplomatic service than we are likely to spend, and between nations who deal with their foreign intercourse much more intelligently than we. The fact is, our immunity from foreign wars is not due to the exertions of our diplomatists nor to the excellence of our diplomatic service. Our fortunate situation, far removed from ambitious neighbors, is the main cause of our exemption from this dreaded curse. Indeed, one would not be far out of the way in asserting that the indiscretions and bigotry of some of our foreign ministers—misrepresentatives, and not representatives, of the American people—would long since have driven us into war, had it been possible for any action of theirs to have brought about such a calamity.

But what return have we received for our money from our foreign ministers? At the opening of the second annual session of the Forty-fifth Congress, in December last, the President sent with his message to the Senate and House of Representatives *Papers relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States.* These papers have been printed at the Government Printing-Office in Washington. Exclusive of the President's message, the analytical table of subjects, and the index, the papers relating to our foreign relations cover nine hundred and forty-eight pages, most of them in large type. This is the ostensible return for an expenditure of $1,230,000. This book, then, cost the government about $1,295 per page. A very fair volume ought to be obtained at that figure, which does not include the cost of printing, paper, and binding.

And what does this costly volume record? Are there any diplomatic exploits narrated on any one of its thousand pages? After a careful examination we have been

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unable to find one. During the year covered by this correspondence no treaty has been concluded between the United States and any foreign power; or, to be more exact, if any such treaty has been concluded no record of it appears among these papers. With two or three exceptions, to which reference will presently be made, there is not a striking letter in the whole collection, not one letter on purely diplomatic business, which any man —or, to restrict it a little, any reporter—could not have written without having either his salary or his expectations increased. The reader will search the volume in vain for a paper that will give him any information of what is going on in the country to which the writer is accredited. When our ministers do write in regard to current affairs they write in a perfunctory and half-hearted way that shows that they are too indolent to make themselves masters of their subjects, and perhaps, also, with the well-grounded suspicion that whatever they may say will be but a faint echo of what the newspaper correspondents had said long before them. The impression one receives after turning over half a dozen pages of this volume—the Black-book one should call it—is the impression that clings to him after he has perused it to the end, and that is that the book is the veriest commonplace; that it had and has no reason for existing; that it is a waste of money to print and bind it; and that if the State Department is desirous of sustaining whatever reputation some of our abler foreign representatives have in time past conferred upon our diplomatic service, it must suppress the greater number of their present successors, or at least suppress the rubbish which they write. If it is beyond the power of the President and Secretary of State to choose persons to represent us abroad who will confer lustre on the office and the nation, it certainly should not be out of their power to file away in a dark closet, where only the eye of the antiquary of the twenty-fifth century would meet them, the dull and purposeless letters which are now printed by Congress as *Papers relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States.*

To descend to particulars, let us begin with what may appear to many as a small point. A number of papers relating to the foreign relations of other countries *inter se*, and not with this country, are introduced as enclosures in the letters of some of our foreign ministers. Mr. Horace Maynard, our representative in Turkey, for instance, introduces in his letter No. 241, of April 3, 1878, a copy of the treaty of San Stefano. He relates in his letter that he endeavored to obtain an authentic copy of the treaty for transmission to the Secretary of State, but that "applications at the Porte disclosed the fact that the government has printed no copies even for office use, his Excellency Safvet Pasha himself, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and one of the plenipotentiaries who negotiated the treaty, using for reference a copy of a newspaper which had published it as current news." The Secretary of State is apparently so enamored with his excellency's mode of doing business that he will have us all follow his example. Because Safvet Pasha uses a newspaper copy of the treaty of San Stefano, every person who is so fortunate or unfortunate as to possess a copy of the *Papers re-*

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lating to the Foreign Relations of the United States, transmitted to Congress December 2, 1878, must until the end of time read that treaty as given in the said newspaper. As printed in this volume the preliminaries of San Stefano are thus headed: "The Treaty of Peace —Official Text"; and immediately after the document is properly credited to "the Levant *Daily Herald* of March 30, 1879." And the Levant *Herald* itself, in introducing the treaty to its readers, gives the following account of the origin of this "official text": "The official text of the treaty of San Stefano was published at St. Petersburg on March 21, under the heading of 'Preliminaries of Peace,' and was telegraphed in full by the correspondent of the *Times* to that paper of the 22d of March." The text that Mr. Secretary Evarts labels "official" is simply a reprint in a Levant newspaper of a telegraphic despatch in the London *Times* embodying the translation into English of a treaty drawn up in the French language, and in that language signed by the plenipotentiaries of the high contracting parties.

Now, it may be consonant with Mr. Evarts' peculiar notions of nomenclature to call a document with this history "official," but persons less liberal will hardly agree with him. In the despatch from which a few words have been quoted above Mr. Maynard continues his narrative:

> "He [Safvet Pasha], however, kindly placed at my service the original instrument, either to have it copied or collated with the newspaper impression. This has been done, and in this form a copy of the original French text is enclosed, which I believe to be accurate. As neither of the two contracting nations uses the English language, there is, of course, no authorized translation in that language. I enclose a copy of one made for her Britannic Majesty's government, and undoubtedly correct."

Mr. Maynard's use of the English language leaves much to be desired, but he makes it sufficiently clear that he sent the Secretary of State a copy of the original French text, and also the *Times'* correspondent's translation of the document as reprinted in the Levant *Herald.* Why it was necessary to print this treaty among *Papers relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States* is not clear. But if it were to be printed it should have been printed in the official text with a careful English translation.

Mr. Maynard is apparently a studious reader of the newspapers. He uses his shears to some purpose, as hardly a despatch leaves his hands without containing one or more clippings from his "exchanges." Mr. Secretary Evarts appears to regard it as a duty to reprint them all. Mr. Maynard sends "The Marquis of Salisbury's Circular," "The Russian Reply to England," newspaper account of the recent attempt at revolution, a series of despatches from the Marquis of Salisbury to Sir A. H. Layard, and from the latter to the former, a memorandum of the Turkish government in reply to the complaints of Greece, the treaty of Berlin, and numerous other extracts, most of them from the Levant *Herald.* In one sense the Secretary of State has turned his space to good account. The enclosures are much better reading than the letters, even if no care has been taken to print the enclosures accurately. But one should draw the line somewhere. It may be pardonable to print public treaties, but to print mere news-

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paper gossip about the movements of generals, the exile of Pasha this and the promotion of Pasha that, is unpardonable. And yet page after page of this twelve-hundred-thousand-dollar volume is devoted to this use. But Mr. Maynard has achieved a greater success than the mere printing of newspaper copies of treaties, or of the circulars of foreign ministers, or even of court intrigues or newspaper personals. He has given as enclosures in his letter 230, of March 7, 1878, a number of extracts from newspapers detailing Gen. Grant's movements while at Constantinople. These clippings, as printed, fill nearly three pages of this volume. It was a piece of enterprise in the Levant *Daily Herald* of March 4, 1878, to reprint verbatim the article on "General Grant" from the "Men of the Time"; but this newspaper enterprise is quite thrown in the shade by Mr. Maynard and Mr. Evarts, who insist on reprinting the same article from the Levant *Herald* among the *Papers relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States.* Sources of information in regard to Gen. Grant's career are not wanting to his countrymen. They need neither go to the "Men of the Time" nor to the Levant *Herald* to learn the main outlines of his career. Both his military achievements and his civil administration are still fresh in our recollections. In fact, all the extracts that are here printed in regard to Gen. Grant's movements might have been, and ought to have been, left out of this volume. They have no place in it. A few lines in the minister's despatch would cover all that was needful to say about Gen. Grant.

But then Mr. Maynard's despatches would make a beggarly showing were it not for the columns of the Levant *Daily Herald.* He keeps his shears and paste-pot handy, doubtless, and whenever news at the legation runs low he repairs to his newspaper and helps himself to some tid-bit, which he sends, with an appropriate introduction, to Mr. Evarts.

And this is American diplomacy according to Mr. Maynard, whose ideal of what his office demands seems to have received at least the tacit endorsement of Messrs. Fish and Evarts, both cultivated gentlemen, who certainly, if they were out of politics, would not tolerate such discharge of duty in a subordinate.

The readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will remember that the sectarianism of the American diplomatic service has frequently been exposed in its pages. In our number for May, 1878, it was said, in an article especially devoted to the sectarianism of the American diplomatic service, that—

> "The State Department has been for years, and is now, conducted as if it were an agency for a religious sectarian propaganda. The gentlemen whom it has sent to represent us at foreign courts have acted, in numberless instances and with few exceptions, as if they were the emissaries of Protestant or infidel missionary societies rather than as the ambassadors, ministers, and *chargés d'affaires* of a government which professes no religion, but which nevertheless has among its citizens eight millions of Roman Catholics, whose rights and opinions it is bound at least to respect."

The indictment then found against our diplomatic service was sustained by the amplest proofs. The names of offending ministers were given, and their very language was cited to show that they had not been unjustly dealt with. Whether or not the exposure then made of this disgraceful wrong called the attention of the authori-

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ties to its correction and suppression we do not know. But we must in fairness say that, on the ground of sectarianism, the present volume contrasts very favorably with its predecessors for some years past. A careful perusal of it has only brought to light three or four instances of statements which the most sensitive Catholic could resent. Two of these instances are mere intimations, and were probably not intended by the writers to be more than a statement of what they conceived to be facts. But the American minister to the kingdom of Italy is a persistent sinner. He always means to be offensive to Catholics, and he never fails to offend when the slightest opportunity is afforded him. If G. Perkins Marsh has ever written a despatch in which Catholics, the pope, or the relations of the church to the state were mentioned without at the same time the aforesaid G. Perkins Marsh filling his letter full of sneers against, and positive misstatements of, the position of the church and its spiritual leaders, and even of their lay followers, then that letter has not fallen in the writer's way. Such a letter may exist, but the fact of its existence is at least highly improbable. Last year it became a painful duty to comment upon the slanders against the Pope and the Catholics of Italy contained in the letters to the Department of State written and sent by G. P. Marsh. The tone of his letters in the present volume shows no improvement; their number is less—that is all. In his No. 679, dated "Rome, June 2, 1877" (*Papers*, p. 457), in referring to the fact that "the influx of pilgrims to attend the fiftieth anniversary of Pope Pius IX.'s election to the episcopate has ceased," this model representative of a sectarian diplomatic service comments as follows: "The pilgrims have not formed a body sufficiently strong in numbers to venture upon organized violence in the face of the forces of the government and the municipality." As if the pilgrims who went to Rome in the summer of 1877 contemplated violence either organized or unorganized! Many of Mr. Marsh's fellow-citizens were among those pilgrims—a numerous body leaving our great metropolis—and if no other consideration had any weight with a politician, at least the reflection that some of these persons, so foully stigmatized as brigands coming to attack the civil government, were citizens of the United States ought to have caused even Mr. Marsh to think twice before publishing this libel to the world. "Still," he writes in continuation, "there have been not a few instances of provocative words and acts on the part of the pilgrims, and the zealots of both parties are greatly excited." It is the pilgrims who are guilty of these provocative words and actions. It never occurred to Mr. G. Perkins Marsh that the infidel and anti-Catholic mob in Rome could do or say anything that would provoke a Catholic. It is even doubtful whether Mr. Marsh has the power to put himself so far in another's place as to be able to appreciate how offensive his insinuations against Catholics may be and are to every right-minded person into whose hands they fall. And now for the instance he gives of the fell designs of these blood-thirsty pilgrims: "Notwithstanding this, a numerously-attended public meeting, held in this city on Thursday, the 31st of May, to protest against the excesses and usurpations of the clericals, and at

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which strongly denunciatory language was used by the speakers, was conducted with perfect tranquillity." The Catholics are so disorderly and intent on violence that they actually permit a meeting of their opponents, at which they were denounced in the bitterest terms, to be held in "perfect tranquillity." In Mr. Marsh's opinion it is the lamb that is always the aggressor, and the wolf is the meek saint, who only devours the lamb because of his excesses and usurpations. Our minister then proceeds to give Mr. Evarts a piece of real news.

"The pilgrims," he writes, "are in very large proportion ecclesiastics, comprising a large number of cardinals and other dignitaries of the church, who visit Rome not as pilgrims simply, but for purposes of mutual consultation, and as members of the probably approaching conclave for the election of a successor to the present Pope. Of course the consultations of these personages are not public, but it is ascertained that, at a recent meeting of the most conspicuous amongst them, it was decided by a nearly unanimous vote to advise Pius IX. to abandon his profaned and desecrated capital, and to retire, with his whole curia, to the purer soil of Lyons in France. It is vehemently suspected that the coincidence of this resolution with the recent political movement of the chief of the French state was not accidental, and at Rome, where all things are contemplated through a clerical mist, this belief is very general. It is believed that the Pope would have yielded to this advice but for the strenuous opposition of his physicians, who were of opinion that to attempt such a journey would involve his certain and speedy death."

If all things at Rome are contemplated through a clerical mist, all things at the American Legation presided over by Minister Marsh are regarded through a "no-popery mist." Catholic pilgrims cannot enter Rome to rejoice with the late Holy Father on the fiftieth anniversary of his elevation to the episcopate but Mr. Marsh must suspect them of coming on violence bent. The shepherds of the Catholic flock cannot meet in consultation without its being "vehemently suspected" that they are plotting for the exodus of the Holy Father and his whole curia from Rome. Why did not Mr. Marsh say they were going to take the Vatican and at least one of the seven hills away in their train? They are not only to be held accountable for their own sins but for those of the civil power in France. The cardinals and bishops are not only plotting against the Italian government but are plotting against French liberty. Is it not quite time that Mr. Evarts intimated to Minister Marsh that he had quite enough of such "diplomacy"? And if Mr. Marsh will write, why cannot Mr. Evarts suppress his malicious nonsense?

Mr. Marsh's No. 291, dated Rome, February 8, 1878, is devoted to reflections on the death of Pope Pius IX., which occurred the evening before. He is good enough to declare that though the Papacy, as an institution, has "lost its regal position," and though "the Roman See and the life or death of its incumbent have, strictly speaking, no longer any direct political significance," yet "the moral influence of the Papacy is as formidable as ever, and it can and does thus powerfully affect political action; but its power is exerted not by the chair of St. Peter, but by organizations which surround and control it to such an extent as to render the personal will or character of the pope a matter of little importance." The first half of this sentence may be taken for what it is worth. It is useless to discuss it

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at this time. But the latter half challenges discussion. Will Mr. Marsh be good enough to inform us through the Secretary of State what authority he has for asserting that not the pope, but organizations which surround him, wield the real power of the Catholic Church? As well say that, because the hands and feet are thoroughly organized for the work of the body, it makes no difference what kind of mind directs their actions, as to say that because in its eighteen centuries of triumphal progress the church has been enabled through the guidance of the Holy Spirit to surround the Supreme Pontiff with councillors and congregations and organizations fitted to execute his wishes and the Master's plans, "the personal will or character of the pope is a matter of little importance." These things were never a matter of little importance. And they were never more supremely important than they are to-day in the face of the trials and perils that beset the church at its very seat. We can all rejoice that when the princes of the church were called upon to select a successor to Pius IX. they did not take Mr. Marsh as their guide, but, appreciating the supreme importance of the personal will and character of Peter's successor, chose as Supreme Pontiff a man of the highest character for integrity, learning, and piety, and a ruler whom Mr. Marsh himself in a subsequent letter declares to be firm and energetic. Our minister evidently regards the pope and his curia, and the heads of orders in connection therewith, through the mist of the American caucus system. He cannot think of a ruler who is not like a mayor, a governor, or a president—that is, a creature of caucus and party, who must obey the commands and meet the demands of party leaders. The pope is not such a ruler. He acts on his own responsibility under God. He is no man's man. To him the keys are committed, and he it is who must keep the treasure secure. His responsibility is higher than to caucus, Congress, parliament, or king. Men may say "Do this or do that; compromise here or trifle there"; but the pope is called upon to resist all the seductions of the enemy, and he must say, even if it provoke a jibe, "In the face of God I cannot." What have outside associations or organizations to do with this? It is a personal matter—a supremely personal matter. Leo is now the shepherd, as Peter was. He has all the duties and responsibilities of the whole church cast upon him. He must decide. Others may wait; he must act. He makes use of the organizations. Why should he not? But they neither use him nor control him.

In his No. 741, dated "Rome, February 20, 1878," Minister Marsh announces to the Secretary of State the election of a successor to Pope Pius IX. The letter is characterized by the small and bitter intolerance which marks all the correspondence of this misrepresentative of America when Catholics or the Catholic cause is in question. He takes a perverse pleasure in misinterpreting the acts and misconstruing the motives of Catholics. For instance, he declares that "the reputation of Cardinal Pecci for moderation was thought to form a still stronger objection to his choice by the [Sacred] College" than the fact of his being chamberlain of the curia—an officer who "has been generally understood not to be in the line

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of preferment." "But"—and now hold your breath, gentle reader, while G. P. Marsh proclaims to the world a great state secret—"but great efforts had been made by the Catholic governments of Europe, strengthened by a powerful public opinion among political men, to induce the cardinals to agree in the selection of a man of the temper which is ascribed to Cardinal Pecci," and—tell it not in Gath—Cardinal Pecci was accordingly chosen Supreme Pontiff. These "political men" to whom Mr. Marsh attributes the choice of Leo XIII. were so successful in that undertaking that one wonders why their names were not mentioned, and why they do not turn their massive intellects to the many and intricate political problems that are pressing for solution in Germany and Italy, without mentioning any other states of the great European family which are to-day face to face with the most momentous questions. Will Mr. Marsh and those of his intolerant ilk never learn that the church is equal to the discharge of her own duties; that the only favor she asks is to be permitted to deal freely with her own interests; and that if "political men" would only deal with questions of purely temporal concern they would find ample scope for the use of all the talents which have been given to them? Leo XIII., as every one knows, was the free choice of the Sacred College.

"Strong passions," said Edmund Burke, "awake the faculties." And intolerance is a strong passion. It blinds the eyes or it opens them. In most cases it certainly blinds Mr. Marsh's eyes, but in one it has certainly opened them. He scouts as absurd the intimations in certain European journals, which were copied from them into American newspapers, that Leo XIII. was going to reverse the policy of his predecessor—going to make, in the slang of the day, "a new departure."

"Certain minor arrangements of Cardinal Pecci during his regency as chamberlain after the death of the late Pope," writes Mr. Marsh, "are construed by many as indicative of comparatively liberal intentions, and particularly of the purpose of abandoning the farce of a pretended restriction of the liberty of the Pope by the Italian government, which was kept up by Pius IX. from the entry of the royal troops into Rome on the 20th of September, 1870, to the day of his death. I do not attach much consequence to any of these demonstrations, nor shall I to any initial professions of liberalism which may be made on behalf of the new pontiff, who will feel as little bound by such professions as did Pius IX. by those which accompanied the commencement of his reign, and who in the long run must shape the policy of the Papacy by the rule, '*Sit ut est aut non sit.*'"

Nothing could well be worse than the form into which Mr. Marsh puts a perfectly true observation—that the church will not and cannot follow a course mapped out for her by her enemies. She has a path of her own, and that she must follow. Mr. Marsh and his kind make it a reproach to her that she is not turned aside by every wind that blows, but he sees, what very few of his colleagues see, that whatever may be his and their wishes, the church stands squarely on the rock and will not be moved by rain or storm. Every compliment paid to our minister's intelligence but adds to the severity of the condemnation to be meted out to him for the course which he actually follows. He does not sin through ignorance but through malevolence. Had he the desire

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to treat the church fairly, he has the necessary means of knowledge at his hand. But he chooses to insult and revile the church and the faith of unnumbered millions of Christians for eighteen centuries past, and of eight millions of his own fellow-citizens now living, who are taxed to support him in writing these abominable diatribes against what they hold not only dear but sacred.

One more extract, and we shall drop Mr. Marsh, from whose company our readers will doubtless be glad to escape. In his "No. 736," from which we have previously quoted, appears the following closing passage:

"Attempts will be made to bring about a reconciliation between the tiara and the crown of Italy; but King Humbert will, I trust, be found as firm in his adhesion to the principle of the supremacy of the civil government as his father showed himself, and there is nothing to encourage the expectation that the successor of Pius IX. will be permitted to propose or accept any *modus vivendi* incompatible with the civil liberties of the Italian people, or with the rights of private conscience and opinion."

One would infer from this that Mr. Marsh had the Italian government and people in his keeping. What is it to him, as the representative of the American people, what contracts or engagements are entered into between King Humbert and the Pope? He does his whole duty when he sees that, whatever these engagements may be, the rights of the government of the United States and of its citizens are not invaded. Further than this it is an impertinence for him to interfere in any way. One would think he was a demon of discord and hate to hear his vehement protests against anything like accord between church and state. He is up in arms in favor of "the rights of private conscience and opinion," for his friends, no doubt; but he applauds the violation of the rights of private conscience and opinion when the consciences and opinions belong to Catholics. Mr. Marsh always asserts, whatever he may think, that the church is ever in the wrong. She has no rights that Mr. Marsh is bound to respect. He applauds all the assaults against her integrity and freedom, and he himself never fails to scoff and revile her. It is perhaps too much to ask the Secretary of State to tame his fiery minister. But is there no member of Congress—no senator or representative—who will rise in his place and rebuke this abuse of our diplomatic service? It is not necessary that a Catholic should perform this duty. Any person who can read the Constitution of the United States knows that turning any portion of the public service into a sectarian engine is a perversion of the whole letter and spirit of our organic law. Every fair-minded man, whether Catholic or Protestant, must resent the intrusion of Mr. Marsh's bigotry into our diplomatic correspondence. If this matter is once ventilated on the floor of either House, Mr. Marsh will cease to be minister or his bigotry will cease to appear in the diplomatic correspondence. Until such intolerance is denounced in Congress there is no hope of suppressing our diplomatic Whalley.

From Italy let us turn to Spain, and from G. P. Marsh to James Russell Lowell. Mr. Lowell struggles manfully to work up an interest in the Spanish differential duties in favor of national vessels and against foreign bottoms—a sub-

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ject on which Mr. Evarts writes with evident zest. Probably Minister Lowell's representations on this knotty point were as effective as they could have been had the most acute admiralty lawyer presented them. And yet one feels that Mr. Lowell is not quite at home in dealing with the topic, and in all probability the Spanish Government felt so too, for it is noticeable that Mr. Mantilla, the Spanish minister in Washington, deals with the subject at large in communications addressed to the Department of State, though it is but justice to add that Mr. Mantilla is endeavoring to make out a case against the United States, while Mr. Lowell was endeavoring to bring to the attention of the Spanish government alleged discriminations against American shipping. But be this as it may, Mr. Lowell, unlike Mr. Maynard, can write the English language, and he can intimate his want of sympathy with the manners and customs of the people and the court to which he is accredited without descending with Mr. Marsh into denunciation and misrepresentation. In his "No. 65," dated "Madrid, February 6, 1878," Minister Lowell writes of the marriage of King Alfonso and the unfortunate Mercedes. It is a letter worth reading. This is no newspaper clipping, but a genuine piece of description by a master-hand. One could wish that some expressions in it were toned down, but as a whole it is a piece of writing that is not met with every day. It is one of the three or four letters that at the beginning of this article were excluded from the general condemnation passed upon the rest of the "papers" contained in this volume. For only one paragraph can we find room. After declaring that "nowhere in the world could a spectacle have been presented which recalled so various, so far-reaching and in some respects sublime associations, yet rendered depressing by a sense of anachronism, of decay, and of that unreality which is all the sadder for being gorgeous," and after referring to some of the elements of this pageant—the banners of Lepanto, "the names and titles that recalled the conquest of western empires, or the long defeat whose heroism established the independence of the United Provinces and proved that a confederacy of traders could be heroic," the state coaches, plumed horses, and blazing liveries, the gay or sombre costumes from every province in Spain, and the dense and mostly silent throng which lined for miles the avenues to the church—he continues:

"There was everything to remind one of the past; there was nothing to suggest the future. And yet I am unjust. There were the young king and his bride, radiant with spirit and hope, rehearsing the idyll which is charming alike to youth and age, and giving pledges, as I hope and believe, of more peaceful and prosperous years to come for a country which has had too much glory and too little good housekeeping. . . . The bent of ages is not to be straightened in a day by never so many liberal constitutions nor by the pedantic application of theories drawn from foreign experience, the result of a wholly different past. If the ninety years since the French Revolution have taught us anything, it has been that institutions grow and cannot be made to order; that they grow out of an actual past, and are not to be conspired out of a conjectural future; that human nature is stronger than any invention of man."

Mr. Lowell is not prepared to say how much of this lesson has been learned in Spain, but it is perfectly safe to assert that very

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many of the very radicals who will be found complaining with Mr. Lowell himself that antiquity means "anachronism, decay, and unreality" have not learned this lesson. They will be found substituting "the pound of passion for the ounce of patience," and expecting that stable institutions can be conspired out of a conjectural future.

The marriage and the death of Queen Mercedes occurred in the same year, and both are chronicled by the same hand, and within a few months of each other. "No. 65" described the wedding and reflected upon the event to the purpose above set forth. "No. 95" gives an account of the young queen's illness, of her death, and of her funeral. Here is an eloquent passage:

"During the last few days of the queen's illness the aspect of the city had been strikingly impressive. It was, I think, sensibly less noisy than usual, as if it were all a chamber of death, in which the voice must be bated. Groups gathered and talked in undertones. About the palace there was a silent crowd day and night, and there could be no question that the sorrow was universal and profound. On the last day I was at the palace just when the poor girl was dying. As I crossed the great interior courtyard, which was perfectly empty, I was startled by a dull roar not unlike that of the vehicles in a great city. It was reverberated and multiplied by the huge cavern of the palace court. At first I could see nothing that accounted for it, but presently found that the arched corridors all round the square were filled, both on the ground floor and the first story, with an anxious crowd, whose eager questions and answers, though subdued to the utmost, produced the strange thunder I had heard. It almost seemed for a moment as if the palace itself had become vocal. At the time of the marriage I told you that the crowd in the streets was indifferent and silent. . . . On the day of her death the difference was immense. Sorrow and sympathy were in every heart and on every face. By her good temper, good sense, and womanly virtues the girl of seventeen had not only endeared herself to those immediately about her, but had become an important factor in the destiny of Spain. . . . Had she lived she would have given stability to the throne of her husband, over whom her influence was wholly for good. She was not beautiful, but the cordial simplicity of her manner, the grace of her bearing, her fine eyes, and the youth and purity of her face gave her a charm that mere beauty never attains."

We will not argue the question with those Gradgrinds who want "facts" and figures about the movements of trade whether or not such letters should find any place at this day in the despatch-bag of a modern diplomatist. But we do say that if more of our ministers could write the English language it would be better for our diplomatic service; and it is certainly better to fill a few pages of the volume containing "papers" relating to our foreign relations with descriptive letters than to lumber them up with newspaper clippings and the heated imaginations of an intolerant brain. Mr. Lowell, like all our foreign representatives, suffers from lack of training for his special calling; and lack of training means in this case lack of knowledge of the persons, official and other, with whom a minister must deal. But whatever may be his shortcomings, we need not blush when reading his productions. As far as mere literary finish is concerned they leave little to be desired, and so far surpass the productions of any other American minister represented in this volume that there is only contrast and no comparison between them.

Mr. George F. Seward, who is at this writing still our minister to China—though he himself is in

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Washington, where a committee of the House of Representatives has been for a long time, and is now, engaged in investigating charges of grave official misconduct made against him—has prepared a memorandum ".On the Currency of China," which was submitted to the State Department and is printed in the present volume (pp. 133–139). This memorandum appears to be carefully done, and it has been commended by members of a special committee of the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, who are familiar with the subject, as they had recently endeavored, but in vain, to induce the government of China to place the currency on a more satisfactory basis. This memorandum and Mr. Seward's letter "No. 425," dated "Peking, March 22, 1878," are among the exceptions to the general condemnation passed upon the volume. The letter is an extremely forcible presentation of the unwisdom of abrogating certain parts of our treaties with China by special legislation. Congress has lately taken this course, but Mr. Seward's reasons against it are still unanswered. He shows that, from the diplomatic point of view, we have always been at a disadvantage in dealing with China, because we voluntarily accorded to her people within our borders all the privileges of the most favored nations, while China has only yielded to us a few privileges, and even these cannot be enjoyed without constant diplomatic representations. We are therefore continually asking something from China, and, on the contrary, she has nothing to ask from us, her subjects having all that we can give. Now, reasons Mr. Seward, if we legislate the treaty out of existence by a mere act of Congress, we will set China an example of an arbitrary and wilful abrogation of a treaty or a part of a treaty, and this example the Chinese, who are apt scholars, might not only follow but improve upon. "Would it not, indeed," he asks, "imperil all our relations with the empire, and afford a certain ground of reproach against us by China, and by all the powers that are interested here?" The question of Chinese immigration is a many-sided one, which cannot be solved off-hand by the passage of a mere statute.

It is not improper to ask in closing why it is that in reading through the correspondence of our ministers one meets with so much chaff and so little wheat. Here is, for instance, an extract from "No. 60" of Mr. Jehu Baker, dated "Caracas, October 30, 1878." Mr. Baker is describing, or attempting to describe, the national festival of Venezuela in commemoration of Bolivar:

> "The Plaza Bolivar," he informs Mr. Evarts, "was, on this as on other occasions, the centre of public reunion and display. . . . In the centre of the plaza stands an equestrian statue of Bolivar, supported upon a pedestal of granite, surmounted by a beautifully wrought and polished superstructure of dark-colored syenite. This work, I understand, was done in Europe, and I suspect it may be superior, as a work of art, to anything of the sort we have in Washington."

This choice morsel is the last letter in the volume, on the last page before the index. It has one of the posts of honor. And well it deserves some special mark of consideration. How Mr. Evarts must have rubbed his eyes when he read it! The writer is careful to tell us what the pedestal and the superstructure are made of, but he does

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not think it worth his while to mention the material out of which the statue itself is made. This would be more important information than his vague understanding that the work "was done in Europe." Was there no one to inform Mr. Baker on this point? If it was worth writing about at all, it was worth writing about, if not in good English, at least with some approach to knowledge of what the writer was treating. But Mr. Baker's "understanding" is inferior to his suspicion. "I suspect," says he cautiously, "it may be superior, as a work of art, to anything of the sort we have in Washington." What sort?

To return to our question, Why is there, with all this waste of paper and printer's ink and money, so little in this volume? Why is it padded out with newspaper clippings, some of them of very indifferent quality? Why is Mr. Marsh permitted to print his intolerant utterances in defiance of the very principles on which the government is founded, and to the direct insult of about twenty per cent. of the population of the country? Why is Mr. Jehu Baker permitted not only to write, but to print at public expense, the precious art criticism of which a specimen is given above; and when his imagination or his industry is not equal to the task, why is he permitted to fill his letters with newspaper clippings, and have these, too, printed at public expense? Why is Mr. Maynard allowed to send home the files of the Levant *Herald*, and have important treaties printed from its columns and labelled "official," when the text bears every evidence of not only not being official but not even being correct? Why does not the Secretary of State edit these papers and throw the greater part of them into the waste-basket? They give no information. Most of them are badly written. Some of them are low in tone. Ninety per cent. of them would never have been written at all, were it not that the minister wished to impress the State Department with his diligence—to show how much he was doing for his money. The activity of the majority of our ministers is time wasted, and unfortunately it leads to a new outlay of money when Congress prints the collection covered by the "President's Message and accompanying Documents." Why do our representatives abroad never think of doing some careful piece of work in regard to the people to whose government they are accredited? One would think that, if our Mr. Kasson only knew where to look, there are at hand ample materials for compiling a memorandum that would repay perusal on the monetary and financial expedients of Austro-Hungary, and on her political experiment with a dual government, in which, as a politician, he must take some interest. Germany would afford an observant minister ample scope for a political study on the relations of the government to the chambers and to the people, and on the relations of the state to the church. Why are such things never done, or attempted to be done, except on rare occasions? The answer is that we have in reality no diplomatic service at all. Training and experience are at a discount. All men are equal; therefore any political hack or newspaper writer, or Congressman whose constituents have chosen his successor, is fitted to represent the United States at any of the courts of the Old World

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and the capitals of the New. Is it not wonderful that we have any prestige at all abroad when the mode by which we aim at creating and sustaining it is considered? We send strange beings often to courts famous for their elegance and intellectual character, and we wonder that they make little progress in delicate matters confided to them. To Catholic nations we do not send Catholics, when our diplomatic success would be rendered much more probable if we did. But there are Protestants and Protestants. No one asks as a matter of right that there should be Catholic ambassadors to Catholic countries, though as a matter of expediency there ought to be. But we send bigots to Catholic governments—men who do not know and will not learn anything about the people among whom they have temporarily to reside. Our whole diplomatic service, from top to bottom, is characterized by "how not to do it." There is a cry for its abolition. If it were simply a question of sustaining the service as it now is, with its ignorant Bakers and intolerant Marshes, we should say let it go; we cannot be worse served if not served at all. But it is because there are hopes that there will be a change for the better in the near future that we are inclined to tolerate the service a little longer. If the service were properly officered and organized it could do good work. But there must be a change of methods and of men. Haphazard, and equality, and chance, and rewarding partisanship will not give us even a tolerable diplomatic service. We must have trained diplomatists—men educated for their life-work; persons who will not only know how to deal with diplomatic questions, but will know how to avoid sectarianism and bigotry. A very few years will show whether we are to have a reformed diplomatic service or to try the experiment of no diplomatic service at all.

TO PONTIUS PILATE WASHING HIS HANDS.

HOLD, fool! Not all the floods that gird the earth,
Or from the clouds of heaven receive their birth,
Can wash *thy* hands. If of that blood one drop
Be on thy guilty palms, there let it stop.
Thou'lt need it sorely in that Day of Woe
When souls, not hands, are called to make clean show.

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THE STORY OF AGNES.

YEARS ago there lived and flourished in Prague two Jewish brothers named Trendellsohn, who, by their wealth and known integrity, had acquired for themselves an honored position even in that city, where the prejudice against their race held strongest sway. Side by side rose their stately homes, the boasted ornaments of the Judenstadt, alike yet differing widely; for in the house of the younger brother, Mark, were heard on all sides the noise and clatter of childish play. Dark eyes set in sallow little faces peeped through every window, and the narrow slip of garden rang with the merriment, which sounded sweetly in the father's ears, and echoed even through the quiet halls where Reuben's wife sat childless—childless, and sorrowing as Anna sorrowed over the one great happiness which, for the first seven years of her married life, was denied her.

Then came a joyful time for the rich Jew's household, for at last a baby was born to them—a tiny, dark-eyed, dark-haired baby-girl—who lay calmly sleeping in the happy mother's arms, while all the little cousins tiptoed in and out of the room for a glimpse of the welcome new-comer, and the momentous question was raised, What should she be named?

"You will call her Miriam after our mother, I suppose?" said Mark to his brother, whose grave, firmly-lined face looked strangely softened with the light of this new-found joy.

"Your eldest girl is named Miriam," said Reuben absently, as though hardly hearing the question.

"Our mother's virtues might well bear diffusion among a dozen descendants," was the proud reply; "you need have no fear in multiplying her honored name."

"Mark," said the elder brother, rousing himself from the retrospection into which he had fallen, "no one can more love and revere his mother's name and memory than I do; but I am going to fulfil a promise I made lightly enough in early youth, and call my first girl after our old and faithful nurse—"

"What! Agnes?" exclaimed Mark hastily.

"Yes, Agnes," was the reply, so decisively given that the other brother attempted no remonstrance, merely expressing his disapproval with an emphatic shrug of his broad shoulders. And so the matter was settled; and the baby, receiving the most un-Jewish name of Agnes, took to it kindly, and grew prettier and brighter as every month went by, until the mother thought in her fond, proud heart: "If I have but one, she is fairer and sweeter than all my brother-in-law's many children, and I am more than satisfied." At three years old the little Agnes might have passed for no unfit portrait of that other Jewish maiden, purest and loveliest of earthly children, who went to the Temple to offer her infant holiness to God.

At this time the mother died, leaving her precious gift, just when the charge had grown sweetest, to the care of others, to receive from stranger hands her baby wants, to

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give to stranger hearts her baby love. She was a good woman, who looked into futurity with calmly hopeful eyes; and yet she felt, as many mothers have felt before and since, that it was hard to go while those little hands clung to her so desperately, holding her down to earth with links like adamant. But yet she died, and after this the child grew up alone, manifesting from her earliest years certain distinct peculiarities, which, unchecked by any guiding hand, grew with her very growth. Noticeable among these were a passionate admiration for rich dress and bright colors, a very positive and plainly shown aversion to the society of her merry little cousins next door, and a great love for pictures of all kinds and degrees. She drew almost as soon as she could hold a pencil in her tiny hands, and no other occupation ever gave her prolonged amusement. Dainty forms began to grow beneath the child's delicate fingers—baby faces with innocent, staring eyes and pretty, pouting lips; angels with floating drapery and heads thrown back in winged ecstasy; or kneeling, as above the Ark of the Covenant, with downcast eyes and humbly-folded wings; or soaring upwards with outspread pinions, and clear eyes penetrating through the veil of heaven.

Reuben, while proud of his little daughter's talent, grew alarmed at the intensity of her devotion to it, and tried to force her into the free and commonplace life of his brother's children, but without much success. At home she was merry enough, but among them she seemed to change entirely, and grew silent and unhappy amid their boisterous fun. Every fibre of the child's delicate soul shrank instinctively from contact with these coarser natures, until at times their very presence grew insupportable to her; and then a careless word, a rude and hasty act, would result in a burst of such uncontrollable weeping that it was no wonder her little cousins soon ceased to care much for her company, and gradually learned to leave her to her own devices.

As she grew into girlhood she gave more and more of her time to the one pursuit that seemed for the present to fill and satisfy her life. Her father's wealth procured for her good masters even in Prague, and they all acknowledged that she had great talent, though it was marred by the extreme difficulty of directing or controlling it. While she could not be trusted to work two days alike, yet there were certain mannerisms that seemed already to haunt her style and threatened to block her future progress. Patience, that one great requisite of a true artist, she undoubtedly possessed. Never satisfied, yet never despairing, she toiled on, now trying vainly to express in definite form the indistinct visions that dwelt for ever in her fancy; now painting and repainting her own head, with a keen artistic appreciation of its dark young beauty which was too abstract a feeling to have anything in common with mere vanity. Of the same kind was her passionate love for dress. She valued it, not for its effect on others, but solely for the pleasure it gave herself—a pleasure redeemed from vulgarity only by the intensity of its selfishness. Humored by her father to the utmost in this respect, her silks and jewels became objects of wonder and admiration to her cousins and her few friends, and, though unsuited to her years, they seemed a nat-

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ural part of her, a fitting framework to her ripe young loveliness and stately, girlish grace. She was self-possessed, because in a great measure self-centred; unrevealing, as having never had any one to whom she could speak her hidden thoughts; yet beneath her outward calm lay concealed a strife of ever-contending elements—a mind untrained, undisciplined, and unsatisfied, a soul full of undefined yearnings after better things, but hedged in by earthliness and by its impotence to rise unaided, and manifesting its possibilities for good only by its ever-increasing restlessness under the load it bore. Added to these were the thousand minute shocks and jars the high-strung, sensitive nature received from all it touched. The poverty, the darkness, the filth of the Jew's quarter in which she was obliged to live; its narrow streets, filled with coarse, loud-voiced men and women jostling against each other in their rude haste; the low tastes and aims of those around her; the atmosphere of grasping cupidity and impotent malice, though but the natural fruit of persecution and oppression, weighed her down. She hated nearly everything that surrounded her and that formed part of her daily life, and, turning to herself for comfort and sympathy, found none. If all was hateful without, all was dark and unsatisfied within; and Agnes, looking into life with sad, passionate eyes, and finding nowhere what she hungered for, groped her way blindly onward, rebellious, suffering, silent. Religion was to her but an honored name. If it had once really touched her heart, it would have flooded with light all these daily trials endured in its name and for its sake; but alas! for those who suffer unwillingly for the faith they hold—martyrs, without the crown of martyrdom.

Painting was the safe and natural outlet of all her emotions; but when she flew to it for solace she found herself baffled by the limits she could not pass, the iron barriers that hemmed in her one talent till it grew almost useless to her impatient eyes. About this time she was fond of drawing all her inspirations from the Sacred Scriptures, as though with some vague hope that with such subjects would come the light to help her; and yet everything that she did was but the reflection of her own sorrowful mind: Ruth standing sad-eyed and drooping amid the stranger's harvest; Jephte's doomed daughter, shrinking yet heroic, with strained, pathetic gaze and quivering, patient smile; and Agar turning darkly away in mute anguish, lest her eyes should fall upon her dying boy.

The cousins shrugged their shoulders at such pictures, and reported at home that Agnes was growing more melancholy and peculiar every day. Mark Trendellsohn advised his brother to take her away, at least for a time; Prague was no place for her. And Reuben tried hard to make up his mind to follow this advice. His daughter did seem to droop in the vitiated atmosphere of the Judenstadt; he felt how much more suited to her would be any one of the Italian cities which he had visited, but of which she knew nothing. There, at least, her artist nature would find its proper food. He knew that she was cast in a finer mould than her cousins and those around her, and that the things they scarcely heeded weighed cruelly on her shoulders. He

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loved her and was proud of her; and yet, though he believed himself willing to sacrifice everything for her good, he put off from month to month, from year to year, the evil day of departure.

It is strange that a Jew, who has no home and no country, should be susceptible of such intense affection for his birthplace. Prague had been, at best, but a harsh stepmother to her Jewish children; and yet Reuben Trendellsohn loved every street and every stone of the gloomy quarter in which he had spent his life.

Just where his handsome house now stood had leant over into the street the crazy pile of buildings in which he had been born. There, in its narrow rooms, had worked and smiled the dark-eyed mother whose memory was green in her children's hearts. There, in an upper story, had dragged through the last ten years of life the grandfather, withered, crippled, and infirm, whose crabbed age the boys were taught to reverence, though they could not love. By their unaided efforts had he and his brother risen to wealth and to such reputation as a Jew could have. To him the narrow streets were endeared by a thousand tender recollections binding him to the happier past. It was like tearing his very soul asunder to leave all this, and begin life again in a strange place and with strange people. He was willing to go, if his daughter really needed the change; but what wonder that he deferred the bitter moment which should separate him from his past? And in the meantime a merciful Providence did for Agnes more than it was in her father's power to do.

Strangely trivial are the events which at times alter the whole course of our lives. The turning-point of our career is often so faintly marked that a few months or years obliterate all trace of that whose after-consequences follow us to death's very door, and perhaps mark our souls for eternity.

It was one day in the early spring that Agnes, listlessly turning over some prints in a picture-dealer's store, heard a sweet voice near her say: "There, my dear, is a picture of your patroness, the blessed St. Agnes." Turning instinctively at the sound of her own name, she saw that the speaker, a very young girl, was really addressing her companion some distance off; but on seeing the stranger mechanically hold out her hand for the print, the child—for she was no more—courteously offered it to her, with a shy glance at the lovely dark face and sombre, dreamy eyes.

It was a time-worn copy of that rare engraving of Martin Schoen's where the saint, palm-branch in hand, stands looking down, a picture of meek, girlish beauty, her heavy tresses falling to her feet, her lamb lying sleeping by her side.

Agnes looked long and curiously at the tender loveliness of this child-martyr who bore her own name. She wondered much who she was and when she suffered, but did not like to ask—partly because ashamed of her own ignorance, of which she was at all times painfully conscious, partly because too proud to acknowledge the interest which she, a Jewish girl, felt in a Christian saint. So, putting the picture softly down and stealing a wistful look at the two children, she left the store, resolved to buy for herself the history of St. Agnes, if there was one in Prague.

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Why should she not know something of those whom the old painters deemed the worthiest subjects of their canvas? There could be no possible harm in it; and yet it was with a feeling of guilt she could not quite subdue that she sat down in her room that night to read the story of this purest and sweetest of saints and martyrs.

There was not much to read. The history of those thirteen years of life was quickly told; but every word went straight to Agnes' heart, because of her natural assimilation with the saint's character. The likeness between them, it is true, lay deep down, for on the surface everything seemed so different; but the passionless purity of the girl's soul, which had so long recoiled from all that touched it, went forth in intense yet half-despairing love for this its natural ideal.

During those first hours of thought despair indeed predominated; for Agnes, applying the key of the saint's inner and outer life to her own, read by its help all that was earthly and false in her own nature.

From infancy St. Agnes had lived in the clear vision of God. Every throb of her white soul was open to his loving eyes; every impulse, and thought, and deed found its natural end and means in him; while she, who had found nothing but bitterness in her earthly world, had yet lived in it and for it alone. She had been the centre of her own life; God had been the centre of the saint's; and Agnes clearly saw the different results.

Even in remote details how unlike she was to this favored soul! The saint, though young and beautiful and nobly born, esteemed all these things as nothing, wrapped in more perfect joy. And she! The rich dress in which she delighted, her pride in her own loveliness, her indolence and luxury, all the earthly bonds she hated and yet bowed beneath, came surging through her mind with sudden, cruel force. And yet what were these things compared to the difference in their inner lives?

Her sense of self-abasement seemed to stifle her, and she leant from her window for a breath of the cool night air. Above her spread the quiet beauty of the heavens, and their silent majesty soothed her troubled mind; but below, through the deserted streets, crept two men, and as they passed one of them struck the other angrily and muttered a low blasphemy; and Agnes, shrinking back into her room, fell upon her knees and prayed. Then for the first time it came upon her mind with overpowering force that St. Agnes was a Christian, and perhaps only Christians could reach to such ideal purity and love. If that were so, what would become of her? Must she always remain what she now was, or could she take the terrible step and renounce at once faith, and race, and kindred?

She felt rather than knew with what deep-seated, unrevealed dislike and hatred her father looked upon the Christian faith; for Reuben Trendellsohn was not one to lightly express his intense emotions. Very little had ever been said to her on the subject, yet heretofore she had remained docile to the religious training of her earliest years.

Now she was confused and terrified at the greatness of the struggle that raged within her soul—a struggle in which she had no one to help her, and seemed so powerless to help herself. "St. Agnes, pray for me! pray for me!" she sobbed,

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half unconscious of her words; and still repeating at intervals, "Pray for me! pray for me!" she knelt motionless as a stone until the first gray light of morning peered softly through the open window.

Spring had gone, and the dying glory of a summer day lit up the many carvings that adorn the church of St. John Nepomucene, and, slanting through the stained windows, wrought delicate little patterns on the floor, and settled here and there on the walls in streaks of burnished gold. The sunshine played softly like a halo around the few old women who still lingered near the altar; but no ray, however small and faint, reached to the farthest end of the church, where, close to the ponderous door, and shrinking into the shadows, knelt a girl with her face buried in her hands. When at last she rose to go, and passed from the dimness within to the dazzling light without, you saw that it was Agnes Trendellsohn, who, with a quick, apprehensive look around to make sure that no one followed her, walked rapidly towards the Judenstadt.

When she reached the bridge with its many statues, she paused for a few minutes before the figure of St. John Nepomucene, and, laying her little hand softly upon the hem of his stone garment, she stood looking silently down upon the rushing Moldau beneath. A passer-by would have thought her merely idling away a little while by watching the smooth black waters as they sullenly washed the great arches; but the saint doubtless knew that in her unspoken way she asked for his protection—asked it with her heart, and with her imploring eyes, and with the gentle touch of her hand upon his image, as a child begs by pulling at its mother's skirt. He is so pitiful in heaven, this St. John, who was on earth so strong and courageous, that doubtless he heard and answered.

As she stands thus, looking down upon the waters, Agnes shows that she has strangely altered. Her dark eyes have lost their dreamy wistfulness, and shine with a new light, hopeful yet longing; the air of scornful weariness that hung about her like a veil is gone. She looks like one who seems almost to reach the happiness of her life, and longs to annihilate the minutes that must come and go before it can be consummated. "To-morrow," she murmured softly to herself—"to-morrow"; and she turned to go. Only one more night, and to-morrow she was to be baptized; but, in the intensity of her desire, that one night seemed to stretch before her like a lifetime, and what might not happen before another sun?

The old priest to whom she had come, doubting, fearing, and torn with conflicting emotions, felt that he had never had a soul like this under his hands. He had instructed many converts and raised up many fallen ones in his long years of ministry. Sore and wounded souls had been so often laid bare before his pitying eyes that now the lights and shades of human nature were as an open book, to which experience had given him the key. But this soul, so weak and yet so strong, so turned to heaven yet so bound down to earth, so pure and yet so shame-laden, puzzled him strangely. It was an easy task to show the light to one already touched by divine grace. Agnes could readily understand, and, understanding, believe;

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but the one feeling he could not subdue, and that nothing but the waters of baptism could entirely vanquish, was this terrible sense of shame. It was pain for her to enter a church where she knew dwelt the living God while this profound consciousness of sin weighed her down. Kneeling always in the farthest corner, she yet shrank from so close a contact with the Divinity. Her love for God made the thought of her unbaptized soul, on which his pure eye could not rest with pleasure, insupportable to her. Added to this was the misery she felt in being of her race. She seemed to carry on her delicate shoulders the crushing weight of that terrible curse whose echo sounds from generation unto generation: "His blood be upon our heads and upon our children"; and there were times when the terror of this thought took away her breath and stopped the prayers upon her lips. How could she dare to pray to the risen Christ when in her ears, carried through ages, rang the cry of "Crucify him, crucify him"? How could she lift her eyes to the sorrowful Mother standing at the foot of the cross and gazing at her dying Son? This unconquerable sense of fear and shame swayed her so strongly that the priest, unable to overcome it, and knowing too well in what strangely subtle ways the arch-enemy often ingratiates himself, making of a virtue exaggerated the easy road to vice, determined to hasten the day of her baptism, trusting that, once purified in God's sight, these fears would vanish in the full light of love. And so it was that on this June evening Agnes, as she hastened home, thought with bated breath, "Only one night more, one little night, and then—" And she smiled as the Christian smiles who sees opening before his eyes the gleaming gates of Paradise.

As she passed through one of the narrower streets of the Jews' quarter a sudden thought struck her, and turning into a filthy little court-yard, whose wretched houses stood tumbling against each other like a party of drunken revellers who crowd together for support, she hastily went up to one of the doorways, where a coarse-looking young Jew of the thick-lipped, light-haired type stood lazily looking out upon the darkening street.

"Is your mother at home, Anton?" she said; "and how is your sick brother?"

The young man's heavy and almost brutish face brightened and softened when he saw the questioner.

"My mother is at home and will be glad to see you, Miss Trendellsohn," he said; "and the baby is worse. I, for one, do not expect him to live."

He made room for her as he spoke, and she ran lightly up the broken stairway. A mingled smell of dirt, foul air, and disease filled the house, and Agnes turned sick and faint before she had reached the second story. She paused for a minute, not to make up her mind, but to gather up her strength. "For thy sake, O blessed St. Agnes!" she whispered, and, making a strong effort, she went on and opened a door to her right. The sick child lay on the bed, consumed with fever, and the mother, a middle-aged woman, with a skin like chalk and a tangled mass of light hair hanging down her shrunken shoulders, sat in the reeking room, her hands folded listlessly in her lap, and her sad eyes fixed with a vacant stare on the grimy floor.

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"Is it you, Miss Trendellsohn?" she exclaimed, rising to her feet as Agnes entered, while a dim smile played for one instant on the worn, stolid face. "How can you bear to come here? Even my own kindred have forsaken me, and Anton will not so much as enter the room. He says that if one must die there is no reason why two should. But do you, too, think that he must die? Is there no hope at all?" she asked wistfully, as the girl bent over the flushed and pitiful little figure on the bed.

"God is good," said Agnes softly, "and he holds life and death in his hands; but has the doctor I sent been here?"

"Oh! yes," replied the woman, a sullen shadow stealing over her face; "he came here, and ordered this and that and the other for the child, just as if I had the money to pay for them."

"I told you," said Agnes gently, putting some silver in her hand, "that I would pay for all that he ordered; but what else did he say?"

"He said the boy wanted air, and a clean room, and a clean bed," said the other unwillingly; but, as if softened by the touch of the money, "Doctors are for ever preaching, 'clean, clean, clean.' What can I do with a den like this?"

"Did he say that the child could be moved?" asked Agnes, shuddering as she glanced at the foul walls and rotten ceiling.

"Yes," was the sullen answer.

"Then take him away to-morrow," she said peremptorily. "No human being could hope to live in a spot like this. Mother Rachel over the way will give you clean rooms, and I will pay the cost; only rouse youself, and do not let your little boy die for want of the care you owe him."

The woman trembled all over, then, with a wailing cry, threw herself on the floor and kissed the hem of the girl's dark dress; but she did not utter a word of thanks. Agnes bent down and softly touched the baby's face with her cool hand; then she glided rapidly down the stairs into the gathering twilight, a strange sense of weakness and giddiness creeping over her at every step. Once in her room, she sat down to try and collect her scattered thoughts and ease her aching head. Directly over her bed hung a painting, to which her tired eyes constantly strayed. It was a picture of St. Agnes, on which she had lavished many hours of tender, loving work. She would not paint the saint with downcast, modest eyes, as in Martin Schoen's rare engraving, but looking upwards in the boldness of perfect purity; nor clad in costly drapery, as is Titian's masterpiece, for the spouse of Christ needs no earthly adornment; nor seated in the full glow of womanly beauty, as Andrea del Sarto painted her, for the childish loveliness of the maiden of thirteen bloomed into prime not on earth but in heaven.

Day after day, week after week, Agnes toiled over this picture, and now it hung finished on her wall —a slender child in soft, white drapery, her deep eyes raised in loving ecstasy, her sweet lips parted in the shadow of a smile; strong in her youthful purity, happy in her burning love. She carried no lamb or palm-branch which might betray her to that Jewish household, but hung there in their midst, the highest type of weak humanity, the crowning triumph of the Christian faith. And as Agnes knelt to pray it almost seemed to her that in the gloom the saint's dark eyes

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were turned upon her in loving pity as, growing fainter and fainter, her head drooped on her pillow. "To-morrow," she repeated half unconsciously—"to-morrow"; and, trying to rise, her strength entirely failed her, and she knew no more.

But when the morrow came Reuben Trendellsohn stood by his daughter's bedside with compressed lips and flashing eyes, as over and over again in her disjointed ravings she revealed the secret she had striven so hard to hide; and as he heard and understood his dark cheek paled with mingled anger and sorrow. Agnes was very ill. The cousins thought it hard they were not allowed to see her, even for one moment, for her danger had quickened the love in their warm hearts; and Mark's wife turned bitterly away when her brother-in-law refused her kindly offers of assistance, and closed the door of his daughter's sick-room to her, as to all others except the doctor and the nurse, a strong-faced, taciturn Jewess, with whom he had an interview before she took her post. Only these three ever saw the patient, for Reuben meant to guard the secret at any cost. "Better that she should die," he bitterly thought, "than live to desert her faith and kindred"; and so for long, long days and nights Agnes fought with the deadly fever that consumed her, watched only by those three stern faces, and by the white-robed, soft-eyed saint upon the wall.

And when at last the fever left her she lay so weak that her life was more than ever in danger, and her father, standing by her bedside and meeting the imploring glance whose meaning he read too well, walked quickly to the window, to gain a moment's time and to strengthen his resolution. It was early evening, and the noisy streets were hushed into something like quiet. Reuben stood looking down upon them, revolving once more in his mind thoughts that had grown to be his hourly guests. He was firmly determined that no grief or anger should prompt him to a moment's harshness to his motherless child. He was a scrupulously just man, and he now took on his own shoulders the greater part of the blame for what had occurred. Had not his little daughter been left to his sole care, and had he not in many ways neglected her? And if in her loneliness and dissatisfaction she had wandered off to the Gentiles, was not the responsibility his, and his alone? If it were not too late even now she might be saved, and must be saved, at any cost. Reuben did not shrink from the thought of what that cost might be; but he promised his dead wife that he would be gentle in all things to the child that she had given him.

Then, and not till then, he returned to his daughter's bedside, and took one of her little hands in his, steeling his heart meanwhile against the passionate entreaty that burned in her wistful eyes. For a minute there was a breathless silence in the room; then Agnes spoke:

"For my mother's sake," she whispered, "do not refuse me."

He looked at her inquiringly, but said no word. A little wail broke from her parched lips.

"I am unbaptized," she moaned; "for God's dear love do not let me die thus. For the sake of the love you bore my mother, and have always borne me, let me be baptized before I go to meet my God."

A joyful light came into Reu-

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ben's eyes—then it was not too late; but it faded away as he glanced at his daughter's pale face.

"Listen to me, Agnes," he said. "I do not reproach you for the grief that you have brought upon me, because I blame myself too bitterly for my neglect of you. I will still hold you as my child when you have cast away from you the Christian faith, and returned humbly and contritely to the belief of your fathers. I will do all in my power to cure your sick mind of its fancies; but do not presume to ask me to consummate your ruin. Dearly as I love you, I would rather you died a Jewess than lived a Christian. Above all do not dare—" here his enforced gentleness failed him for an instant, but he regained it with a powerful effort—"do not dare to conjure me in the name of your mother, whose memory you have wronged so deeply, and who, thank God! is spared the pain I feel to-day."

He paused, and Agnes in her desolation, knowing that no earthly power could move him, turned her sad eyes from his set face to the saint's above her pillow. "St. Agnes, pity me!" she moaned with a faint gesture of her hand towards heaven.

Reuben's eyes flashed fire! The effort he had put upon himself was stronger than could be imagined, and he seized this loophole to give vent to the overwrought feelings he could no longer restrain. Here was the work of his daughter's hand, and to it, like an idolater, she prayed. A knife was lying on the table, and with one quick step and rapid action he ripped the picture from side to side. As he did so he heard a low cry, more like pain than sorrow, come from his daughter's bed as she saw her best-beloved work so ruthlessly destroyed, and the sound, faint as it was, recalled him to himself. What he had done was the almost unconquerable impulse of a deeply excited man breaking through the forced calmness that choked him, and venting his rage upon what was innocent because he might not touch the guilty. Ashamed of his momentary outbreak, he paused for an instant, and then with downcast eyes he left the room to try and gather strength to meet the troubles that encompassed him.

But Agnes, left alone in her sorrow and helplessness, lay white and motionless, her dark eyes fixed upon the mutilated picture, but her heart lifted up in pitiful prayer to God. She had no hope of living; the faint spark of life within seemed almost burned out; she must die, and she was unbaptized. In vain she tried to think of all that the priest had told her of that mystical sacrament, the baptism of desire, in which many a longing soul had by God's mercy been purified. In her exhausted state she was far less able than ever to overcome the terrible feeling of shame and fear that had always proved her stumbling-block; and now all thought, all hopes, all prayers were swallowed up in an infinite longing for the sacrament that was denied her. So the long night wore on. The nurse lay sleeping at her feet; the lamp burned dimly in the room; the wind swept mournfully by the windows; the tattered picture hung upon the wall, and beneath it the dying girl fought single-handed with the demon of despair.

Suddenly a soft light shone about the bed, and by her side she saw one whom she knew to be St. Agnes, her deep eyes full of tender love and pity—a love which has its

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rise in God alone, a pity with no shade of sorrow in it. She held in her hand a lily, whose fragrant urn was full of sparkling water, and in it Agnes thought she saw reflected her own passionate, longing soul. The vision smiled and raised the lily over the sick girl's head. "I baptize thee, Agnes," she said in clear, sweet tones, "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." And the cool waters fell upon her burning brow, and a great wave of joy surged through her heart, and strains of glad, triumphant music rang in her ears; and the room seemed full of light and perfume, and snowy angel wings, and radiant angel eyes; and then the vision vanished and the music died away, but the troubled soul was at last in peace.

For hours had Reuben Trendellsohn sat lost in thought, revolving in his mind his future course of action, hardening his heart against his only child. When morning dawned he nerved himself to go again into her room. He would be more gentle, he said, and perhaps his love would win her back to him; he would be patient, too, but always firm. She was only a child after all, and must yield in time; and yet—and yet—he had known others who were struck with this same madness, and he remembered that they had never yielded.

Quietly he entered his daughter's room. She was lying peacefully upon her bed, her eyes open and shining with a new, soft light that he had never seen before. Her whole face, wan and thin with illness, was radiant with joy; and as she turned to see him her delicate lips were curved into the tender smile she used to wear as a baby before her mother died.

She tried to put her little hand in his. "It is over, my father," she whispered gently; "the blessed St. Agnes came to me during the night and baptized me. I will pray for you always, dearest, when I am in heaven, and our Lord will have mercy on you too."

Reuben Trendellsohn started back, his face ashy pale, his lips trembling. Had he driven his child to madness? The thought was terrible to him, and yet what mad woman ever smiled like that or looked so strangely happy? She was not feverish; her hand lay cool and moist in his, but the pulse was beating low. Terrified, he knelt by the bedside and took her in his arms. "Agnes! Agnes!" he cried, "you have been ill or dreaming. Do not think of such things, but try and get well, and I swear that I will give you all that your heart desires, at any cost to me."

She laid her head gently on his breast; he had not held her so since her mother died. "I am not ill or dreaming," she said slowly, "but Christ has already given me all that my heart desired. I go to him, not shrinking away in shame, but pure and trusting."

"You are raving, Agnes," said her father huskily, and he put her from him and rose to his feet; but his daughter, touching his arm with weak, white fingers, held him as though chained to her side, for he loved her dearly.

"St. Agnes, pray for him!" she murmured; and as she spoke, instinctively he raised his eyes to the picture he had destroyed. But the look of shame was lost in one of wonder, and the strong man trembled like a child; for the painting hung whole and uninjured on the wall, and the saint's soft eyes seemed to look reproachfully at him as

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he examined the canvas. There was no sign of cut or tear about it to show the treatment it had received. A thousand wild conjectures surged through Reuben's brain as he stood transfixed and bewildered. Then a ray of faith pierced through the darkness of his soul, and he gave a sobbing cry, like a man in danger of drowning. And as he knelt reverently by his daughter's bedside, Agnes opened her eyes once more, and then closed them for ever in the sleep of death.

CRUX AVE!

Stand fast, ye spruces; lift your heads! Ye catch
The earliest dawn; unweariedly ye watch
The changing seasons, swiftly passing days;
Nor frost, nor bitter wind, nor darkness stays
Your course. Your arms, with patient, high emprise,
Still lift their myriad crosses to the skies.—L. D. Pychowska.

I.

The summer day was dying in the sky,
And deep'ning shadows had begun to lie
On field, and wood, and river flowing by—

Flowing in shade save where it caught the light
Of golden skies, slow melting into night,
Where hung the hollow moon faint-lined and bright.

Of stars shone, here and there, the uncertain gleam;
Like altar-lights the kindled orbs did seem—
Faint at first lighting, soon undimmed to beam.

As if forgetting that the day was dead,
Some bird poured song triumphant overhead;
Pure, sweet, and clear the quivering notes were shed.

Tall spruces wafted balm, as if to place
Sweet perfume on the shroud that, fair in grace,
Lay gently folded round the day's dead face;

And lifted o'er that day in death so blest
The cross's sign as token of true rest
By that calm dead for all the years possessed.

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II.

A golden vision mingled with the still,
Prayer-laden peace that seemed the hour to fill
With angels' tidings unto men of gentle will :

A Christmas altar rose before my sight,
Shining with slender tapers crowned with light—
Like Love Divine consuming souls all white—

The altar robed, like bride to meet her lord,
In garments rich where loving hands had poured
The thoughts of loving hearts that Him adored,

In ancient symbols wrought bright, silken thread,
Full, purple grapes, of Calvary hallowèd,
And golden wheat-ears, sign of Living Bread,

Telling with silent grace of Love Divine
Hiding itself within the earthly shrine
Where, e'er unquenched, faith's mystic light doth shine.

From Raphael's canvas gazed our Heavenly Queen,
Clothed with the sun, and fair with smile serene,
Clasping her Son his humble saints between.

Below, with varying light, the Christmas star
Twinkled, and told of Eastern lands afar,
And Gentile kings of old whose heirs we are;

Shining the star as once in Juda's town
Above the King of kings laid helpless down,
His Godhead veiled, with faith and love for crown.

All hearts, in loving worship lost, bent low,
While angel hosts seemed wandering to and fro,
Singing, as once the crowded years ago:

"Glory to God, to men of gentle will
His peace"—seeming that peace each heart to fill,
Earth's longing hushed, forgotten earthly ill.

Above the crib arose the laden cross
With arms outstretched to save the world from loss,
Cleansing the nations from sin's clouding dross:

So e'er upon the day of this dear birth,
The Christmas season glad with Christian mirth,
The cross's shadow falls aslant the earth;

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The stable's walls with Calvary's echoes ring—
Fair Bethlehem's offering to her Infant King
Jerusalem's proud scorn foreshadowing.

III.

Where lowlier altar stood apart, less fair,
Clustered tall spruces, nursed by mountain air,
And late the crown of hillsides cold and bare,

Now pouring forth their perfume, spicy sweet,
Like Eastern kings hastening their Lord to greet,
Their worship laying at their Master's feet.

Here mimic manger lay amid the green
That framed the pleading pathos of the scene—
The Holy Child two angels white between,

Whose lifeless silence adoration wrought,
Each folded pinion filled with wondering thought
Of Infinite Might through love so lowly brought.

Here rose the cross above the crib once more,
Crowning the stately spruces, towering o'er,
That 'mid their green redemption's symbol wore.

Their perfect boughs held forth the holy sign
Grown with their daily life with art divine:
Obedient wrought each fibre strong and fine.

IV.

Ah! happy tree, dowered so rich indeed,
Bearing the sign by which our souls are freed,
As if dumb earth sought God's dear cause to plead.

Brave spruce! firm in thy constant green, e'en though
The winter heap thee with its weight of snow,
And biting winds with icy torment blow;

As faithful witnesses thy branches throw
The cross's shadow on the sunlit snow—
Heaven's own blue that shadow here below.

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Distilling balm, thou fill'st the bitter air:
Like to the incense of ascending prayer,
Wreathing the cross thyself dost proudly bear.

And, 'mid thy fragrance, comes the blessed thought
Of those sweet spices that the Marys brought
When to anoint the Crucified they sought.

Telleth of her, thy perfume-laden bough,
Who, sorrow-struck with love and sin, bent low
To wipe his feet, winning forgiveness so.

Lo! through thy solemn boughs the wandering breeze
Grows sadder-voiced, as if it toned 'mid these
The Passion chant's appealing harmonies.

v.

The Christmas dream grew dim, the day was gone,
The lingering summer eve so softly flown,
The twilight into night fast drifting on;

The bird grown silent, and the low-voiced breeze
Whispering amid the ghostly birchen trees
Faintly as wave-break on scarce-ruffled seas.

Damp from the fog-wreathed meadow rose the air—
The meadow in the day's late light so fair,
With summer's sweet grass harvest lying there.

The stars o'erhead—bright promise of our peace—
The earth below, awaiting its release,
And crowning earth its heaven-aspiring trees.

Above the crib the cross! our cradle earth
Lifting the symbol of our heavenly birth—
Blest symbol, kindling light on darkest hearth!

Pure light wherein all earthly fires grew pale,
Blest sign that doth God's perfect love unveil!
O holy cross, on earth, in heaven, all hail!

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THE PROPOSED EXPULSION OF THE TEACHING ORDERS FROM THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF PARIS.

THE municipal council of Paris, in its sitting of December 14, 1878, passed the following resolution :

"The council, considering that the prefect of the Seine, in continuing to entrust the direction of a large number of public schools in the city of Paris to congregational teachers, could not fail to be aware that this proceeding was utterly in opposition to the decided opinion of the council, and also of the majority of the population ;

"Considering, moreover, that a circular issued by the Minister of Public Instruction, September 24th ult., reminded the prefects that, while retaining the liberty and responsibility of 'decision without appeal,' they were bound to take largely into account the advice of the municipal councils in the matter of choice between lay and congregational teaching ;

"Considering that there is reason for again representing seriously to the prefect of the Seine the advisability of conforming himself to the recommendation of the Minister of Public Instruction, to the unmistakable feeling of the majority of the Parisian population, and a formal resolution of the municipal council, 'the natural and legitimate interpreters of the commune' ;

"The council prays that the direction of the public schools and *Salles d'Asile* (infant schools) of the communes of Paris be *placed exclusively under lay teachers*."

The moment appears to have arrived for those who especially claim the title of republicans to put into execution projects which have long been in existence, and which were never more accurately demonstrated than during the terrible days of the siege and Commune. These designs, ripened by eight years of reflection and study, present a threefold interest, accordingly as they are considered with reference to (1) the finances of the city, (2) the progress of primary education, or (3) public morality and social advantage. We propose briefly to examine the motives which must be supposed to actuate these designs, and those which alone could render their accomplishment acceptable.

And, first, with regard to the interest of the budget. On this point, at least, the municipal counsellors cannot be acting with their eyes shut, being perfectly aware that the congregational teachers cost far less than laics, and that the substitution of the latter would lay a serious additional burden on the city.

This consideration does not in the least trouble the counsellors. But the taxpayer, who is at this moment bearing the maximum of the charges it is in his power to defray, has some right to be anxious. He is promised a reduction of taxes—a reduction which is always postponed, and, instead of this, fresh duties, rights of *octroi*, and municipal taxes are annually created, old imposts are increased, and new loans in course of preparation. The tax upon house-rent, for instance, has just been raised to thirty per cent., although trade is far from flourishing and thousands of workmen are out of employment. It is true that the Chamber of Deputies, for the consolation of the people, has lately suppressed the duty upon *chiccory and oil ;* but bread, meat, wine, and vegetables continue to pay an enormous duty. Does not

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the city, then, know what to do with its money? And this, too, when, as is well known, so much requires to be done, especially in supplying the material needs (as to deficiencies of building, etc.) of the public schools; some localities being too small or otherwise unhealthy, others needing rebuilding or repair. There are at this moment in Paris 16,000 children who cannot be received into the existing schools for want of room. And this is the time chosen by the municipality to carry out its project!

The following table indicates the importance of the change proposed by the municipal council:

STATISTICS OF THE ECOLES COMMUNALES OF PARIS.

Boys' Schools—Lay, 87, comprising 500 masters. Congregational, 54, comprising 350 brothers.

Girls' Schools—Lay, 86, comprising 446 mistresses. Congregational, 58, comprising 390 sisters.

Infant Schools—Lay, 97, comprising 212 mistresses. Congregational, 33, comprising 98 sisters.

Thus it is on a total of 145 schools, and a *personnel* of 838 teachers, that the transformation is to be effected. But besides the *titulars*, the *supplementary* teachers must be taken into consideration, and the indemnities received by them for replacing the titulars when ill or absent.

This source of expenditure does not exist among the congregational teachers. If a brother or sister is ill or obliged to be absent for a time, the superior immediately provides a substitute, and the sick or absent teacher no longer counts as a recipient of payment. Indemnities for lodging must also be added to the account, as the lay masters could not (and certainly would not) inhabit the poor and narrow cells of the brothers and teaching sisters.

After a careful calculation, based on the *minimum* of the salaries allowed to lay teachers in virtue of the decree * of February 3, 1873, it is ascertained that the lowest sum which the new *personnel*, with requisite accommodation as to lodging, will annually cost the city of Paris amounts to 1,977,190 francs.

We will now see what is the cost of the congregationists; but, in order not to make the triumph of their friends too easy, we do not take as the basis of our calculation the figures of 850 and 700 fr. for the salary of the Christian Brothers, and 600 fr. for the sisters, as they really stand in the budgets of 1878 and 1879—these sums being, as it were, war prices, and having for their object to starve the congregationists into capitulation or retreat—but we go back to those of the budget of 1877, which are as follows:

Salaries of 350 brothers, at 950 fr.....	332,500 fr.
" 390 sisters, at 850 fr.....	331,500 fr.
Various indemnities, 3,700 fr...	3,700 fr.
Salaries of 98 sisters in the infant schools, at 850 fr...	83,300 fr.
	751,000 fr.

We have now only to subtract this sum from the foregoing amount of 1,977,190 fr. to find that the lay teachers will, at the lowest estimate, cost Paris annually 1,226,190 fr. more than those whom they are to replace.

This, moreover, is only the approximate increase for the first year; lay teachers being allowed an annual rate of increase, up to

* According to this decree the *minimum* salary of a "director;" is 2,800 fr. of a directress, 2,600; of a male assistant, 2,000; female assistant, 1,800; directress of infant school, 1,600; assistant, 1,200; supplementary assistants, 800 fr. each, 600 fr. in infant schools.

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4,000 fr. for directors, 3,500 for directresses, 2,400 for male assistants, and 2,200 for female. Thus the yearly augmentation of salaries would in a short time exceed two millions more than is paid at the present time.

But, it might be asked, why should this fact be an obstacle, if it be likely that popular education would gain by the change? We will examine the probability of this result.

The municipal council, to justify the terms of "ignorantins," "obscurantists," and "extinguishers" (*éteignoirs*), which it applies so freely to the Brothers of Christian Doctrine, would have it believed that their schools are so inferior, both as regards the kind of instruction imparted and the qualifications of the teachers, that a marvellous improvement, or rather "a complete transformation," may be confidently expected from the moment they are placed under laics.

We must again have recourse to figures, which are not without their eloquence. In this time of universal suffrage the votes of fathers and mothers ought to have some value as showing what is thought by that "majority" of which the council claims the support.

There are in the 173 lay schools of Paris (not reckoning the *Salles d'Asile*) 52,683 children, and 40,474 in the 112 congregational schools.

The comparison of these figures shows that, proportionally, the religious are more frequented than the lay schools, their average being 361 pupils, while the lay average is 104, and this notwithstanding the strenuous efforts made by the subordinates of the radical mayors to obtain recruits for the lay teachers, and also the fact that many parents send their children to the latter for the sole reason that the brothers' schools are *au grand complet* and cannot receive another pupil.

It is therefore false to say that the "majority" of the population of Paris is hostile to the teaching of the congregationists; on the contrary, it has a confidence in its results which is strengthened by constant success—a success proved by official documents of unquestionable impartiality.

The city of Paris annually offers for competition a certain number of prizes in money, called *bourses*, for the primary schools of higher education—*i.e.*, those of Turgot, Colbert, Lavoisiez, J. B. Say, and the College Chaptal. We have carefully examined the official table in which are registered the results of this competition each year, from 1848 to 1877 inclusively. From this table we find that, during this interval of twenty-nine years, out of 1,445 *bourses*, 1,148 were gained by the brothers' schools, the lay schools gaining 297.

The last year, 1878, the result was the same; 788 pupils from all the schools took part in the trial. Of the 339 who were declared admissible, 242 belonged to the 54 schools of the brothers, and 97 to the 87 lay schools. Of the 50 candidates who took the highest places for the general certificates, 43 belonged to the brothers, and to the laics, 7!

This, however, is only one aspect of the successes obtained by the "ignorantins."

With them originated the method of simultaneous instruction, now acknowledged to be the best. In the analysis which appeared in the *Journal Officiel* of M. Gréard's voluminous report for the Paris Exhibition, his statement was quot-

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ed that "it is also the Christian Brothers who have given the best-known method for teaching drawing," and that "at the Exhibition of 1867 they saved the honor of France."

They were the first who in Paris opened classes for adults. Twenty-two of their communal schools are open every evening for apprentices, young working-men, or any who wish to commence or complete their primary education. They have organized scientific and professional *cours* at their establishments at Issy, Passy, St. Nicolas, and the commercial school of St. Paul, and their books have been honored by the highest recompenses at the Vienna Exhibition in 1873, the Geographical Exhibition at Paris in 1878, and at the "Universal" Exhibition in 1878. At the last they obtained for special subjects (agriculture among the rest) three gold medals, three silver, two bronze, various *mentions honorables*, besides sharing in the great prize of the Ministry of Public Instruction, with which they exhibited.

Nor are the schools of the sisters inferior to those of the brothers, although they cannot, like them, publicly prove their efficiency by competing for the *bourses*. They had their share of honor at the Exhibition of 1867, when 112 schools under religious received prizes, while 68 only of the lay schools obtained honorable mention.

They maintained their excellent reputation at the Exhibition of 1878, and won the admiration of competent examiners. The reports of the inspectors and cantonal delegates are full of praises of the state of their schools, which these reports assert to be *habitually superior* to that of the schools under lay direction. It has even been enthusiastically eulogized by writers in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

The 42 schools in Paris directed by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul have, during the interval from 1874 to 1878, presented 2,815 pupils as candidates for certificates. Of this number, 2,248 have been successful in obtaining them. During this time 18 of their girls have been admitted into the Normal School, 51 have obtained diplomas as assistant-mistresses, 52 diplomas of capacity, 44 "medals of honor," and 88 *mentions honorables*.

From the foregoing facts it will be seen how *unwise* it is, as well as unjust, to attempt to substitute for teachers of such proved efficiency persons recruited in haste and coming no one knows from whence. For the city of Paris would be seriously perplexed to find a *personnel* sufficient, either as to number or qualifications, to replace the religious. The normal schools, according to the report of M. Gréard, have, during the five years from 1872 to 1877, furnished no more than 204 male and 156 female teachers—that is to say, it will be necessary to accept all comers. It is true, however, that in these days any one may hope to pass muster for anything, the fitness of a person for a post being often the last consideration. If it were not so we should scarcely see—as recently in France—coachmen and valets suddenly transformed into justices of the peace.

We now come to the chief and decisive argument. *La morale publique*, we are told, forbids the teaching by religious to be any longer tolerated, because, even should it not obscure the understanding of children, it is at least

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incapable of making them *des âmes libres* and true patriots, and degrades them (*les abrutit*) by "the practices of bigotry."

And so the Christian Brothers and the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, who have quitted their families and all future prospects or position to devote themselves to teaching the children of the people—a work upon which they spend their lives and energies, and by which they are often worn out in the flower of their age—are vile beings, unfit for the companionship or even the *sight* of children (*qu'il faut soustraire à la vue de l'enfant*). They have had the magnanimity to offer their life, and have joyfully laid themselves out for the most ungrateful of occupations, in which they give a daily example of patient toil, of disinterestedness and discipline; and to their virtues they owe their proscription!

Athens banished Aristides because he was "just." Paris, among not a few other Athenian proclivities and pretensions, must also have her ostracism. We may reasonably imagine the thoughts of the citizens forming the municipal council of Paris to run this wise:

"What!" they exclaim to themselves "these people are making our children docile, obedient, diligent; they teach them that a life of industry is an honorable life, and that there is a nobility in honest and intelligent labor. The children believe them. They will become first-class workmen, or, mounting the social ladder, will rise to positions of eminence, and one and all will proclaim that they owe their success to the teaching of the Christian Brothers! This must not be! We have had too much of it already. The people must be freed from its prejudices and the swaddling bands of an effete and bigoted despotism. *Vive la liberté!*" Yes; all that these free-thinkers of "independent morals" clamor for, for the children of France, is the negation of every higher good. No more catechism, no more creed, no more prayer, no more God! And since religion is the basis of the brothers' teaching and the source of their success, their animating principle and invigorating power, their schools, odious to these men of progress, must be closed, their voices silenced, their spirit extinguished. Henceforth let the juvenile *citoyen* vociferate to his heart's content: *Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!* but beware of letting the sweet canticles, *O Dieu de Clemence* or *Souvenez-vous, ô tendre Mère*, sound pleasantly in his parents' ears, bringing the thought of God and his blessed Mother to shed a breath of sacred fragrance in his humble home.

Alas! it has already been said, with too much truth, that "in France there are no more children." And, in fact, the workshops and manufactories swarm with boys who, at twelve years of age, are hopelessly corrupted. Daily before the tribunals are brought precocious malefactors whose language is as cynical as the nature of their misdemeanors is frightful. The statistics of crime in France show the number of robbers and assassins to be increasing every year, and also (to the shame of our era be it spoken) the number of fathers and mothers obliged to have recourse to the courts of justice to compel their children to allow them in their old age a sufficient "alimentary pension" to keep them from starvation.

Is it possible, we ask, that these

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men sincerely believe that the "moral independence" they demand so loudly will arrest these evils? No; they well know that it will not. Every man not wilfully self-blinded is compelled to acknowledge that religion alone is efficacious to arrest them.

It would be well if the municipal council would reflect upon the following words of Victor Hugo. Repeating what his eminent colleagues, Guizot, Cousin, and Villemain, had expressed before him, he says:

"Far from wishing to proscribe religious teaching, I consider it to be more necessary at the present day than it has ever been. The older a man grows the more needful it is that he should believe. The bane of our time is to make *this* life *all*. In giving to man this earthly life as his sole end and aim, all its miseries are aggravated by the negation at its close, which, to the already oppressive burden of the unfortunate, adds the insupportable weight of future nothingness, and, instead of *suffering*, which is the law of God, causes *despair*. Hence spring vast and deep social convulsions. I would, with unspeakable eagerness, desire to ameliorate the material condition of those who suffer, but the first and most necessary amelioration is to give them hope. Mingled with an infinite hope, how much smaller do finite miseries become!

". . . Death is a restitution; own it boldly. God is found again at last; let us remember this, *and teach it to all*. There would be no dignity in living, and it would not be worth the trouble to live, if, when we die, we die wholly.

"And that which lightens suffering sanctifies toil. That which makes a man good, wise, courageous is the perpetual vision of a better world shining through the darkness of this. . . . I here declare that my profound belief in that better world is the supreme certitude of my reason, as it is the supreme joy of my soul."

There is yet another charge against the Christian Brothers—that they are not *patriots*.

If this is because they do not bear arms, being dispensed from military service, the same reproach must be made against the 530 lay schoolmasters, not one of whom has been a soldier, any more than the 500 more who are to be sent to replace the brothers in the schools of Paris.

But he surely is a "patriot" who does all in his power to promote the welfare of his country. And the brothers have rendered no small service to theirs, not only by their unremitting personal toils, but also by having, at the cost of long and too-easily-forgotten struggles, succeeded in organizing a system of teaching which produces intelligent workmen and employés and also learned and scientific men. It is, in fact, to them that France is, in a particular manner, indebted for the constituent elements of national prosperity.

Besides, can it be that their accusers have already forgotten the battle-fields of Bourget, Buzenval, and Champigny, the attack of Monthelon, and the noble conduct of the Christian Brothers and of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul in these and many another scene of carnage around their beleaguered capital? Have they forgotten the acclamations, not only of Paris but of all France, when the French Academy awarded to the brothers the prize offered by the city of Boston for the noblest acts of *patriotism* performed during the war of 1870–71?

The following is a quotation from the report read during the sitting of the Academy, August 8, 1872:

"We have awarded this recompense to an entire body as modest as it is useful—a body known to all, esteemed by all, and which, in these unhappy times, has won for itself true glory. You are all aware to what career the *Brothers of*

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Christian Doctrine consecrate their lives, and with what disinterested devotion and paternal simplicity they pursue this career. . . . When, however, they saw their country in danger, the same feeling which filled us all filled their hearts also, and they asked themselves in what way they could contribute to its defence and relieve its sufferings. . . . On the 15th of August their venerable superior, Brother Philip, wrote to the Minister of the Interior, placing at his disposal for the sick and wounded all the establishments and communal schools in the possession of his Institute, as well as all the members which composed it, his council, his novices, and himself. The minister gladly availed himself of the offer. The brothers established, at their own expense, a large ambulance in the Rue Oudinot, and furnished a numerous and efficient *personnel* to the various other ambulances of Paris, particularly those organized in the railway stations for the immediate reception of the trainfuls of wounded. The Society of the Press also appealed to them for assistance as *brancardiers*, or litter-bearers, on the fields of battle, as well as attendants in its ambulances. In these two services six hundred of the brothers were constantly and gratuitously occupied. On days when there was an engagement they were more numerous.

"During the whole time of the siege their schools were never closed nor their classes interrupted. They sufficed for everything; they seemed to multiply themselves. Each brother marched in his turn. One day he taught in class, the next he went under fire. The day Brother Nethelone was killed at Bourget it was not his turn to march; he had taken the turn of another. Daily, in the intense cold, very early in the morning, they might be seen, to the number of three or four hundred, traversing Paris, saluted by the population as they passed with Brother Philip at their head, in spite of his eighty years; he sending them to the combat whither he could not follow them. As to the brothers, they faced fire as if they had done nothing else all their lives, admirable for their discipline and ardor.

"They marched like a regiment, in companies of ten, each with a surgeon. Arrived at the scene of action, girt with a cord, they advanced, with a litter between every two, running always in the direction of the firing, lifted up the wounded, and carried them carefully to the ambulances. '*Mes frères!*' exclaimed one of our generals, 'you exceed all that humanity and charity can demand!' Another leader dismounted to embrace one of the devoted band, saying, 'You are admirable, you and all yours.'

"The day after an engagement they buried the dead. Two of their number were killed on the field, and eighteen died from maladies contracted in tending the sick and wounded."

With regard to the sisters, it is needless to speak of their heroism and devotion in the ambulances, the hospitals, and on the fields of battle. Have the people of Paris forgotten the forty-seven sisters sent to Bicêtre to nurse the soldiers suffering from smallpox, and that, when eleven of their number caught the disease and died, thirty-two immediately offered to replace them, so that the requisite number was chosen by lot?

During the siege of Paris the sisters tended, in their ambulances, 15,000 sick and wounded soldiers, established soup-kitchens to feed the famishing people for the smallest sums possible, and all this time never omitted their daily visits to the poor, even during the bombardment.

But the radical municipality of Paris, if it remembers, at least cares for none of these things. And thus, while other nations have reason to envy France her Brothers of Christian Doctrine, and seek to attract them, as well as the daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, to their shores, Frenchmen, who ought to be jealous of their national glories, especially at a time when so few remain to them, are seeking to drive them away!

And these men call themselves *patriots*, and have ever in their mouths, as on their charred palaces,

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the false formula of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.* Liberty of teaching and liberty of conscience are alike to be stifled by these liberal oppressors, who for ever accuse the Catholic Church of *intolerance*—the church which has never ceased to claim liberty of teaching for all who should be found worthy of it, and which has not only *not* set aside lay teaching, but has ever made a point of inviting distinguished *Christian* laymen to teach in her schools, and in all her works accepts, and even solicits, lay co-operation. We would fain believe that Paris, which paid grateful and enthusiastic hommage to Sœur Rosalie and Brother Philip, will never consent to drive the religious from her schools.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

It is with a genuine emotion of thanksgiving and joy we learn that the late Bayard Taylor did not even begin his contemplated biography of Goethe. We are glad for two reasons: First and principally, because the sooner the world forgets that passionless and scientific advocate of lust the better; and, secondly, because we believe that Mr. Taylor had no real sympathy with, or just estimate of, him. We should be sorry to think that one who represented the most popular, if the crudest, department of American literature should have lent the charm of his style and the generous fervor of his imagination to reproducing for his wide circle of readers and admirers the most detestable man of letters of the nineteenth century. We believe that Mr. Taylor intended to blend the biographies of Goethe and Schiller—a purpose which betrays a fatal critical misconception. The genius of Schiller is *human;* but we can parallel Goethe only with his Mephistopheles. Mr. Taylor would have been certain to have invested the hierophant of the *Kulturkampf* with his own glowing fancies. We should have a Goethe projected from the imagination which conceived *Deukalion*, and arrayed with the moral virtues that adorn the sages of the *Poems of the Orient.* The real Goethe, the calm and self-approving sceptic, measuring the mental calibre of Jesus Christ and sneering at his simplicity; making the intellect of man the gauge of eternity; and classifying woman as the ministrant to imperative animal needs, is capable of analysis only by himself. He has left us his own biography, and it is one of which *Kultur* should be ashamed, if it did not regard shame as a conventionality. We are profoundly grateful that American literature has escaped the infamy of such a book as Lewes' *Life of Goethe;* and as Mr. Taylor was not a philosopher in any sense, his work in all probability would have been more dangerous than Lewes', who dwells mainly upon the opinions of the German sage, and thus produces in a sensible and pure-minded man a hearty hatred and detestation of them.

We can understand the enthusiasm of such a mind as Taylor's

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over Goethe's *Faust*. Indeed, the American writer quickly glowed over every form of literary and natural beauty. It was a boyish fervor, which brings a smile of pleasure to the face of the *blasé* man of letters. No doubt a schoolmaster enjoys the keen delight of his pupils when first they encounter some of the resounding lines of Homer or Virgil's rapid dactyls keeping time to a storm or a battle. The old theatre-goer at the end finds himself more interested in the audience than in the stage. Taylor's translation of *Faust* was evidently a keen enjoyment to him. Everything is a surprise. No one before ever saw as he the scenes of his travels. It is this freshness of perception which gives his writings their charm. Most of his books read like the letters which a bright schoolboy writes to his mother. It is clear that he has no deep perception of Goethe's purpose in *Faust*. His translation is sparkling, picturesque, and felicitously imitative, but it is like the music of the opera. The real purpose of Goethe in the poem, which is unfit and unintended for dramatic or operatic rendering (at least so far as such rendering aims at representing Goethe's idea), is a complete reversal of every Christian canon and theory of the other life. It was for this that Goethe lived and wrote. In *Wilhelm Meister* he parodies Christian symbols with the emblems of *Kultur*. In *Faust* he aims a blow at the essence of Satan, the failure of which he has by this time discovered. In *Helena* we have the pagan idea of love restored; and in his *Elective Affinities*, written in the impotency of old age, he gloats over *veteris vestigia flammæ*, and formulates a theory of matrimonial morals which makes adultery the normal rule of life. His abilities might have secured him from the fear of rivals near his throne. But he was so jealous and envious that he kept his little court of Weimar barred against talent till it thundered for admittance and the echo resounded throughout Germany. Professing the greatest love for Fatherland, and writing fierce diatribes against Napoleon, he was enraptured with a medal which the conqueror threw to him as a sop to a poetical Cerberus; and in fulsome verses he compared the subduer of his native land to all the doves, Marses, and Apollos in every mythology which his learning could suggest. It would have been a pitiful spectacle to see Mr. Taylor trying to make this man out a demigod, as is the German fashion. A less heroic character there is not in all history. Old Sam Johnson, or Washington Irving, or Mr. Taylor himself, is a far more excellent specimen of the man of letters. Possibly, when the present culture fever is passed, literature will appraise Goethe at his true valuation. As it is, it may be of interest to note that Taine, the French critic, and Jeffrey, the English one, are unsparing in their castigation of the Master, as Carlyle and Emerson call him, perhaps for the reason that nobody is likely to have sufficient courage to challenge them to a critical examination of his works.

It is the object of this criticism to measure the literary status of Mr. Taylor, and to draw from his career a few lessons applicable to the body of littérateurs of which he was a distinguished representative. We do not offer our views in any Rhadamanthine spirit of critical infallibility. We should have been proud to regard Mr. Taylor as

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deserving of the high literary encomiums which have been passed upon him. Our American literature is too sparse to leave ungarnered excellence in any field. But after all criticism is criticism, and it is simply nonsense to represent Taylor as an unrivalled poet, a scientific traveller, a safe and sound critic, and a distinguished statesman; and we are sure he would have been the first to condemn many of the laudatory notices which his lamented death has occasioned. We have reason to think that he merited all the tributes which speak of his genial, kind-hearted, and open disposition, his honest literary ambition, and that wonderful versatility which, however creditable to him under one aspect, was nevertheless fatal to his abiding literary fame.

The reader, then, need not deem us ungracious in saying that Mr. Taylor's chief, if not sole, excellence was that of a newspaper correspondent. When we have said this the inexorable conclusion follows that under no circumstances can his writings ever become or be regarded as classics. The average daily journalist must make up his mind to forego any claim upon posterity. It is different with a magazinist; and, indeed, the tendency of contemporary literature sets toward the magazine. The best minds, that a few decades ago would have waited for a folio volume, now give their thoughts to a periodical. But the newspaper correspondent writes for the day and the hour. He has no liberty of opinion. He addresses a mixed audience impatient of reflection. His mind quickly sinks into the state of the writer of weekly romances. Every letter must have a "hit"—indeed, every paragraph. No doubt Mr. Taylor could have turned out better work if he had not been a slave to that awful monster, the daily press. He was like Jack in the fairy story, trying to amuse the hungry giant, without Jack's luck, for he could not kill it, though he poured into it a vast amount of porridge.

Taylor's career is another illustration of the possibilities of the American printing-office. He was a contemporary reproduction of Benjamin Franklin, whom he appears to have taken for a model. He had many vicissitudes of fortune, and could parallel Benjamin's Philadelphia experience of want of food and shelter. He picked up that multifarious knowledge which "lies around loose" in a printing-office. He had no educational discipline, and, being of an ardent disposition, he felt a craving for travel and excitement—a restlessness which is generated by the humdrum existence of most American hamlets. Our great cities focus all the vitality of American life, leaving none for the villages.

His book *Views Afoot*, which describes a pedestrian tour in Europe, is one of the most painful that we have ever read. Nothing but sheer penury should have induced him to publish it. There is a disagreeable self-complacency in many Americans, who seem to think it a grand exploit to have lived on five cents a day. We have no quarrel to find with rigid economy, but it is due to the *bienséances* not to obtrude our makeshifts. No one attaches any value whatever to Mr. Taylor's judgments, though often correct, in this book. We refuse to believe that a man who "tramped it" through Europe can have arrived at any just conclusion upon its political, social, or religious condi-

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tion. However unjust it may seem, the general conviction is that the intelligence, morality, and sociology of a land are best studied in its well-to-do and middle classes. Mr. Taylor's ingenious expedients to secure food and lodging, his disputes with and triumphs over his landlords, his observations upon his fellow-passengers, his strictures on the wretched moral condition of the European peasantry, his struggles to preserve his scanty wardrobe from thieves, leave his book worthless and uninfluential as a record of travelling experience.

He saw Norway and Sweden, Palestine and India, under more favorable conditions. In all these books there is displayed the peculiar talent of the newspaper man. They were written for the New York *Tribune*, and it is curious to notice how deftly this versatile writer adapts his tone to the ears accustomed to the music of Horace Greeley. We long since learned not to mind the reliable correspondent when he begins to moralize; but if any one contemplates a new edition of Mr. Taylor's travels, we should suggest for the sake of the departed, quite as much as for the sake of truth and justice, that all his chapters touching upon religious topics be omitted. The chapter on Jerusalem (*Land of the Saracens*), in which he expresses his emphatic disbelief in the divinity of Christ; the offensive chapter in his book on Greece, in which he defends the marriage of the Greek priesthood as preferable to the *concubinage* of the Latin priesthood; and his general laudation of the Mohammedan religion over Christianity, are instances of shameful ignorance and captious criticism which should not be suffered to remain. His lack of any definite religious training is painfully and offensively apparent in every instance in which he touches upon a religious question. Nor has he the well-bred sneer of the genuine infidel. His assaults are always vulgar and in bad taste. He speaks of the saints, for example, as "unwashed" and "holy drones." A *Te Deum* to which he listened gives him an opportunity for a poor pun on the word "tedium." Festivals and holydays are characterized as "loafing-spells." There is an abundance of poor satire upon priests and monks. Now, if a tourist is a hearty hater of the Catholic Church, we rather relish his fret and fume. Some English tourists are really enjoyable on this account. Their indignation, however ignorant, is honest. They fly into a passion at an Italian throwing kisses to the Madonna, and they cannot contain themselves at the sight of a bandit with a large rosary and several crucifixes strung around his neck. They make grim fun of the pilgrims whose feet the pope washes, and scold the begging friars to their hearts' content. If their hat is knocked off during a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, they go at once to the British consul and write a sardonic letter to the London *Times*. We think, however, that these good people are obstinately sincere, and we laugh at them, but do not get angry with them. But such is not the indignation of Mr. Taylor. It is a coarse burlesquing of the very essence and idea of sacred things. His art is clumsy. He has not the infidel's indifference nor the Protestant's wrath.

Yet one would suppose that Mr. Taylor journeyed enough to have mastered the simple rule of the

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trustworthy tourist, "Put yourself in their place." No. It is marvellous that one who travelled so much has so little to tell. It is true that in the preface to his book on Sweden and Norway he expressly disclaims any intention of giving a social, religious, or political picture of the countries; but, if not, of what practical value is his book? We may as well keep to the geography. But he is not bound by his declaration; for we find in the same work the difference between the Catholic and the Lutheran doctrine of the Eucharist compared to the distinction between "tweedledum and tweedledee." Not all the graphic descriptions of scenery or vivid pictures of travel can make these books aught but newspaper literature. He is fearful of giving offence to anybody but to a Catholic. There is not a reflection above the capacity of any well-informed man who never left his native town. Indeed, we think that, had Mr. Taylor kept at home and read books of travel, he would have arrived at much juster conclusions, and, with his poetic powers, have given us brighter and better sketches of scenery and character.

His poetry furnishes evidence of remarkable versatility and an almost mechanical power of rapid composition. But there is no life in it. In a little book called the *Echo Club* he imitates the style of contemporary poets, and fully displays this remarkable talent, which was certainly equal to that of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*. He could roll off a poem on any subject to order. But it is mechanism. How, indeed, could he infuse life when he had no living faith or hope? Turning over these manifold poems, some of them of striking symmetry and finish, we confess to a feeling of sadness and disappointment. His poetry never took hold of the popular heart. His *Centennial Ode* was as great a failure as Sidney Lanier's. There is no thought, no soul, no *mens divinior* in it—a symphony of unmeaning sounds, but no inner music. He is best in his poetical descriptions of natural scenery. He had a good eye for this, and he manages to catch the expression. His translations are invariably good. Indeed, to speak phrenologically, he had imitation large but ideality small. So, too, the best reflections in his prose works are unconsciously copied from the vast stores of his reading, though he himself is perfectly honest. Still, he must pay the penalty of the versatile genius of the journal in having most of his writings classed as ephemeral.

If Mr. Taylor was a fair specimen of the American journalist—and we think he was—his inevitable literary fate should be pondered over by the class to which he belonged. There has been a revolution in journalism since the days when he wrote his first letters. The telegraph has effected good in forcing the correspondent to condense his thought. The Associated Press, too, is as impersonal as possible. Nor is any part of the world difficult of access since the era of steam set in. The newspaper correspondent is generally resident, and is forced to stick to balls and society gossip. He is usually too busy with politics, when not with society, to give heed to religion, unless it falls under the spectacular head. Books of travel need to be well scrutinized now before publication. It is no longer true that half of the world does not

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know how the other half lives. Othello used to tell the gentle Desdemona tales about the Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders; but he would now have no such credulous listener. Travellers have found out that they need not expect open-mouthed wonder at their tales. Unless a man discovers the north pole there is little heed given to him in our day. It is imperative on every contemporary traveller who contemplates publishing to study the ethnology of the people he visits; or set on foot some scientific investigation; or at least gather certain trustworthy statistics. The world has outgrown, because it has satisfied, its curiosity about the mere externals of nations and of lands.

If a man has not a broad mind, a trained religious character, and a sympathetic disposition, the closer he keeps to his own house and home the better for him and for those on whom he meditates inflicting a book of travels. He must be either a cosmopolitan like Goldsmith, who was as much at home on the banks of the Loire as the Liffey, or else a stolid scientist like Humboldt, who thought more of a stratification or a new fauna than he did of the Deity. What call had Taylor to travel, beyond an untrained curiosity? What special fitness has the average newspaper correspondent at Paris, at London, at Rome? In many cases the gentleman or the lady is not a Catholic in a Catholic country, or, indeed, the professor of any creed. He is frequently a member of a legation, who has at least one idea drilled into him—to tell nothing of any importance. His promotion in the Circumlocution Office will depend upon his reticence or his evasiveness, which he is taught is diplomacy. He perforce confines himself to the visible and external, and has no intention of touching upon any real, moral issues. No reliance can be placed upon the general correspondence which appears in our newspapers, and it might as well be written in the office, which is not unfrequently the case, as in Europe or Asia. One may read all of Mr. Taylor's travels and not obtain a clear idea of any nation or its institutions. Only, if the reader is not a Catholic, he is likely to remain so.

The books of travel quite popular and authoritative thirty years ago are now known to be wretchedly inaccurate. It is interesting to turn over the pages of the *United States Catholic Magazine* to see how the reviewer had to correct misstatements at every step in books about Catholic countries; and we believe that this inaccuracy runs through the non-religious portions. A sensible man nowadays never refers to his trip to Europe; but it was once a very great adventure. It is singular that these old tourists, and some of their successors, never appear to reflect upon their incompetency to pass judgment upon nations of which they know nothing outside a spelling-book at home. One should fear to misinterpret certain customs of the Hottentots, let alone the immemorial habits of the most civilized nations of Europe. People ignorant of the language, the religion, and the customs of France raid through that land, unconscious of their insolence, vulgarity, and ignorance, and write by every post the most astounding descriptions of vice and immorality. Italy and Spain fare as badly. England is slobbered over as the "mother country"; and, in a word, an

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American scholar would be glad, for the sake of his country's literature, if the bulk of this branch of letters, distributed in innumerable books, magazines, and carefully-preserved newspapers, manuscript journals, and diaries, were bundled off to Washington and presented to the government printer, with a request that it be reduced to pulp and utilized in his department. The *Congressional Globe* and public documents may be dull reading, but they are eminently respectable. We may congratulate ourselves that this species of tourist literature is now hardly possible. Even a Protestant minister must be careful of what he says about Rome. The detestable gossip about society is no longer tolerated in our best journals, and the day seems coming when we shall study a nation and its life from its *own* authorities, not in the letters of some obscure scribe.

The newspaper stimulated the versatility of Taylor, and so did him injury. There is nothing like a journal to exhaust intellect. It dries up the most succulent brains in a few years. We read that Mr. Taylor used to work fifteen hours a day. This struck the public with surprise, but it is not uncommon. After his day's work at the office he would go home and write poetry. People have no appreciation of the amount of downright brain-work that must be put into any periodical. The slaves of the pen are the only ones that have no sympathizers. Whatever favorite taste in letters a man has, he must sacrifice it unflinchingly if he is to succeed as a journalist. There must have been a wearying conflict going on in Taylor's mind between the harsh, prosaic newspaper work and his poetical dreams. Yet he did his journalistic work conscientiously.

In journalism a very few men on the staff really do most of the work. A magazine may now and then have an article from some eminent man, or its prospectus may announce a brilliant array of talent; but the editor knows that he can safely depend only on the working staff. So the steady, trustworthy work on a daily is done regularly by a few. Taylor was a man who could write a poem, a leader, a criticism, a story—in fact, could write, and write well enough, on any theme submitted to him. He allowed himself to spread over this *campus*, and the inevitable consequence was that he failed to attain any high excellence. A newspaper should be obliged to fortify its staff, if its income at all warrant, sooner than the promise of a good workman should be spoiled. We believe that few leading journalists have time to read a book. They are, in fact, sick of reading and writing. They are weary of print. They hate to think outside of the profession, and they escape from thought as soon as the pressure is withdrawn. And who is to blame them? Their vocation is a slavery. They are in the grasp of a public for ever bellowing for more information, sensation, jokes, stories, politics, and criminal news. If the monster is not glutted, it will turn upon and rend them.

The strong imagination of Taylor gave him an advantage over his fellow-journalists, and this should suggest to them the need of cultivating the higher faculties. He could never have written so long and so well if the mental fountain had not been supplied from the Pierian spring. Most journalists get into what Carlyle calls the

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threshing-mill. There is no freshness either of conception or of expression. An automatic mental routine takes the place of wide and varied thought, and the opening sentence of an editorial is frequently the only attempt at originality. Then succeeds the old application of old platitudes. If one speaks to an editor on this subject, he smiles sarcastically and asks you if you would change places with him; and one who knows the editorial life has not the heart to press the point. A man who must make up his mind on a hundred different subjects between dusk and dawn is entitled to the largest consideration.

It would be false to say that American journalism has been fatal, or even detrimental, to our scholarship. But this may be set down as incontrovertible: that the man who enters the sanctum without a preparatory mental discipline, sound and wide learning, and a fearless and truth-loving disposition, will assuredly deteriorate into the narrowest-minded of sciolists. A newspaper writer is asked to surrender his individuality, his convictions, and his tastes, and offer them in sacrifice to the genius of the Public Press. The last thing an editor wants in his paper is religion; and thus what should be the first in the thoughts of both writer and reader is rigidly excluded by this strange creed of journalism. The uneducated public are intolerant of rare learning, and should a writer venture upon a classical quotation or an unfamiliar word, he is sure to be coarsely ridiculed in the "funny" bucolic press. A thoroughly educated gentleman of the press informed the writer that he once wrote a good style, but work on the local columns completely vitiated it. Every newspaper should write up to a high standard, and not be fearful lest the people may not understand it. The newspaper does injury to scholarship by its exaction of quick work. Few can write rapidly and well. An editorial sprawls over a column or two, when a little time and thought would have put it into a paragraph. The frightful necessity of "filling up" is of course destructive to anything like nervous force and point. It is like the "talking against time" in Congress, when wandering lawgivers have to be hunted up. It may be observed that since the predominance of the periodical press there are fewer solid books. The press is responsible for that impatience which makes the public clamor for immediate literary results. A confirmed newspaper reader rarely opens a book.

We are of opinion that the newspaper spoiled Bayard Taylor. What he should have done was to have passed a few years in quiet study; nor did such a mind need a college training, except, perchance, for its opportunities of emulation and correction. His friends ill-advised him to make his first trip to Europe, and they injured him permanently by allowing him to publish a book about it. When he adopted journalism he should have confined himself to one department, no matter what temptations lay in his way, whether of better pay or greater fame. He had in him the intellectual power that would have made him a representative American writer. And we cannot say that his work, varied as it was, has not special merit.

It is a rather saddening reflection that all this vagueness of purpose might have been obviated had he had a clear ethical conception;

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above all, had he been a member of the Catholic faith. He flattered himself that as a disciple of culture he had religion enough. He did not clearly apprehend what culture is, and never could he rest satisfied with its boasted passionless calm. If he fancied that this delusion is sufficient to answer all life's problems and lead humanity to its highest perfection, his ministerial experience in Germany must have completely undeceived him.

We see no real hope for American scholarship so long as it wilfully divorces itself from religion and pursues this phantom of culture. All knowledge supposes certain great facts and principles which, in the ultimate analysis, are moral. The being and nature of God, his attributes, his relations to us, his moral governance of the world, and, in short, the *loci communes* of theology, form an integral, if not an essential, part of knowledge. A mind cannot go forward in the pursuit of truth and ignore all these. Culture is a self-contradiction, by assuming the possibility of attaining all real knowledge independently of any natural or revealed divine truth.*

The dreams of the German idealists took hold on Taylor, and in his later poetry we have a curious mixture of pantheism and Platonism, only the metempsychosis into animals is rejected, and that of beautiful forms, lights, etc., substituted. A good course of logic would have cleared his mind of this cant. We understand that this is the noble end of culture—self-renunciation. No aspiration toward God is permitted. We must say with Marcus Aurelius: If there be gods it is well; if there be no gods it is well. It is of sublime unimportance whether we survive or perish utterly after death. "The eternities, immensities, and fates will march on in their unending course, and thou, poor man, thinkest of thy smallest soul when the Great Soul itself sleeps placidly upon its ever-spinning wheel."

We trust that no one will misconstrue the purport of this essay, which is simply an endeavor to determine the literary worth of an American author. We are not disposed to wait for an English verdict, which would turn aside from the review on hand to sneer at the crude American criticism which could rank Taylor among the immortals. We hold his memory in respect. He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one; and if he failed to attain to commanding literary eminence, the cause must be looked for in the unfavorable conditions under which he worked.

* See THE CATHOLIC WORLD for March, 1879, "The Reality of Knowledge."

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CATHOLIC COLONIZATION AS ACTUALLY ESTABLISHED.

IT is more than a year and a half since we reviewed in these pages the history of the European exodus to America and dwelt upon the new features of Catholic colonization and of the prospects of future emigration.* We have now before us a pamphlet entitled *Catholic Colonization in Minnesota.* It has been issued by the Catholic Colonization Bureau of Minnesota, which is under the auspices of the coadjutor-bishop of St. Paul. The pamphlet is not only remarkably interesting in itself, but especially gratifying as a practical demonstration of the soundness of the views which we expressed in the articles to which reference is made. We sought to show in those articles that the congregation of our Catholic people in the large cities, so far from being an evil, had been the means of bringing about inestimable blessings in the past; but that the time had now fully arrived when not only many of our present urban inhabitants, but the great bulk of our future Catholic emigrants, should be invited to the West and planted there upon the soil as its owners and cultivators. The pamphlet before us shows to what great extent this has already been effected in a single State; and we propose to summarize its contents. Readers will find the facts neither uninteresting nor uninstructive. We are tolerably confident that if, in the preparation for the census of the United States next year, proper arrangements are made for a correct enumeration of the actual strength of the various religious bodies, the result will show that even the most sanguine estimates of the numerical force of the Catholic Church have not been exaggerated. By natural increase, by emigration, and by conversion we continue to grow; by the spirit of unity which animates us we remain without division; and through the wisdom and good management of such associations as this Catholic Colonization Bureau, as well as through the individual thrift and enterprise of our people, we are possessing our fair share of the land. It is a goodly inheritance, and we have every right to it. Catholics discovered the continent; Catholics first settled it; Catholics shed their blood, spent their money, and gave their talents to bring about its independence and secure the establishment of its free institutions. It will be Catholic talent, Catholic work, Catholic faith, and Catholic conservatism which will mainly help to keep the land in peace and prosperity, and save it from the crushing domination of monopolies on one hand and from destructive and anarchical communism and agrarianism on the other.

It appears that there are at present four Catholic colonies in Minnesota: two in the western and two in the southwestern part of the State. The first of these colonies was opened only in the spring of 1876, and two of them were founded in the spring of last year. The oldest and most widely known of the settlements is that of Swift County. Its lands commence one

* See THE CATHOLIC WORLD for July and August, 1877, articles "The European Exodus" and "Colonization and Future Emigration."

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hundred and twenty miles west of St. Paul, and extend for thirty-six miles on each side of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad. This colony has two divisions, or parishes, each eighteen miles in length and twelve miles wide, there being in both four hundred and thirty-two square miles. One of these, which lies on the east side of the Chippewa River, is called De Graff. It has for its pastor the Rev. F. J. Swift. The other is called Clontarf, and its pastor is the Rev. A. Oster. Each has its Catholic church and its Catholic schools. Bishop Ireland, three years ago, obtained control of the then unsold railroad lands within the limits of these colonies, but there was also a large quantity of government lands lying beside those belonging to the railroad. The government lands were open to entry under the Homestead and Pre-emption laws, and many of the colonists were able to obtain their farms, sometimes of eighty acres and sometimes of one hundred and sixty acres, by merely paying the fees of the United States Land Office, which amounted only to fourteen dollars under the Homestead Act, and from one dollar and twenty-five cents to two dollars and fifty cents an acre under the Pre-emption Law. The provisions of these two laws may perhaps be here stated with advantage, since our article, we trust, will be read by many who may wish practical information on these points for their own guidance.

The provisions of the Homestead Law are extremely liberal and tempting. Not only the heads of families, but single men, and even single women, may acquire property under this law with very little difficulty. They must be twenty-one years of age, and must be citizens of the United States or have declared before a court their intention to become citizens. Along the line of almost all the railroads throughout the far West the government has given each alternate section—and a section is one mile square—to the railroad. This grant extends ten miles each side of the railroad. So that the land left open to persons desiring to avail themselves of the provisions of the Homestead Law is within these limits curtailed one-half. Accordingly, while outside the ten-mile limit on each side of the railroad one may enter only eighty acres of land under the Homestead Law, beyond this limit he may enter one hundred and sixty acres; and he may take this from any of the lands yet owned by the government. He must pay fourteen dollars as the fees for entering and recording his claim. This being done, within the next six months he must take actual possession of his land and begin to cultivate it. When he has lived upon it and cultivated it for five years, he must make an affidavit of the fact, and obtain the testimony of two witnesses to the truth of his statement; and then the land becomes his own in fee simple. He is by no means required to cultivate the whole of his land during this period; all that is necessary is that he should dwell upon it and show a reasonable degree of industry in cultivating a portion of it. An exception, well worthy of notice, is made in favor of every man who has served in the army or navy of the United States for even so short a term as three months, and has received an honorable discharge. Each one of these may enter 160 acres, even within the limits of the railroad grant, upon the payment of $18 for

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registration fees, and the time which he has spent in the service will be deducted from the five years' residence required from others before a full title is given. There are thousands of good Catholic citizens of this country who have served in the army or navy of the republic one, two, three, or perhaps five years, and whose "honorable discharge" is lying among their other papers. Let these reflect upon what is offered them by the Homestead Law. If they have contrived to save a little money—enough to begin the cultivation of a few acres of land and to build a temporary cabin—let them reflect that by availing themselves of the provisions of the Homestead Law they may, perhaps in one, or two, or three years, be the absolute owner of a farm of 160 acres, within ten miles of a railroad and in an excellent country. Unfortunately, in the four Catholic colonies already established in Minnesota government lands can no longer be certainly promised; but others will probably soon be commenced in which the lands can be obtained in this way. And, as we shall soon show, even without the advantages of the Homestead Act it will be no hard thing for a thrifty man, with good health, a strong heart, and a willing mind, to win for himself and his family a home in one of the Catholic colonies of Minnesota.

Let us first, however, complete our explanation of the laws. Any one making a Homestead entry is also entitled to make an additional entry under the Timber Culture Act. He may thus acquire 40, 80, or 160 additional acres of land, on condition that within three years he sets out and nourishes a certain number of trees. Under these two acts it would be easy for a family consisting of a father and mother, and a son and daughter each twenty-one years or more, to secure for themselves an entire "section"—that is, a square mile, 640 acres, of land. The father can enter 160 acres under the Homestead Law and 160 acres under the Timber Culture Act; the son and the daughter can each enter 80 acres under each act; and the family can thus place themselves in possession of 640 acres, a square mile, an estate large enough to support themselves and their descendants for many generations yet to come. There remains the Pre-emption Act, which, although it existed before the enactment of the Homestead Law, is now in a manner its useful supplement and complement. Under the Pre-emption Act one may enter 80 acres of land within ten miles of the railroad line, or 160 acres beyond that limit, and become its owner on the payment of $2 50 per acre for the 80 acres, or $1 25 for the 160 acres, within two years from his pre-emption, on condition that he has lived upon the land and improved it. Having done this, he can enter 80 or 160 acres under the Homestead Act, and as much more under the Timber Culture Act; so that a man, even without adult children to aid him in his "land-grabbing," may soon find himself in the possession of 480 acres; that is to say:

By Pre-emption, 160 acres, cost	$200 00
By Homestead Law, 160 acres, cost	14 00
By Timber Culture Act, 160 acres, cost	14 00
480 acres cost	$228 00

Thus his 480 acres of land, for the fee simple in them, will have cost him less than forty-eight cents an acre. Of course to this must be added the labor expended upon

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them, and the cost of the agricultural implements necessary to cultivate them. But when all these things are taken into consideration, and fully weighed and counted, the ease and the cheapness with which lands can be acquired in the West are startling.

Let us now return to our Minnesota colonies. The conditions under which the two colonies in Swift County were founded were perhaps exceptionally favorable, and the earlier settlers got remarkably cheap bargains. But there is still a great quantity of land within the limits of these colonies that can be had at temptingly low prices. The railroad company is compelled to take in payment for its lands its own bonds at par; and these are to be bought at a very considerable discount on their nominal value. This year, also, the lands belonging to the State, and to the school fund of the State, will be thrown upon the market; and there are a number of non-Catholic settlers who unfortunately feel uncomfortable at being so swamped by papists, and are willing to sell out and move away. In these two divisions of the Swift County colony there are about eight hundred Catholic families, each owning its own farm. They are for the most part Irish; the minority is made up of Germans, Poles, and Frenchmen. We take from the pamphlet the following description of the almost magical work that has been accomplished since the Catholic Colonization Bureau opened the colony in 1876:

"Driving west from De Graff to Clontarf, seventeen miles, and still eleven miles farther west from Clontarf to the Pomme de Terre River, one is never out of sight of a settler's house; and some of these farm-houses would be a credit to a much older settlement, for we have settlers who farm as much as five hundred acres, while others again farm but eighty acres. De Graff has a railroad depot and telegraph office; a grain elevator, with steam power—which is the same as saying a cash market for all farm produce—six or seven stores, with the general merchandise found in a country town; lumber yard, machine warehouse; blacksmith, carpenter, and wagon-maker shops; an immigrant house, where persons in search of land can lodge their families until they are suited; a resident doctor, and resident priest, Rev. F. J. Swift; a fine, commodious church; a handsome school-house and pastor's residence. No saloon. The business men of the town are our own people, and a Catholic fair, for the benefit of the new church, held last fall, and patronized exclusively by the colonists, netted $1,000 clear. Travelling along the railroad and passing through Benson, half way between De Graff and Clontarf, we come to the latter, the youngest town in this young settlement. Clontarf has two general stores, a grain elevator, an immigrant house, a railroad depot, blacksmith shop, a large church, and a very handsome residence for the priest, the Rev. A. Oster. Swift County colony is fast beginning to wear the features of a settled community. Many of our farmers have harvested this year their second crop; our merchants report that they are doing a lively business; bridges are being built, roads laid out, plans of improvement discussed by the settlers; and we challenge any part of the West to produce a more intelligent rural class. True to the memory of the old land and their love for their church, the settlers have given familiar names to many of the townships in the colony, such as Kildare, Cashel, Dublin, Clontarf, Tara, St. Michael's, St. Joseph's, St. Francis', etc., etc."

The next of the Minnesota colonies is that of Graceville, in Big Stone County, which lies west of Swift County. The Bureau during the months of March, April, and May of last year located one hundred and seventy-five families upon lands selected in this county, and thus began the new colony. A

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letter from one of the residents of the colony thus describes it, and tells how it was established:

"During the months of March and April, 1878, a great number of claims for our people were entered in the United States Land Office, but before any of them came on to their lands Bishop Ireland shipped, in March, five car-loads of lumber for erecting a church building; the church was commenced the same month, and completed, in the rough, in about three weeks. This is the first instance in my knowledge where a church was erected in advance of settlement. Our Right Rev. Bishop must have had a foreknowledge of what was to follow. In the short space of three months there were built, in a radius of six miles from Graceville church, over 150 comfortable cabins, and on each claim from five to ten acres broken for a garden and planted with potatoes, corn, beans, turnips, etc., etc., which yielded quite a good supply for the present winter. Our colonists had the advantage of being early on the ground and had their gardens planted in May. The colonists broke during last summer from fifteen to thirty acres per man, so that next spring they will be able to get in wheat sufficient to carry them through the second winter handsomely. They are all in the very best spirits and could not be induced to return to the cities, for they already feel independent and masters of the situation. The soil here is splendid and the country beautiful—gently rolling prairie, with numerous ponds or small lakes and plenty of the finest hay. And now to tell you about our little village, Graceville, named in honor of our revered bishop, the Right Rev. Thomas L. Grace. It is beautifully situated on the north shore of one of the two large lakes known as Tokua Lakes, and has three general stores, one hotel, one blacksmith and wagon shop, a very handsome little church and the priest's residence attached. Around the lake is a fine belt of timber, which adds much to the beauty of the place. The village is twenty-six miles due east from Morris, on the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, but the Hastings and Dakota Railroad, now built close to the line, will run through our county next summer; by and by we will have a cross-road running through the colony lands."

Let the reader remember that this was the work of but a year—practically less than a year. It seems like magic or a miracle. Where but a little more than a year ago there was only a wilderness is now this happy, thrifty, and growing Catholic colony. "The Holy Sacrifice," writes one of the colonists, "is offered up in our church every day; and on Sundays we have High Mass, for Graceville has a sweet church choir. It is most edifying to see the crowd of men, women, and children who flock in from all points of the compass to church on Sundays. Father Pelisson had the first temporary church taken down, and in its place he has erected one of the prettiest and neatest churches in the State. From the roof of the church I can count to-day over seventy houses where last March there was nothing but a bare prairie."

Let us look at the colony of St. Adrian, in Nobles County, in the southwestern portion of Minnesota and near the Iowa line. Here the Bureau acquired control of 70,000 acres of land for colony purposes, and of these 22,000 acres have already been sold to settlers. The colony adjoins the new town of Adrian, which is on the Luverne and Sioux Falls branch of the Sioux City and St. Paul Railroad. In September, 1877, when Father Knauf, the parish priest, arrived there, there were only three houses in the place. Writing fifteen months afterwards, Father Knauf says:

"Now there are 68 houses in the village. I was the first Catholic to arrive here; now we have 60 Catholic families in the colony. Next spring we shall have 160 Catholic families. We have a public school-house, costing $1,800; a Catholic church well finished; and the pastor's house, the latter costing $1,840."

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The lands yet to be bought in this colony are sold at from $5 to $7 50 per acre. A discount of 20 per cent. from these prices is allowed for cash. The conditions for time contracts are as follows: at time of purchase, one-tenth of principal and interest on unpaid principal; second year, interest only; third year, one-fourth of remaining principal, and interest on unpaid principal; same for three ensuing years, after the expiration of which the full price of the land is paid.

The newest, and most interesting in some respects, of the colonies is that of Avoca, in Murray County, Southwestern Minnesota, adjoining Nobles County on the north. Here Bishop Ireland secured 52,000 acres of land for the colony. These lands are sold at from $5 to $6 50 per acre; and the sales are made upon a peculiar system. An illustration will best explain it. In January last an intending purchaser contracted to buy 80 acres at $5 an acre. This will amount to $400, and in addition he must pay 7 per cent. interest on the amount until the transaction is completed. The payments would be made thus:

Jan. 1, 1879. At time of purchase, one year's interest in advance, at 7 per cent		$28 00
Jan. 1, 1880. One year's interest in advance, at 7 per cent		28 00
Jan. 1, 1881. Ten per cent. of principal	$40 00	
One year's interest on balance, $360, at 7 per cent	25 20	
		65 20
Jan. 1, 1882. Ten per cent. of principal	40 00	
One year's interest on balance, $320, at 7 per cent	22 40	
		62 40
Jan. 1, 1883. Twenty per cent. of principal	80 00	
One year's interest on balance, $240, at 7 per cent	16 80	
		96 80
Jan. 1, 1884. Twenty per cent. of principal	80 00	
One year's interest on balance, $160, at 7 per cent	11 20	
		91 20
Jan. 1, 1885. Twenty per cent. of principal	80 00	
One year's interest on balance, $80, at 7 per cent	5 60	
		85 60
Jan. 1, 1886. Twenty per cent. of principal		80 00
Total		$537 20

"The advantage of the terms is that the principal payments are all postponed until the farmer has had time to raise several crops from his land. A quarter section of land will support a family, pay for itself, leave after seven years a balance in cash, and be worth more than twice its original value."

The Bureau states that the best time for an emigrant to go to Minnesota is in the spring, arriving not later than the first week in May. The emigrants, on arriving at St. Paul and repairing to the office of the Bureau, will be furnished with every necessary information and with tickets at reduced rates, supplied to the colony for transportation to their points of destination. The pamphlet before us fills a number of its pages with most interesting stories of the success attending the colonists. These are not fancy pictures. The names of the people are given, and the entire history of their first settlement, their struggles, and their quick success is presented.

Of course success is not won without industrious toil, some self-denial, and sober persistency. But the difference between the condition of these colonists and of the people in the same class of life living in our tenement-houses, or gaining a precarious livelihood upon the outskirts of our great cities, is striking. As we said at the outset, the conditions which made emigration into the far West twenty-five or thirty years ago dangerous and undesirable from a religious point of view are now wholly changed. As in the case of one of

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the colonies which we have mentioned, the church now actually precedes the settlers. The priest came before the people, and the holy tabernacle was set up before there were more than half a dozen worshippers to attend it. Almost every portion of the West has now its Catholic priest, its Catholic church, and its Catholic schools. Bishop Ireland, in organizing the Catholic Emigration Bureau, had chiefly in mind the religious welfare of those whom he invited westward. The rule was established that whenever a colony was planned and people were invited to it the resident priest and church should go in with the first settlers, be their number large or small. To this rule is to be attributed to a great extent not only the immediate success which has attended the bringing of settlers to these colonies, but their general contentment in their new homes, and their cheerfulness in meeting the trials and hardships which are incident to new settlers, but which after all are nothing compared to the constant evils, discomforts, degradation, and danger to morals and religion which too often attend the life of the poor in the great cities.

CHICAGO.

FEBRUARY 19, 1879.

THE servants of our Lord must follow him.
Many the paths they tread—the end is one;
So towards one ocean distant torrents run
Down mountain steeps, 'mid valleys deep and dim.
To find him these through floods of sorrow swim;
And those his scourge of righteous anger bear:
Some sit with him at Cana's feast, and share
Its heavenly vintage till their cups o'erbrim;
Such was *his* happy place, and thence he brought
Pure joy that all his look transfigurèd,
Celestial peace from haunts of seraphim.
O flock bereft! your shepherd's fondest thought,
That our poor sight to faith's great heights be led.
The servant of our Lord has followed him.

M. G. M.

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PRIVATE CHARITIES AND PUBLIC LANDS.

THE difficulty which honest people sometimes find in stating the exact truth on a subject which excites their prejudices has been illustrated in a most remarkable manner by a recent correspondence in the *Atlantic Monthly*. We may well pause and consider the historic value of "contemporary records" when we find a gentleman for whose character we have a high respect, and in whose good faith we have entire confidence, writing a wholly mistaken account of important public transactions occurring in his own city during his own time, and, when his errors are pointed out, excusing them by the perpetration of other inaccuracies hardly less serious than the original blunder. If all this may be done with good intentions by an honest contemporary observer, how may not history be daily falsified by people who write without opportunity of knowing the truth or without the desire to tell it?

Mr. Clarence Cook contributed to the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly* a criticism upon the new cathedral in this city, and in order to give more force to his strictures he represented the whole work as a monument of fraud, chicanery, political immorality, and outrageous taxation of the poor. He asserted that the wages of servants are extravagantly high because "the receivers of these wages are obliged to pay the greater part of what they get to the support of their church, and are regularly taxed besides for the building of their cathedral." But even this plundering of the poor was not enough; and Archbishop Hughes (whose respected memory Mr. Cook assailed with extreme bitterness) supplied the deficiency with "the money of Protestants and non-Catholics." "Of course," said the critic, "it was a subject of no little wonder where the money was to come from, not only to build the church itself but to buy the land, which under ordinary circumstances would have cost no small part of the whole sum. How this latter feat was accomplished we all know now, and New-Yorkers are disposed to say as little about it as possible. *The city was jockeyed out of the finest site on the island by a crafty and unscrupulous priest playing upon the political hopes and fears of as base a lot of men as ever got the government of a great city into their power.* For the consideration of one dollar the Archbishop of New York became possessor of the deed for the whole square bounded west and east by Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue, and south and north by Fiftieth Street and Fifty-first Street, a plot of ground 420 feet on the cross streets and 200 feet on the avenues, situated in the heart of the most fashionable part of the city, and on one of the highest points of the whole island." This would appear from the context to have occurred in 1858; Mr. Cook no doubt supposed that it did occur at that date. He added, however, that the Protestants would have generously pardoned the robbery if the Catholics had built a better church: "We were willing even to wink at the scurvy trick by which the land belonging to all the

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citizens was given in fee to a minority for their own private use. 'Let them have it,' we said; 'there is no other body of our citizens who can command money enough to build such a splendid structure as the Catholics can.'"

When we say that every one of the statements we have quoted from the article in the *Atlantic* is untrue, we wish it to be distinctly understood once more that we do not impugn Mr. Cook's good faith. We know that he believed what he wrote. The story about the cathedral land is an old no-popery invention which, although it has been exposed a hundred times, is continually renewed; and since there is nothing so hard to extirpate as a striking lie, it is quite conceivable that a gentleman who may be no very industrious reader of the newspapers should have missed the numerous contradictions by which the false statement has been regularly followed. He heard the story once upon a time; he assumed that it was correct; and he made no further inquiries. Yet while he thus acquits himself of intentional wrong, he remains open to the charge of a recklessness which is but too common in the controversies of our time.

The charge that a church, or an archbishop, or a body of priests "jockeyed" a community by crafty and unscrupulous arts out of a valuable piece of property is too serious to be made on the strength of vague rumor. And that it was made upon nothing better is quite clear. The slightest investigation would have shown that the story had no basis—none, at least, in any transaction of a doubtful or discreditable character. The records of all transfers of land are open to public inspection. The conditions of all sales, leases, or grants by the city may be examined by anybody who will take the trouble to go to the City Hall and ask for the book in which they are entered. To do this would have been only an ordinary precaution. But Mr. Cook, no doubt unconsciously, fell into the common error of supposing that headlong denunciation of Catholic priests was entirely safe. How carelessly he treated the important charge is illustrated, moreover, by the dramatic incidents which he adduces in connection with it. He says that it was a matter of no little wonder in 1858 where the money was to come from to buy the land; that can hardly be, because the cathedral and St. Peter's Church had bought the land together nearly thirty years before that date; the cathedral had purchased St. Peter's share at public auction in 1852; and the notorious fact that this property was held by the Catholics for church purposes was kept constantly before the eyes of citizens by the Orphan Asylum standing on the north side of the property, and the church of St. John the Evangelist on the east side. Mr. Cook may have wondered where the money was to come from; but to the community at large it was well known that the trustees of the cathedral had been in possession of the land for a long while. So, too, Mr. Cook unintentionally draws upon his imagination when he adds that the Protestants were willing to wink at a trick which never was played, and that they said, "Let the Catholics have this land, provided they put a fine building on it." The Protestants could not have said anything of the kind, because we had bought the land at auction and paid the full price for it, and

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there was no reason why they should make the matter their business. The public authorities had nothing whatever to do with the affair. The lots anciently formed part of the common lands of the city, but the city sold them to private persons before the close of the last century, and they had passed through several hands when they came into possession of the Catholics by purchase, at what was then probably the fair price of $5,500, in 1829. When they were put up at auction again in 1852 the cathedral bought out the half-interest of St. Peter's for $59,500.

Mr. Cook's mistakes were corrected in a private note addressed to him by Mr. John R. G. Hassard, and Mr. Cook, with a frankness which does him credit, caused this note to be printed in the next number of the *Atlantic*, along with an expression of his regret for having been the means of disseminating a fiction. Here, it would seem, the affair ought to have stopped. What fatality drove Mr. Cook farther? In the desire to excuse his first error he rushed headlong into another, less venial, since it was made after such ample warning. Accepting, like a man of honor, the correction of his statement about the cathedral, he nevertheless added that the blunder was a natural and, we suppose he meant to imply, a wholly immaterial one, because if the Catholics did not "jockey" the city out of that particular block of land they did jockey it out of the next block, now occupied by the Orphan Asylum. "The taxpayers of New York knew," said he, "that they had been tricked out of a large and valuable tract of land, and they are not to be too hardly judged for having mistaken one block of land for another immediately adjacent, and not at that time separated from it by any actually existing street." To this the reply might be made that the two tracts were distinguishable by something much more conspicuous than a roadway between them, because when the cathedral was begun the Orphan Asylum grant had long been occupied by the Orphan Asylum buildings. This matter, however, is of no consequence. We are concerned now in knowing, not how the error originated, but by what evil spirit of sectarian hostility it is so persistently kept alive.

Mr. Cook's next sentences are as follows:

> "From a point of view outside of any sect or party I cannot see any defence or excuse for the transaction I have described. The men who were at the head of the city government at the time had no right to give away or to lease in perpetuity for the benefit of any body of men, secular or religious, lands that belonged to the whole people. Nor could the bargain have been proposed and consummated except by crafty and unscrupulous men. That was a dark day for our city politics, and I am much mistaken in your character if you do not agree with me that it was a time in the history of the Catholic Church in this city which its best friends must prefer not to have dragged into the light."

The critic adheres, then, to the substance of his original charges. The piece of land involved in the case is not the one he supposed, but an adjoining piece of the same size and value. Otherwise he holds the accusations to be true. A crafty and unscrupulous priest obtained the land from the city by trick—"jockeyed the city out of the finest site on the island." The wicked priest accomplished this feat by playing upon the political hopes and fears of the Common Council. The municipal authori-

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ties at that time (1846) were as base a lot of men as ever got the government of a great city into their power. The transaction can neither be defended nor excused. It was a bargain which could not have been proposed and consummated except by crafty and unscrupulous men. *The city government has no right to give away or to lease in perpetuity for the benefit of any body of men, secular or religious, lands that belong to the whole people.* In this sentence which we have placed in italics lies the essence of Mr. Cook's accusations. Upon this principle alone, propounded with as much assurance as if it were a rule in arithmetic, are based his indictment of the Catholic church and clergy, of Bishop Hughes, and of the city government of 1846. No reason is assigned for calling one party base and the other crafty and unscrupulous, except that they combined to violate this principle.

The proposition is not stated with perfect clearness, because there is no pretence that the lands were given away or leased "for the benefit of any body of men," and Mr. Cook knew, as he shows in the context, that the donation was made for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum, the conditions as to the use of the land being stated in the deed and lease. Undoubtedly the critic meant to lay down the general rule that the city has no right to apply the public property to the endowment of any charitable institution controlled by a private corporation or society. If that was not his meaning we can discover no meaning at all in the sentence we have quoted. He raises no objection to the amount of the endowment. He does not complain that the Catholics received more than the Protestants. He does not denounce the grant for the reason that the institution benefited was what he perhaps calls "sectarian"; but he sets forth the broad general principle that the city has no right to endow any charitable foundations whatever.

If he does hold that opinion he has the distinction of holding it almost entirely alone. Neither in this city, nor in any other Christian community that we know of, has it ever been accepted. For the honor of human nature, for the cause of civilization, we trust that it may never be accepted. Donations of land and money to charitable societies have always been made, with great liberality, by our national, State, and municipal governments, with the cordial approval of all classes of citizens. All denominations have shared in them. Transactions such as Mr. Cook denounces begin in the early days of our history and reach down to the present time. Appropriations from the public treasury or the public lands, which he thinks could only be obtained by fraud, have been made habitually in New York, in Albany, in Washington, in probably every State capital and every large city, to Catholic, to Protestant, to Jew, to infidel, and have been regarded by all classes as the best evidences of the enlightenment and humanity of the American people. Manhattan Island contains about one hundred and fifty asylums, hospitals, refuges, and similar establishments for the succor of the unfortunate; nearly all of them have been aided from the public funds; a majority, we suppose, derive a considerable part of their revenues from State or city appropriations; and many of them have obtained grants of land from

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the Common Council by "transactions" precisely like that which we have seen stigmatized as a scurvy trick. It seems strange that a New-Yorker should be ignorant of the existence of this long-established and approved system of distributing municipal and State aid among the sick and poor; but we must infer from Mr. Cook's letter that he imagined the concession to the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum to be something extraordinary, if not unprecedented.

His error is the more remarkable because the steps which he took to ascertain the particulars of the grant for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum ought to have led him to the discovery that such grants are customary, and that their propriety has always been recognized. The same books in the comptroller's office from which the deed and leases of the Orphan Asylum property were copied for his use contain numerous other deeds and leases to institutions of the same class, and for one grant to a Catholic institution there are five grants to Protestant or non-Catholic institutions. Were they all obtained by chicanery and fraud? Are they all without defence or excuse? Were all the Common Councilmen who voted for these concessions, and all the mayors who approved them, "as base a lot of men as ever got the government of a great city into their power"? Was every day on which such a grant was made a dark day in our city politics? Are there times in the history of every religious denomination in this city which its best friends must prefer not to have dragged into the light?

We have caused a careful search to be made in the comptroller's office, and memoranda to be taken of *all* grants and leases of land executed by the city to institutions of charity under the management of churches, religious orders, or other societies and private corporations, "secular or religious." The municipal charities, such as the almshouse, Bellevue Hospital, etc., are of course not included; neither are the schools and colleges, none of these institutions coming within the scope of Mr. Cook's remarks; but we have endeavored to include everything else. If any grant has been overlooked the omission is accidental, and we shall be grateful for an opportunity to correct it. Before we proceed there are a few points which the reader is requested to fix in his mind:

I. If it appear that the propriety of public grants to private charities (that is to say, charities not managed by State or municipal officers) has been generally admitted both in theory and practice, and that such grants are an ordinary incident of our city administration, then the charge of Mr. Cook, that the grant to the Orphan Asylum was a scurvy trick which could not have been played upon the people except by crafty and unscrupulous men, falls to the ground.

II. There is no question at present of the justice or policy of public aid to *denominational* charities. Mr. Cook's statement is clear and broad that a donation of public land to any body of men, "secular or religious," is a fraud upon the taxpayers.

III. There is no question as to the comparative value of the gifts to Catholics and to Protestants. The objection is made on principle to any gift at all, either to Catholic, to Protestant, to Jew, or to infidel. Nevertheless it will be seen that the grants to Catholics are far below what we should be

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entitled to under any pro-rata distribution.

DEEDS AND LEASES OF LAND TO CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS.

1. *The Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum.*—The grants to the Orphan Asylum, conducted by the Sisters of Charity, were made in 1846. The institution had then been in existence nearly thirty years, and the buildings in Prince Street contained about 270 children, who were supported entirely by private contributions. The accommodations being inadequate to the demands upon the society, a petition for the appropriation of land for a new asylum was presented to the Common Council in December, 1845, but it was not acted upon until the following July, when the Finance Committee of the Board of Aldermen presented a report in which occurs the following passage:

"It has been questioned by some as to the right of the corporation to make similar grants of land, as in the case of the Colored Orphan Asylum and the Colored Home, but your committee believe it to be perfectly legitimate for the city authorities to dispense charity to the helpless and the destitute in any manner which may best comport with the public interest; and they consider the object much more economically and satisfactorily obtained by assisting the efforts of humane associations, by the granting of a piece of land upon which to erect the necessary asylum building, than to maintain the recipients of their bounty in the almshouse."

The committee consequently recommended the grant, and their report was adopted. It does not appear from the official record of the proceedings of the Common Council whether there was any opposition to the resolution offered by the committee, but it was promptly adopted at any rate both by the aldermen and the assistants. The submission of the favorable report was announced (somewhat conspicuously) in the New York *Tribune* of the next morning. No comment was made upon it in that journal at the time, nor does an examination of the newspaper files show any trace of a discussion of the matter outside of the Common Council. Of course there may have been such debate; but we chance not to have discovered any indication of the great "stir" of which Mr. Cook speaks. In accordance, then, with the resolution of the Common Council, a deed, dated August 1, 1846, conveyed to the Orphan Asylum Association the land now bounded by Fifth and Madison Avenues and Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets (34 lots), for the consideration of one dollar, and on the condition that within three years the managers should erect a suitable asylum. A lease was executed on the same day, transferring to the same society the block between Madison and Fourth Avenues and Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets (30 lots), at the rent of one dollar a year, during the pleasure of the Common Council. In 1857 a new lease was granted of the same premises, so long as they should be occupied for the purposes of an orphan asylum.

On the land thus acquired the Catholics erected extensive buildings, and on January 1, 1877, the number of children maintained by their society was 1,345. The support of these waifs would have fallen upon the city, if they had not been cared for by a private corporation. The revenue for the previous year was about $100,000, of which sum $28,600 was drawn from the public treasury under general laws making per-

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capita allowances to all such institutions, and the rest, except a few miscellaneous items, consisted of the voluntary offerings of the Catholic people and about $15,000 in legacies. The expenditures, including payment of debts and permanent improvements, were somewhat in excess of the income. The society maintains four establishments—namely, the old one in Prince Street, two asylums (male and female) on the city grant, and a farm at Peekskill. The aggregate cost of administration in 1877 was, for salaries of officers only $3,045; wages of servants and laborers, $5,660, about half of which was on the farm; and maintenance of the Sisters of Charity and Brothers of the Christian Schools employed in the care of the asylums, $6,300. The religious give their services gratuitously. In point of economy and efficiency the administration is admitted to be a model.

The charge that the city government which made the grant to this institution was composed of a particularly base set of men we confess that we do not understand. The Common Council of 1846 has not left in the annals of our city, so far as we have learned, a bad reputation, or, indeed, a reputation of any kind. The list of aldermen and assistant aldermen contains very few names that are now remembered. One of the assistant aldermen was Mr. Thomas McElrath, for many years Mr. Greeley's partner in the publication of the *Tribune*. One of the aldermen was Mr. William V. Brady, whom the *Tribune* earnestly supported for mayor the next year. One of the signers of the report of the Finance Committee recommending the grant to the Orphan Asylum was Alderman Egbert Benson, whom Mr. Greeley urged for re-election a few months later as a reward for his eminent faithfulness. The mayor was Andrew H. Mickle.

2. *St. Joseph's Industrial Home.*—This institution, under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy, was founded for the protection and support of destitute girls between the ages of eleven and eighteen, who are received free of expense and taught remunerative trades. In 1878 it had between 500 and 600 inmates. The land which it occupies, an irregular block, 200 feet on Madison Avenue, 255 feet on Eighty-first Street, and 205 feet on Eighty-second Street (about eighteen city lots), was leased from the corporation February 3, 1866, for the term of ninety-nine years, at the yearly rent of one dollar.

3. *New York Foundling Asylum.*—This establishment, one of the best of its class in the world, and one of the noblest in the metropolis, is under the charge of the Sisters of Charity. It supports about 2,000 infants, and how much crime, suffering, and mortality are prevented by its beneficent and extensive operations the mind can hardly even conjecture. It is needless to say that the poor little creatures committed to its charge have the strongest possible claims upon the compassion of the public, and that they could not be cared for except by a voluntary association of benevolent women. The land now occupied by the asylum was obtained from the city December 15, 1870, on a lease for ninety-nine years, at the yearly rent of one dollar. The grant covers about thirty-four lots, being the block between Lexington and Third Avenues and Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth Streets.

These are the only grants or leases of land from the city to Cath-

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olic institutions of which we find any record, except that, in order to rectify the street lines, an exchange of small gores was made between the city and the trustees of the new cathedral in 1852. The question of appropriations of money has not been raised in this controversy, but we shall consider it later. We come now to the concessions of land to Protestant and other non-Catholic institutions:

DEEDS AND LEASES OF LAND TO PROTESTANT AND OTHER INSTITUTIONS.

1. *The Colored Orphan Asylum.*—On December 29, 1842, the city sold to the Association for the Benefit of Colored Orphans, for one dollar, a piece of land 200 feet on the west side of Fifth Avenue, and 250 feet on Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets (20 lots), which was a much more liberal appropriation, considering the number of orphans to be relieved, than the concession to the Catholic asylum. The trustees were required to erect a suitable building within three years, and to provide for twelve colored pauper children committed to their care by the public authorities. After the destruction of the asylum during the draft riots the society sold this land, and with the proceeds purchased a new site on One Hundred and Forty-third Street. Like other institutions of the same class, the Colored Orphan Asylum receives per-capita allowances from the city and State. The religion taught the children is Protestant, although no particular denomination is recognized to the exclusion of others. The number of orphans in the asylum on December 1, 1878, was 307.

2. *Protestant Episcopal Orphan Asylum.*—This institution is strictly denominational; the religious services and instructions are those of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and all persons to whom children are bound out from the asylum must be Episcopalians. The land which it occupies, 100 feet on Lexington Avenue and 305 feet on Forty-ninth Street (about 12 lots), was leased from the city April 26, 1861, for twenty years, at a yearly rent of one dollar. The asylum is not a large one, being intended only for a small class of the poor. Under the circumstances, it is interesting to note that *The Churchman*, Protestant Episcopal journal of this city, "agrees with Mr. Cook that the less said about the leasing of the thirty-six lots by the city government to the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum Society, the better for the Roman Catholics and the city government."

3. *Hebrew Orphan Asylum.*—The Hebrew Benevolent Society of New York manages an Orphan Asylum, and also a general charitable fund, the two branches of the benevolent enterprise being kept separate. As the title of the association implies, its object is to relieve the suffering and destitute of the Hebrew race; the trustees are required to be Israelites; and the children in the asylum are instructed in the Jewish faith, none but Jewish children being admitted. Of course the number of inmates is not large. On October 29, 1860, the city conveyed to the society, in fee simple, for the consideration of one dollar, a parcel of ground consisting of about twelve lots, extending 300 feet on Seventy-seventh Street and 102 feet on the west side of Third Avenue; and on the 17th of October, 1864, a second deed, for the same consideration, added to the grant the five adjoin-

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ing lots on Seventy-seventh Street. The land is now occupied by the Hebrew Orphan Asylum.

4. *Baptist Ladies' Home.*—The Ladies' Home Society of the Baptist churches in the city of New York manages an institution commonly known as the Baptist Home. Its object is "to provide the aged, infirm, or destitute members of the Baptist churches with a comfortable residence, with board, clothing, skilful medical attendance, with their accustomed religious services, and at their death with respectable burial." It is not an almshouse, for an entrance fee of $100 is required. At the date of the last published report (1878) the number of inmates was ninety-one. This institution received from the city, November 28, 1870, a lease for ninety-nine years, at the yearly rent of one dollar, of the land which it now occupies, comprising ten lots, between Lexington and Fourth Avenues, running through from Sixty-seventh to Sixty-eighth Street, with a width of 125 feet and a depth of 200 feet.

5. *The Chapin Home* is an institution for the aged and infirm under the control of the Universalists, only members of that denomination being eligible as trustees. Its objects are like those of the Baptist Home, and it demands an admission fee of $300. In 1878 the number of inmates was forty-four. The asylum obtained from the city, March 29, 1871, a lease for ninety-nine years, at the yearly rent of one dollar, of the premises extending from Sixty-sixth to Sixty-seventh Street between Lexington and Third Avenues, with a width of 170 feet and a depth of 200 feet, being nearly fourteen lots. We have no fault to find either with the plan or administration of the Baptist and Chapin Homes, or with the liberality of the corporation towards them; but we do not believe it would be easy to select more striking examples of what Mr. Cook calls the giving away of the lands of the whole people for the benefit of a small minority than these grants of valuable property, made not to save the destitute from starvation, but to enable forty or ninety members of a particular church to obtain a great deal of comfort for a very small price.

6. *Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents.*—The House of Refuge on Randall's Island is supposed by many to be a municipal institution. This is a mistake. It is under the full control of a private corporation, although it was founded at the public cost and is supported from the public funds. Juvenile vagrants and criminals are committed to it by the courts. It is entirely Protestant in its religious instruction and forms of worship; it has a Protestant chaplain; Catholic priests are not allowed to visit the children unless they are asked for in case of sickness. Yet that a large proportion of the inmates are Catholics may be gathered from the fact that out of 948 boys and girls in the institution at the beginning of last year, 317 were of Irish parentage. There were also 111 of German parentage, and many of these, too, were doubtless Catholics. Formerly magistrates were required by the statute to send Catholic children to the Catholic Protectory, but this law has been repealed. More than half the children are committed not for crime but for truancy, vagrancy, and disorderly conduct; so that in point of fact the society obtains a large number of innocent Catholic children, picked up in the streets

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by the police, and keeps them under lock and key until it has forcibly made them Protestants. The last annual report shows that the expenditures for 1878 amounted to $136,754, including about $14,500 for permanent improvements and $5,000 in payment of a loan. Salaries and wages cost $37,454, or about one-third of the running expenses; and the cost of maintenance of the children, after allowing for their earnings ($31,000), was $85 87 per capita per annum. The revenues (earnings, etc., excepted) were wholly from the public treasury: $68,500 from the State comptroller, $11,843 from the Board of Education, $22,457 from theatre licenses. In 1824 the society obtained from the city a grant of a triangular plot of land on Madison Square. This, together with an adjoining piece of property purchased from the United States, they afterwards transferred to the city in exchange for premises on Twenty-third Street and First Avenue. A further grant of adjoining lots was made in 1854, and the society then had the whole block, 197 by 613 feet, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Streets and Avenue A and First Avenue. On November 10, 1851, the city conveyed to the society thirty-six acres on Randall's Island, and the buildings which it now occupies there were erected partly with the proceeds of the sale of the Twenty-third Street property, partly by fresh appropriations from the State. We shall have occasion to examine hereafter the enormous grants of money to this cruelly sectarian institution. The Catholic Protectory, which does for Catholic children what the House of Refuge does for those of Protestant parentage, has never received any grant or lease of land from the city or the State.

7. *Nursery and Child's Hospital.*—This institution, founded (under another name) in 1854, has three departments. It comprises, 1, an asylum for children who from any cause are deprived of the care of a mother; 2, a hospital for sick children; 3, a lying-in asylum and a foundling hospital for illegitimate children. Last year the society received $102,000 from the city government. The city granted the land which the asylum occupies, consisting of about fifteen lots, between Fiftieth and Fifty-first Streets and Lexington and Third Avenues. The concession was in the form of two leases made at different times (August 1, 1857, and February 16, 1866), at the yearly rent of one dollar, to hold as long as the property is used for the purposes of the asylum. The State contributed liberally towards the cost of the buildings.

8. *St. Philip's Church.*—This is a Protestant Episcopal Church for colored persons. In 1827 the city conveyed to it for one dollar a plot of land in First Street, 50 by 200 feet (four lots), to be used as a burying-ground.

9. *Church of the Redeemer.*—The city granted permission to the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Redeemer, Yorkville, December 31, 1864, to occupy a plot of land extending 204 feet on Fourth Avenue, 200 feet on Eighty-first Street, and 100 feet on Eighty-second Street during the pleasure of the Common Council.

10. *St. Luke's Hospital.*—Two-thirds of the land now occupied by this fine institution was originally a grant from the city, though not to this particular establishment.

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May 10, 1848, the city conveyed to the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. George the Martyr a plot 200 feet in extent on the west side of Fifth Avenue, and 300 feet on Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Streets (24 lots), for the consideration of one dollar, and on condition that the rector should build a hospital and chapel for British emigrants, and that Trinity Church should, moreover, surrender all its claim to certain land in the lower part of the city—land of which, if we are not mistaken, the title was in dispute. The value of the grant depends of course upon the value of the claim thus surrendered as a partial equivalent, and as we are not familiar with all the facts we state the transaction under reserve, giving merely what appears upon the record, and drawing no conclusions. Subsequently (November 20, 1851) the Common Council authorized a transfer of the Fifth Avenue land to the managers of St. Luke's Hospital, on condition that they should comply with the covenants of the original grant. The institution is denominational in its government and character. It was established "for the purpose of affording medical and surgical aid and nursing to sick or disabled persons, and also to provide them, while inmates of the hospital, with the ministrations of the Gospel agreeably to the doctrines and forms of the Protestant Episcopal Church. A further object of the society is the instructing and training of suitable persons in the art of nursing and attending upon the sick." A sisterhood is connected with the hospital. Service is held daily in the wards. Although the hospital opens its doors freely to accident cases requiring immediate attention, patients are not usually admitted except upon payment. But however freely it might extend its charity to the suffering, it would still, according to Mr. Cook's principle, be inexcusable for the city to help it.

11. *Mount Sinai Hospital.*—Founded especially for the benefit of the Jews, and governed by men of that race and creed, this institution admits patients of whatever belief, and, we believe, allows them all to receive the visits of clergymen of their choice; but naturally the inmates are nearly all Hebrews. It received from the city, May 31, 1871, on a lease for ninety-nine years at the yearly rent of one dollar, the ground which it now occupies, 200 feet on Lexington Avenue and 170 feet on Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh Streets—that is to say, about fourteen lots.

12. *German Hospital.*—The German Hospital and Dispensary occupies the block between Lexington and Fourth Avenues and Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh Streets. It purchased a part of the land from a private owner, and obtained the rest (eighteen lots) from the city February 9, 1866, on a lease for fifty years, at the yearly rent of one dollar.

13. *Hahnemann Hospital.*—This homœopathic institution, occupying 200 feet on Fourth Avenue and 125 feet on Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth Streets (ten lots), obtained a lease of its land from the city, January 10, 1871, for ninety-nine years, at a yearly rent of one dollar. This would certainly seem to be a case in which "the land belonging to all the citizens was given to a minority for their own private use"; but we are not prepared to believe that the felonious deed was accomplished by "a scurvy trick."

14. *New York State Woman's*

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Hospital.—This is not only an institution for the benefit of a small minority, but it is intended for the treatment of a certain class of diseases only. A considerable proportion of the patients pay board, but there is a fixed number of free beds. The sick are allowed to call for the services of any clergyman they desire, but only "in extreme cases." January 10, 1859, the institution obtained from the city, for one dollar, the whole block between Fourth and Lexington Avenues and Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets (32 lots), on condition that twenty-four free beds should be provided for poor persons residing in New York City.

15. *Deaf and Dumb Institution.*—Although the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb is supported chiefly at the cost of the State, it is, like all the other institutions we have mentioned, a truly private charity in its management. In its religious character it is distinctly Protestant, and the pupils attend Protestant service every day. In September, 1827, the city conveyed to the institution for one dollar a tract of land between Fourth and Fifth Avenues extending from Forty-ninth to Fiftieth Street, and 207 feet wide on each street (eight lots). In 1850 the city sold to the institution all the remaining land between Fourth and Fifth Avenues and Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets (25 lots) for $28,000, a price which made the transaction virtually a gift. The establishment was afterwards removed to Washington Heights, and the old buildings are now occupied by Columbia College.

16. *The Association for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes* obtained from the city, August 1, 1870, a lease for ninety-nine years, at the yearly rent of one dollar, of a block of land extending 200 feet on the west side of Lexington Avenue, and 155 feet on Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth Streets, or about twelve lots.

Here, then, we have a total of nineteen charitable institutions and churches to which the city has made grants of land under exactly or substantially the same conditions that accompanied the grant to the Orphan Asylum of the Sisters of Charity. Only three of these institutions are Catholic. The other sixteen, with only one or two unimportant exceptions, are distinctly Protestant or Jewish. We have laid no great stress upon the religious influences of these sixteen establishments, because the question now is not whether the public authorities have distributed their beneficence impartially between the two great religious bodies, nor is it whether the city has a right to aid "sectarian charities"; it is whether there is justification, precedent, established and approved custom, for the donation of public lands to benevolent institutions, or whether, as we have been angrily assured, the endowment of an orphan asylum with lands belonging to the taxpayers was an inexcusable outrage, a scurvy trick, an infamous bargain, which could only have been proposed and consummated by a crafty and unscrupulous priest on one side and a base Common Council on the other. The high grounds within a radius of a mile and a half of the Catholic Orphan Asylum are covered with magnificent hospitals, homes, refuges, etc., etc., for the relief of almost every sort of misery. That region of the island might almost be called a colony of charity. We

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have seen that the city has given the land for a large proportion of the most important of these institutions. We shall see hereafter that the donations in money have been still more generous than the donations in land. Without such aid from the city and State not a tithe of these foundations could exist. To some people—we hope they are not many—it may seem that this expenditure of a part of the funds of the whole people for the relief of the suffering and destitute is a crime. To us it appears to be one of the glories of the metropolis.

With respect to the comparative *values* of the donations to Catholic and Protestants charities, although the matter is not pertinent to the present discussion, it may be worth while to remind the reader that the Orphan Asylum grant—which was the most considerable made to us—is surpassed by many others. At the date of the deed and lease (1846) a block of ground on Fiftieth Street was not worth an extravagant sum, probably not so much as the grant to the Hebrew Orphan Asylum was worth when it was made fifteen and eighteen years later. And it would be the height of absurdity to reckon such grants as additions to the wealth of the church which holds them. How a piece of land which can never yield any revenue, but, on the contrary, must always make necessary a heavy annual outlay, can be called an addition to one's wealth we are at a loss to understand.

Some of the institutions which we have classed as Protestant profess to be unsectarian. Probably there are only one or two—and those hospitals for adults—which are entitled to make such a claim. In all hospitals, if there is no religious influence or ministration there ought to be, and it is monstrous that the sick should be left to die without the attendance of a clergyman unless they ask for one. In most of the hospitals we have enumerated the duty of attending to the soul is at least recognized. Asylums for the care of children can never in any case be unsectarian. If religion is banished from them altogether, they become nurseries of atheism and the most cruel of inventions for the ruin of the little ones. If religion is taught at all, it must be some particular kind of religion, for there is no delusion so empty as that which hugs the idea of abstract religion without any concrete belief.

The question of State aid to religious charities was argued in the Constitutional Convention of this State in 1868. Among those who came forward most conspicuously in that body to rebuke the narrow sectarian spirit which remonstrated against "sectarian charities" and which clamored at the benefactions to Catholic asylums, was no less bitter a Protestant than Mr. Erastus Brooks, then editor of the *Evening Express*. "Let me address a few words," said he, "to those who would refuse appropriations to men, women, and children of the Roman Catholic faith. Those who know my antecedents will not accuse me of any undue partiality for the adherents of this church. I would give them no advantage over others, and I would do them no wrong by discriminations against them, and least of all in dispensing charity would I inquire the religious faith of any who need assistance. . . . While discarding state and church as combinations, we must remember that *there can be no true charity where all religion is excluded*, since a pure charity is the

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very essence of practical Christianity. To say that the state has nothing to do with religion makes it atheistical; and that education and charity form no part of its duties, makes it barbarian."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A HISTORY OF THE MASS AND ITS CEREMONIES IN THE EASTERN AND WESTERN CHURCH. By Rev. John O'Brien, A.M., Professor of Sacred Liturgy at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg.

The rites and ceremonies used in the Catholic Church, and in those separated bodies also which have retained more or less of the old liturgy and ritual, are a most interesting object of study. This is especially the case with those which are immediately connected with the great act of worship, the Eucharistic Sacrifice. Even in the baldest and nudest rite of the "Lord's Supper," as celebrated by those who have no liturgy, the ceremony is most solemn and impressive. The Episcopalians and some other Protestants have retained enough of the ancient forms to make their Eucharistic service even somewhat similar to the majestic grandeur of the Mass, which in some of their churches is more closely imitated. The Oriental sects, it is well known, are even more elaborate and profuse in external splendor, so far as their means will permit, than Western Christians have been led by their more severe and simple taste to imitate or rival. Vestments, forms, ceremonies, as well as religion itself, came from the East to the West, and in tracing up their history we are naturally led to study it in its place of origin and most abundant development.

Father O'Brien has made a thorough and extensive study of these interesting matters, and the valuable work which he has prepared is full of a copious and accurate erudition. Its great practical value consists, however, in this: that it requires no learning in the reader in order to be read with profit and pleasure. The information which priests and scholars have to search for in heavy Latin tomes, or rare books in foreign languages, is here condensed and placed at the service of all readers, in plain English. Even ecclesiastics like to have such a book, which saves them a great deal of trouble, and is frequently the only practical resource for renewing their old-time acquaintance with a subject of the greatest interest to them, when they are no longer within reach of the numerous and costly works of original resort. All the pious laity, and all who have some taste for the æsthetic side of religion, and curiosity to understand what they enjoy and admire, must be delighted to find within moderate compass such a full explanation as Father O'Brien has here furnished. He has done a good work, for which thousands will be grateful, and supplied a great want. Hitherto there has been no complete and satisfactory manual of this sort in the English language, although much has been written about its several topics in detail. Rock's *Hierurgia*, which is the best treatise on these matters in English, is not adapted for general circulation, and has been out of print for years. This one is a book for the people, suited for young and old, level to the capacity of all who can read, and quite sufficient for the most educated. We trust that it will have a large circulation, not only in America, but in England and Ireland as well, and therefore venture to call the attention of other editors to its merits, trusting that they will endorse them as fully as we have done.

There is another reason why every devout Catholic who reads the book should feel a personal sympathy for the learned and pious author. He has performed this labor of love, the greatness of which every scholar will appreciate, while failing under a fatal malady, and far more in need of rest and relaxation than fit for work. We trust that a multitude of prayers will be his recompense, from pious hearts whose veneration and devotion toward the august mysteries

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and rites of our holy religion will be increased by the perusal of what he has written for the glory of God and their benefit.

HEALTH, AND HOW TO PROMOTE IT. By Richard McSherry, M.D., Professor of Practice of Medicine, University of Maryland; President of Baltimore Academy of Medicine, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.

There are many books written on public and private hygiene for general readers, but none within the limits of our reading which displays greater practical judgment and contains wiser counsels than this volume from the pen of Dr. McSherry. The distinguished professor has the knack of making a technical subject plain to ordinary minds, and is gifted with a style which makes one forget, from the pleasure derived in reading his composition, that he has been made acquainted with what under other pens would have been a dry subject. This volume shows a varied and extensive experience, a familiarity with the standard authorities of most recent date on the subjects which are treated, and its perusal leaves the impression that it is the ripened fruit of the experience of a sagacious, judicious, and conscientious physician. "It is offered," says the author in his preface, "as a contribution to a great cause, and the writer trusts that it will have some influence in promoting the health, happiness, and welfare of all who may honor it with careful perusal. The principles advocated have been, to a great extent, put in practice in the personal experience of the writer in various parts of the world, and under many vicissitudes, and he has found them to be not vague theories, but practical truths of the greatest importance."

The following are the headings of the chapters: Part i., c. i. Introductory Remarks; Hygiene the better part of Medicine; ii. The four Divisions of Life; iii. The Young Man; The Young Woman; iv. The Man; The Woman; v. The Declining or Old Man. Part ii., c. i. Race, Temperaments and Idiosyncrasies, Inheritance, Habit, Constitution; ii. The Air we breathe; iii. Water; iv. Clothing; v. Exercise or Work; Influence of Occupation upon Longevity; Limits to Labor; vi. The Food of Man; Accessory Food; Manner of Eating; Tea and Coffee; vii. Alcohol, use and abuse; Ardent Spirits, Wines, Malt Liquors; viii. Tobacco, Chewing and Smoking should be forbidden in Schools; Report of Naval Schools.

THE SONG OF LIBERTY. By W. E. Coffin. New York: Harpers. 1879.

This is one of those books that set all criticism at defiance. Its historical theory is that American independence is due to Martin Luther; its ethical doctrine is that the Reformation made a vast advance upon primitive Christianity; and its polemical method is to call the Catholic Church names. It is dedicated with a flourish to the boys and the girls of America. We wish that we could say, with the wit who read an Ode to Posterity, that the *Song* will not reach its address. Children of a larger growth will present it to the young folk. Its handsome binding, typography, and pictures make it available as a present, while its ardent Protestantism is the crown of its excellences.

When Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh*, received a book on cookery or plumbing, he sent it for review to the appropriate authority. So we entrusted the *Song* to a young American, the son of an intelligent Protestant friend, and we asked him to give us his impressions of the work. This young gentleman condescended to glance over it during the leisure permitted by the more important pursuit of skating and coasting. In evidence of his critical judgment upon such a work it may be said that he has read a good-sized Sabbath-school library through, and had dipped surreptitiously into our juvenile secular literature. His amiable father has no fear of his genius.

Examined on the general scope of the *Song of Liberty*, Young America gave it as his impression that the title is a fraud: "It was one of them Sabbath-school books all about Luther, and the pope, and burning Protestants. I know the old story from cover to cover. We get a regular dose of it, only they're too 'cute now to print the right name, 'cos fellows won't read them." This sagacious observation he confirmed by appealing to the really preponderating quantity of anti-popery invective. We felt that our young friend was somewhat prejudiced against the book, believing in the de-

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lusory nature of the title. We could not instance such a book as the *Diversions of Purley* as a parallel deception of title.

"Then wasn't it George Washington, and the boys of '76, and the Declaration of Independence, and all that that made America free? Here the fellow says it was Martin Luther. Why, he was dead long before. Besides, he was a Dutchman, and who knows but a Hessian? Pshaw! I know more history than that." Young America also intimated the author's inability to shut his organs of vision as to who whipped the Britishers.

The chapter fantastically entitled "The Man who spoke after he was Dead" also awoke his ire. It describes the life and labors of John Wycliff. "I thought it was a ghost story." From this writers should be warned of the exceedingly practical views taken by youth.

The first two hundred pages are taken up with the fiercest attacks upon the pope, the priests, and every institution of the Catholic Church. The artist works in full harmony with the author, or perhaps it is *vice versâ*. Monks of Falstaffian proportions and Bardolphian noses are principally engaged in firing up the stake for heretics. The pope, in full pontificals, prepares a poisoned bowl of wine for the Sacred College. Every slander that can be pictured is, and well, pictured. A Catholic has really to laugh, for it is too absurd to get angry over. The calm and continued falsification of the writer would make Munchausen himself stare and gasp. How a man can write so is a problem for psychologists; and how a publisher claiming to be respectable can lend his name to so false and malicious a work is a problem that only the firm of Harper could solve.

Very likely the writer thought that no one but youth would trouble himself about his book. He takes a mean advantage of children. He makes no pretences to proof. He quotes no historical authorities, and he appears to gather courage as he advances.

Our young friend exercised his terrible critical power on the picture and description of the burning of John Huss. The voice of the martyr was heard clear and resonant singing the Twenty-third Psalm. Young America objected to this on the ground that nobody could shout so loud and be choked with smoke at the same time. Grave doubts were also expressed as to the trustworthiness of the story about the poor wretch who, after all the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition, survived to spread the Gospel tidings. Papa, who had been all over Europe, assured Young America that the monks were not such bad fellows at all; that they studied, and read, and wrote, and built monasteries, and painted; that the pope, at least the one that papa saw, was the dearest old gentleman that ever lived, and never said a word about burning papa; that this story about American liberty being from the Reformation is too thin; and that a fellow gets tired reading about nothing more terrible than burning a heretic, without a war-dance or a previous running of the gauntlet.

What good for Protestantism such books subserve we leave unanswered. Surely that must be a weak cause which resorts to wholesale defamation of the church before the unformed mind of childhood. The book is even trashier than many in the ignoble sphere to which it belongs, and there are certain passages in it in which the laws of delicacy and modesty are violated. We caution such Protestants as may read this against it, for the sake of their children, who would learn nothing but wrong history, unchristian hatred and slander, and inopportune moral reflections from its pages.

THE PRISONERS OF THE KING. Thoughts on the Catholic Doctrine of Purgatory. By Henry James Coleridge, of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns & Oates.

"Two or three years ago," says Father Coleridge in the preface of this book, "it fell to my lot . . . to preach during the octave with which the Society of the Helpers of the Holy Souls is accustomed to celebrate the annual commemoration of the faithful departed. It occurred to me that some of the miracles of our Lord might be usefully applied in illustration of the doctrine of Purgatory, and thus the substance of some few of the chapters of this book was put together. . . . I am in hopes that no considerable point connected with that doctrine has been altogether passed over. . . . What is new in this volume is chiefly the application of the successive miracles of our

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Lord to various points of the doctrine of Purgatory." Such is, in the writer's own words, the origin and the subject of this work. Father Coleridge is well known, not only as a prolific magazine writer and contributor, but also as the author of a work which promises to be, should God spare him, nothing less than a complete summa of the four Gospels. In two volumes he has given us the *Private Life of Our Lord*, and the *Public Life of Our Lord* has been treated in four volumes, entitled respectively, "The Ministry of St. John Baptist," "The Preaching of the Beatitudes," "The Sermon on the Mount," "The Sermon on the Mount, concluded." The title of this fourth, the latest published volume of the *Public Life of Our Lord*, shows how extensive the whole work promises to be, and how much yet remains to be done. We sincerely hope and pray that he may be given time and health to complete his undertaking. Now, to one who has made such a deep study of the New Testament it must be a congenial and easy task to bring the doings and sayings of our Lord to bear upon any department of Catholic teaching. In this book the extensive knowledge which Father Coleridge possesses of the miracles of the Saviour is applied to the doctrine of Purgatory. The state of the holy souls in Purgatory is illustrated by such applications as the following: The cleansing of the Temple—purity required by God in those who see him in heaven; our Lord's escape from his enemies at Nazareth—gratitude of the holy souls for their deliverance from hell; the demoniac in the synagogue—the holy souls and the evil spirits; the healing of the leper—duration of the pains of Purgatory; the cure of the blind and dumb demoniac—the desire of the holy souls for the society of heaven; stilling the tempest—peace of the holy souls; the raising to life of the daughter of Jairus—the pain of sense in Purgatory; by these and other applications the whole doctrine, as to its main points, of the pains and sufferings of Purgatory is most touchingly and clearly brought out. The relief of the holy souls is illustrated by the following miracles: The healing of the ruler's son—devotion to Purgatory as an exercise of faith; cures wrought on the evening of the Sabbath—promptitude in assisting the holy souls; the miraculous draught of fishes—the church on earth and the holy souls; cure of the man at the probatic pool—the application of our suffrages to certain souls in particular; the raising of the widow's son—our Blessed Lady and the holy souls; feeding of the five thousand—the holy souls relieved by Holy Communion; the healing of the ten lepers—visits to the Blessed Sacrament for the holy souls; our Lord's last miracle on the lake—the treasure of the church. In short, here are forty-one sermons on Purgatory based upon Holy Scripture, and yet people imagine that Purgatory is hardly a Scriptural doctrine! This precious book, admirably written, full of unction, and redolent of that love which is born of close and constant meditation on the life of our Blessed Redeemer, is a mine for our clergy, a treasure of spiritual reading for the laity. The month of November is the month of the holy souls. As May is consecrated to Mary, March to St. Joseph, June to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, October to the Guardian Angels, January to the Holy Infancy, so is November consecrated to the souls in Purgatory; such, at least, is the pious practice of the more fervent among the faithful. We trust that Father Coleridge's *The King's Prisoners* will be of great use in promoting this most Catholic devotion.

THE CHURCH AND THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF: an Analytical Catechism. By the Rev. Antoine Maurel, S.J. Translated from the French by the Rev. Patrick Costello, C.C., Ballinasloe. Dublin: James Duffy & Sons.

This work comes to us with a serried array of approbations. Father Costello has received for his translated edition the approbation of his ordinary and the ordinary's theological censor, and of no less than twenty-one bishops of the Irish hierarchy. Many of these are approbations not only of the substance of the work itself, but also of the translation, as a translation. They are more than the non-committal formulas which often go by the name of "approbations": they are hearty and sincere endorsements and assurances of effective co-operation in the disseminating of the book. A book that can thus enlist the sympathy of the bishops of Ireland must have a real value. The original work of Father Maurel has the *imprimatur* of Very Rev. Father Beckx, general of the

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Society of Jesus, the approbation of the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, and (greatest reward that a Catholic writer could expect) it has been honored by a special brief from His Holiness Pope Pius IX., of blessed memory. We have met with very few contemporary books so well and highly recommended. Father Costello deserves the thanks of the English-speaking world for having put within our reach Father Maurel's *The Church and the Sovereign Pontiff*. The form into which the matter is cast is catechetical; it is not, however, a mere catechism in the common sense of that word, but an *analytical catechism*, as the title of the work asserts; it is catechism only as to questions and answers, and, because of this form, might very readily be used in the higher grades of our Sunday-schools and the more advanced classes of our parochial schools. It is entirely confined to the two topics, the church and the Sovereign Pontiff—questions on which the rising generation of Catholics whom our parochial schools and colleges are preparing and sending forth need to be well and clearly instructed. The church, her notes and her governing authority, are fully treated in a manner so clear and interesting that even an educated theologian may condone the catechetical process through which the reading takes him. The second part, concerning "the Sovereign Pontiff," is equally complete, and includes questions which are rarely or very briefly touched in our catechisms. There is a chapter on propositions censured and condemned by the Holy See, containing such headings as the following: "Rights and power of the Holy See in the condemnation of doctrines and propositions contrary to Catholic teaching; infallibility of the Holy See in these condemnations; dogmatic facts; the Index." Following the above is a chapter on "The infallibility of the Holy See in regard to religious orders, canonization of saints, beatification, the liturgy"; another chapter, on "The institution and jurisdiction of bishops." Our readers may gather from these few extracts from the "contents" how exhaustively this work, which humbly styles itself "an analytical catechism," treats the two topics of the church and the Sovereign Pontiff. Though written before the Council of the Vatican, it is singularly in accord with the teachings of that greatest and most important of the church's councils. However, there are some questions touched upon by Father Maurel that might now be left out, to the greater clearness of the main end and the greater benefit of ordinary readers; for the Council of the Vatican has turned into rubbish, and swept away as such, a great deal that had to be seriously considered and treated with some respect formerly; it has set the whole question of the Sovereign Pontiff's position in the church and his relation to it in such a clear and vivid light that surely a work of this kind, at least in the chapters on the infallibility of the church and of the Pope, should be based and modelled on these later decisions. We trust that some future edition will be thus amended and brought up to the requirements of the day; the book would gain in freshness and usefulness.

LIFE OF THE VENERABLE ELIZABETH CANORI MORA. Translated from the Italian, with a preface by Lady Herbert. London: R. Washbourne. 1878.

The Signora Mora was a lady of undoubted sanctity, whose life was a singular one, and whose sufferings and extraordinary gifts were also equally singular. She was a wife and a mother, bound in marriage to a man of very bad life, who in the end deserted her and left her free to live in her own house under vows as a Tertiary of the Trinitarian Order. The most remarkable and surprising event related in her history is the fact that her husband became a Franciscan friar after her death. Apart from the extraordinary things narrated in these pages, they present to us a picture of heroic virtue and goodness in an unhappy, ill-treated wife, who was a model matron as wife, mother, daughter, sister, and neighbor, amid great trials, and who reaped a great reward for her merits in the blessings she brought down on her family and on many others. A book introduced by Lady Herbert needs no other recommendation to Christian women.

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LITERARY BULLETIN.

FATHER O'BRIEN'S new work on **Holy Mass** will be out early in April. Those wishing it promptly should send in their orders at once, as the edition to be issued will depend on the orders received.

The Catholic Publication Society Company have in press, and will issue early in April, a new **Month of May**; or, A Series of Meditations on the Mysteries of the Life of the Blessed Virgin, and the principal truths of salvation for each day of the Month of Mary. From the French of Father Debussi, S.J. Translated by Ella J. McMahon, and revised by a member of the Society of Jesus. This will prove an excellent little manual for May devotions, and we bespeak for it a large sale.

The Catholic Publication Society Company have also nearly ready **Deharbe's Catechism, No. 3,** thus completing the series of Deharbe's Catechisms, in English, for this country.

Holy Week Book.—We beg to call the attention of the Rev. Clergy to the Catholic Publication Society Co.'s large-type edition of the complete **Office of Holy Week.** *It is the only complete and correct edition published*, and is sold at the very low price of 50 cents per copy, or 100 copies $36 net.

We have also a small-type edition of **Holy Week,** 30 cents per copy, or 100 copies $20 net. Early orders solicited.

A FRENCH OPINION OF OUR SCHOOL BOOKS.

Our excellent contemporary, the New Orleans *Propagateur Catholique*, notices some of our school-books, which we translate as follows:

"HASSARD'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.—The author of this fine English work is already known to our readers. He wrote the life of Archbishop Hughes, and more recently of Pius IX., of which we had something to say. But he needed a broad subject like the history of the United States to display at his ease all the qualities he possesses as an historian.

"And we say further, this work is written from a Catholic standpoint. Without neglecting the details of the events which happened from the discovery of the New World to the inauguration of Mr. Hayes, Mr. Hassard forgets no fact of the successive developments of Catholicity among us, and he everywhere shows remarkable talents. We are not surprised that Catholic journals should speak well of such a book; what has struck us is the praise, almost without reserve, which the work has received from the organs of Protestantism. This gives a lofty idea of the work and of the deep impartiality that has guided the author's judgment. Besides, the author's Catholic standpoint itself enables him to give relief to historical points generally neglected by other well-known writers; for instance, the Jesuit establishments in Maine and on the Mississippi, and the mutual relations of the rival Catholic and Protestant colonies in Maryland in the beginning of the eighteenth century. Mr. Hassard has had the happy idea of giving, in an appendix, a list of the different battles which have taken place from the beginning of the Revolution, with the place, date, commanders, the losses on both sides, and the victor.

"AN INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.—This book is only an abridgment of the preceding, put within the understanding of children and written in catechism style, in question and answer. The book contains numerous illustrations of the principal events

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and personages of the history, and it gives particular attention to certain agreeable and instructive incidents calculated to impress the mind of children. So that a young pupil who has been initiated in the history of the United States by means of this book can easily take up the larger history of which we have just spoken. The facts are already classified in his mind, only that a more serious aspect and a better understanding of them is offered to him, along with more details.

"GAZEAU'S ANCIENT HISTORY.—The Jesuit Fathers have always excelled in the composition of text-books for children and for young students. Always setting out with a safe and sure beginning, they have no difficulty in easily grouping their facts, displaying them in their true light, and giving them a correct interpretation.

"Such is the little work of which we speak here. It is a model of brevity, of correctness, and of judgment on the history of ancient times, and we cannot sufficiently recommend it to all schools. The fact that the trouble has been taken to translate it into English is itself an evidence of its great merit.

"GAZEAU'S HISTORY OF ROME.—This book, too, is due to Fr. Gazeau's pen, and the translation is by the same hand and has the same merits as that of the 'Ancient History' mentioned above. *This is not one of those first editions which very often unwittingly leave great gaps to fill and some spots to wipe out.* This edition has been revised, corrected, and completed. It lacks in nothing, and it would be impossible to find a better history of Rome from its fabulous origin in the days of Romulus and Remus to the fall of the Roman Empire and the invasion of the Barbarians, in the fourth century of our era.

"HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—This book is not simply an elementary work for the use of children and very young students. It is a serious work, and, in fact, the subject requires reflection and judgment. It relates the history of the formation of modern Europe, and whoever has not a correct idea of the Middle Ages can but imperfectly understand the present state of Europe.

"During that period from the end of the fourth century to the middle of the fifteenth, the date of the taking of Constantinople, the Barbarians are in movement, seeking a domicile in the conquered countries; nations, having received new elements, are changed and transformed; 'new nationalities spring into life; it is a confusion of contradictory facts, of violent struggles, of heroic as well as shameful deeds, of attempts at political establishments, where the most penetrating eye, to prevent mistake, must not lose sight for an instant of the higher and more moral movement which is taking place in the minds of men—the work of the Christian idea, the work of the Papacy; strong in its intellectual strength and in its divine mission, it succeeds in bridling ambition and in drawing order out of chaos, in bringing about, to some extent, the reign of justice where brutality and violence had prevailed.

"Fr. Gazeau, who, more than any other, has been guided by this clue across the strange and incoherent events of this troubled epoch, has succeeded, doubtless with great labor, but with great skill and with a spirit of order, in classifying all these facts and in presenting them in a neat and clear narrative, intelligible even to the youngest minds, and in giving them a correct interpretation and their proper moral. Thus, he reviews the invasions and the conversion of the Barbarians, the formation of Christian Europe, the feudal period, the great epoch of the Papacy and the Christian Republic, and, finally, the beginnings of the Protestant schism. We can affirm that whoever desires to have a sound and correct idea of this great epoch will find it in the reading and study of this work, at once simple, learned, and judicious.

"A FULL CATECHISM BY DEHARBE.—This is a complete catechism—indeed, we think it the fullest catechism which has yet been published in English. It is preceded by a short introduction, reviewing the whole history of religion, from the creation to our own days, with a list of the popes down to Leo XIII. While preserving the usual form of teaching catechism in question and answer, it goes more into detail than any other work, and it often supports its teaching by texts from Holy Scripture.

"A CATECHISM OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION, No. 2.—This little catechism, abridged from the full catechism mentioned above, is by the same author, the Rev. P. Deharbe, S.J., with the same corrections and the same additions as the former work, and is perfectly adapted to the youngest pupils."

The same paper also notices a few little books of devotion which we published last year:

"SAYINGS AND PRAYERS, 1 AND 2.—We have under our eyes two charming little volumes which are nothing less than the *sayings, instructions*, and *prayers* of the founder of the Sisters of Mercy, the blessed Catherine McAuley. It is really an edifying collection, a true *vade mecum* for the religious and for any pious person, and this was the author's idea, who has made it into two little pocket volumes,

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easy to carry and convenient to refer to at all times. The second part has the approbation of His Grace Mgr. Perché."

"LITTLE TREATISE ON LITTLE SUFFERINGS.—An excellent little volume, good to consult in all the petty miseries of human life, and full of the best counsels for all pious people when harassed by the vexations that constantly assail us. The following thought, which serves as a motto for the book, will give a correct idea of it:

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NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.

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Important Announcement.

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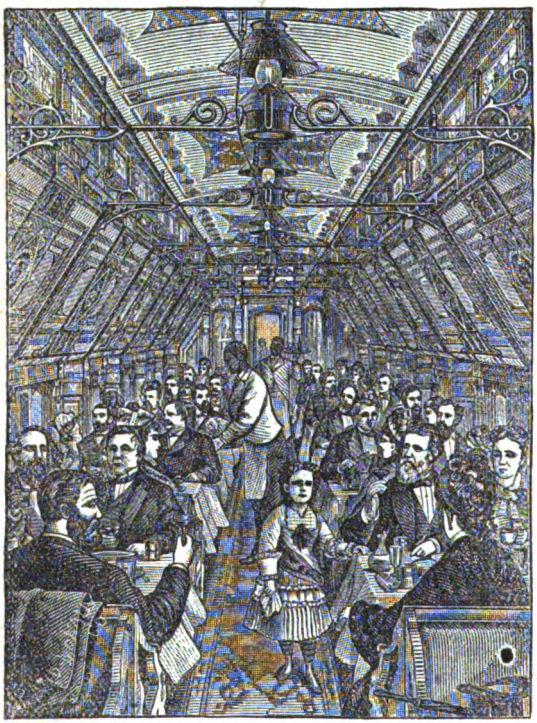

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STATEMENT

OF

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,

F. S. WINSTON, President,

For the Year ending December 31st, 1878.

Annuity Account.

	No.	Ann. Pay'ts.		No.	Ann. Pay'ts.
Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1878...	54	$25,900.01	Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1879..	53	$20,549 09
Premium Annuities.....		6,174.00	Premium Annuities		5,981.63
Annuities Issued.....	4	2,031.04	Annuities Terminated	5	7,574 94
	58	$34,105.65		58	$34 105 65

Insurance Account.

	No.	Amount.		No.	Amount.
Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1878,	91,553	$294,488,311	Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1879,	91,828	$290,774,315
Risks Assumed.....	8,870	28,299,818	Risks Terminated.....	8,595	32,013,814
	100,423	$322,788,129		100,423	$322,788,129

Revenue Account.

Dr.		*Cr.*	
To Balance from last account.....	$82,355,678.27	By paid Death and Endowments Claims (matured and discounted).....	$6,603,713 22
" Premiums received.....	13,092,719.83	" " Annuities.....	26,697 97
" Interest and Rents.....	4,752,407.74	" " Dividends.....	3,555,402.00
		" " Surrendered Policies and Additions, ...	4,214,158 94
		" " Commissions (payment of current and extinguishment of future)	532,496 63
		" " Contingent Guarantee Account	277,101.09
		" " Expenses and Taxes.....	817,099 57
		" Balance to New Account.....	84,174,076 42
	$100,200,805.84		$100, ,805 84

Balance Sheet.

Dr.		*Cr.*	
To Reserve at four per cent.....	$81,763,995 43	By Bonds Secured by Mortgages on Real Estate.....	$57,368,331.99
" Claims by death not yet due.....	648,576.00	" United States and other Stocks.....	17,835,863 55
" Claims by Death, not yet reported (estimate)	200,000 00	" Real Estate.....	6,319,051 73
" Premiums paid in advance.....	265,664.37	" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at Interest.....	3,100,516.10
" Surplus and Contingent Guarantee Fund.....	4,249,378.72	" Interest accrued.....	1,485,754.00
		" Premiums deferred, quarterly and semi-annual.....	835,817.15
		" Premiums in transit, principally for December.....	129,272.58
		" Balances due by Agents.....	53,001 42
	$87,127,614.52		$87,127,614 52

NOTE.—If the New York Standard of four and a half per cent Interest be used, the Surplus is $11,395,553 30

From the Surplus, as appears in the Balance Sheet, a Dividend will be apportioned to each Policy which shall be in force at its anniversary in 1879.

By the unanimous action of the Board of Trustees another important step in advance has been taken in the interest of all Policy-holders and the public, by directing that the premium rates on old and new Policies shall be reduced fifteen per cent from present tabular rates for Whole Life Annual Premium Policies, with a corresponding equitable reduction on the other forms.

The option is given to present members to accept this reduction in cash or to pay full rates on the old plan, and receive equitable additions of insurance payable with the policy. All dividends are allotted in proportion to the actual contributions of each class to the surplus of the Company

NEW YORK, February 19, 1879.

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VOL. XXIX. NO. 170.

APR 15 1879

THE

Catholic World

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

MAY, 1879.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXIX., No. 170.—MAY, 1879.

KING SIGEBERT OF ESSEX; OR, THE FRIEND IN DEATH.

A LEGEND FROM BEDE.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

"At last resolve, my brother and my friend,
Fling from you, as I fling this cloak, your gods,
And cleave to Him, the Eternal, One and Sole,
The All-Wise, All-Righteous, and Illimitable,
Who made us, and will judge!" Thus Oswy spake
To Sigebert, his friend, of Essex king,
Essex once Christian. Royal Sebert dead,
The Church of God had sorrow by the Thames:
Three pagan brothers in his place held sway:
They warred upon God's people; for which cause
God warred on them, and by the Wessex sword
In one day hewed them down. King Sigebert,
Throned in their place, to Oswy thus replied:
"O friend! I saw the truth, yet saw it not!
'Twas like the light forth flashed from distant oar,
Now vivid, vanished now. Not less, methinks,
Long since thy Christ had won me save for this;
I feared that in my bosom love for thee,
Not truth, alone prevailed. I left thy court;
I counselled with my wisest; by degrees,
Though grieving thus to outrage loyal hearts,
Reached my resolve: henceforth I serve thy God:
My kingdom may reject me if it will."
Then came the bishop old, and near that Wall
Which spans the northern land from sea to sea,
Baptized him to the God Triune. At night
The king addressed him thus: "My task is hard;
Yield me four priests of thine from Holy Isle

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To shape my courses." Finan gazed around
And made election—Cedd, and others three;
He consecrated Cedd with staff and ring;
And by the morning's sunrise Sigebert
Rode with them, face to south.

The spring, long checked,
Fell, like God's grace, or fire, or flood, at once
O'er all the land; it swathed the hills in green;
It fringed with violets rift and rock; it lit
The stream with primrose-tufts; but mightier far
That spring which triumphed in the monarch's breast,
His doubt dispelled. That smile which knew not cause
Looked like his angel's mirrored on his face:
At times he seemed with utter gladness dazed:
At times he laughed aloud. "Father," he cried,
"That darkness from my spirit is raised at last!
Ah fool! ah fool! to wait for proof so long:
Unseal thine eyes, and all things speak of God!
The snows on yonder thorn His pureness show;
Yon golden iris bank His love. But now
I marked a child that by its father ran:
Some mystery they seemed of love in heaven
Imaged in earthly love." With sad, sweet smile
The old man answered: "Pain there is on earth—
Bereavement, sickness, death." The king replied:
"It was by suffering, not by deed or word,
God's Son redeemed mankind." Then answered Cedd:
"God hath thee in his net; and well art thou!
That truth this day thou seest and feelest, live!
So shall it live within thee. If more late
Rebuke should come, or age, remember then
This day-spring of thy strength, and answer thus:
"With me God feasted in my day of youth—
So feast he now with others!'"

Years went by,
And Cedd in work and word was mighty still,
And throve with God. The strong East Saxon race
Grew gentle in his presence: they were brave;
And faith is courage in the things divine,
Courage with meekness blent. The heroic heart
Beats, to the spiritual cognate, paltering not
Fraudulent with truth once known. Like winds from God,
God's message lifted them. Old bonds of sin,
Snapt by the vastness of the growing soul,
Burst of themselves; and in the heart late bound
Virtue had room to breathe. As when that Voice
Primeval o'er the formless chaos rolled,
And, straight, confusions ceased, the greater orb

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Ruling the day, the lesser, night, even so.
Born of the heavenly mandate order lived:
Divine commandments fixed a firmament
Betwixt man's lower instincts and his soul:
From unsuspected summits of his spirit
The morning shone: the nation with the man
Partook perforce: from duty freedom flowed:
And there where Tribes had roved a People lived.
A pathos of strange beauty hung thenceforth
O'er humblest hamlet: he who passed it prayed:
"May never sword come here!" Bishop and king
Together labored: well that bishop's love
Repaid that royal zeal. If random speech
Censured the king though justly, sudden red
Circling the old man's silver-tressèd brow
Showed, though he spake not, that in saintly breast
The human heart lives on.

In Ithancester
He dwelt and toiled: not less to Lindisfarne,
His ancient home, in spirit oft he yearned,
Longing for converse with his God alone;
And made retreat there often, not to shun
The task allotted, but to draw from heaven
Strength for that task. One year, returning thence,
Dëira's king addressed him as they rode:
"My father, choose the richest of my lands
And build thereon a holy monastery;
So shall my realm be blessed, and I, and mine."
He answered: "Son, no wealthy lands for us!
Spake not the prophet, 'There where dragons roamed,
In later days the grass shall grow, the reed'?
I choose those rocky hills that, on our left,
Drag down the skyey waters to the woods:
Such loved I from my youth; to me they said:
'Bandits this hour usurp our heights, and beasts
Couch in our caves: expel the seed accurst,
And yield us back to God!'"

The king gave ear;
And Cedd within those mountains passed his Lent,
Driving with prayer and fast the spirits accurst
With ignominy forth. Foundations next
He laid with sacred pomp. Fair rose the walls:
All day the wild March sea its thunders sent
Through far ravines to where in wooden cell
The old man prayed, while o'er him rushed the cloud
Storm-borne from peak to peak. Serener breeze
With alternation soft in nature's course

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Following ere long, great Easter's harbinger,
Thus spake he: "I must keep the feast at home;
My children there expect me." Parting thence,
He left his brothers three to consummate
His work begun—Celin, and Cynabil,
And Chad, at Lichfield bishop ere he died:
Thus Lastingham had birth.

Beside the Thames
Meantime dark deeds were done. There dwelt two thanes
The kinsmen of the king, his friends in youth,
Of meanest friend unworthy. Far and wide
They ravined, and the laws of God and man
Despised alike. Three times in days gone by
A warning hand their bishop o'er them raised;
The fourth it fell on them like bolt from heaven,
And clave them from God's church. They heeded not;
And now the elder kept his birthday feast,
Summoning his friends around him—first the king.
Doubtful and sad, the o'er-gentle monarch mused:
"To feast with sinners is to sanction sin:
A deed abhorred. The alternative is hard:
Must then their sovereign shame with open scorn
Kinsman and friend? I think they mourn the past,
And, were our bishop here, would sue his grace."
Boding, yet self-deceived, he joined that feast:
Thereat he saw scant sign of penitence:
Ere long he bade farewell.

That self-same hour
Cedd from his northern pilgrimage returned;
The monarch met him at the offenders' gate,
And, instant when he saw that reverend face,
His sin before him stood. Down from his horse
He leaped, and told him all, and penance prayed:
Long time the old man on that royal front
Fixed a sad eye. "Thy sin was great, my son,
Shaming thy God to spare a sinner's shame:—
That sin thy God forgives, and I remit:
But those whom God forgives he chastens oft.
My son, I see a sign upon thy brow!
Ere yonder lessening moon completes her wane,
Behold, the blood-stained hands late clasped in thine
Shall drag thee to thy death." The king replied:
"A Sigebert there lived, East Anglia's king,
Whose death was glorious to his realm. May mine,
Dark and inglorious, strengthen hearts infirm,
And profit thus my land."

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A time it was
When Christian mercy, judged by pagan hearts,
Not virtue seemed, but sin. That sin's reproach
The king had long sustained. Ere long it chanced
That near the stronghold of that impious feast,
A vanquished rebel, long in forests hid,
Drew near, and knelt to Sigebert for grace,
And won his suit. The monarch's kinsmen twain,
Those men of blood, forth-gazing from a tower,
Saw all, heard all. Upon them fury fell
As when through cloudless skies there comes a blast,
Whence no man knows, that, instant, finds its prey,
Circling some white-sailed boat, or towering tree,
And with a touch down-wrenching, all things else
Unharmed though near. They snatched their daggers up,
And rushed upon their prey; and shouting thus,
"White-livered slave, that mak'st thy throne a jest,
And mock'st great Odin's self and us, thy kin,
To please thy shaveling!" struck him through the heart:
Then, spurring through the great woods to the sea
Were never heard of more.

Throughout the land
Lament was made: lament in every house
As though in each its eldest-born lay dead;
Lament far off and near. The others wept:
Cedd, in long vigils of the lonely night,
Not wept alone, but lifted strength of prayer,
And, morn by morn, that Sacrifice eterne
Mightier tenfold in impetrative power
Than prayers of all man's race, from Adam's first
To his who latest on the Judgment Day
Shall raise his hands to God. Four years went by:
That mourner's wound they stanched not. Oft in sleep
He murmured low, "Would I had died for thee!"
And once, half-waked by rush of morning rains,
"Why saw I on his brow that fatal sign?
He might have lived till now!" Within his heart
At last there rose a cry, "To Lastingham!
Pray with thy brothers three, for saints are they:
So shall thy friend, who resteth in the Lord
With perfect will submiss, the waiting passed
Gaze on God's Vision with an eye unfilmed
In glory everlasting." At that thought
Peace on the old man settled. Staff in hand,
Forth on his way he fared. Nor horse he rode
Nor sandals wore. He walked with feet that bled,
And paid, well-pleased, that penance for his king;
And murmured ofttimes, "Not my blood alone;—
Nay, but my life, my life!"

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But penance pain,
Like pain of suffering Souls at peace with God,
Quelled not that gladness which, from secret source
Rising, o'erflowed his heart. Old times returned:
Once more beside him rode his king in youth
Southward to where his realm—his duty—lay,
Exulting captive of the Saviour-Lord,
With face love-lit. As then, the vernal prime
Hourly with ampler respiration drew
Delight of purer green from balmier airs:
As then the sunshine glittered. By their path
Now hung the woodbine; now the hare-bell waved;
Rivulets new-swollen by melted snows, and birds
'Mid echoing boughs with rival rapture sang;
At times the monks forgat their Christian hymns,
By humbler anthems charmed. They gladdened more
Beholding oft in cottage doors cross-crowned
Angelic faces, or in lonely ways;—
Once as they passed there stood a little maid
Some ten years old alone 'mid lonely pines,
With violets crowned, and primrose. Who were those
The forest's white-robed guests, she nothing knew;
Not less she knelt. With hand uplifted Cedd
Signed her his blessing: hand she kissed in turn,
Then waved; yet ceased not from her song, "Alone
Two lovers sat at sunset."

Every eve
Some village gave the wanderers food and rest,
Or half-built convent with its church thick-walled,
And polished shafts; great names in after-times:
Ely, and Croyland, Southwell, Medeshamstede,
Adding to sylvan sweetness holier grace,
Or rising lonely o'er morass and mere
With bowery thickets isled, where dog-wood brake
Retained, though late, its red. To Boston near
Where Ouse, and Aire, and Derwent blend with Trent,
And salt sea waters mingle with the fresh,
They met a band of youths that o'er the sands
Advanced with psalm, cross-led. The monks rejoiced,
Save one from Erin—Dicul. He, quick-eared,
Had caught that morn a war-cry on the wind,
And, sideway glancing from his office-book,
Descried the cause. From Mercia's realm a host
Had crossed Northumbria's bound! His thin, worn face
O'erflamed with sudden anger, thus he cried:
"In this, your land, men say, 'Who worketh prays';
In mine we say, 'Well prays who fighteth well':
A pagan race treads down your homesteads! Slaves,
That close not with their throats!"

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Thus, wandering still,
On the tenth eve they came to Lastingham;—
Forth rushed the brethren, kenning them far off,
To meet them; first the brothers three of Cedd,
Who kissed him, cheek and mouth. Gladly that night
Those foot-worn travellers laid them down and slept,
Save one alone. Old Cedd his vigil made,
And kneeling by the Tabernacle's lamp,
Prayed for the man he loved, and ended thus:
"Thou Lord of souls, to thee the Souls are dear.
Thou yearn'st toward them as they yearn to thee:—
Behold, not prayer alone for him I raise:
I offer thee my life." When morning's light
In the great church commingled with its gloom,
The monks slow-pacing by that kneeler knelt,
And prayed for Sigebert, beloved of God;
And lastly offered Mass: and it befell
That when, the Offering offered, and the Dead
Rightly remembered, he who sang that Mass
Had reached the "Nobis quoque famulis,"
There came to Cedd an answer from the Lord
Heard in his heart; and he beheld his king
Throned 'mid the saints elect of God who keep
Perpetual triumph, and behold that Face
Which to its likeness hourly more compels
Those faces t'ward it turned. That function o'er,
Thus spake the bishop: "Sing ye next 'Te Deum':
They sang it; while within him he replied,
"Lord, let thy servant now depart in peace."

A week went by with gladness winged and prayer:
In wonder Cedd beheld those structures new
From small beginnings reared, though many a gift
Sent for that work's behoof had fed the poor
In famine time laid low. Moorlands he saw
With green corn sprouting; marked the all-beauteous siege
Of pastures yearly threatening loftier crags
Loud with the bleat of lambs. Their shepherd once
Had roved a bandit; next had toiled a slave;
Now with both hands he poured his weekly wage
Down on his young wife's lap, his pretty babes
Gambolling around for joy. A hospital
Stood by the convent's gate. With moistened eye,
Musing on Him who suffers in His sick,
The bishop paced it. There he found his death:
That year a plague had wasted all the land:
It reached him. Late that night he said, "'Tis well!"
In three days more he lay with hands death-cold
Placed cross-wise on his breast.

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Like winter cloud
Borne through dark air, that portent feared of man,
Ill tidings, making way with mystic speed,
Shadowed ere long the troubled bank of Thames,
And spread a wailing round its minsters twain,
Saint Peter's and Saint Paul's. Saint Alban's next
Echoed that cry far northward. Southward soon
It rang amid the towers of Rochester;
Then sea-ward died. But in that convent pile
Wherein so long the saint had made abode
A different grief there lived, a deeper grief,
That grief which part hath none in sobs or tears—
Which needs must act. There thirty monks arose,
And, taking each his staff, made vow thenceforth
To serve God's altar where their father died,
Or share his grave. Through Ithancester's gate
As forth they paced between two kneeling crowds,
A little homeless boy who heard their dirge
(Late orphaned, at its grief he marvelled not)
So loved them that he followed, shorter steps
Doubling 'gainst theirs. At first the orphan wept:
That mood relaxed: before them now he ran
To pluck a flower; as oft he lagged behind,
The wild bird's song so aptly imitating
That, by his music drawn, or by his looks,
That bird at times forgat her fears, and perched
Pleased on his arm. As flower and bird to him,
So to those monks the child. Better each day
He loved them: yet, revering, still he mocked,
And, though he mocked, he kissed. The westering sun
On the eighth eve from towers of Lastingham
Welcomed those strangers. In another hour
Well-nigh arrived they saw that grave they sought,
Sole on the church's northern slope. As when
Some father, absent long, returned at last,
His children rush loud-voiced from field to house,
And cling about his knees; and they that mark—
Old reaper, bent no more, with hook in hand,
Or ploughman leaning 'gainst the old blind horse—
Beholding wonder not; so to that grave
Rushed they; so clung. Around that grave ere long
Their own were ranged. That plague which dragged him down
Spared not his sons. With ministering hand,
From pallet still to pallet passed the boy,
Now from the dark spring wafting colder draught,
Now moistening fevered lips, or on the brow
Spreading the new-bathed cincture. Him alone
The infection reached not. When the last was gone
He felt as though the earth, man's race, yea, God

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Himself were dead. Around he gazed, and spake:
"Why, then, do I remain?"

From hill to hill
(The monks on reverend offices intent)
All solitary oft that boy repaired,
From each in turn forth gazing, fain to learn
If friend were t'wards him nighing. Many a hearth
More late, that grief's first bitterness gone by,
Welcomed the creature: many a mother held
The milk-bowl to his mouth, in both hands stayed,
With smile the deeper for the draught prolonged,
And lodged, as he departed, in his hand
Her latest crust. With children of his age
Seldom he played. That convent gave him rest;
Nor lost he aught surviving thus his friends,
Since childhood's sacred innocence he kept,
While life remained, unspotted. Five short years
He lived there monk, and added reverence drew
To that high convent through his saintly ways,
Then died. Within that cirque of thirty graves
They laid him, close to Cedd. In later years,
Because they ne'er could learn his name or race,
Nor yet forget his gentle looks, the name
Of Deodatus graved they on his tomb.

ONE OF ROME'S RECRUITS TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MISTRESS CATHERINE HOLLAND.*

TO THE CLOYSTER OF NAZARETE.

The following things I write down to Almighty God's honor and glory.
This is a brief narrative of the manner of my conversion to the Catholic faith, with the reasons why I forsook the Protestant heresy.—September 20, 1664.

1637.—I, having had the ill fortune to be born in heresy, was bred up in the same by a severe father, who, though an earnest Protestant, self-interest, and to advance his fortunes, made him take to wife a Catholic lady,† whose riches made her religion tolerable; yet much more was it laudable, since it taught her so much goodness and virtue that I have heard him say she was the mirror of wives, and he would often admonish me, saying, "Imi-

* The autobiography, as here reproduced, consists of consecutive extracts from the original (hitherto unpublished) MS. in the private library of the Augustinian Monastery at Bruges, and for the use of which the writer is indebted to the great kindness of the Rev. Mother Prioress. Nothing of importance has been omitted, and, in fact, little else than the religious reflections with which the narrative is interspersed, and which make it somewhat lengthy. Catherine Holland, born in 1637, was daughter to Sir John Holland, of Quidenham, Norfolk. She wrote this account in obedience to the express order of her spiritual director. She died in 1720, aged 83.

† Alathea, daughter of Fs. Panton, of Bruinshop, Co. Denbigh, and widow of William Lord Sandys of the Vine. (Note by Father Morris, S.J.)

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tate your mother in all things but her religion." And, to the end none of her children should embrace it, he took them all into his own care, and bred them up in his own religion.

Now, he, being a man of great capacity and morally virtuous, had many excellent maxims, gave us very good moral instructions, and catechised us himself; yet this I do remember, that I had a strange aversion to learn that catechism, and although I was so young that I knew not what conscience meant, yet I would often say that it went against my conscience to learn it, for which I was often very severely corrected.

Although he would not molest my mother in her religion, yet he would not permit her to instruct any of her children, which was no small cross to her. She, notwithstanding, did learn us our prayers, and would be often saying, in my hearing, there was but one truth, and out of that there was no salvation, and would admonish me to pray to God to bring me into it; and I did often say in my heart, If I am not in the truth, Lord, bring me into thy truth.

Now, between the suggestions of my mother and the instructions of my father, which were so contrary one to the other, troubled I was, but had nobody to speak unto; though this I can avow with much truth, that, from the time I had capacity to distinguish between religions, I did incline to my mother's, but, notwithstanding, the great fear I stood in of my father made me dissemble my intention many years. The seed lay hidden in the field of my heart that was to bring forth fruit long after, when the dew of divine grace had watered it more abundantly.

In the meantime, being young, I gave myself to as much pleasure as I could, though not to so much as I would; for, doubtless, had not my father—or Divine Providence, which acted by him—held me back, I had run, through the perverseness of my nature, into many great dangers, both of life and honor, for I was an high-spirited girl and of a daring nature, insomuch that my father would say: "If that girl knew she should be hanged the next hour, she would get her will," so that he had always his eye upon me.

I had many fallacies [pretences] to get my will, and durst *act* what, my sister, of a more milder temper, durst not *think*. My father, observing this disposition in me, and that I was an opiniatour and very crafty, often abusing my mild mother's goodness, took me under his own tuition in an especial manner, and often told me he would break my will or my heart, and was very severe to me, feeding me, whilst I was in my minority, with a bit and a knock. Yet, notwithstanding this strict watch, I often cozened him and got my will in secret.

Being about ten years of age, and my father, for my good, holding a strict hand over me, severely corrected me, and, if I learnt not my catechism, debarred me from my meat, and if I remembered not the sermons—for I was made to write them down—and for the least fault, still reprehended, [so that] I grew even desperate and weary of my life, and was twice tempted to put an end to those my tedious days by making away with myself, which Divine Providence prevented; for once I got out of my father's hand, going to correct me, and ran away, with intention to

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drown myself, but in this passion called out aloud that I was going to do it, and did not know I did so; upon which my sister stopped me and held me fast and prevented me. On another time, fearing to come into the presence of my father, having neglected my duties, I did resolve to fling myself out of the window, to break my neck; but as Providence would have it, [upon a time] the desire of dying running in my head, I did chance to ask my mother if such as were authors of their own death went to heaven. She answered, No; they were damned, because they did an act contrary to God's will. She little thought why I asked this question. Now, just as I had got half out of the window, what my mother had told me came fresh into my memory; as also that possibly God Almighty would not permit me to die by the fall, but only to break some limb, and so be lame all my life. These thoughts passed not as our ordinary thoughts, but they were so lively, and made so deep an impression, as they seemed rather an admonishment from heaven. Hell and lameness so terrified me that I soon crept in again, and walked through the briers of tutorship until I got capacity enough to see that it was better bending than breaking. Thus went Divine Providence fitting my unpolished soul for what he had designed.

Between pleasure and torment I passed several years, wherein I had but passing thoughts of religion, which sprung from my mother's frequent suggestions that I was not in the truth. I remember I ever had an aversion to the Protestant religion; methought it was a very empty way of serving God.

Now, our family having taken its flight out of England into Holland, in the times of the troubles and civil wars in England between the king and parliament, in the time of Oliver Cromwell, we remained in Holland, among those reformed, many years, until, new troubles happening of wars between Holland and England, being of that nation, we were again driven from thence, and went to Flanders; and about the sixteenth year of my age I arrived at Bruges, to which all our family was sent, my father being in England. This was a great providence for me, for this being a Catholic city, my former inclination began to revive, and now I began to see what that was I had formerly heard of. There it was that I was unbeguiled, and saw that all [that] Protestants had told me concerning the Catholics was not true. I had a greater desire than ever to be a Catholic, but durst not be known that I had such a desire, for fear of my father. Often, indeed, did I venture to steal out to church, though I knew not what to do there, nor did I understand what was done; Mass, and the ceremonies thereof, was a strange thing to me; yet methought there was something, I knew not what, that moved devotion more than anything I had seen in the Protestant churches. I had a great desire to know more of the inside of that I liked so well the outside, but neither knew how nor which way, not daring to trust anybody. At last, I know not how, I had learnt the *Ave Maria* by heart; I got a pair of tens, which I ty'd next me and kept very secret, and a-nights would say them on my knees before I went to bed, with much satisfaction, but I knew not with what intention. All this

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time my mind, not having any one to ease itself unto, was troubled and infinitely oppressed, and the more in regard I saw so little probability of a release so long as my father lived. I many times earnestly prayed Almighty God to lead me into his truth, and not to let me perish through ignorance, . . . for, as you will see by what follows, my ignorance was great; for, hearing of and seeing in the Catholic Church so many several orders of religious, I thought that every order was a several sect or religion, which struck me into a strange perplexity. It was, to my thinking, impossible, among such a variety of religions, to find out the truth, which put me almost out of hopes of finding it, and consequently less courage to look after it.

One day, stealing out, I got into the Jesuits' church, and being there gotten into a corner, still praying I might find the truth, and being much perplexed with divers cogitations, there chanced to pass by two of the society; I looked earnestly upon them, and said in simplicity of heart, lifting it up to God, "Lord, if these men in black are of thy truth, make me of their religion," at which time methought I found my mind eased and my heart replenished with hopes for a space.

After three years being in the Catholic town, I got acquaintance at the monastery where I now am; but at that time I thought it a miserable life always to be locked up as in a prison. That manner of life did not then please me at all, and I little thought I was to be one of them I then thought so unhappy. In this time my knowledge did increase by means of Catholic books, which I grew so fond of as I gave a gold ring* for one.

Now, at the time of the king of Great Britain's arrival in Flanders —Charles the Second in the time of his exile—then, I say, did my father, out of policy, remove his family, and went to live in Holland at a place called Bergen-op-Zoom. Here now was I again out of the reach of any Catholics, and engaged to go to their reformed, or rather de-formed, church. Here, for want of fuel, did my former fire almost go out, or rather it was raked up, attending time and opportunity. In that town did a German prince, who married the marchioness of the town, keep his court; and there it was that I did give myself up to all sorts of vanities, encouraged thereto by being her daughter's favorite. I being of a disposition naturally merry and recreative, there was no sport without me, I being still the ringleader of all the farces and sportive fooleries.

Thus, whilst I most ungratefully forgot Almighty God, neglecting his frequent inspirations, his goodness and providence forgot not me; and though I did often stumble and commit many gross follies, his infinite goodness never permitted me to fall outright. My conscience doth not accuse me of any deliberate, malicious act, or any ill intention, but of great indiscretions.

In this vain and unprofitable life I spent seven years, after which I went with my father into England, out of which I had been from my four years of age. This novelty, which I had long desired, took my fancy wholly up, and, being arrived there, I lived according to the dictaments of sense. All sparks of piety seem-

* In one part of her narrative she mentions incidentally that her father kept her "very short."

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ed to be extinguished. Being with an aunt and uncle who did make much of me, I had whatsoever my heart could desire for to please sense, yet I can avouch this with truth: that I had no true interior content, but was many times plunged into deep melancholy. Many times would I steal away to walk all alone in the woods, ruminating and thus discoursing with myself: What am I? Why am I? What is the world? Who made it? What will be the end thereof? My own judgment told me that none but an infinite, supreme Power could be the author of such a vast fabric; but what to conceive of this Power, and how to represent him to myself, I knew not; and I asked myself, Where is this God? How to be found and comprehended? I could come to no certainty, and, not knowing which way to inform myself, this threw me into great pensiveness.

One time above all the rest, I remember being in the fields all alone, deeply engaged in these pensive thoughts. I had a great war within myself, and, having driven my mind into a deep labyrinth by diving into things above my capacity, I at last began to doubt whether there was a God or no—measuring everything by the shallow measure of my own wit; . . . and as for religion and heaven and hell, I thought [them] but an invention of cunning, politic men for to keep people in awe and for the better government of nations, who must be kept in fear with something beside moral laws. But presently a strong contradiction did spring up in my mind, and a formal dispute, insomuch that since I have admired how I did not break my brains, considering how young I was, weak and ignorant, and nobody to give me a solution.

Although these former things were strongly suggested, I did not rest in them nor gave any deliberate consent; they, notwithstanding, brought with them great disquiets, and left me still upon uncertainties; . . . for, being wrapped up in Nature, I could only see by her obscure lights, and could not comprehend anything that was spiritual, no more than a blind man can conceive and comprehend by his touch, smell, hearing, or taste what a color means, so unapt was I to conceive that God is a spirit, but, like a blind, ignorant fool, would square and bring the essence of an incomprehensible Deity within the narrow compass of my weak capacity. Thus, with glorious St. Austen, I went seeking that without me that was within me. The truth of the very Scriptures would I call in question, conceiving them to have been forged by the wit of man, out of policy.

Thus far was I straying from my former inclinations to the Catholic Church, insomuch as I had almost lost all religion and turned atheist, only the goodness of Almighty God still kept the former spark alive and kept me from a positive consent. And one certain thought recurring to my mind did, as it were, quicken me and set me on my legs again. I called to mind that I had heard many things told for certain, as that spirits walked and that many souls have appeared on occasions; and although I was not very apt to believe all the stories I had heard of that kind, I thought it absurd to believe nothing, as well as lightness to believe everything, when it was related by persons of credit; and if I yielded to believe the return of souls, I was consequently compelled to believe the immortality of the soul. Then

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did I conclude that there was an incomprehensible God, who must be a spirit, and spiritually to be comprehended, and I did humbly beg him to take this misbelieving spirit from me and direct me into his truth.

My father, being upon his return, gave me my choice either to return to my mother or to remain with my aunt; but most happily I chose to return home, which made a passage for my future progress.

In this my journey at sea God touched my heart in a more especial manner, and I did make a promise that if he did please to bring me safe to land, I would turn over a new leaf and lead a new life. But these fervorous prayers were made at sea, and in pain and danger that lasted several days, and were soon forgot when once safely got to land; for I was no sooner arrived into Brabant, and at my old home, amongst my friends and acquaintances, made much of and caressed, and again lulled to sleep with the pleasures of the court, [than I] thought no more of my fine promises at sea, but fooled away another two years in vain amusements.

At the end of these two years God, in his infinite goodness, gave me, as I may say, another pull by the sleeve; . . . for, one morning, being in my closet saying my wonted prayers, I found a more sensible devotion than ever I felt before, which did, as it were, allure me to continue praying, and, being insensibly engaged, all the promises I had made at sea came lively into my mind and seemed to reprehend me. I was struck with a deep remorse of conscience and grew sad, and methought that suddenly it was as if it were interiorly said unto me, "There is no fooling with God." And this was so pressing that I had not power to rise from the place I was kneeling in until I had renewed my promises and resolved positively on something. At that very same time I renounced the Protestant errors, and resolved to embrace the Catholic truth, and to break through all oppositions whatever. I found myself at the same moment strengthened and encouraged, and from this time I stood my ground and fell back no more.

Now was the resolution made to enter into the spiritual combat, besides a moral one, for many exterior things stood in my way that seemed such giants as, morally speaking, they seemed not possible to overcome. My mother, though a Catholic, yet was of no help to me but by her pious prayers, which, as another Monica, with tears she often offered for me. The love she had for my father, being loath to offend him, made her she durst act nothing on my behalf; so that I did keep my designs from her as from the rest. The marchioness of the town, being my friend and a Catholic, yet in this occurrence refused me her help, not to disoblige my father. Which way soever I turned I found none to join with me, but enough to oppose me. This cast me into deep perplexities of mind and a deep melancholy, the cause whereof none could guess at, for I had not yet declared myself. Nothing now but solitude, reading, and prayer was my delight, which was often interrupted by the combats of my mind [at] being forced to continue in a religion I thought false, and going weekly to church against my conscience, from the fear I was in of my father's displeasure.

In the midst of these intostica-

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tions, having nobody to lend me their hand, I made my continual address to Heaven, and my resolution grew still firmer, although new difficulties did daily arise to increase my sadness, insomuch that it was very notable. Several censures I passed, and by many it was said that I was possessed by that foolish passion called love, or being in love. It was love, indeed, but not of that kind they fancied. My mother was troubled to see me so sad who used to be so merry, she not being able to find out the cause, though she had employed many to sift it out. At last she did acquaint my father with it, who was then in England to prepare for our return, for as yet we were in Brabant.

I will here add two more motives to the reason I have given why I did not impart my mind to my mother. The one was that I feared I might have been the cause of making difference between my father and mother, who had lived so many years in such mutual concord. I conceived my father would have presently accused her that she had persuaded me; and, whilst I left her in ignorance, she could clear herself and satisfy him, for it would have been a double cross to have seen them at variance about me. My second motive was that I doubted if she would have had resolution enough to have helped me through those difficulties I foresaw I was to wade through; for I, knowing her to be of a nature mild and timorous, had more faith in her prayers than in her help; [and thus] I was resolved to acquaint my father with it first.

He, by letter, desired me to let him know the cause of so apparent a discontent that all the world did take notice of. Upon this summons I rallied up my forces, and finding, as if it were, that servile fear and human respect to vanish that had held me so long back, I set pen to paper, and very resolutely told him that, seeing he did so earnestly command, I would as ingenuously obey, assuring him that my discontent that all the world did wonder at sprung from no other source but that of a troubled conscience, I being no longer able to conform to a religion so erroneous as the Protestant religion was, which discovery I had made by reading of histories, which had informed me of the antiquity of the Catholic religion. This I did intend to embrace, and it was the only thing which could restore me to my former peace of mind; and I did add that I was so fully resolved upon it that neither fire nor sword should alter my mind.

Whilst I was expecting his answer I thought it now time to discover to my mother the cause of my discontent. She was overjoyed she should have one child that would be of her religion. I acquainted her with more than I had told my father, for I told her the great desire I had to retire from the world to some monastery. She was so ready to comply with me as even to sell her jewels but I should have help. I doubted not of her goodness, but I was sure her power would be soon restrained; and no sooner was my father surprised with the discovery I had made him but I had a thundering letter, wherein he said that he wished he had not been so curious. Many conjurations I had not to discover this my conversion to the world, but to dissemble until his return, and he would procure those who should satisfie my doubts. At the

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same time he wrote to my mother, conjuring her, by the love she had for him (which he knew was not little), not to help me to any books, or give me any help, for that at his return he would satisfie me.

This conjuration put my good mother into a great conflict of mind, as she expressed by her tears when she told me that she hoped that Almighty God would help and assist me, for she could only pray for me. I comforted her all I could, and only begged her blessing and prayers, saying that I did not doubt but God would end the work he had begun.

Now did I behold myself left all alone to fight the battle; I still with tears and earnest sighs imploring the help of God, who never forsakes a constant mind, and he, I found, did strangely inwardly strengthen me.

I returned answer to my father that, seeing there was no remedy, I would, for his sake, dissemble, upon condition he would not force me any more to receive their communion. He in his return * to me did very willingly consent to that request.

From this time until my father's return from England, which was not very many months after, I lived a dying life, with many disturbances of mind. I would at times, to be quit of my trouble, strive to reconcile myself to the Protestant religion, but it was impossible. I was still, as with a forcible hand, drawn back again, and interiorly still more confirmed that none but the Catholic religion was the truth.

At what time soever I acted † anything in reference to my conversion all fear vanished. Every one had a greater apprehension of my father's return than myself, although I was greatly in awe of him in all other things besides what concerned my conscience and my religion, for not one of his children had he kept under the curb so much as he kept me in my minority; but now the fear of God overcame my natural fear, and I did so little apprehend seeing him that I longed for his coming.

The hour arriving, he was no sooner entered the house but I was the very first that met him to give him the welcome, expressing a more than wonted joy at his return. I cheerfully begged his blessing, but it was sooner craved than granted, for he, with a severe aspect, seemed to overlook me. He only returned me a deaf ear and a dumb mouth, but hastened to my sister, and with more than an ordinary kindness embraced her. This being the least I could expect, it did neither surprise nor daunt me, but I looked on it as the prologue to the acts that were to follow.

Notwithstanding this 'foresaid slight of my offended father, I was still very officious about him in being more ready at hand than ever to serve him at every turn, but I was still elbowed away, and none of my little services accepted, but my sister still employed and addressed on set purpose to gall me; but it did not work the effect for which it was done. Still, with simplicity of heart, I made my addresses to Heaven, which seemed to hear me by prospering all I did, and by giving me strength and courage to overcome great difficulties.

This disdainful manner of proceeding of my father's lasted two or three years, in which time he gave me not one good look, nor one ill word—nor yet a good one, I

* Answer. † Did.

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may say, for he rarely spoke to me —thinking, doubtless, by thus discountenancing me to have tired me out. But by nature I hated inconstancy in my undertakings, and much more in a thing on which my salvation depended; but he was ignorant who it was that strengthened me, and whom I was determined never to forsake.

Whilst my father was thus mute I was not idle, but began to cast about how and by what means I should bring to pass what I was now fully resolved upon. I saw he sought only to tire me out, and used no means to satisfy me any manner of way. Because of my promise I still went to church with him, which was my greatest torment, yet I saw no remedy. My only way was to dissemble my resentments, and with my father also, as artificially as he had dissembled with me, until I could find an opportunity to give him and the world the slip. This was now resolved upon—to wit, to make a virtue of necessity.

I now dissembled all my trouble of mind, and was more sociable and cheerful, insomuch that my father began to think that the storm of my mind was blown over. He began upon this to be cunningly kind, intermixing it with a kind of displeasure. I took all that came with the same countenance, and, whilst I seemed to do nothing, did act most, and made in my heart a firm resolution not to rest plotting until I had found a way to convey myself privately away to some monastery; for I saw it was a folly for me to hope, if I stayed in the world, to have any liberty of conscience.

On a time when I was revolving in my mind what to do, it came into my memory that I had seen a monastery of English Austin Nuns nine years before, when I lived in Flanders, at Bruges. I found a way to convey a letter to the superior thereof, from whom I received a very civil return. This was some small comfort, that I had at least some one to ease my mind unto. I found, by her lines, she was a wise and discreet woman. Many secret letters passed between us for above a year. Then she died, and I continued my correspondence with her successoress.

Now, things beginning to be settled in England, our family was upon its return to its native country. I began to cast about how in England as well as here I might continue this 'foresaid correspondence, and therefore I desired the lady of the monastery to direct me to some Catholic to whom I might safely confide for the conveyance of my letters to her. The answer to this, directing me to a good lady, an aunt of hers, did very narrowly escape my father's fingers, which if he had opened I should have been in a worse condition than ever; but Providence was more favorable than to permit it. And it happened thus: Being abroad with my father and mother in a coach, the lackey brought my letter and presented it to my father, and said that it came from Ghent. Fancying that it might be mine, and seeing my father going to take it, I snatched it suddenly, and said, "It's mine"—an act in another circumstance I durst not have done; and I admired that no reproof followed. He only said, "From whom is that letter?" I answered, "From one of my companions"; which he, contrary to his wonted inquisitiveness, let pass and took no further notice of; but had he observed the discomposure of my countenance,

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he might have seen that there was more than ordinary in the business.

In the year of our Lord 1661 all our family were conveyed to England; a tedious and troublesome, dangerous journey it was. My heart, God knows, sailed one way while the ship sailed another. All the comfort I had whilst I rowed thus against the stream sprung from an inward assurance: I felt that I should be a nun and end my days in religion; and in the midst of the storm, when there was danger to be cast away, the inward assurance never forsook me, but I encouraged all not to fear, especially my mother, who even despaired of more seeing land. I desired her divers times not to fear, and that I was confident we should not be lost; and I went still repeating to myself, "I shall not be drowned; I shall be a nun," and was no more frightened at the violent rolling of the ship than if I had been on land.

Towards morning the storm ceased, and the mariners came and told us in what an imminent danger we had been, and how near the sands; and added that a thing happened that night they had never seen before since they had been at sea—to wit, that, when they were almost in despair, fathoming the water, and found themselves so near the sands, there came suddenly a strong gale of a contrary wind than what they had had before, and blew the ship from the sands a league into the sea, which if it had blown it as fast forward, it must have perished, and they themselves stood surprised at the novelty.

Now, being arrived at London, I gave myself hardly leave to repose before I was informing myself how I should find out the 'foresaid lady that I was directed unto, so that I might renew my intercourse with the lady of the cloyster. It was not long before I found out her lodgings. She, having had notice of me, entertained me with much courtesy. There it was where I first spoke with any priest, and who confirmed me in the faith and encouraged me in my enterprise. This was some comfort, but I durst not partake thereof too often for fear of being discovered. At last, not daring to go so often out myself, I did spy a good, honest, simple wench in the place where I lodged, that I thought a fit instrument for my purpose, and she very faithfully carried and brought my letters.

The fear I was in that my father would convey his family into the country made me beg of Almighty God that he would so dispose that my father might take an house and remain [if] but one year at London, from whence I knew it was easier to get than out of the country. My prayers were heard, and, I cannot tell on what motive, he did remain at London just one year, to my great joy; and, not to lose my instrument, I prevailed with my mother to take the 'foresaid maid for our wash-maid, which she did to please me, but she knew not my motive.

Now, most fortunately, the back door of the house my father had hired in Holborn came out into a street called Fetter Lane, and there were lodged the two Jesuits that I had just made acquaintance withal, so that I could easily slip out to their lodgings.

At this time my father was in great hopes that I might be wrought upon, though I was never further off it. He, to give a trial to his suppositions, spoke to the Bishop

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of Winchester to sound me, and try if he could settle me in the religion I was forsaking. My mother informed me that there was such a thing in agitation, and that this pretended bishop should come to use his power to try and pervert me; for which his lordship should have a banquet for his reward, which was already prepared.

I was very glad to hear this news, and did assure my mother that I did not fear his lordship, and that, as I would order the business, he should miss of his sweet recompense as well as of his pretence.

Never after this did this bishop come to our house but I would be still at his elbow, and often would my mother say, "Why will you be still where that man is?" "To show him, madam," replied I, "that I am not afraid of him." I longed for the combat, and when the time drew near he was to come, I, to hasten his lordship into the field, wrote to him, desiring him to make haste, telling him, amongst many things, that if Joseph had not gone into Egypt his dream had never come to pass, and that likewise, if so be I had spoken with him, possibly my designs would be the sooner effected, leaving it to my lord's learning to interpret what I meant.

He returned me for answer that he would wait on me as soon as he had been with his Majesty at St. James'.

The day after my lord came and called for me. I deferred not long to hear what his lordship had to say to me. It were too long to rehearse my hour's dispute I had with him. I shall only touch on some principal passages.

Now, he having blamed me for offering to forsake the religion my father had brought me up in, I asked him if there was no salvation in the Catholic Church. He replied (most learnedly, if you observe) that there was for such as were brought up in that simplicity, but for one that had been taught and knew better things he much doubted, and it was dangerous. But I fully remember that he spoke this so faintly, and with so little vigor, just as a man speaks when he speaks against his conscience; so that this startled me not at all. He demanded my motives why I would make a change. I told him that I thought I could not be saved in the Protestant faith. He then told me that the Protestant Church was conformable to the primitive times, and that after the first sixth hundred it was corrupted by the superstitions brought in by several popes; but the Protestant Church was as a weeded garden, and was a reformed church and free from error now. I replied that I found in the gospel that our Saviour promised that it should never err, and that hell gates should never prevail against it. How is it, then? Is man fain to re-form because God cannot perform or keep his promise? This is strange. Moreover, if the church can err, what assurance can there be of any salvation? It can as well lead me to hell as to heaven. At the same time I told him that that very confession of Protestants, "that the church could err," was the very thing that had made me forsake that church; and because the Catholic Church could not err made me the more willing to embrace their faith.

Then he alleged a whole catalogue of errors, speaking against the belief in the Real Presence, praying to Our Blessed Lady and saints, and several ceremonies he condemned. To these points I, hav-

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ing no learning to insist upon them, and knowing, if I did, that he would speedily overthrow me though not overcome me by his rhetoric and scholastic queries, I simply told his lordship that, as for the Real Presence, I took the words as they stood, and seeing it was our Lord's last will and testament, and that the divine mouth of Truth had itself said, "This is my Flesh indeed," and "This is my Blood indeed," it became me not to give our Lord the lie and say, "It is not true," as the Protestants do; I thought it more just and pious to submit my judgment. And as for the other things he called errors, I thought it absurd for me to call in question what hath been approved and defined long since by an universal church and confirmed by councils; and withal that history could tell me that there had been a time when no Protestants were heard of, neither could it be called an universal church, as God's church ought to be; and if I went out of England I could not go to church.

To this he made I know not what insignificant replies; that the Jesuits had put these things into my head; but he did wrong them. Then I asked him where the Church of England was in Cromwell's time? He told me it was still in being; that every one's church was in his own heart. I replied, between jest and earnest, I was not so artificial * as to build churches, and so I would go to a visible church; to one that was united (for I could not find ten Protestants of one mind or opinion).

To all this his lordship answered so faintly and indifferently, and so little to the purpose, that it moved me not; but possibly his dry answers sprung from a disdain he had to dispute with a girl, as I was, in comparison of him, who was ancient enough to have been my grandfather. In fine, after a long to-and-fro dispute, and telling me still that it was the Jesuits that had put these things in my head (although I had not had an hour's discourse with a Jesuit in my life, nor hardly half an hour, in regard that, my excursions being by stealth, I durst not be so long absent from home, and none durst come to me; yet "it was the Jesuits that had deluded" me).

Now his grace, being weary, took a quick way to ease himself and end the dispute, sending me to study the Scriptures, saying somewhat earnestly: "Come, madam, take the Scriptures, and pray Almighty God to illuminate you; there is truth to be found in them."

I thereupon replied: "Indeed, my lord, I do believe you do wish you had not made the Scriptures so common, for from thence has sprung up, by false interpreting the Scriptures, so many heresies and false opinions as are in England."

He was a little mute upon this, and waived the answer, still persisting that I should search the Scriptures. Then I told him that indeed I understood them not, because in many places they seemed to contradict themselves.

Upon this reply his lordship began to be somewhat angry, and told me that it was a blasphemy to say so. I replied that in their true sense I knew they did not contradict themselves, but in the literal sense there were many contradictions I could not reconcile.

"Show me," said he, raising his

* Skilful.

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voice, "one contradiction in the whole Bible."

My lord bishop thought here to have posed his effeminate defendant; but I, no whit daunted, found a very fit piece of Scripture for his purpose at that time—or rather Almighty God, who sometimes confounds the wise by the weak, found it for me—for just upon this pinch came into my mind a place in the Proverbs of Solomon that stopped my lord's mouth.

"I will, sir, show you one presently; for, pray my lord," said I, "doth it not stand written in such a place in the Proverbs, 'Answer not a fool, for fear you partake of his folly,' and then in the very next verse doth it not stand, 'Yet answer him, for fear he should seem wise in his own eyes'? Now, my lord, am I to answer the fool, by Scripture, or not? Is not this a plain contradiction? — 'Answer not,' yet 'answer.'"

Upon this he was like a man struck dumb, and answered not one single word, but did turn from me suddenly. Whether it was that he thought I had called *him* fool, by Scripture, or to hide his smile at the piece I had picked out, I know not; but, without turning round, he asked me where my father was. I told him I knew not; and, bestowing a coy curtsy on his lordship for his pains, and my father not being at home, his worship went away as wise as he came, without the fine banquet that was prepared for him, as I had foretold. I was informed afterwards that the bishop told my father there was no good to be done with me, for I was so obstinate that if an angel should have come from heaven and tell me anything but what I had got into my head he would not be able to prevail. And I do believe so, too, if an angel should speak no more to the purpose, or have no more zeal to gain a soul than his lordship had.

Now, having, by Almighty God's goodness, passed thus happily this brunt, I began with a new vigor and courage to prosecute my design, which I saw must be this year (1663) or never, because the year after our family was to go down to Norfolk. While I despatched letters to the lady of the monastery, I also took counsel of the two Jesuits of my acquaintance how to get away.

One danger more my letters did escape. One day the [aunt of the] 'foresaid lady sent me a packet of letters by a lackey of hers, who asked for the wench that always did receive them for me. She being in a chamber above, smoothing of linen, the cook-maid was too lazy to call her, and did let the boy stand expecting at the door. It being hot weather, and he weary, he sat down and fell asleep with my letters in his hand. Here did Divine Providence help me; for, as she did assure me (she being a good, ignorant, simple wench, but very faithful), she all on the sudden had such a propension to go down that she had no power to go on with her work; down she must go, though she knew neither why nor wherefore. Then her fellow-servant told her there was a boy at the door would speak with her. She went, and found the youth fast asleep, with my letters in his hand. She, taking them, sent the boy away, and brought them, telling me what a hazard they had run; for, said she, "I had no sooner taken the letters but your father came with several gentlemen out of the parlor to go abroad." I blessed Almighty God

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for this great deliverance; for had my father intercepted those letters, I had been quickly secured from getting away.

As the time grew shorter my care grew greater and difficulties did increase. I was [still] constrained to act two several parts—to wit, to obey God's call, and also seem to comply with the world.

I kept the world in play,
While God I did obey.

I followed the modes, and talked of nothing but vanities, but at the same time I did write to the monastery to desire them to send one over to fetch me. The thirty pound a year that was allowed me for my maintenance I laid up to travel withal. I consulted with such as were privy to my designs, which were only one lady and two Jesuits, which fathers were very zealous in my cause until they were prohibited to meddle with my concerns.

I, being ignorant of this command, and thinking to find help now at my last pinch, found myself again left to shift for myself; for, coming one day, as I was wont, to the lodgings of one of these fathers, I found him very sad, and spoke not as he used to do. I marvelled at his change, but at last, very unwillingly, he told me he had a command from his provincial not to meddle with my business.

This was most surprising news, and at first startled me and strook me even into tears; I was even struck dumb for a while; but recovering myself, I said: "Well, if man will not help me, I am sure God will! I will go, though I should wade through the ocean."

He admired to see me so resolute, and replied, "I think thou art more than a woman," and bid me do, in God's name, what I would, but he could only pray for me. I then desired him to let me know where the cautious provincial was, for I was resolved to let him know my mind, were it but to ease it. He then bade me write, for he was as much troubled as myself. As soon, therefore, as I returned home I did set pen to paper. . . . [Notwithstanding my letter] he did but redouble his commands, saying I had courage enough to do it alone. He afterwards came to the monastery and made me his late apology, and told me indeed my lines made him weep, but not to compassion. But Almighty God would have it thus, to make the work his own.

I did receive a letter from the lady of the monastery to come with all speed, and that she would receive me with open arms. Here the heavens opened, and I revived, with new hopes of good success.

By this time the person that was to fetch me was come to town, and I appointed her to meet me at a certain place. Here had I like to have had another stop, for I found her in a strange perplexity about taking me with her, seeing that some one had scared her, telling her that she should take heed what she did, and remember whose daughter I was; and that if ever my father should find out that it was she that conveyed me away, he might put her into trouble, and she should never dare to set her foot in England again; so that she in a manner refused to take me, being now ready to go with her the next day. This was another stratagem of the devil to discourage me, but it took no effect.

I found a charm that banished all her fears. I flung into her lap

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seven pound, and told her if she would bring me safe unto the monastery I would demand of her nothing else.

This golden cordial revived her fainting spirits, and she most courageously told me that, seeing I had so much courage, she would have no less. Then she took my trunk and conveyed it before, and appointed me to meet her next morning, about eight of the clock, in the same place.

This being concluded, I returned home, very thoughtful of what I was about to undertake. Many great combats I had that day and the next night, not being able to sleep one wink. The night before I went away my mother bid me put on my best apparel to go a-visiting the next day. I thought to myself, "I have a visit to make you know little of!"

I rose the next morning betimes, and went to my prayers a good while; then went to my mother's chamber, and stood and discoursed with her for a while, who wondered to see me so early up and with her, which was very unusual with me. In going out I sighed, for my heart was full. I begged her blessing, and thought in my heart, "Dear mother, you little think you shall see me no more!"

Now, as if Divine Providence would give me free passage, this very week my father, uncle, brother, and cousin were gone into the country, so that I feared not to be pursued, which I should have been in danger of had any of these remained in town. But the coast being clear, and I finding my mind and heart replenished with a more than wonted vigor and courage, went to my closet and writ two letters, the one to my father, to beg his blessing and pardon for my going away without his knowledge, telling him that nothing but the love of God and liberty of conscience should ever have made me separate myself from his obedience; and withal desired him not to lay my departure to my mother's charge, for it was as great a secret to her as to himself.

In the letter I writ to my mother, who I knew would be overwhelmed with sorrow to part with me, and on the other side no less joyed to have one child a Catholic and religious, I comforted her by telling her how happy I should be in the place I was going to, acquainting her with my intention of being a religious.

These letters I sealed and laid them upon my table. I put my hoods and scarfs in my coat, and, taking a book in my hand, went as if I was going to walk in the garden. I met only with the maid that had so faithfully carried my letters. I gave her then a reward, though she did little think it would be the last, as also the last time that she would see me. As soon as the coast was clear I slipped out at the back gate to meet my conductor. At my going from my father's house I did not shed a tear, but I trembled; and although Nature was upon the rack, I found myself inwardly encouraged and strengthened, so that it seemed not in my power to desist, and all things did connect to advance my design of leaving the world.

My conductress, Mrs. Fosset, stood ready in the place I had appointed her to meet me. My trunk having gone before, I did take the Canterbury wagon, refusing the coach, in regard that if so be I was followed and sought after they would sooner examine a coach.

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Being arrived at Dover, there I was examined what my name was. I told them Catherine Brown, and by that name I was registered in the book. I did change my name for fear of being discovered, and in effect there were several gentlemen that went over at the same time that knew very well our family; but thus I escaped, *incognita*, until I came safe to my journey's end. The next day I took the packet-boat, and in twenty-four hours I was wafted over and arrived in Flanders, and so came at last to my desired haven—that was, to the monastery of the Austin Nuns—where I received a very kind welcome from the superior thereof, who was the niece of Rev. Mother Augustin Benedfield, with whom I had begun to correspond, but she died before I did compass my design. So I was accepted with much charity and goodness, for they were not certain if they should ever have a penny with me, by reason my father was so highly offended with me for going away without his leave and for changing my religion. But though I was come, as I may say, blindfold to the state of life God had chosen for me—for I was as ignorant as a child what a religious life was and what would be required of my hands—I was not frustrated of the hope I had to find the happiness I had proposed to myself.

A lady that had helped me, afterwards coming to our monastery to be a nun in the same, related to me the great confusion our family was in when they did miss me, which was about dinner-time, to which being called, I was not found. Servants were sent about to all that knew me, but none could give any account of me. It was judged by all that I was run away with some gallant, for going to be a nun and leave the world was the last of their thoughts. At last they found the two letters I had left upon the table in my room, which informed them whither I had gone, but I was out of their reach of overtaking me when they found them.

Many a letter was sent after me, especially by my father, blaming me for my rash action and disobedience; to which I answered that a thing that had been above three years in agitation could not be looked upon as rash, that I did beg his pardon, and that I was not able any longer to go against my conscience.

I again earnestly soliciting his pardon, he in a few lines answered me: "I here give you my pardon, seeing you desire it from my own hand, and remain your affectionate father—J. H."

After this 'foresaid letter he never writ to me more, but he would receive mine, and now and then, when I demanded it, send me some token, [as] on the death of my honored and dear mother, who was joyed that she had one child of her own religion, and was very kind; but when death deprived me of her I was as a stranger to all the rest of my kindred.

To the end to be able to settle myself in religion, I addressed myself to a great friend of my father's, which was the Duke of Norfolk, Henry Howard. He being a very good Catholic, and understanding how the case stood between me and my father, took the business in hand to procure me a portion, to the end to be professed. He then did me the honor to adopt me as his daughter, and told my father that, if so be he would not give me a portion, that he himself would

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give me one. My father did reply that he would not give me any portion, only, in regard he would not consent any one else should maintain any of his children, seeing he was able to do it himself, he would send an alms to the monastery, that they might not be burdened with me; and then, by the hand of the same duke, sent four hundred pounds three weeks after my noviceship had ended. I did not care what he called what he sent, a portion or an alms—I was sufficiently joyed; . . . and then my mother supplied other charges, and was very kind to me until her death.

The happy day of my settlement being come, which was the 7th of September, 1664, the duke came to my baptism, and gave me, instead of my father, to God, and was ever after most obliging.

By this means I was settled, after a great deal of trouble, in the state of life I had so long desired, in the which I live truly content; and no little satisfaction of mind it was to me [that] I was out of danger of ever being in the slavery of marriage,* for which I had so great an aversion, and there was no other way to avoid it but by embracing the state of religion. Infinite was the goodness of God toward me, for he caused all things to conclude for my advantage, whilst I did only desire his holy will might be done to his own glory, for whose sake I had forsaken all the pleasures of the world.

Fair Truth has charms
In such a plenteous store:
Who sees her, loves;
Who knows her, must adore.

PROTESTING CHRISTIANS.

A PROTESTANT is a Christian who is not a Catholic. We do not know that we can get nearer to a definition. There may be "accidental" distinctions between the baptized and the unbaptized, between the more positive and the more negative sort of Protestants; but "essentially" a Protestant believes in Christ and does not accept the authority of the Holy See. It is true that, speaking popularly, when we use the word Protestant we mean to imply much more than this. We mean the angry or sullen protest against half a dozen dogmas, against the spirit of the history of the church. We mean schism, and heresy, and fierce controversy. We mean hatred of confession, and disbelief in the Mass, and contempt for the pretensions of priesthood. What do we *not* mean, in the way of "heretical pravity," when we use that most unpleasant word, Protestant? But since no two Protestants have exactly the same belief, or profess exactly the same grounds for their belief, it would be idle to attempt to define the indefinable, or to try to successfully postulate a negative.

Our motive for the consideration of the word Protestant, and for the consideration of whatever it involves, is the hope that we may be able to com-

* In one of her Prayers, or Meditations, which in the MS. follow the account of her life, Sister Catherine again expresses her thankfulness for having been preserved from being "ty'd to a lump of animated clay."

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bat its newest meaning, which is "to protest that a true Protestant is not a Protestant." The English Ritualists have asserted that the true spirit of the Church of England (which is admittedly the highest development of non-Catholicism) is not Protestant but Catholic; is first Catholic, then Anglican; is too primitive to be in any way Protestant. The assumption is so sublime that it seems irrefutable. We bow respectfully to a theory which is beyond us. Because the Church of England *is* primitive, because it *is* "the purest form of Catholicity," because it *was* born before the erring Church of Rome, and *was*, indeed, the mother of that sad offspring, therefore who does not see that the Church of England cannot protest against an institution which is so infinitely below it? True, indeed, the particular establishment called "Church of England" came into modern existence in the sixteenth century; true, its material and its demonstrative characteristics remained invisible for the space of, say, a thousand years; yet since pure Anglicanism was the religion of the first centuries, and since pure Anglicanism is the religion of the Ritualists, it follows that every Ritualist is in the position of an heir-at-law who looks down with contempt on bastard rivals. How can such an heir condescend to protest against the pretenders who have appropriated some of his acres? He rather lives in solemn majesty in his hereditary castle, and does not even recognize his neighbors. Protest may be for lesser and weaker minds; but the true heirs of primitive truth are above it.

If this seem but a pleasantry, and not a statement of position, we reply that it is both the one and the other. The Ritualists have two ways of treating the Roman Catholic Church, and both are a protest against protest. The one way is to ignore it as an unavoidable evil; the other way is to patronize its good points. As to protesting, they leave that to Low-Churchmen. They positively execrate the word protest in its historical and in its doctrinal meaning. They will have it that the Church of England never protested against Rome, but assumed (in the sixteenth century) the Catholic attitude; or that, at the most, a temporary protest was begotten by Roman attitude, but was no expression of pure Church-of-Englandism. They admit that English Protestantism is an historical fact, but not that it is Anglican or Catholic. It is an accident of the corruptions of sheer ignorance. The Church of England is Catholic, was Catholic, must be Catholic; people who call themselves Protestants are not Anglican.

We have not the least intention of proving that modern Ritualism is not the religion which was professed by the Christians of the "early church"—that would be a subject beyond our compass—nor is it the immediate subject we would investigate. What we propose to do is to show that the Church of England is essentially, and also exclusively, a Protestant church, and that if it were not Protestant it would be nothing. There are three ways of proving this Anglican Protestantism: the first is the Protestant attitude of the Reformers—royal, episcopal, priestly, and lay. The second is the whole history of Anglican formularies. The third is the whole history of Anglican sentiment.

In a pamphlet which was published last year by an English

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judge of county courts, and of which the title was, *Is the Church of England Protestant?* it was asserted that in the reign of Elizabeth "there was no union of the Church of England with Protestantism"; that Protestantism "may gratify the mental cravings of Scotch Calvinists and Irish Orangemen, but, by the grace of God, it is not the religion of the Church of England."

This statement is so opposed to universal recognition that we must be excused for pronouncing it to be eccentric. If there is one word which would describe the Elizabethan faith and piety; which would sum up the religious principles of the disastrous forty years during which Queen Elizabeth brutally reigned; and which would aptly give the character of all Anglican legislation, as well as of the hideous penal laws against Catholics, that word is emphatically Protestant. Queen Elizabeth could only reign because she was a Protestant; and her successors have only reigned on the same condition. The reign of Elizabeth was the introduction and the firm settling of the principle of political Protestantism. From the time when she ascended the throne political Protestantism has been despotic, and Anglican Protestantism has been inseparably allied with the political Protestantism which created it. Even Charles II. could only recover his throne on condition that he supported *both* Protestantisms. James II. forfeited his throne for not doing so. In 1688 the new dynasty was established on the condition of the same twofold faithfulness. Queen Victoria was pledged at her coronation to "maintain the Protestant religion as *by law* established," the same twofold Protestantism being demanded of her which was demanded of all her Anglican predecessors. Protestantism and the English sovereignty are inseparable; and so are the English sovereignty and Anglicanism.

But, next, to show that the sympathies of the English sovereignty, always evinced through the Parliament and through the church, were in the direction of "pure and simple" Protestantism, as opposed to any relations with Rome, let it be mentioned that Charles II. and James I., as well as the Convocation of the clergy, by many acts of the most formal and public character, expressed their sympathy with the Protestant churches of the Continent and their abhorrence of all sympathy with Catholics. At the Synod of Dort the officially-sent Anglicans acted in brotherly concert with the Protestants. Convocation very frequently addressed the crown on behalf of foreign Protestant sects. And—what is far more important, for it thoroughly settles the question of Anglican indifference about "priesthood"—Anglican bishops, in the time of the Stuarts, formally recognized Presbyterianly-ordained clergy. This last point is of such obvious interest in the historical argument for "Protestantism" that we must give to it a moment's attention. The late Mr. Keble, a most distinguished High-Churchman, acknowledged that "numbers had been admitted to the ministry of the Church of England with no better than Presbyterian ordination," and that this had taken place "nearly up to the time when Hooker wrote." And Bishop Cosin, writing from Paris in 1650, said that he had known ministers who were not episcopally ordained, but

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only ordained according to the rites of a Protestant sect—that is, of some French Protestant sect—admitted to charges by bishops of the Church of England without being episcopally re-ordained. "Nor did our laws," he wrote, "require more of such an one than to declare his public consent to the religion received among us, and to subscribe the articles established." And he argued that, in the French Protestant sects, "the sacraments were duly administered according to Christ's ordinance in all those things that of necessity are requisite unto the same"; though he thought that it was better to have episcopal ordination, as being the most primitive in type. And Archbishop Bramhall, an Anglican of much weight, pronounced that Presbyterian ordination was sufficient for the due exercise of functions, though it would not give "legal" claim to church revenues; and he instituted and inducted Presbyterians as "valid," though not "legal," Anglican priests. It was the state, not the church, which required episcopal ordination; and this for legality, not validity. The truth is that the communion between the English Protestant Church and the foreign reformed Protestant churches was not only recognized but rejoiced in; and well might it be so, since the Anglican schism had put an end to all Catholic communion.

If we pass to the consideration of the Protestant character of church formularies, we are really continuing the same "historical" argument for the essential, profound Protestantism of Anglicanism. The Thirteen Articles of 1538, like the Thirty-nine Articles of 1563, were Lutheran in spirit and in origin. The Augsburg and the Würtemberg Confessions were the sources from which the latter were drawn. A careful comparison of these Articles with the Germanic Confessions will show that, in words as well as spirit, the paternity was recognized and venerated. And throughout the Book of Common Prayer (not priestly but Common Prayer), with all its shufflings, evasions, and compromises, Protestantism stands out all the more broadly and offensively from the incidental affectation of Catholicism. In no one doctrinal statement of the Anglican Prayer-Book is there a manly and honest profession of Catholic dogma; but there is always the grave quibbling, and wriggling, and haggling which prove the Protestant bias and enmity. The Lutheran divines and the Lutheran Confessions were the real, "primitive" sources of the formularies. Just as the orders of the Church of England were affectedly episcopal, with apologetic concessions to Presbyterianism, so the formularies of the Church of England were affectedly Catholic, with wholesale concessions to sectarianism.

But that which proves the Protestantism of the Church of England, far more even than its shuffling orders and shuffling formularies, is the national sentiment of hostility to Catholicism which has *always* imbued the whole people. We find it difficult to argue gravely with those Ritualists who affirm that the Church of England is not Protestant. It would be like attempting to argue gravely that the object of the Reformation was to intensify the authority of the Holy See. What is Protestantism but resistance to that authority toward which all Christian unity must centre, the setting up the throne

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of private judgment against the throne of the Vicar of Christ? And since, for centuries, every pulpit of the Church of England has rung with the protest against Rome, with the protest against dogmatic infallibility, with the protest against Mass and against confession, with the protest against priesthood and against penance, with the protest against "hampering religious liberty," how unreal is it to pretend that Protestantism—rank Protestantism—is not the one master passion of Anglicanism! Because a few educated persons, less prejudiced than the masses, and less profoundly unacquainted with Catholic philosophy, have felt ashamed of their unreasoning hostility, or of what Leo XIII. calls "the delirium of reason," therefore it is assumed that the Church of England is not Protestant, but, on the contrary, is more Catholic than is Catholicism. All history is smoothed over, all facts are softened down, the whole national "delirium" is set aside, in order that High-Churchmen may theorize the position that Protestantism is an accident, not an essence. Yet men who are well advanced both in years and experience—men who have lived, say, for fifty years in England—can tell us what are the recollections of their youth in regard to the national spirit of Protestantism. [We will speak only of England, both because it is the chief home of Ritualism and because it is the most missionary Protestant country.] Before "Puseyism" was first begotten at Oxford—before the first of the *Tracts for the Times* was composed—there was not one parish in England where the word Mass or the word confession, the word priest or the words "Sacramental Real Presence," could be spoken without eliciting controversy. Every sermon which was preached, both in towns and in country parishes, was primarily characterized by the *absence* of Catholic doctrine or by the *presence* of Protestant recrimination. Whether from the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral in London or from the pulpit of any parochial city church, from the pulpit of St. Mary's Church, Oxford, or from the pulpit of any fashionable proprietary chapel, but one voice was heard, one teaching, one sentiment, and that was the protest against Rome. Nor could it matter what the oral teaching might be, since the material teaching was so emphatic. The furniture of all churches, the material exponents of all doctrine, were expressly framed with the view of pronouncing emphatically that "no Catholic doctrine would be admitted." The altar was always hidden behind the pulpit. The font was always carefully put out of sight. The clergyman's robes were always studiously non-priestly. The clerk's desk was always pompously vicarious. The pews had always doors and always bolts. The church ornaments were always offensively mundane. The monuments were always pagan or sentimental. The "lion and the unicorn" crowned the altar. The Ten Commandments were supreme in doctrinal place. You could not find, in furniture or in structure, in any material intimation or symbol, one single suggestion of one Catholic doctrine, one emphatically Christian *credo*.

The writer of these pages well remembers with what delight he used to go, when a school-boy, to St. Paul's Cathedral. The music was so pretty, the psalms were so

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well chanted, the anthem was so charmingly rendered, that no musical treat could be more welcome to musical taste than that very pretty "afternoon service." But the music was the all in all of that service. The clergy and the choristers used to come rushing into their places like a flock of sheep which had broken loose from a pen; and they used to go through their duties in such a perfunctory way that they evidently thought the whole thing a "paid bore." *Now* all such details are changed. On Sunday morning such array of processional prettiness is organized in the vestry of the cathedral, such solemn walking precedes taking of place, that the idea which is suggested is the making the very most of a barren and non-Catholic ceremonial. Even the clergy *now* group themselves about the altar; college hoods are widely spread out like chasubles; and a big cross is placed on the communion-table, with two candlesticks and two noble gold plates. But why has this reformation taken place? Is it because Protestantism is no more, and æsthetic aspirations have supplanted it, or is it in professed deference to the High-Churchism of the age and to a certain appreciation of dogmatic need? The answer is that Protestantism is not dead, but that Catholicism has forced Protestantism to wear its "Sunday best." The sermons in St. Paul's Cathedral are still profoundly anti-Catholic, tempered only with an educated ecclesiasticism; and communion is administered without requiring confession—which shows that the Real Presence is not a dogma. No preacher in St. Paul's Cathedral dare recommend confession, dare advocate the sacrifice of the Mass, dare profess his veneration for the Holy See; the most that he dare do is to round pious platitudes about "church doctrines," "church services," "brotherly union." The old Protestantism is precisely what it was, *plus* the homage of the imitation of Catholic form. The bishop of London would be down on any preacher who overstepped the discreet boundaries of compromise. To talk High-Churchism while not practising obedience; to speak of sacraments while repudiating definition; to revere the church while not deciding what it is; to be very Catholic while not abandoning the national sect; to respect the councils while interpreting their teaching; and to quote the Fathers while expurgating their "popery"—such are the silky shifts, the invertebrate evasions, which now characterize the teaching in high places. Protestantism is not so blatant as it was; it is more cunningly dialectic and tortuous. It has abandoned its purely negative attitude for a positive affirmation of the indefinite. Yet its spirit is quite as eclectic as ever. Every clergyman and every layman creates his church. Implicit obedience is unknown. How can any one obey *what is not?*

And since Protestantism—that is, the spirit of personal protest against one, infallible, divine church authority—is as real and profound as it ever was, let us next put the question: Is not the spirit of Protestantism the exact opposite of the spirit of truth?

To answer this question it will be desirable to distinguish clearly between the protesting against authority and against doctrine. It is true that the one protest includes the other in the Catholic estimation of obedience; but we

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have to consider that High-Churchism proposes obedience to *a* church while proposing repudiation of *some* dogmas. The explanation is that, when the church was united, it necessarily taught what was true, but that, consequent upon the grave schisms of Christendom, the power of teaching became lost. The "protest" is therefore made against those "corrupt Roman teachings" which, presumably, ensued upon division. Now, first, it is absurd, in purely logical argument, to say that the church could lose its doctorship on account of the rebellion of its children; for the very use of her doctorship, its "reason of being," its divine object, its power, its gift, was to correct and to punish, to excommunicate and to receive back, erring sons who had preferred private judgment. If the church could become fallible because her sons had become rebellious, then is rebellion the superior of infallibility; and the taught are the masters, the reprovers of the teacher, and also its divine excommunicators. Core, Dathan, and Abiron took from Moses the divine prerogatives which God gave to them conditionally on popular acceptance! All power, and justice, and authority are dependent on the criminal's liking! "I can only teach you," the church is made to say, "up to the point where you are so gracious as to agree with me; but the moment you tell me I am mistaken my teaching power passes into your hands." This is the (logical) invention of High-Churchmen. It is indeed the most illogical, the most monstrous supposition which could possibly enter any Christian's head. If we must argue gravely on its merits, let us say that Almighty God, when he founded his church, did so with full knowledge of human nature; that he was aware of the pride of the human intellect; and that he foresaw that, in long ages to come, schism and heresy would abound. *Because* he foresaw this, say High-Churchmen, therefore he made the doctorship of his church to be dependent on the disobedience of her children, and ordained that, directly church authority should be wanted, it should be lost *pari passu* with the need. Infallibility being necessary to judge heresy, heresy should take away infallibility; and authority being necessary to punish revolt, revolt should put an end to authority. This is the High-Church, Oxford logic. It does not do credit to her schools. How any student could think this, and yet take honors in head-work, is incomprehensible to the Catholic common sense.

So that, in truth, the consideration of obedience to authority, and the consideration of the acceptance of all its dogmas, are one and the same consideration. Yet since the point we are inquiring into is the Protestantism of the Church of England in all its history, its formularies, its sentiment, let us take one "protesting" doctrine as the test of the fact that Church-of-Englandism is essentially non-Catholic. The thirty-first Article of the Church of England pronounces that "the sacrifices of Masses, in which it was commonly said that the priests did offer Christ for the quick and the dead to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits," while the adoring the sacramental Real Presence is described by the same final authority as "idolatry to be abhorred of all faithful Christians." And let it be added, cor-

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relatively, that on all those many occasions when the Church of England has courted the favor of foreign sects (while never once courting the favor of the Catholic Church), the reason given, the main apology offered, has been that the rejecting the Mass was "common ground." Indeed, the one sovereign pretext of the whole Protestant schism has been the rejection of the sacrifice of the Mass, "popery" being abhorred as the embodiment of the theory of sacerdotal prerogative and power. Now, this being the fact, how can the modern High-Churchmen, who make sacerdotalism their great "Catholic" claim, affect to be *not* Protestant on the one ground that they venerate what all their Anglican forefathers detested? For, since Protestantism and Anglicanism are the same thing, both must be accepted or abhorred. If the Ritualists would repudiate their "church" and profess themselves a perfectly new "sect," we might then contemplate their pretensions on their merits; but to affirm that they are Anglicans while repudiating all Anglicanism is like a Dissenter giving the toast of "church and state." What precise place a High-Churchman may appropriate in the oasis between the church and dissent we should be sorry to be called upon to define; but that he is essentially a Protestant, and accidentally a sham Catholic, we can lay down with a logical certainty. If he hates his own paternity and disowns his own mother, we can only regret that he is so ungracious or so unnatural; but, as outsiders, we must regard him as an equivocal offspring of an ancestry whom "piously" he should revere.

Indeed, we regret to have to think that the High-Churchman is *more* Protestant than his Low-Church or Puritan brothers. *They* reject the church because they do not like her teaching, while they simply ignore all church authority; but *he* rejects the church while liking her teaching and affecting to venerate her authority. So that he confesses himself a Protestant without doctrinal motive, and without plea of an assured (Catholic) authority. The very slight distinctions which he personally draws between primitive and nineteenth-century Catholicism are too fragmentary or unsubstantial to afford him sound pretext for an isolated doctrinal position; while the total absence of any living (Catholic) authority to which he can profess perfect obedience leaves him out in the cold as an "Anglo-Catholic." "Protestant" in his rejection of the church, while "Protestant" in his interpretation of her dogmas, he is really, in his logical attitude, more inexcusably and irrationally anti-Catholic than they who reject authority *with* dogma.

And now that we have got so far as to see clearly that all Anglicans are essentially and unavoidably Protestants—and that all Christians who are not in communion with the Holy See must be generically classed under the same name—let us consider what is the *animus* of Protestantism, what is its spiritual or supernatural worth.

The first Protestant—we know who he was! Core, Dathan, and Abiron—we know what they were. Under the Jewish and under the Christian dispensation a Protestant was exactly the same thing. He was a "churchman" who preferred his own judgment to that of the divinely-appointed authority.

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Whether it was Moses or Pius IX., on Mt. Sinai or in St. Peter's at Rome, who was resisted when teaching divine truth, the same *animus*, the same spiritual rebellion, is proved against the advocates of private judgment. Only, with Christians, the *animus* is more deadly, because the authority resisted is the Holy Ghost. We are not speaking of private persons (there must be thousands of sincere Protestants), but of the intellectual attitude of all non-Catholics. The authority of the church is the abiding presence of God, the infallible inspiration of the Holy Ghost, the continued teaching of the Incarnate Son of God, the final work of the Divine Father for men's souls. This, then, is the authority which is (intellectually) repudiated by the (intellectual) attitude of all Protestants. When they protest they are not protesting against man but against God, who is speaking through man. "Ye take too much upon you," said the Jewish rebels to Moses and Aaron, "seeing that *all* the congregation are holy." But the congregation was only holy because elected by God to obey his supernatural truths. In the same way all Christians are, in a certain sense, holy, but only relatively, according to their obedience. Every baptized child is holy; but he may cease to be holy if he grows up to misuse his private judgment. Now, exactly as the Jews said to Moses and Aaron, in conspicuously Protestant attitude, "Ye take too much upon you," so do all Protestants say to the Vicar of God, "All Christians are entitled to teach themselves." All Protestants are as Core in their pretension to know better than the authority which is commissioned by God. It matters not one pin, in the logical argument, in the rational consistency of the position, whether one doctrine more or less be accepted, if the authority for that doctrine be despised. It is not this doctrine or that doctrine which makes a heretic; it is his refusal to be commanded by authority. The Russian schismatics—the czar's "orthodox" Christians—are as much Protestants as are Quakers or Agapemonists. The archbishop of Canterbury and the most transcendental of Ritualists, the rationalist dean of Westminster and any unctuous Low-Churchman, are in attitude (we speak not of their consciences) all emphatically and all equally Protestants. They disobey ecclesiastical authority. They set up their own throne of private judgment. They prefer their "interpretation" to that of the pope, their "exegesis" to that of the councils, their "patristic reading" to the "church's living voice," their supreme *ego* to papal infallibility. They either believe in infallibility and claim it for themselves, or they reject it and so reject all (certain) truth. But a truth which is not certain, on the ground of its authority, cannot possibly be a truth which is *de fide;* and so all non-Catholics are driven either to believe themselves infallible or to deny that any truth is *de fide*. They may try, indeed, to escape from the dilemma by affirming that all "*necessary* truths are obvious"; and thus, while they differ as to what *are* "necessary truths," they profess their own ability to number them. The very question, "What are necessary truths?" is the question which is radical in the whole argument; for, of course, if it could be determined what truths are necessary truths, there would be an end to all schism, all heresy.

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But to determine this question there must be a living church authority—a fact proved by all schisms, all heresies. "Bible Christianity" means really private Bibles. A man who reads the Bible and calls himself a Christian is like a man who looks up to the starry heavens and professes himself an astronomer. "There are more things in the Bible which I do not understand than which I do," said the learned and profound St. Augustine. "I would not believe the Gospel itself, except on the authority of the church," said the same thoroughly "primitive" doctor. Now, the attitude of a Protestant who, while rejecting divine authority, thrones himself infallibly in its stead, professing that *he* can define necessary truths, though God's church is incompetent to do so, is the attitude of a man who either in vanity is supreme, or in patent imbecility is ridiculous. While acknowledging that a thousand different sects are divided on the question "what is necessary," he both affirms that "what is necessary is obvious," yet that no Protestant can possibly ever know it. Has *he*, then, received some strictly private revelation which makes him judge of the whole Word of God? Is *his* learning so colossal, his wisdom so profound, his sanctity so mystic, his life so rapt, that, individually, he can teach all churches, all nations what they have totally failed to discriminate? Are we not justified in saying that the Protestant (intellectual) attitude is the denial of the possibility of Christian dogma, save only on the assumption that each Protestant Christian is divinely illuminated to know the truth? Yet, since this marvellous hypothesis would involve the necessity of each Protestant being differently illuminated, it would follow that one God illumines different souls with opposite yet divinely certain truths. Take which alternative you prefer, the whole Protestant attitude, regarded from the logical point of view, is as fatal to God as to man.

Fortunately, all Protestants are not logical, and therefore all Protestants are not guilty of the absurdity of intellectually worshipping a fallacy. Yet all Protestants are intellectually guilty of preferring the weak before the strong, of preferring a negative to a positive, of preferring the *minimum* of a Christian faith to the *maximum* which is offered by the church. And this choice is intellectually disgraceful. The mere attitude of protest against infallibility is in itself a dishonoring attitude. To protest against knowledge while honoring uncertainty; to protest against being taught while venerating self-will; to deliberately put confusion before unity, feeble heresy before mighty Catholic truth, the *disjecta membra* of private theologies before dogma, and purely human speculation before judgment, is in itself, we repeat, the confession of an attitude most unworthy of the soul and of the mind. Protestantism is the humanizing of the divine. It is the pulling down the immutable to the level of caprice; the reducing the irreversible to the inconstant; the degrading the supernatural to the natural; the placing human reason *above* faith. Both dogmatically and devotionally the spirit of protest is the exact opposite of the spirit of obedience. And since obedience is the spirit of Christianity, it follows that protest is not Christian.

It is most important to remember in considering protest that true

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devotion is founded on true dogma; so that protest against dogma is protest against devotion—protest against *perfect* devotion. The sentiment of devotion is common to all mankind, but Christian devotion is more than sentiment. It is the emotional homage of the divinely-taught intellect as well as of the aspiring heart. For example, take the sentiment of devotion in regard to the Real Presence of the Host. It is first founded on the certainty of that presence. Remove the absolute certainty, and you cut away the ground on which the adoring mind and heart build their sentiment. But the sentiment of devotion is true love; and since true love must be certain of its object, protest becomes fatal to true love. Who could kneel for hours before a Protestant communion-table rapt in undivided adoration? And why not? Because protest is not love, but the exact opposite of love, being the questioning of the fulness of the gift. The same reasoning applies to the Sacrament of Penance, to the dogma of divine absolution. If you protest against the dogma of the Sacrament of Penance, as to powers, as to conditions, as to obligations, you cut away the certainty on which the full saving of the soul is abandoned to love and to repentance. Protest becomes the killing of the sacrament. Since the intellect, the heart, and the will must be all abandoned to the certainty of divine law, protest kills the intellect, the heart, and the will, and therefore kills the fruits of the sacrament. One doubt will kill all. And since protest means not one doubt but many doubts, a non-Catholic penitent is in a chaos. Whereas perfection of devotion—if we may repeat ourselves for clearness—is built on the perfection of Catholic dogma, imperfection, first of dogma, then of devotion, is inseparable from the attitude of protest.

And once more—that we may measure the full horrors which are involved in the attitude of heretical protest—let it be remembered that the most ungracious of all ingratitudes is the depreciating the gift of the giver. God being perfection, his gifts are perfection; his authority, his sacraments are perfection; his means of grace, whether dogmatic or devotional (and we have shown that the two are inseparable), are all perfect in theory and in application. Now, to protest against perfection and to prefer imperfection is, in truth, to protest against God. We do not know how, intellectually speaking (and we say again that we are not judging individuals), to distinguish between the spirit of protest and the spirit of most unchristian impiety. The preference of the imperfect is impiety. Since we are not speaking of man's truths but of God's truths—of all those truths which were revealed by the Divine Son—it follows that to depreciate divine truths by lowering the divine standard of their perfections is to depreciate, by the most appalling ingratitude, not only the gifts but the Giver. When God gives his own Presence, to protest against it; when God gives absolution, to protest against it; when God gives infallible teaching, to protest against it; when God gives a Supreme Pontiff, to protest against him; when God gives seven sacraments, to protest against five—all such protests are so many acts of impiety, partaking of the character of gross ingratitude. Naturally the attitude of protest is base; supernaturally it is im-

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pious in the extreme. And being intellectually disgraceful, as well as devotionally most unchristian, the attitude of protest sinks down to a deformity which is most contorted and hideous to contemplate. Imagine if in heaven the blessed were to make preference of the lesser over the greater of God's gifts; if they were to protest against knowing too much, against too great a nearness to the divine fulness, against too rich a fruition of the Divine Mind. Yet Christianity is the heaven of earth, since not only is it revealed to us by God, but God himself is ever with us and in us. Holy Communion is God. In true sense absolution is God. Baptism is God. Infallible teaching is God. The church is the "second Incarnation." Yet against all this the Protestant protests. He will not have the fulness of God's gifts. He prefers to have the *minimum*, with doubt. Is not this, then, the attitude of impiety? Unconsciously, and in ignorance, all Protestants are ungrateful, because they are bidden to the banquet and will not come. They prefer to be outside the King's home. They live on, all their lives, on the outskirts of Paradise, when they have but to knock at the gate and to come in. This is the ungratefulness of protest. Whereas inside the church there is the fulness of Divine Wisdom, both intellectual and devotional perfection, the protesting Christian prefers to be on the outside, tossed by doubt and unable to love perfectly.

TRANSFORMATION.

In the late winter, when the breath of spring
Had almost softened glazèd plains of snow,
A mother died, and, wandering to and fro,
Her sad child sought her—frightened little thing!—
Through the drear woodland, as on timid wing
A young bird flies; amid bare bushes low
It sank in sleep, thus losing all its woe,
With smiling lips her dear name murmuring:
No loving arms were there to hold it fast,
There were no kisses for it warm and sweet,
But snowflakes, in their pity, fell like tears;
Then cried its angel: "Snowflakes, ye shall last
Beyond the life of snowflakes—at spring's feet
Bloom ye as flowers in all the coming years."

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PEARL.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA, AUTHOR OF "IZA'S STORY," "A SALON IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE," "ARE YOU MY WIFE?" ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

DARVALLON'S FRIEND.

THERE was great excitement in the Léopold family. M. le Baron was named Minister for Foreign Affairs—a position that had been the dream of Mme. la Baronne's life, for it was of all others the one that offered the widest scope of selection for a husband for Blanche. Young men of family and fortune who wanted a step in diplomacy would be willing to count the minister's patronage as a heavy item in Mlle. Léopold's *dot*, and to set the father-in-law's influence against any flaw in the matrimonial transaction. In Blanche herself there was none; she was nineteen, charming to see, well educated, and had been covered with her mother's eyes, as that lady touchingly declared, from the moment of her birth to the present hour. The only obstacle to her making a great match was that her fortune was not up to the mark. But that no longer counted now; her father's influence would amply supply the deficiency. The suitor who yesterday was as good as accepted was of course no longer to be thought of. Cette chère enfant need not now throw herself away. How providentially things were arranged! A few days more and the affair might have been settled beyond recall; but just at the present point it could be broken off without the least *esclandre*. The mere sound of the word *esclandre* made the French mother's blood run cold. But Blanche was not her only preoccupation.

"Now, mon ami," she said to the new minister, "you must immediately set about getting this order to Algiers countermanded. Comme le bon Dieu nous protége! Nothing could be more opportune than the whole thing. You are on such good terms with the new Minister of War that there will be no difficulty in getting him to do it. To-day I breathe. I have not breathed since that thorn entered my heart about the Algeric Jewesses."

"Nonsense! Léon must learn to take care of himself like other young fellows," replied M. Léopold. "You don't suppose I could go to Marshal N—— with such a story as that, and expect him to change the programme of the War Office on the strength of it?"

"You mean that you will let my son be sent out to that horrible desert amongst the savages, to be taken hold of by a wretched black woman? Bonté divine! Have you not the heart of a father?"

"I hope I have; but I don't believe my son is the milksop you would make him out. He is a soldier, and he must do his duty, and we must take our chance for what may come of it. Where is my portfolio? Is the brougham ready? Ah! then, au revoir. Bon jour, ma petite!" And he kissed Blanche on the forehead and hurried away, the hard, callous man!

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"Quel égoisme!" exclaimed Mme. Léopold, throwing up her hands. But she would circumvent the egotist, and take her son's destiny into her own hands.

Blanche was quietly triumphant. She had been reasonably content yesterday, and would have married those cent mille livres de rente and the false teeth in a thankful spirit, and done her duty by them; but she was conscious of a relief in the prospect of cent mille livres de rente without drawbacks.

Mme. de Kerbec was the first to fly in with congratulations.

"Chère amie! how proud and delighted we all are. He is just the man that was wanted at the Foreign Office. The count was saying so only yesterday to an old *enragé* of the Faubourg, who was for the emperor naming some broken-down duke of the old noblesse; but the emperor knows his times better than that. How charmingly you will do the honors of those splendid saloons! I am glad I shall be able to go and see you there. The Affaires Etrangères is a kind of neutral ground where all parties can meet without compromising themselves. And Blanche, how recherché she will be! You must marry her off while you are in office. She is a brilliant match now."

"Blanche has only had the embarras de choix to complain of," said Mme. Léopold, who took this swinging of the incense-pot for what it was worth. She took the exact measure of Captain Jack's friendship, and had been quietly observant of her growing affability ever since M. Léopold had held a portfolio. But if Captain Jack's toadying was a degree more barefaced than other people's, it was not a bit meaner in reality and was just as welcome. "I despise flattery," said Napoleon I., "but it gratifies me to see men mean enough to offer it to me." One who neither toadied nor flattered was Mrs. Monteagle, and yet, oddly enough, she was the first person to whom Mme. Léopold went herself with the great news.

"Good heavens! what is the emperor about?" said the incorrigible old woman. "M. Léopold has never had anything to do with foreign politics; he knows no more about them than the grand lama, I'll be bound. But things are going from bad to worse in this unfortunate country; I should not wonder if my concierge were appointed to a portfolio one of these days. He would do as well as most of the men going."

"Franchement, chère madame, you are complimentary," said Mme. Léopold; but she was not offended. People never were offended by anything Mrs. Monteagle said; she had a way of chuckling out her impertinences with a smiling countenance that left you in doubt whether she was in earnest or not.

"Complimentary! Certainly not. You French are a great deal too fond of compliments; and you know I hate them."

"They are pleasant all the same," said Mme. Léopold, "though one likes them administered with a little tact, not as Mme. de Kerbec gives them to one, thick lumps of honey that one can't swallow without choking. Mon Dieu! what a toady that woman is. She flew in the moment she read the baron's appointment in the *Moniteur*, and she went on rejoicing and blowing the trumpet till I thought she would never have done."

"And that is all the thanks she gets for her good nature; serve her

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right for being such a fool. Captain Jack has her faults, but she is one of those people who don't keep their sympathy for times of mourning, as most good Christians do; she can't help rejoicing with everybody's good luck, and she is called a toady for her pains. So Blanche is going to marry a man of eighty without a tooth in his head? I should have thought you might have done better for her than that."

"What a horrible story! She is not going to marry any one that I know of. Dear child! she is in no hurry to leave us; her home is so happy!"

"Humph! I'm glad to hear it. And how is your mother-in-law behaving to my friend? If that child is not happy I will take her away."

"Why should she not be happy? Mme. Mère is an angel. They are going down to Gardanvalle next week. It is rather sooner than we expected; but the place is under repair, and if some one is not there to look after the workmen it will not be ready for us in July. I am so glad Mme. Mère will have la petite Perle to cheer her until we go down. Bon jour, chère madame. I have so much to do! This was my day for visiting mes pauvres; but the excitement of the *Moniteur's* news has upset everything. Indeed, it is a great question how to reconcile these conflicting duties; and now society will have a larger claim on me than ever. People envy those who are in a high position. If they only knew the weight of care that comes with it!"

And heaving a sigh from the bottom of her soft double chin, Mme. Léopold drew up her mantle and sailed away with a great noise of trailing silk skirts.

Léon Léopold spent the morning with his beloved Raoul Darvallon, and they had a long confab about the regiment and Algiers, and the threat his mother held out—meant as a hope—that the order to march and sail should be rescinded. Léon's prophetic soul told him there was more than maternal fondness in this scheme of hers. "She wants to marry me," he said, "and I won't be married. I will sail; nothing else can save me."

"Tut, nonsense!" said his friend. "She can't marry you against your will."

"Ah! you don't know what my mother's will is," replied Léon. "Mine could no more hold out against it, once it put forth all its energy, than that dry twig could stand against the north wind." And he kicked the dead thing before him with the tip of his boot. They were walking arm-in-arm across the Tuileries gardens, through the babies, the nurses in high caps and flowing ribbons, the perambulators, and the embroidering mothers, who sat watching their darlings as they crowed and played.

"And there is no possibility of surrender?" said Darvallon. "A wife is a fate not to be contemplated on any terms, even with extenuating circumstances?"

"No; the richest of the houris is not worth one's liberty."

"Yet I suppose you contemplate having to give it up some day, and, if so, I don't see what you gain by waiting."

"I contemplate having to die some day, but I shall postpone that catastrophe to the latest possible date," said Léon.

"Voyons, parlons sérieusement," said his friend. "What is it that so terrifies you? If you fall on the right woman it is the very most blessed gift the gods can give a

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man. To have a home to turn to after the day's work and its ennui; to know that a sweet, pure, loving woman is waiting for you, watching the clock and listening for your footfall on the stairs; that little feet will come pattering to meet you, and—and—mon cher, trust me, no garrison larks, no jolly bivouac nights, are worth a rotten nut compared to joys like these!"

They were close upon the stone basin, where the gold fish were darting through the water, scared by the children's laughter and the showers of bread-crumbs they were pelting at them through the spray. Léon stopped, drew his hand from Darvallon's arm, and laid it heavily on his shoulder.

"Tu es amoureux!" he said, looking through him with his coal-black eyes.

"Allons donc!" Darvallon shook him off, laughed, and stepped on with a freer stride.

"Animal! Traitre! To have done it without telling me," said Léon, taking his arm again. "Tell me who she is; do I know her?"

"Very likely, if I do. But we are not talking of me; we are talking of you. You must not be a fool, Léon."

"Say, rather, you will have me be one because you have become a fool yourself. Nay, Raoul, don't put me off with grimaces. You are in love. No man can talk reasonably of love who has not felt it."

"You admit, then, that I have talked reasonably?"

Léon would not admit it; but in his heart he believed that Darvallon had spoken wisely. He believed also that he spoke from present experience, and the discovery shocked him inexpressibly. Darvallon had not groaned, or knit his brow, or fetched a sigh, and Léon could feel that his heart was not leaping in wild tumult under his coat; nevertheless Léon felt that he had been speaking from his heart's abundance and at the dictates of a new and commanding emotion; that he had enthroned the false god, Love, in the place of the reasonable divinity, Friendship. It was a horrible revelation; the effect on Léon was pretty much as if he had detected his friend in a Fieschi plot, or some such insane and abominable treason. He himself knew nothing about love; he had known strong preferences and antipathies; he had been deeply attached to a few people in his life, and he had cordially hated a few others; but he had never experienced the violent inward disturbance that love brings into a man's life, and he resented its presence in his friend's as a usurpation of his own rights. What business had Raoul to go and fall in love unknown to him—they who had never had a secret from each other? All this was absurd and irrational on Captain Léopold's part; but he was arguing from false premises, and judging of this folly of falling in love as if it were the act of a man's free will, a condition to be freely chosen or as freely rejected.

Captain Darvallon, meantime, unconscious of the commotion he had raised in Léon's mind, went on with the current of his own thoughts.

"Let your mother have her way," he said; "if she finds you the right woman, take her, and you will bless the day that your liberty capitulated. Que diable! Of what use is our liberty, if we are to sacrifice better things to it? You have it in you to make an excellent husband, and the gods are good; they will send you an excellent wife, a

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sweet, loyal woman, who will love you well."

"Pauvre diable! Mon pauvre Raoul!" said Léon, heaving a tremendous sigh.

They were crossing the Pont Royal; the Seine ran high between its banks; the bateaux mouches were skimming to and fro.

"Where are you bound for?" said Darvallon. "The Quai d'Orsay?"

"No, I am going to the Rue du Bac; and you?"

Darvallon had meant to go there too, but instead of saying so he replied that he had a call to make in the Rue de Lille. He was in hopes that, when they stopped at Mme. Mère's door, Léon would have asked him to go in for a moment; but Léon did not.

"And so I may not know who she is?" he said, with a vexed, half-wistful look, as they held hands.

"Not till she knows it herself," said Darvallon.

"Menteur! The woman you loved would find it out before you knew it yourself."

And though Captain Léopold boasted of knowing nothing about the wiles and ways of love, this remark showed an amount of discernment that bespoke some latent power of response in himself.

Mme. Mère and Pearl were sitting comfortably by the fire, Pearl shouting out the *Débats*, the old lady looking up from her work with an occasional comment, when Léon walked in. He bent down to let Mme. Mère kiss him on the forehead, and then shook hands with Pearl. Since she was no longer a possible candidate for marriage, he had ceased to fear her, and was far more cordial and at ease with her than in the days when they stood on equal terms. He had the most profound respect for her, and he pitied her—sentiments that made such a safe barrier against all softer emotions that it never entered his head to imagine that this sort of close and friendly intercourse with a charming girl offered the smallest danger for him or for her. Mme. Mère idolized her grandson, and she was glad that he and Pearl got on so well, being old acquaintances; but the idea of their falling in love with each other no more occurred to her than it did to him. Pearl's position, her absolutely *dot-less* condition, made the notion of her getting a husband as impossible as riding without a horse or flying without wings. Thus the young folk had their little jokes together, independent of Mme. Mère, thanks to her deafness and her confidence in the natural barriers between the two. Léon began to find a great attraction in his grandmother's society; it was pleasant to drop in at odd times and be petted by the old lady, and talk over himself and his affairs with bright, sympathetic Pearl, who was such a capital listener.

"You have heard the news?" he said, drawing his chair close to Mme. Mère. "I am condemned to marry. The maternal decree has gone forth, and unless you, bonne maman, rescue me, I have no alternative but to blow my brains out."

"Mon pauvre petit! How can I interfere about it if your mother has made up her mind?"

"Then I may go home and load my revolver." And he stood up.

"I never should have guessed you were such a coward," said Pearl, with a twinkle in her eye that was inappropriate to the tragic tone of the conversation.

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"As regards marriage or suicide?" said Léon, looking down at her with his solemn face.

"You are going already, mon petit?" said Mme. Mère, who had missed the threat about the revolver and what followed. "Why do you not practise a little with mademoiselle? The piano is excellent, she tells me, and your mother wants you to have a succès at Mme. de Kerbec's concert. Chère petite, make him sing that *romance* that I am so fond of."

"Voulez-vous?" said Pearl without looking up.

"I am ready. I am always willing to be victimized."

"And to take no credit for it, and to consider yourself the only victim." Pearl rolled up her band of tapestry and went to the piano.

"I have a letter to write before I go out," said Mme. Mère. "What o'clock is it? Near four. And I must be at the homme d'affaires' at half-past. Ring the bell, Léon. Where is my pocket-book? Pierre, I shall want a coach presently."

Pearl struck up the accompaniment, and the room sounded to Léon's sonorous tones apostrophizing the "Petite Fleur des Bois." He had been all animation while discussing the alternative of marriage or suicide, but his manner collapsed into wooden stiffness the moment he stood up to sing.

"Let us try a duet now," said Pearl when the ballad was over, and hoping to stir him up, a bit by her own warmth.

They began "Non ti scordar di me," but Léon continued to pour out his anguish to Eleanora with the same stolid countenance and manner that had exasperated Pearl in his address to the flower of the woods. At last she could bear it no longer, and wheeling round suddenly on the piano-stool, "Pour l'amour de Dieu," she cried, "figurez-vous que je suis un pot de confiture!"

Léon was so startled that his invocation to Eleanora stuck in his throat, and he fell back against the wall, roaring with laughter. Pearl had nothing for it but to join in the laugh, and they were both splitting their sides like a pair of children when Pierre opened the door and announced:

"Mme. la Baronne Léopold!"

Pearl stood up quickly; the music-book rattled down on the notes with a loud crash, adding to the confusion of a scene that she felt instinctively to be an awkward one for her.

"Ma mère," said Léon, meeting his mother with a profound bow, "behold the most dutiful of sons! I have been victimizing Mlle. Perle and myself in order that you might be proud of me on Monday evening."

"It is well, my son; but your sister would have saved mademoiselle the trouble and the loss of time. You should remember that her time is not her own. Etourdi! Where is Mme. la Baronne?" she added, turning to Pearl.

"I will go for her," said Pearl, with crimson cheeks, and she left the room.

The mother and son did not spend the tête-à-tête in pleasantries or endearments. In a few minutes Mme. Mère, bonneted and cloaked, came in, and she also heard a few words that were not very tender. Léon made matters a great deal worse by declaring that he would rather cut his throat than compromise Pearl Redacre, whom he regarded as a sister and venerated as an angel, and that he would run any one through the body who

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dared to say she could be compromised by him or any man living. His mother was scared by the vehemence he displayed, and tried to pour oil on the waters by assuring him that she was only so touchy about Pearl because she loved her as her own child.

Mme. Mère was hurt and annoyed; but she knew her daughter-in-law, and made no attempt to excuse either Pearl or herself.

"Thank Heaven! they are leaving Paris so soon," thought Mme. Léopold as she went down-stairs with her son and her mother-in-law.

They saw her into her brougham, and she drove away, smiling and full of wrath.

"I must go back and apologize to Mlle. Perle," said Léon, turning to re-enter the house.

"It is not worth while, mon petit; I will explain it all to her," said Mme. Mère, arresting him.

Léon let her have her way; but he was more stirred than she had ever seen him. He put her into the hackney-coach that she had preferred to a seat in her daughter-in-law's brougham, and went on to the Foreign Office to see his father.

Pearl, on her side, was greatly disturbed by the incident. She knew French ways and ideas, and Mme. Léopold's ideas especially, too well not to understand that she stood convicted of grievous impropriety in being caught laughing with Léon en tête-à-tête; and, circumstanced as she was, the mishap might have serious consequences. Indeed, the scandalized mother had stingingly reminded her of this.

"Her time is not her own," she had said to M. Léon.

"Thank goodness! we will soon be gone. There will be no one to compromise me down at Gardanvalle, I suppose," thought Pearl.

She hoped Léon would be warned by the adventure and not come near them again. But Captain Léopold, though a coward in some ways, was not to be bullied into the reality of cowardice. He determined to go every morning to the Rue du Bac until his grandmother left town. Meantime he went to look after Raoul Darvallon, to unbosom to him, as was his habit in every grievance, great or small. He did not find his friend at home, and when he met him in his mother's salon that evening he was annoyed and amazed to discover that she had been beforehand with him, and that, instead of at once and unhesitatingly taking his view of the case, Captain Darvallon listened with an unsympathizing, almost a severe, countenance.

"Your mother must understand a thing of this kind more clearly than either you or I," he said; "you had better be ruled by her and not return to the house. It is of some consequence to Mlle. Redacre, though of course you attach no importance to the matter."

"You are mistaken. I attach considerable importance to it. I don't choose that Pearl Redacre should think me a sneak and a coward," said Léon with some heat.

"Since you set so high a value on her good opinion, see you act so as to deserve it. There would be more delicacy, it strikes me, in staying away."

"That depends upon how she looks at it. I shall not be wanting in delicacy towards her, at any rate."

"I hope not," said Darvallon, looking at Léon; and as their eyes

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met there was a threat in those of the older man that Léon read, though he did not interpret it. He moved away without making any comment, and the two friends had no further conversation that night.

Destiny is an indefatigable creature, weaving and spinning over our heads and under our feet, catching us in her toils, knotting the threads when we break them, snapping them when our shuttle is flying through the woof. Mme. Léopold had a mighty web in her loom to-night. A *parti* had presented itself which realized almost all her ambitions for Blanche. There was no drawback this time, except that the gentleman was a widower and had a daughter two years younger than Blanche; but she was at the Sacré Cœur and was to be married in a year, the husband being already provided. Barring this trifling inconvenience the affair was perfect: old name, fine income, château huitième siècle. Mme. de Kerbec had found him out, and the belligerents were to view each other at a respectful distance to-morrow evening at the theatre. She was arranging it all now behind her fan with Mme. Léopold, both ladies tenderly confidential and in their element.

"I am bidden to dejeuner chez le colonel to-morrow," said Captain Darvallon when he was going away. "I suppose we shall meet there?"

"No," said Léon, "you will not have that felicity."

"He told me he had asked you."

"So he did; but I have another engagement."

It was an engagement contracted with himself on the spur of the moment. For the first time since their friendship had begun Léon felt that a vague misunderstanding had crept in between him and Raoul; it was very slight, but it checked the perfect flow of sympathy, as a touch of east wind chills the soft kiss of a summer breeze. He did not care to meet him at the colonel's to-morrow, because that would throw them en tête-à-tête for the rest of the afternoon. Darvallon, on his side, was conscious of some vague antagonistic influence, and when they said good-night there was something in the clasp of Léon's hand that he missed. A week ago the sensation would have brought a sharp pang with it. But as the days go by our life's treasures accumulate and the value of things changes; their proportions alter; the thunder-storm of yesterday is only a passing cloud to-day; our ship rides at anchor in the sheltered port, and laughs at the winds that beat her rudely on the high seas yesterday, threatening destruction to her cargo and the lives she carried.

Friendship was a jewel beyond price; but somehow its lustre was dimmed to Raoul Darvallon, as he looked at it, altogether unconsciously, in the light of Pearl Redacre's presence standing there with the sunshine in her eyes.

Just as Pearl and Mme. Mère sat down to breakfast next morning a sharp ring summoned Pierre to the door.

"Bonne maman, can you spare me a cutlet?" said Léon, putting in his head, his gay hussar uniform making a bright picture in the doorway of the red-tiled salle-à-manger.

"Ah! mon petit, what a surprise. Pierre, place monsieur's cover. You have fallen on evil times, mon garçon. Is he not perverse?" this

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was to Pearl. "You know how often I have invited him, and he never would come, and now he walks in and takes the bit out of our mouths."

But the old lady was delighted. Léon was the apple of her eye; to pet him and spoil him, to pay his debts and pull him through his scrapes, was the greatest happiness she knew. She had felt yesterday that both he and she had been sat upon by Mme. Léopold—they had caught it, as Léon said—and this community of misfortune drew them together more closely than usual this morning. It was very naughty of him to come straight back so soon to the scene of his misdeed; but it was very plucky, and Mme. Mère was a true woman and loved a bold rider.

Pearl was rather frightened at Léon's audacity, and, if the truth must be told, a trifle flattered. She had grown fond of Blanche's brother, he had been so kind and brotherlike to her in her altered position; and just as the superadded sunshine on Captain Darvallon's path had dwarfed certain figures, so the shadows of isolation in Pearl's had magnified objects which she would scarcely have noticed in the sunlight of her happy home. Every cup of cold water was precious to her now.

"I have risked my head to eat this cutlet with you, bonne maman," said Léon, spreading out his napkin triumphantly. "I have refused an appeal from my colonel to go and breakfast with him, and he is very touchy; he is certain to cashier me, if he does not have me shot."

"You wicked boy! And what excuse did you give the colonel?" asked the delighted grandmother.

"That I had a better engagement. The fact is, it bores me to go there; he breakfasts at half-past ten, and one must get up over-night to be ready at such unearthly hours. Moreover, I had an official call to make, as you perceive. I have just come from the War Office. Besides, I must see you while I can; you will soon be leaving town now. Mademoiselle, when some one applies to you one of these days for a character of me, I hope you will bear witness to me as a model petit-fils, ergo the making of a model husband."

"What is he saying, my dear?" inquired Mme. Mère.

Pearl explained at the top of her voice.

"Ah! te voilà donc converti au mariage? How I rejoice, mon petit! You have, then, seen her, and she pleases you?"

"I have seen no one, and I am not converted," protested Léon; "but I know my mother. It was an ancestor of hers in the female line who invented the saying, 'Ce que femme veut, Dieu veut.' If she holds out—as she is sure to do—I must capitulate. Mon Dieu! what a good world this would be if there were no giving in marriage."

"When does the regiment start for Algiers?" inquired Mme. Mère, who had missed the final invocation.

"It does not know. Perhaps not at all. My mother is capable of countermanding the order."

"It will be a great relief to her when you marry, mon petit. She will be tranquil about you then."

"Why can she not be tranquil about me now? I have ranged myself. You know I have ranged myself, bonne maman?" he said, bending towards the old lady and pitching his voice to a shout.

"Yes, yes; but you are still ca-

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pable of many follies, Léon," said Mme. Mère, shaking her head.

"What does she mean?" said Léon, addressing the dish and helping himself to purée de pommes de terre.

Pearl only laughed.

"What is she driving at?" said Léon, his curiosity aroused by the comical expression of the young girl's face.

"Ask her," said Pearl.

But Mme. Mère would or could explain nothing beyond the palpable fact that his mother wanted him to marry.

"I will not leave you alone till you tell me," said Léon in a safe sotto voce across the table; "there is something in the wind, and you know it."

His curiosity amused Pearl, and the spirit of mischief got up in her; she determined to mystify him.

"Whatever I know, I tell no tales," she said.

"You shall tell me. I swear you shall! I will give you no peace till you do," protested Léon. And then he began to make inquiries about the works that were going on at Gardanvalle; how far the water-pipes were being carried, and if his suggestion about breaking in a western window in one of the rooms had been adopted.

They went into the salon for coffee, and Mme. Mère dipped into a newspaper, leaving Pearl and Léon to fight over their politics alone. They had not got beyond the chances for and against rain that evening when Pierre came in with a letter for madame. It was from Gardanvalle. She opened it and glanced down the page.

"Ah! mon Dieu, the château is burned down," she cried, dropping the letter on her knees and turning to Léon with a face of dismay.

Léon snatched up the letter and ran his eye over it.

"Voyons, bonne maman, it is nothing to be frightened at," he said; "only a part of the left wing burned—your rooms, unfortunately—but the mischief is not so great. Daron says three months will see all put to rights; but you can't return to Gardanvalle till your rooms are rebuilt and put in order. So much the better! You will have to stay here till I start for Algiers or get married."

Mme. Mère was on her feet in a moment, ringing the bell and ordering a coach. She must go and communicate this disastrous intelligence to the baron; he would advise, he would do something.

"Shall I accompany you, or shall I wait here and practise my singing with mademoiselle till you return?" said Léon.

"Of course you will accompany me. What an incorrigible boy you are! I shall be ready in two minutes. What o'clock is it? Just one! Your father will be busy with his audiences if I don't make haste."

And she bustled off, leaving Pearl and Léon together.

"Now tell me what is this fly in my mother's ear," said Léon, dismissing the conflagration of the family roof-tree as a matter of secondary interest. "Who is she crazed for me to marry?"

"I don't know. I give you my word I don't," protested Pearl; but Léon looked at the dimples in her cheeks, with an imp of mischief lurking in each of them, and he did not believe her.

"Why, then, is she crazed all of a sudden for me to marry nobody in particular?"

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"Perhaps she is afraid of your marrying somebody in particular."

"Ha!" His black eyes flashed with a perfect fire of curiosity. At any cost Pearl must tantalize him a bit.

"You must ask me no questions," she said, turning to look for her work-basket, but in reality to hide her face. "I know nothing; I can tell you nothing."

"Nay, but that is unkind; that is wicked. You will tell me her name? I adjure you! Nay"—seeing Pearl shake her head while still keeping it averted—"if you are my friend! We are friends, are we not? Well, one word—the name of the family—one word to put me on the scent! Voyons!"

Pearl moved toward the mantelpiece, and waved him away with a mock heroic gesture, but with a laughing devil in her eyes that lent their brown lustre a strange fascination. He seized her hand—a small, tapering hand, soft and milk-white—clasped it in both his own, and dropping on one knee, his sabretache clanking with a loud metallic jingle as he knelt, "One word—the first syllable—the first letter!" he cried passionately and looking up into her face.

"M. le Capitaine Darvallon!" called out Pierre, throwing open the door.

Léon started violently to his feet, his sabretache ringing. Darvallon hesitated whether to advance or not. There was an awkward pause as the three stood uncertain, abashed. But it was only for a moment, and Mme. Mère came in and the spell was broken.

"Ah! bon jour, monsieur. They have told you the news? Is it not terrible! Come, mon petit. Is the coach at the door? Mon Dieu! one is never a moment quiet. How sorry I am that I can't wait! But you will perhaps look in on me to-morrow or this evening? I shall be delighted."

Captain Darvallon said he would do himself the honor of calling soon again, and was going to withdraw, contenting himself with a distant bow to Pearl, but she came forward, holding out her hand and her eyes still full of laughter.

He took her hand, but looked at her with an expression that quenched the laughter in a moment. Was he angry? She turned instinctively to Léon, as if expecting him to explain, to say something; but Léon's face frightened her more than Captain Darvallon's; there was a defiant flash in the black eyes that made her heart stop beating, as if it had been suddenly frozen. It was not at her that Léon was looking, but at his friend. He turned to her with an air of ostentatious deference that would have made her laugh, if she had not been so much more inclined to cry, and with a low bow, "A l'honneur de vous revoir, mademoiselle," he said.

Captain Darvallon went out after Mme. Mère, without trying to exchange another glance with Pearl.

She felt very miserable as the door closed behind them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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THE CHURCH AND MEDICINE

AMONG the calumnies against the church which are most persistently brought forward by infidel and Protestant writers, and guilelessly accepted by their blind followers, the assertion that the church is, or has been, opposed to science holds a prominent place. This falsehood may, in fact, be said to have become history, so much so that we are sure whoever should dispute it would in many communities be regarded as an imbecile deserving pity rather than anger. It is true that the falseness of the statement has been repeatedly shown, and that no one conversant with either general history or that of particular sciences can be deceived by it; the mass of readers have to get their ideas of history as they can, and have neither time nor opportunity to inquire into the accuracy of the information. Indeed, many utterly false statements, like the one in question, are announced with such an air of conviction, as being so far beyond doubt, that the unwary reader cannot but accept them, and even Catholics have uncomfortable doubts lest there be some germ of truth in them. For those who know the truth, to put these fallacies aside with the remark that they have been disproved is as if the gardener should say that the garden had been weeded and the lawn mown, and that he need give them no further attention.

Indeed, it is hard not to think that men of a certain order of mind presume on the impunity they have experienced to make statements which can stand only by the indifference of opponents. Here is an instance: "It has always been the policy of the church to discourage the physician and his art; he interfered too much with the gifts and profits of the shrines." * To one knowing the facts such a statement is ludicrous, but it is sad to think that numbers of honest and intelligent people accept it without question.

The attitude of the church to science is too vast a subject for a short paper, and, besides, it will be more profitable to restrict this inquiry to her relations with medicine, and especially with anatomy. In ancient and modern times, among pagans and Christians alike, the dissection of human bodies, by which means alone anatomy can be learned, has been an object of popular abhorrence. Superstition throws a vague shadow of unholiness over these investigations, while the scrupulous might fear that their tendencies were towards materialism. In a word, if the church were what she is often represented, we cannot doubt that she would attack the study of anatomy with the most intolerant bigotry.

The following remarks on the early history of Christian medicine are restricted to propositions which are generally admitted or for which good authority can be shown. It is admitted that in Italy, during the early part of the middle ages, medical learning was nearly confined to religious orders, who treated the sick abroad and received the suffer-

* Draper's *Conflict of Religion and Science*, 1875, p. 269.

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ing poor into hospitals in the monasteries. Few have presumed to question the great services rendered to learning by the Benedictines. Medical science was, no doubt, still in its infancy, but it is due to the church that it existed at all. The light of the medical school of Salerno is too brilliant in the general darkness to be ignored. The only way to avoid giving credit to those to whom it is due is to maintain that science was introduced into Europe by those outside. Prof. Draper * declares that "the first medical college established in Europe was that founded by the Saracens at Salerno, in Italy"—a statement which it would be difficult to support by a date or by a convincing authority. We have been unable to ascertain when this celebrated school began its beneficent work, but the following detached facts show the folly of ascribing this honor to the Saracens. St. Benedict founded the abbey of Monte Casino in 528 or 529. In the annals of the Benedictine Order † there is a description of the position of the hospital (*nosocomium*) in that monastery as it was in 720. Sprengel ‡ goes so far as to say that Berthier, the abbot of the same abbey in the ninth century, was certainly not the first who gave medical instruction and wrote medical works. There is authority given by Tosti § to show that from the time of Pope John VIII., who reigned from 872 to 882, the monks of Monte Casino were assiduously devoted to medical studies. Sprengel states that the school of Salerno was founded by the Benedictines, and asserts that even in the eighth century it was very celebrated for medicine. The Saracens did not capture Salerno till 905, and held it but fifteen years. One would not suppose that this was a very favorable opportunity for an invading enemy of hostile race and religion to found a school. But even if we should admit, contrary as it is to all evidence, that the Saracens really did found the school and that it was the first one of medicine in Europe, is it not remarkable that after their brief stay it should not only have persisted but have flourished, as was the case? Daremberg, * speaking of the abuse heaped on the early part of the middle ages, very justly observes: "If during these centuries there had reigned only ignorance and superstition, or rather if scientific ideas had been entirely wanting, it is hard to understand how first the Arabs, and then the Renaissance, had been able to scatter such entirely new and yet such efficacious germs on such barren soil." It is true that medical knowledge in Italy was increased from Saracen sources, and it is a proof of the catholic spirit of the monks who took knowledge, or what passed for such, even from the infidels. In Spain the Moors had a considerable influence on medicine, but yet none of the great discoveries of the era of the Renaissance can be traced to them.

In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the school of Salerno was in its prime, enjoying general respect and sending forth many distinguished men. To obtain a degree at least five years had to be devoted to the study of medicine alone, after a preparatory course of two or three years. To practise sur-

* Loc. cit., p. 115.
† By Mabillon.
‡ *Histoire de la Médecine*, translated from the German into French, vol. ii.
§ *Storia della Badia di Monte-Cassino*, vol. i. p. 345.

* *Histoire des Sciences Médicales.*

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gery another year was required to be given to the study of anatomy, though it is to be feared that this was generally taught on animals. Other medical schools sprang up, and in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries Salerno lost its pre-eminence. Prosperous schools at Naples, Rome, Bologna, Padua, Pisa, Pavia showed the interest taken in medicine.

As anatomy is the basis of rational medicine, and as dissection is the only means of learning it, there can be no question of the gratitude we owe to the authorities that first permitted its practice. It is pleasant to be able to record that this merit, at least, has not been awarded to the Saracens. What little they knew of anatomy they had learned from old authors.* Their religion forbade such investigations, and the revival of anatomy in the sixteenth century is due to Christians. The movement, indeed, had begun much earlier, though we do not know exactly at what time.

Mondino, professor of anatomy at Bologna, is known to have dissected. He wrote an original work on anatomy in 1315, more than a century before the invention of printing (that "severe blow to Catholicism"†), which was preserved in manuscript and published in type in 1478 at Pavia—an instance of the opposition the church has always offered to the acquisition and diffusion of knowledge. It is thought that artists as well as physicians studied the intimate structure of the human body. According to Sir Charles Bell, Da Vinci, born in 1452, and Michael Angelo, born in 1474, were the best anatomists of their day. The realistic pictures of the Spanish school imply more than a superficial knowledge of anatomy. Benedetti and Achillini, anatomists of the fifteenth century, both dissected. Berenger de Carpi, professor of anatomy at Bologna early in the sixteenth century, is said to have dissected one hundred bodies.* This would imply the existence of a law, or at least a custom, allowing the use of the unclaimed dead in hospitals. Later in the same century this privilege was enjoyed by Eustachius at Rome. This is a proof of liberality not easily to be controverted, and an example which many States in the Union would do well to imitate.† Various ecclesiastical authorities have authorized dissection, sometimes by direct assent, sometimes by silence. And we are not aware that any have ever forbidden it. The church certainly never has done so. It has, indeed, been claimed that Boniface VIII. issued a bull against it in 1300, but it appears that he simply forbade the custom of eviscerating and cooking the dead, which had come into vogue during the Crusades, in order to allow the remains of the fallen to be conveyed to their homes.

The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were a glorious period in the history of anatomy. Then flourished the men whose names, attached to organs and parts which they discovered or described, are familiar to every student. The anatomical chair at Padua was occupied successively by Vesalius, Columbus, Fallopius, Fabricius, Casserius, and Spigelius; Eustachius, Varolius, and Cæsalpinus taught

* Sprengel.

† Draper, p. 292.

* Lauth, *Histoire de l'Anatomie.*

† This is a disagreeable subject, but it was thought best not to avoid it, as it is of much weight as an argument. Wise legislation in this matter is certainly a criterion of civilization; the want of it is the cause of many of the disgusting horrors so common in the newspapers of this time.

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at Rome, Vidius at Pisa, Arantius at Bologna, Malpighius at Messina. Many of these taught at several cities and received marked honors from prelates and princes.

The services of Vesalius and Eustachius to the cause of modern anatomy were so great that some sketch of their careers will not be out of place. Vesalius was born at Brussels in 1514, of a wealthy family distinguished in medicine. He pursued his earlier studies at the celebrated University of Louvain, and later studied medicine at various places. He had a remarkably original mind, was not satisfied with repetitions of ancient learning, but would study nature for himself. He quarrelled with Sylvius, his professor of anatomy at Paris, because he would not pay the respect to the views of Galen which his teacher thought proper. At twenty he discovered the valves of the aorta and of the pulmonary artery. But three years later the senate of Venice appointed him professor of anatomy at Padua. He appears, however, not to have spent all his time there, for he taught his favorite science at Bologna and Pisa also. At the age of twenty-nine he published his great work on anatomy which made his name immortal. He was celebrated as a practitioner as well as an anatomist, and a year later he gave up his studies to be physician at the court of the king of Spain, apparently wearied by the controversies which the originality of his genius had brought upon him. He followed the court nineteen or twenty years, and then suddenly set out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. At Jerusalem he received letters from the senate of Venice offering him the professorship at Padua, then vacant by the death of Fallopius. He accepted the honor, but on his return he was shipwrecked and perished on the island of Zante. His remains were recognized and deposited in a chapel of the Blessed Virgin.

There has been much speculation as to the cause of Vesalius' pilgrimage. There is a romantic, but probably quite imaginary, story of his having cut into a live body, thinking it dead. Some say he went for wealth, some to get rid of his wife, some to escape professional jealousies. There have been vague allusions to the Inquisition, and Canon Kingsley * has presumed to hint at suspicions of heresy. The object of his last journey would suffice to refute this charge, even if it had some plausible basis.

What an answer is the life of this man alone to those who claim that the church opposed science! He threw to the winds old opinions, venerable only by antiquity, and replaced them with the results of original research, carried on by methods which, though absolutely necessary, were then, as now, repulsive to the popular mind. Yet where does this radical investigator flourish? Not in some corner where those who timidly sympathize with him can be overlooked, if they do not make themselves too prominent, but in the two most distinctly Catholic countries of Europe, and we see the Italian universities vying with one another to honor him.

We know but little of the life of Eustachius. He was a contemporary of Vesalius, but the year of his birth is unknown. He is one of those who live in their works. He was professor of anatomy at Rome, and physician to Cardinals

* *Health and Education*, 1874.

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Borromeo and Rovero and to the Duke of Urbino. He died in 1574. Like Vesalius, he trusted to original research. The latter, indeed, has the merit of having given a great impulse to the study of anatomy, but Eustachius followed it more perseveringly. He published a book on anatomy, but unfortunately could not afford to bring out his anatomical plates, his great work, which, though finished in 1552, were not made public till 1714.

If the reader will consult the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, eighth edition, article "Anatomy," he will be edified with the following passage: "The facts unfolded in these figures are so important that it is justly remarked by Lauth that if the author himself had been fortunate enough to publish them, anatomy would have attained the perfection of the eighteenth century two centuries earlier at least. Their seclusion for that period in the papal library has given celebrity to many names which would have been known only in the verification of the discoveries of Eustachius." Who can read this without a feeling of at least mortification that neither pope nor librarian during all these years should have recognized the value of these plates and rescued them from oblivion? But before yielding to this feeling let us inquire how the plates were finally given to the world.

In the early part of the eighteenth century Lancisi, who either was or had been professor of anatomy at Rome, learned that on the death of Eustachius these plates came into the possession of a certain Pinus.* He spoke of the matter to the pope, Clement XI., who was interested and caused researches to be made. The family of Pinus had become extinct, but their books were traced to the Rossi family and the plates were found. They were published in 1714, one hundred and forty years after the death of their author. Lancisi wrote an explanation of them with the assistance of other anatomists, among them the celebrated Morgagni, who in 1715 was appointed professor of anatomy at Padua.

This passage from the *Encyclopædia* shows how history is too frequently written. Here we have a suppression of the true, if not a suggestion of the false. What makes it worse is that the account just given of the recovery of the plates is taken from the work of that very Lauth * from whom the writer quotes, and the two passages are near together.

A passing mention may be made of Varolius, born in 1543. He taught anatomy at Bologna, and then at Rome, and deserves great credit for his studies on the brain. He was physician to Gregory XIII., yet his life lasted but thirty-two years.

English writers are accustomed to boast of Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood as a triumph of Protestant science. We may not find it stated quite as plainly as this, but the inference has been offered again and again that in some way, not very well explained, the beneficent influence of the "Reformation" is exemplified in this discovery. We do not propose to discuss Harvey's claims to be called a discoverer. There is much doubt as to what is implied by the title. He certainly had great merit. He was the first

* As our authority is French, it is probable that Pinus is some modification of the Italian family name.

* *Histoire de l'Anatomie.*

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to write a book on the circulation alone; he gave a better description of it than had been given; he probably appreciated better than any of his predecessors the great importance of the fact, and did more to spread the knowledge of it. We have no quarrel with any one who asserts that this constitutes discovery; much may be said on that side, even if it be admitted that the essential phenomena were already known. Our purpose is not to belittle Harvey, but to show how much was known to anatomists in Catholic countries, and that they were honored, not discouraged.

William Harvey was born in 1578. He took the degree of B.A. in 1597, and either that year or the next went to Italy to study medicine. We may believe that the instinct of an anatomist led him to choose Padua, where Fabricius was then professor of anatomy. He returned to England in 1602, and we hear little of him till 1615, when he began to lecture on anatomy and surgery at the College of Physicians. Thirteen years later, in 1628, when he had reached the age of fifty, he brought out his great work, *Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis in Animalibus.** The greatest praise is due to the correctness and vividness of the description of the action of the heart, and to the skill with which the subject is presented. Harvey states in this work that he had demonstrated the circulation for nine years.

There has been much discussion whether or not Harvey understood the system of very minute vessels by which the blood passes from the arteries to the veins. In his book he uses the expression "per porositates"—by pores—which some have said meant indefinite spaces, others true vessels. The question, however, is of little importance, for, even if Harvey had a correct idea of the matter, it can have been only an assumption, for it was not till the latter half of that century that Malpighius had the fortune to be the first to enjoy through the microscope the wonderful spectacle of the circulation in the tissues of the live frog.

Let us now see what was already known on this subject and by whom it had been written, retracing the course of discovery from Harvey's to earlier times.

First comes Cæsalpinus, a man of great and varied learning. He was born in 1519 and died in 1603. He taught at Pisa, and then at Rome, where he was physician to Pope Clement VIII. The following passages are from his *Peripatetic Questions*, published in 1571:

"With this circulation of the blood from the right to the left ventricle by way of the lungs everything discovered by dissection is in complete accordance; for as there are two vessels ending in the right ventricle so there are two ending in the left. Of the two, however, one only in each intromits, the other emits, the valves being so arranged as to secure this result." Again: "The passages of the heart are guarded by nature in such a way that there is free intromission from the vena cava into the right ventricle; from thence there is an outlet to the lungs by the vena arteriosa. From the lungs, again, there is another ingress to the left ventricle by the arteria venosa, from whence there is an outlet by the aorta; the valves at the mouths of the vessels being so placed that they prevent retrogression."

It is difficult after this to maintain that before Harvey it was believed that, though arterial and venous blood were of different natures, they both had merely a to-and-fro,

* "An Anatomical Disquisition on the Motion of the Heart and Blood in Animals."

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tide-like movement towards and away from the heart. There are, however, very obscure and unsatisfactory passages in Cæsalpinus' description, and, though he had a correct general idea of the circulation, he by no means had Harvey's clearness on the subject. It is surprising to find Dr. Willis'* assertion that—

"No one in those days"—*i.e.*, after Harvey's publication—"either claimed for himself or another so extravagant a notion as Harvey had been reckless enough to enunciate. Ascribed to any respectable member of the medical profession, his immediate business would have been to purge himself of the imputation. In Harvey's life-time, and for a good while after, indeed, it was never his title to be accounted the discoverer of the circulation of the blood that was matter of question, but the fact of there being any such circulation of the blood as he proclaimed."

Harvey died in 1657. We are unable to say how long a "good while" may be, but the following passage occurs in Borelli's great work, *De Motû Animalium*, published at Rome in 1680–1:†

"This motion of the blood is, I say, called its circulation. Partly discovered, indeed, by Cæsalpinus, but afterwards most exactly by Harvey, it has lately been demonstrated with such evidence that there remains no one who still doubts its truth."

In 1696 Pierre Bayle, certainly no friend of the church, writes in his *Dictionnaire Historique et Critique* as follows: "We should deprive Cæsalpinus of a very precious glory if we did not say that he knew the circulation of the blood, the proofs of which are so plain that they cannot be eluded by any cavil."

We come next to the claims of Columbus, who succeeded Vesalius at Padua. He taught later at Pisa, and then at Rome, where he was the physician of Paul IV. In 1559 he published his work, *De Re Anatomica*, from which the following passages are taken:

"Nothing, however, can pass through the septum" (of the heart) "between the ventricles, as is commonly said; for the blood is carried by the vena arterialis to the lung, whence, having been attenuated, refined, and mingled with air, it is brought by the arteria venalis to the left ventricle—a fact which no one has referred to in words or recorded in his writings." Again: "When the heart dilates it draws natural blood from the vena cava into the right ventricle, and prepared blood from the pulmonary vein into the left, the valves being so disposed that they collapse and permit of its ingress; but when the heart contracts they become tense, and close the apertures, so that nothing can return by the way it came. The valves of the aorta and pulmonary artery, opening, on the contrary, at the same moment, give passage to the spirituous blood for distribution to the body at large, and to the natural blood for transference to the lungs."

The statement at the close of the first of these extracts, that no one had yet referred to the pulmonary circulation, is incorrect. Servetus had done so in the *Christianismi Restitutio* (the "Restoration of Christianity"), a book which he published in 1553, and which led to his being burned together with it by the Calvinists at Geneva in the same year.

The two accounts are so strikingly similar that it has been urged with a good deal of plausibility that one of the few copies of Servetus' work which escaped the fate of the unfortunate adventurer had fallen into the hands of Columbus.

* *William Harvey.* A History of the Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood. G. R. Willis, M.D. London. 1878. Vide p. 211.

† It is only fair to say that we translate from the second addition (*editio altera*), not having obtained access to the first.

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There is no evidence, however, that this occurred, and it is for some reasons so improbable that it is unfair to accuse Columbus of plagiary on such vague suspicion.

The question, however, may be allowed to drop, for it can be shown that before this there was more than an inkling of the circulation in Spain. It is, perhaps, not generally known that Spain as well as England and Italy claims this discovery. Some ascribe it to Francisco de la Reyna, the learned farrier of Zamora, who wrote a book in the middle of the sixteenth century, but his claim is of very doubtful value. In 1550, three years before the appearance of the *Restoration of Christianity* and long after Servetus had quitted his native country, Montana of Monserrat* wrote as follows:

"I say, then, that the said auricles principally serve, either one of them alike, to have and to hold the blood that the heart hath need of, and to feed the heart's necessity, in the one ventricle as in the other, in such sort that, though the heart may close and drive on the blood from the ventricle, there should still be in store with the auricles that very proportionate quantity of blood which the cavities of the heart require. And the excellence of the proceeding is apparent; for does not experience show us that the said auricles are filled with blood when the heart is undergoing contraction, and, when once it loosens out, then is the time for the auricles to pour fresh blood into the ventricles?"

Montana gives also an excellent account of the pulmonary circulation, which is not reproduced here, as we have not seen a literal translation of it, but only an abstract. In 1549, a year earlier, Pedro Gimeno, a well-known Spanish anatomist, wrote as follows:

"The heart drawing the spirit from the lungs, and directing to the left ventricle the quantity of blood that comes from the right ventricle, the spirit and blood become there mixed by the instrumentality of friction and compression, and so it is distributed by the arteria magna to every part of the body."

We merely allude to the merits of Aguero of Seville, who lived at this time, and to those of Juan Calvo of Valencia, who flourished in the latter half of the same century, especially as we do not know the precise date of their publications. Suffice it to say that it cannot be doubted that they knew the chief phenomena of the circulation, whether they had grasped their full bearing or not.

So much for this episode. It may be interesting as showing the gradual development of discovery. It is of importance as showing who were the men, in what countries, and how encouraged, by whom at least all the preliminary steps were made. With the exception of Servetus, whose claims are no greater than those of others, they were sons of the church, living in countries where her influence was great, and many of them were honored by her highest dignitaries.

In even as slight a sketch as this paper mention must be made of what may be called the mechanico-medical school, which flourished in the seventeenth century, and which has since borne great fruit, especially in Germany. By "school" no particular institution is meant, but simply the practice of applying the laws of mechanics to the motions and internal workings of the human body. Were the church afraid of knowledge, surely this is the kind of science she would condemn, for its tendencies may seem

*For the facts concerning the Spanish anatomists (except Servetus) we are indebted to some very interesting papers in the *Medical Times and Gazette* of London, by George Gaskoin. See the numbers for October 5 and 19 and November 23, 1876.

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materialistic, though only so to the foolish and the vain.

Borelli, the great light of this school, was born near Naples in 1608. He was a professor at Florence, Pisa, and Messina, but, having become involved in political troubles, he took refuge at Rome in his old age, where he taught mathematics at the Convent of St. Pantaleon till his death in 1679. His great work, *De Motû Animalium*, was published a year or two after his death. For a long time it was very highly esteemed, and, though now antiquated, still commands respect as an able and original work which marked an era in medical science.

Malpighius has been mentioned as the first who saw the capillary circulation. He was born near Bologna in 1628, and was professor of medicine in that city, and later at Pisa, where he became intimate with Borelli, who no doubt exercised a great influence on his career. He taught later for a time at Messina. In 1691 he was called to Rome and appointed chief physician and chamberlain to Pope Innocent XII., which office she held till his death. He was a worthy follower of Borelli. He is one of those to whom the credit is given of having made the microscope an instrument instead of a toy. He certainly used it with good effect. His name has been preserved in connection with certain points of minute anatomy.

The name of one more distinguished member of this school may be mentioned. It is that of Bellini, a pupil of Borelli, who was a most successful professor of anatomy at Pisa.

The facts mentioned in this article speak for themselves. Little skill is necessary in presenting them; no eloquence is needed to show their bearing, which is undeniably that the church favored and fostered medicine. These facts cannot be denied; it is difficult even to distort them; but they can be ignored. This is the only way by which the enemies of the church can conceal the great services she has rendered to the science of medicine. How persistently and effectively this has been done may be inferred from Prof. Draper's presuming to inform an intelligent public that "it had always been the policy of the church to discourage the physician and his art; he interfered too much with the profits of the shrines."

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AN EVENING SERVICE IN LENT.

I.

THE altar-lights were out; one lamp alone
  Swinging o'er silver urn, with glimmer faint—
  A pale, red star, constant as cloister saint
That doth one Love upon his heart enthrone.
The prayers were o'er; the earnest voice and low
  Of him who unto God the people led,
  Their hearts uplifted with words hallowèd,
No longer stirred the air with tearful woe
Of Calvary, with blessing for the night
  Of God and angels and of heart at rest
  As if close folded to the Father's breast,
Where shadows darken not, nor dreams affright.
Not any sound the dim, sweet silence bore,
Save tread of reverent feet on sacred floor.

II.

Into the shadow faded radiant face
  Of her whose Rosary our lips had told,
  Each bead, in love's hot crucible grown gold,
Blessing our finger-tips with touch of grace.
Dim in the shadow grew the altar fair
  Whose silence deep shrouded the Lord of Heaven,
  This night unto his little ones not given
In shining benediction, lightening care.
Faint in the silence grew the sound of feet,
  The stillness our calm prayer had scarcely stirred,
  That had no organ note nor anthem heard,
No music save the unison complete
Of faithful hearts, whose tempered strings along
No doubtful note jarred fulness of soul's song.

III.

Never did angels seem more near than then—
  With soft, white wings the aisles' dim shadows gleamed;
  The very stillness, through its deep peace, seemed
The immortal sweetness of the last amen
Wherewith the guardian spirits blessed our prayer
  That gave for our good-night the peace of God.
  The darkened aisles the shining creatures trod,
Each with the soul that won his presence there,

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So passed the narrow threshold of the door,
Kindling the darkness of the starlit night
With unseen glow of super-earthly light;
Hushing earth's noises, that seemed sharp no more,
Dulled by the guardian wings that held each heart
In their soft folds in holy peace apart.

FROM AN IRISH COUNTRY-HOUSE.

III.

AUGUST 1.

AT breakfast Y—— announced that he had to go off, in his character of magistrate, and settle one of those never-ending land disputes, and if one of the Americans cared to join him the occasion might be amusing as a novelty. Accordingly they set off before luncheon, and returned late in the day, X—— laughing heartily over the lively scene he had witnessed. It appears that there was a dispute between two men as to the boundaries of their respective acres, and Mr. Y—— had promised to go down as arbitrator, to see the land in question, and determine the rights and wrongs of the case.

Arrived at the place, the disputants came out of their cabins and on either side of "his honor's" horse bitterly reviled each other, the magistrate interfering when the war of words was too fiercely waged; and after an amusing scene, in which each man's coat was "trailed" very low for his opponent's ready heel, the case was finally decided. But who knows how soon the descendants of these two men may take it up? The laws of boundaries and trespass, it appears, in this dear green isle, cannot be too clearly defined, for in the small courts, and in the great as well, these subjects are perpetually coming up. At dinner our host told some piquant anecdotes of what he had seen in his youth in this way; how fights began over a few blades of grass growing the wrong side of a hedge, and were carried on from generation to generation, bloodshed not seldom following the bitter recriminations. From such incidents of strife and bitterness it was gratifying to turn to another phase of Irish character, as our hostess laughingly announced to her father that the ancient Brian had "slipped off" that day. To explain, she told us of such a case of fidelity and gratitude as in any other country would be remarkable, and perhaps unheard of: how for years and years a certain man whom their family had once befriended came regularly at harvest time to give his help in the fields, refusing all payment, and always seizing an opportunity to slip away unperceived, if possible, when the "master" and "Mr. Z— —" were not by to force money or presents upon him. Gratitude alone actuat-

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ed this visit, and Brian would have deemed wages an insult; and so, his annual duty completed, he silently stole away, returning, as he came, on foot to his home in a distant county. It is pleasant to add that his benefactor always managed to requite the honest Brian's toil before the year was out, in one way or another, in spite of determined opposition.

AUGUST 5.

Two of the county magistrates dined here to-day. When duty calls them to the court at M—— they are usually invited to dine at some gentleman's house in the neighborhood. I hardly think that conversation would have taken a legal turn but for the Americans present, who naturally fell to discussing the differences between American and Irish methods of justice. The government is extremely vigilant now, both in England and Ireland; the police force well established and maintained upon an admirable system. Every district has its police inspector to co-operate with the local magistrates, and as the position is a highly honorable one and in many ways desirable, it is usually held by men of the best standing and character in their class; and the same is true of the lesser positions in the service, no man being accepted as a constable or subaltern unless he comes up to the very high government standard in point of intelligence and moral character and reputation, as well as in size and physique. A curious little four-page sheet, called *The Hue and Cry*, is published by the government twice a week in Dublin, and sent all over the country to every magistrate and every member of the constabulary in Ireland. It contains an account of the various offenders against law and order who have escaped or are not yet apprehended, and is supposed to set everybody who reads it on the alert; the constables, I was told, are expected to commit its contents to memory, and at stated times to have to pass an examination in the back numbers before their inspector. Some of the descriptions of fugitives are extremely amusing; one man, who had stolen a heifer, was described as having, among other marks for identification, "a dirty face." * In the same issue we observed an announcement of free pardon to any person or persons turning queen's evidence in the Leitrim murder case, while for the apprehension of the murderers a reward of one thousand pounds was offered.

In our conversation to-day much was said about the former methods of administering justice, or rather injustice, in Ireland in those days when a Catholic gentleman's word was not looked upon as legal evidence. Then naturally, after discussing the improvement in these matters to-day, there came queries as to the actual march of civilization and tolerance; and though our hostess admitted many things to be better than they had once been, there was some reason for her to shake her head gravely. There was more than Home Rule needed—indeed, something better, perhaps, than Home Rule.

Talking after dinner of Irish school-laws, an incautious and prejudiced person exclaimed: "But you never can do very much with the lower classes. What were they a dozen years ago, I should like to know? Scarce a man or woman among them could read." Here, indeed, was a theme for different

* *Hue and Cry*, July 31, 1878.

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tongues in the company; and in proving how eager the Irish mind has always been for information, how quick to learn, how hard to keep ignorant, many entertaining and obscure facts were brought to light; stories that lie on old book-shelves, cobwebbed and forgotten, were brought out, and figures from the past rose to show what Ireland was in the middle ages, what she was when most oppressed, what she was all through the dreadful period of William III. Somebody present very proudly related the story of Margaret. O'Carroll, that learned and gracious Irish lady of the fifteenth century, who, clever at books and brewing and baking, was the most agreeable and hospitable hostess and the most pious of Catholic women. She it was who made the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella of Spain. "And was it not Margaret of Carroll," asked one of the Americans, "who gave those famous invitations?"

"Yes, indeed, to rich and poor alike. McFirbis, the old antiquary, relates that twenty-seven hundred people were gathered together at her invitation, and had meat and money bestowed upon them. She was one of the most learned women of the day, and Irish to the very heart's core."

"Now," said a lady present, "I should like to know what the English mean by an 'ignorant Irishman.' What have they tried to make of the lower classes in Ireland? I well remember my grandfather telling of the time when it was illegal for a Catholic to be employed in a school, and felony for a Catholic to give any child instruction."

"Yes, that was the law that brought the 'hedge-schoolmaster' into vogue," says somebody else. "In the old days there were among the educated Catholics, oppressed and hounded as they were by statutes and penalties, some few who tried to evade the letter of the law by teaching under the hedges by stealth. The Irish peasant longed for education, and in spite of English laws he continued to get it. To my way of thinking," this speaker continues, with a heightened color, "it ought to be a proud boast for any man that he was taught by a 'hedge-schoolmaster.'"

MONDAY.

We drove out to-day, and our recent talk about Irish education made us look with newly-awakened interest at the school-houses we passed. The first was a neat whitewashed building, with a plain interior and thoroughly Catholic air, though, of course, the attendance was mixed. The schoolmistress was a pleasant young woman of the middle class, fairly well informed, and interested in her work, having some knowledge of music and a good common-school education.

"How comes it," said one of the Americans, "that you have a regularly organized Catholic school here?"

"It is not *entirely* Catholic," responded Y——. "You see Mr. R—— (the school commissioner) is allowed to give Catholic instruction, but none of the Protestant children attend it; they go regularly to their own clergyman."

"That sounds fair enough."

"Yes; but you see all Catholic board teachers must have a certain amount of education, and generally pass an examination in the Dublin Training-School, which is a Protestant institution. Few Catholic parents like to send their daugh-

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ters to be trained by the enemy, yet it is a great temptation, and one generally yielded to in spite of the opposition of the clergy. I suppose," continued Y——, "no question ever mooted had so much of right and wrong on both sides and was so difficult to settle justly. At present many Protestants admit the injustice of there being no Catholic university. Our country is as thoroughly Catholic as Scotland is Presbyterian, yet we cannot get our claim properly recognized. This must come by degrees, I suppose; there has been a great improvement, however, within the last twenty years."

"And are there no denominational schools?"

"Oh! yes; the Protestants and Catholics alike have many small schools of their own. There, we are coming now to one of them; this is a purely Protestant establishment."

It was a very pretty building, the entrance by a garden blooming with common flowers, the windows latticed, and the doorway picturesque with hanging vines. A troop of children were on their way back to the school from their afternoon recess, and there was a comfortable air of well-being about them that showed plainly how much care was bestowed upon their physical as well as mental wants by the school-board directors.

"The Protestant part of the community being the richer," said Y——, "they have more money to give in charity to their own than the Catholics ever have."

"And is there much feeling among the lower classes?"

"Even more than in the upper," our hostess said; "but what would you expect? There is a deep, indignant sense of wrong burning in every Irishman's heart, and from time immemorial the fact of his Catholicism has been the great cause of it. It is *Protestant* England that has dealt the blows at *Catholic* Ireland. *Protestant* Ireland only may hope to prosper; and these poor people, many of whom remember their fathers and grandfathers struggling against persecution, poverty, even starvation, remember also that the struggle came because of the faith in which they were born, and in which," she added, smiling, "every one of them will die!"

"But we have drifted away from the school-board question," said Y—— after a moment, "and I have just a few more words to say. You know that when the first efforts at school reform were made Bible lessons and religious instruction formed a distinct part of the system; but now the teacher is at liberty, at a fixed hour, to give religious instruction in accordance with the need of the majority of his pupils, and, the hour being known, only those pupils who wish to conform need remain within for it."

"I have been thinking," broke in our friend from India, who was riding his white horse near the carriage, "that those school-houses we saw between this and F—— would be delightfully cool retreats; did you notice the stone floors and thatched roofs?"

"Yes," said our hostess; "but those are rare. We have good boarded floors in C——, and, indeed, our children are in every way comfortably off, with Jane and her father to teach them."

In some way we let national and political topics drift away during the last part of our drive, for suddenly all the air seemed to grow

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full of that curious golden light which we have noticed on so many afternoons in Ireland. The trees caught it and transfigured all the roadside, and the party on horseback, who rode on ahead, and who drew rein for a few moments under a clump of wide-spreading old trees, were glorified in a strange, uncertain way, the red lights of the sunset filtering through the yellow and the shadows stretching afar off, while the outlines in the west grew more radiant, and every blossom and bit of verdure bordering our path gained a new perfection in this wonderful still death of day. Over all the land had come this sudden benediction of color, and the cool wind that blew had that fragrance of sea-mosses in it that makes one strain the eye for a glimpse of the restless ocean, which we seem to feel up here, though we never see it. A girl and boy sauntering on the roadside had clambered up a moss-grown wall, and were evidently enjoying the radiance of the hour, unconscious of its æsthetic charm; and had Birket Foster and George Boughton but seen them they would have recognized perfect figures for their magnetic summer landscapes: the girl's bare brown feet, dark cotton gown, and striped shawl showing perfectly against the hedge, her face colored by the evening light, her hair tossed and blown about her cheeks; the boy in dingy corduroys, his hands clasped behind his head as he raised his face in childish, waiting wonderment at the clouds of amber and crimson that swept past like a glorious, ineffable vision across the sky.

TUESDAY.

To-day was rather bleak after last night's unexpected glory, and, as most of our company became absorbed in books or letter-writing, we missed some of our usual hours of talk and gossip; but coming in from a sharp ride about the meadows, and looking a little wind-blown, a certain member of the party said, laughing:

"The winter is coming!"

"It is time to expect it," replied Y——, also laughing.

"Whatever do you mean by that?" asked a downright American. "It is only the beginning of August."

"Oh!" said F——, "I was only giving Y—— the password to see if he was a 'Ribbon-man.' Now I see he is."

"Indeed, I am *not*," said Y——, with a smile. "And do you know," he added, "you Americans view certain things so oddly! Now, if you were asked suddenly, what would you say a 'Ribbon-man' was?"

"A true Irishman!" exclaimed F——, with a little burst of enthusiasm.

Everybody laughed outright.

"I thought so," said Y——, "for which reason I put the question. But really you are quite wrong; a Ribbon-man is only a member of a secret society despised by all honest-minded Irishmen—certainly not to be named in the same breath with a Fenian."

F—— looked subdued but interested; so Y—— continued:

"I am not going to deny that Ribbonism is the outgrowth of a great deal of wrong-doing on the part of land-owners and landlords, but it is a society condemned by the Catholic Church as base in purpose and result. Do you remember what Mr. Sullivan says about it in his *New Ireland*?"

"Yes; but what a fascination there is about all secret societies! I enjoy the passwords, the signals,

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the hidden meetings. Why do not women insist on membership, I wonder?"

The male portion of the company looked supercilious.

"I have heard that there was once a lady Freemason in Ireland, and there was a very romantic story connected with her admission. Does anybody remember it?"

"Oh! yes, this is the hour for such tales," said the young lady of Keppoch. "A windy twilight—that is just the time; do tell it, somebody."

"But her story is strictly a matter of history after all," said R——, "strange as it is. I have often heard it from my grandfather's lips, and he heard it discussed, when he was a boy, by people who actually knew the parties and all the circumstances. The young lady was the daughter of the Hon. Arthur St. Leger, Lord Doneraile, and was born about 1713. Her father was a famous Freemason, and was authorized to hold lodge meetings at Doneraile House, where from fifty to one hundred and fifty members used to attend. Elizabeth St. Leger was described as a daring and vivacious girl, beautiful and accomplished. She was full of curiosity as to the duties of Freemasonry which were performed at Doneraile House, and resolved, if possible, to catch a glimpse of them from some hidden post of observation. It so happened that repairs were being made to the room adjoining that in which the lodge was to be held on a certain evening, and Miss St. Leger contrived in advance to make a small hole in the intervening partition, through which she could see the interior of the mysterious room. The night came, and she placed herself tremblingly at the little aperture and watched the proceedings. But when she had witnessed the first two steps in Masonry a terror seized her, and she discovered that she had no means of escape except through the very room where the concluding ceremonies were going on. There was a door at the lower end, and she seized a moment when the Masons were absorbed in their mystic rites to slip out, cross the room swiftly, and open the door. A wild shriek suddenly discovered her to the Masons, for on reaching the door she had encountered a sentinel on guard, who flung her back swooning into the room. A terrible scene followed, for the Freemasons were so enraged that many of them forgot even humanity and declared that Miss St. Leger should suffer death. The unhappy girl sat by, half-swooning, while her father and brother pleaded for her life, and it was at last decided that if she chose to undergo initiation into the society she should be spared. To this she assented, and no Freemason, it is said, ever did more honor to his guild; she interested herself in the charities connected with the society, and died revered by all who knew her either in public or private life. There are many versions of the story, and even her name is given sometimes as Aldworth, but that was her married name; at the time of her initiation she was Miss Elizabeth St. Leger."

We fell to telling old stories and reminiscences to-night, and our host had much to say of the famous Miss O'Neill in the days of her prime.

"Was she at all like 'The Fotheringay' in Thackeray's *Pendennis?*" inquired X——. "It is said he had her in mind when he wrote the story."

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"Not in the least," exclaimed our host energetically, "except in her personal appearance. She was a refined lady, both off and on the stage; not highly cultured, perhaps, until after her marriage, but by no means the vulgar creature Thackeray describes at any time. Her voice was simply delicious, and her manners a combination of dignity and girlish grace. Her *Juliet* surpassed all others I have ever seen."

"What a book might be written," said X——, "about the Irishwomen who have been 'queens of the stage,' beginning with Peg Woffington and coming down to Helen Barry!" *

"But Ireland could furnish better annals than those of the stage," said J——. "Think, if the histories of all the brave, romantic, and godly lives of her men and women were written, what a volume it would be!—pure and loyal, god-fearing lives, yet full of a certain poetry and romance; it is this glow of something higher than heroism that shines on the face of our heroes like the light of the Everlasting."

Nobody spoke for a little while. We were all busy with our individual trains of thought awakened by Y——'s quietly-uttered words. One person present was looking back to childish days, when Ireland was the far-off country which made the background of so much pure Catholicism in a freer land; when Irish legends, Irish ballads, Irish purposes seemed all to bear a touch of inspiration with them; when Ireland seemed to be the country of hope and faith, tragedy and that ineffable melancholy which has tinged even her most exultant sayings; and here, sitting by an Irish fireside, listening to winds that blew across Irish moors and from the Irish lakes, old chords were swept strangely and with something in their tone that brought a silence which was half a prayer.

E—— was busy lighting candles at the piano and drawing closer the drapery of the windows.

"When you sing," said J—— quietly, "let it be something in harmony with this calm twilight. Have you Moore's *Melodies* there?"

In some way all the vindictive earnestness of the other night had gone from A——'s voice and mind, it seemed; for what she sang had only pathos and simplicity in it, though it spoke of exile and that passionate regret which came when Robert Emmet laid down his life for Ireland.

"He had lived for his love, for his country he died;
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him."

THURSDAY.

I wonder how many Irish and English gentlemen and game-keepers awoke this morning saying, "The 12th of August!" with a sense of the freedom and sport it implied? Our host came down to an early breakfast in shooting costume, and was off while the dew still lay on the hedges. The day was clear and warm at the outset, but a heavy rain set in before two o'clock, and on some one's saying, "How will 'the master' stand this?" the whole company laughed, for never was storm so great that the master could not climb or cross field with his gun and dogs. He came home about six o'clock, drenched, of course, but in hearty good spirits and with a fine bag of game. Never have I tasted any-

* Something of the kind has been written, we believe, by Mr. Owens Blackburne.

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thing daintier than the grouse roasted with a rich mushroom sauce. Conversation at dinner turned to sporting topics, on which Americans are naturally ignorant. In England we well remember the bewilderment of a "hunting morning," and over here in Ireland perplexities deepened. We had to be initiated into all the mysteries of the "12th," after which date shooting privileges begin and the game-keepers breathe freely. There is in England more antagonism between game-keepers and huntsmen than there is in Ireland, since the fox hunted in England is a more dangerous foe to game than the hare; still, there is always a certain amount of rivalry between the two. Shooting in Ireland is less formally conducted than in England—chiefly, I suppose, because the country is so much wilder and the middle-classes poorer; moreover, mightier things are "traditions" in Ireland. The English farmers we have seen make more of a "good run" than they do of a brave deed in their history, and shooting seems to be more pronouncedly an English sport at the present day.

AUGUST 14.

Being the eve of the Assumption, we went down to the little chapel to superintend the simple decorations for to-morrow. Some young girls from the village had brought up ferns and wild-flowers, and the gardens of S—— contributed some lovely blossoms. Here and there along the shady road we stopped the phaeton long enough to gather more ferns, and rarely have I seen such luxuriant green growth. Above a bit of stream they lay in most graceful *abandon;* such rich green stems, every leaf perfect, and the tiny pale sprays clustering beneath. It seemed fair only to rob the bank for Our Lady's sake; and is it not beautiful, this rendering to our Lord's homage his fairest gifts? The day was warm, still, and a trifle hazy. Driving through the little village, one remarked the listlessness of summer in open doorways, tranquil attitudes, and a general, lazy silence. But up at the little chapel there was devotional stir enough; a crowd of people were going to confession; many others kneeling in the churchyard; some busy with the schoolmistress practising the hymns for to-morrow's Mass. What mattered it that the voices rose and fell with a rather shrill vibration? The words were sung with simple, youthful fervor:

"I keep singing in my heart,
Immaculate! immaculate!"

The singers were bright, bonny-looking young people, who, when their practice was at an end, came out cheerfully to tie up ferns and rich roses for Our Lady's altar. We came away about sunset, leaving that one corner of the little chapel green and beautiful to welcome Our Mother on her festal day. Strangely enough, as we drove away we passed a party of people bent on preparing for some Protestant church festival. Comfortable and well-to-do they looked, with well-filled hampers and a general impression of new ribbons and smart gowns. Few things strike Americans more forcibly, in both England and Ireland, than the outward and inward air of prosperity and luxury which affects all Protestant church matters and people. Occasionally we have been moved to something like satire when in an English cathedral town we have remembered the never-ending flings

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at our Roman cardinals' dignity, which is as much a part of Italian tradition and temperament as of church importance. In the party we passed to-day going to their church festival there was nothing, of course, to complain of, and I mention them only because they afforded a sudden, sharp contrast to the Catholics in the same neighborhood, and made us remember we were *not* in Limerick or Tipperary.

AUGUST 20.

These final days of our Irish visit make us almost melancholy. There is something in the very atmosphere which is pathetic, still, languorous, and golden: the last days of summer harvesting; the last days of out-door activity, with heads and shoulders free in the sunshine, with a hot, fierce noontide and cool breaths from the sea coming softly; cold winds steal up towards evening; our peat-fire burns now at tea-time regularly, and, though the verdure is untouched, a look of autumn has crossed the hills.

We drove out to-day, a long distance, to Lough ——, and on the way passed several of those deserted dwellings which in both England and Ireland, but especially the latter, strike Americans curiously. One quite fine house stood almost proudly going to decay. Why was it left thus? we asked. "Oh!" Y—— answered, "the owners couldn't live there; the place was damp, no one wanted to rent it, and it was better to let out the lands for pasture." We went in, our footsteps echoing a little drearily and our emotions touched slightly, as is always the case on visiting a deserted home. The rooms were very fine, the walls thick, the doorway and windows built in heavily, and the wood-work handsome; over all hung the suggestions of "lang syne" and the mournfulness of crumbling ceilings and slowly-decaying hearths. From every window we could see the stretch of rich country, but the near peat-bogs gave up a certain dampness which must have made it unhealthy.

On this drive to Lough —— we passed a deserted church which had in its look so strong a touch of the mediæval that it characterized the whole surrounding country; old tombs were scattered near it; the broken windows and moss-grown arches looked as though it might have been reared before the days of William III.; a beautiful tree spread its branches near by, and as a violent, sudden storm came up we drew under the green protection. The rain swept fiercely past and about us, while the outer branches of the dear old tree dripped softly. The country looked refreshed when the storm was over; it ended with a sudden, swift clearing away of dense clouds and a flush of dimpling, moving color, out of which a majestic rainbow seemed to form, arching in the background, while hills and dales and the silver lakes shone with a wonderful new beauty. We drove down quite to the shore of Lough ——, stopping now and then to ask our way of the good-humored country-people, who had always something quaint to say in answer. The lake lies amidst pretty sloping shores, on one of which Lord ——'s stately residence showed clearly. To the left the country rises boldly; the road is tortuous and the shores uneven, while here and there the yellow gorse colors the hillsides becomingly. We drove home past the fragrant moors, meeting the peasants and workmen and women

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with the rosy sunset on their faces; the old church and its grave-yard full of solemn color, the big tree shining a "good-evening." Everywhere we looked with tender farewell eyes. The beautiful country is vanishing from our sight, and with what fond memories do we leave it!

AUGUST 29.

"And so it is good-by to Erin," says our friend from India, standing out in the sunshiny garden this morning.

"Good-by to Erin," echo two voices mournfully.

"What a wonderful summer-time it has been! Such weather! Surely it was a royal welcome of dear, *dear* old Ireland's!"

"We'll not see another like it for many a day," says our host, walking up and down between the low beds of rich flowers which lead up to the garden wall. "Everywhere I go the people stop me to say: 'Well, hasn't this been a fine summer? The Lord be praised!' Poor creatures! they well remember many a harvest that has been different."

"But how fortunate," said X——, "that our first and last glimpses should be so radiant! To me Ireland will always mean a rich green country where the sun shines in a glory; where every one is hospitable, generous, and friendly; where firesides are open and hands are held out with a genuine grasp; where smiles are bright and voices kindly; where—" Was X—— subdued by his own eloquence? He looked down a moment, and then turned his face to the hospitable, open mansion from whose friendly doorway we are passing.

"Ireland!" says our friend from India slowly—"ah! what will not Ireland mean to me this day three months? Think of the Indian Christmas cheer I'm going to—a hot, fierce sun, perhaps, a longing for a cool drink and a fresh breeze; and I must look back and remember—*this!*"

He waved his hand about despairingly. And what is it Ireland means to us all when the last day has come; when we have watched the last sunset fling its pathetic glory over this dear land; when we have assembled for the final evening about the fireside that has made us so generously welcome? It means so much that no one can utter one word of it all.

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THE REALITY OF THE SUFFICIENT REASON AND FIRST CAUSE OF THE WORLD.

THAT sagacious and penetrating thinker, Leibnitz, reasoning upon the necessary truths which are self-evident or demonstrable, inquires what is their original source and ultimate foundation.

"Some one may, however, inquire where these ideas would be if no mind existed, and what would be, in that case, the real foundation of this certainty of the eternal truths? This leads us at last to the ultimate foundation of these truths, namely, to that supreme and universal mind which cannot fail to exist, whose understanding is in reality the region of the eternal truths, as St. Augustine held and most distinctly teaches. Moreover, lest it might be thought unnecessary to have recourse to this foundation, it must be borne in mind that these necessary truths contain the determining reason and regulating principle of the really existing things themselves, and, in a word, the laws of the universe. Therefore, these necessary truths being anterior to the existence of contingent beings, it is assuredly requisite that they should have their foundation in the existence of a being who subsists by necessity of nature."*

The idea of Leibnitz is a very clear one. Truths which do not depend on the existence of any contingent being, which are not confined within any limits of time or space, which are universal, unchangeable, necessary, and eternal, which impose a law upon our minds and are the archetypes of all things existing in the visible and invisible world, cannot be floating about unsustained in a kind of intellectual ether as self-subsistent, abstract entities. This notion, ascribed to Plato by Aristotle, was by him refuted with great copiousness and subtlety of reasoning. Its absurdity is so plain that the Platonists, following St. Augustine, have maintained that Plato did not hold it, but really intended to represent the eternal ideas as having their foundation in the sovereign mind. Aristotle, whatever may be thought of Plato, sets forth in precise terms the sovereign intellect as *noësis noësios*, the intelligence of intelligence, absolute truth, or adequation in terms of the infinite between the knower and the known.

We will now go back upon the conclusions we have previously established concerning the first truths and principles of both rational and experimental science, and show how the idea of God is virtually contained in them, educed from them by analysis, and proved to be really actuated in the existence of God by a demonstration, proceeding from those things which are naturally known to their sufficient reason and first cause.

The regulating principle of the argument is given by St. Paul: "The invisible things of Him are seen from the creation of the world, being understood by the things which were made."* The way of understanding by these made things or facts is clearly expressed by St. Thomas: "Our natural cognition takes its beginning from sense; wherefore our natural cognition can extend itself just so far as it can be led by the hand by sensible things." We have already shown how we are led by the hand to self-evident and

* *Nouveaux Essais*, liv. iv. c. 11.

* Rom. i.

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certain first truths, the principles of science, "the inviolable truth." "This inviolable truth, moreover, we behold in the similitude of itself which is impressed on our mind, inasmuch as we cognize naturally some things which are known in themselves, and by these examine all other things, and according to them judge of all things."

"The first thing which is understood by us, according to the state of the present life, is the essence (quidditas) of the material thing." * From this primary perception result the perceptions of first principles, from reflection upon the acts of sense and intellect result the intellectual perceptions of our own existence and that of bodies distinct from us, and in these elements we have the beginning of all philosophy and the criterion of certitude. It is by this road that we must rise to the cognition of God, the summit of philosophy.

It is plain, from what has been proved in the exposition of previous topics of this essay, that the essences perceived by the intellect, in their abstract, universal ratios, are necessary, immutable, eternal, and potentially infinite. The transcendental ratios of being, unity, truth, and goodness, are evidently what they are by necessity, and not by chance, or from the capricious will of any being who has made them. Call to mind the principle of contradiction. Being cannot possibly be not-being, unity cannot be multiplicity, truth cannot be falsehood, good cannot possibly be evil. The proposition that they are made what they are, or that the principle of contradiction is made what it is, by chance, or by a sovereign will acting without reason from arbitrary caprice, is a mere set of words without sense. Their necessity is self-evident from the mere statement. What is absolutely necessary cannot be changed, for the changeable is contingent, and subject either to chance or to the action of some cause, and that which is not subject even to a supreme will is not contingent, and is therefore immutable. The necessary and immutable is eternal, for that which is confined to time may have a beginning and an ending and must have succession, and is therefore both contingent and changeable. That the transcendental ratios are potentially infinite is manifest from their universal extension to all that is intrinsically possible. That the possible is infinite will be hereafter proved.

If we take, now, some determinate essence, for instance humanity, it is obvious that the same affirmations are verified in the very notion of essence. The individual man is not, indeed, a necessary, immutable, eternal, and infinite being. His really existing animal and rational nature is contingent, changeable, limited by beginning and succession in time, and finite on all sides. But his specific ratio by which he is defined to be a rational animal is not limited to his single and particular existence as an individual. Humanity is something universal, which can be predicated of one and of many, of all men in general, and of any number of possible men without any limit. The ideal essence, that which the intellect understands as the idea of what constitutes the species of being called rational animal, prescinds from the fact of one or many men really existing, and only denotes what is a possible grade of being, intrinsically capable of being

* *Summ. Theol.*, i. p. xii 12, lxxxviii 3, Qq. De Mente.

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actuated in any number of individuals who can be made to exist by a sufficient cause. In the language of St. Thomas: "The knowledge which we have of the soul [and by parity of reason of the whole human essence] by virtue of an intuition of the inviolable truth is such that by it we define not what the mind of each man actually is, but as perfectly as we can what it ought to be in the eternal reasons."*

The idea of animal nature, of rational nature, and of the intrinsic compatibility of the two as parts of a composite essence, is something in itself intelligible. We know that rational animals really exist. Their essence is therefore intrinsically possible, and this is a necessary, immutable, eternal truth. On the other hand, intelligent matter, extended thought, volition gravitating toward a corporeal mass, the bouquet of a vine tied up by a ribbon, a sphere composed of moral obligations revolving in an elliptical orbit around the sun, are intrinsic impossibles; each one is a "triste lupus" of incongruity. The possibility of the human essence, though known to us from its actuation in individuals, is anterior to our knowledge, and anterior to the existence of human beings. Our idea of humanity as a universal is a concept of our mind, with its proximate foundation in real existences. But what is its ultimate, necessary, and eternal foundation, its sufficient reason which precedes all contingent beings and their thoughts? We have already given the answer of Leibnitz to this question; but before we fix our attention directly upon it, we have yet to bring forward another illustration.

In the science of geometry at least two postulates are assumed viz., position and direction. From these and whatever other elements are necessary it is easy to construct a sphere of any given dimensions. A sphere, by its very essence, is capable of indefinite increase of geometrical magnitude. Let it be equal to the known stellar universe, it is still capable of increase to infinity. Any point in it can be taken as the centre of a similar sphere. From its surface lines can be produced of any given length in any number of directions. The extremities of these lines can be taken as central points for the construction of other spheres. Beyond these, the possibility of continuing the same process is indefinite and illimitable. It is evident, therefore, that the abstract ratio of dimensive quantity or the possibility of extension is infinite. It is obviously also necessary, immutable, and eternal.

Again, any number of spheres can be supposed to revolve on their own axes, and to be arranged in planetary groups, revolving around their suns. In any given number of these revolutions, however great, there must be a first one. Before this first revolution another is conceivable as equally possible with the actually first revolution, and before that another, and so backward indefinitely and without any necessary limit. So, also, in the future, the possible revolutions are infinite. All these measure periods of duration, and the measurability of duration by periods of successive change, or time, is consequently infinite.

It must be perfectly evident to every one who has not a "triste lupus in stabulo" that the really existing world has its actual existence projected upon a background

* *De Mente*, viii.

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of infinite potentiality, and that the axioms, that every line is producible to infinity and every number has an infinite multiplicability, stand as signs of a universal predicate of being. The transcendental and universal ratios are eternal and infinite. As soon as the infant has abstracted his first universal from the rose or any other sensible object, the invisible power has seized his hand which will lead him to the infinite. As soon as he possesses the primary truths and first principles, he has virtually the ideas of the infinite and the eternal of which he can never rid himself, even though he may foolishly attempt to do so. When he can make right and left exchange places in his body, when he can understand how the earth can revolve on its axis from west to east and at the same time from east to west, remaining meanwhile stationary, when he can put four angles into a triangle, and shift the centre of a circle into the middle of one of its radii, he may rid himself of the ideas of the infinite and the eternal. Until then he will be forced to see that there is a truth so true that it cannot possibly be untruth, so old that it can have no beginning, so vast that it can have no bounds. Though he should have begun to exist with the world and continue to exist until the end of the world, he would never be able to stir from one, indivisible present instant in the middle of eternity; and though he should circumnavigate the universe, he would never be able to get away from the central point of infinity. Nothing and nowhere are not in the region of ideas. The mind cannot utter the "everlasting no," for its thoughts are "a re-thinking of the thoughts of God," * which are an "everlasting yea," re-echoed in the creation and striking our ears from every object in the universe. This is what is intended by St. Augustine and St. Thomas when they say that the human mind thinks "in rationibus æternis," in eternal ratios, reasons, or ideal conceptions.

"Ideas are certain principal forms or stable and unchangeable reasons of things, because they have not been formed, and are therefore eternal and remain always after the same manner, and *they are contained in the divine intelligence.*" †

"Inasmuch as any mind beholds whatever it knows with certitude, in those principles according to which judgments are elicited concerning all things which are resolved into these first principles, this mind is said to see all things in the divine truth or in the eternal reasons, and to judge of all things according to these reasons." ‡ This is precisely what Leibnitz affirms. What is this necessity, eternity, and infinity of possible things, of abstract ratios, but a shadow of real being which is positively infinite and eternal in act? What is abstract being, unity, truth, goodness? What are abstract essences? What are infinite space and duration? What are the necessary principles of contradiction and the sufficient reason, the necessary mathematical truths, the laws of the universe, the ideal forms which are impressed upon all things in nature, in their purely ideal and intelligible attitude, outside of the conceptions

* Leo.
† St. Aug., *De Div.*, Qq. lxxxiii. q. 46.
‡ St. Thom., *Con. Gent.*, lib. iii. c. 47.

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of our mind and the contingent things from which these concepts are abstracted by our intellect? We must say with Leibnitz that they have their region in the divine intellect, which contains these eternal reasons in itself, as ideas and archetypes according to which all possibles which have received actual being are formed.

Our intellect receives its measure, its rule, its essential laws from the sensible objects in nature which are made intelligible by our intellectual light. It is passive, subject, and dependent. It can read within, but only what is legible in the great book of nature, written without and within, all over, with signs, hieroglyphics, picture writing, by which we are taught science, in which we find poetry and music, from which we learn to contemplate the true, the good, and the beautiful. What is the measure of that by which our intellect is measured? What is the source of the light in which all things are luminous? Only mind speaks to mind, only the intelligent can illuminate and instruct intelligence. The work of art, be it a temple, a picture, or a poem, is the product of a living idea, an exemplar, an archetype. The scientific work is the product of a scientific mind. There is a great Artist, a great Author of science, whose intellect is the measure of the intelligible world, and contains the eternal reasons, the universal laws, which are impressed on the nature of things, and from thence reflected into our minds.

When we turn our mind upon the actual world and the multitude of beings contained in it, we perceive that they are all contingent, finite, existing in time, must have had a beginning, and have emerged into actual existence from an anterior possibility. Intrinsic possibility in itself has no tendency or power of emerging into actual existence without a sufficient reason. The being whose intrinsic possibility or intelligible essence contains in itself the sufficient reason of existence is the infinite, eternal being, subsisting by necessity of nature, and containing, as the ultimate foundation of truth, all the necessary and universal ratios of possible existences. The ground of the possibility of contingent and finite existences which can receive a participated actual being from the original fount of being, must be eternal. But the eternal reasons in the divine intellect, the archetypal ideas, determine only abstract, possible laws and modes of being, which must or may measure and regulate actual existences, if they are made actual. But their real actuation, by which they emerge from pure potentiality into act, has a physical possibility only in the power of the infinite being who contains the eternal reasons in his intellect, to create them by an act of volition. All bodies which exist in space are in a definite number, quantity, and location. In their essence they are indifferent in respect to existence or non-existence, and in respect to all possible numbers, quantities, places, and modes of motion or rest. Whatever substantial matter and form may be, in whatever way extended atoms may be ultimately constituted, an active power, exercised by an efficient first cause, is the only sufficient reason which can determine their actual state and relations. The genera, species, and individuals of the vegetable world and of animals, require the determination of an active force proceeding from a will which is sove-

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reign over nature, in order that they should exist precisely as they do, and not in some other possible modes and numbers. Laws of nature are a mere abstraction, as incompetent to effect anything as a geometrical ratio to produce a real, solid sphere of ivory, or an artist's plan on paper to build a cathedral of marble; unless they are the living ideas of a living being, effectuated by a volition directing causative power upon its term. Human beings subsist by a union between a rational principle and matter, which have no necessary affinity with each other. The human mind is passive and dependent, in respect to its existence, its life, its laws of intelligence, its union with the sensitive organization, and all that constitutes its specific and individual character. An intelligent and creative first cause is necessary in order to give existence to the original first matter of the universe, in its simplest and most elementary form, even if we adopt the nebular hypothesis and the new theory of Mr. Lockyer; and also to impart intelligence and reason to contingent and finite beings. It is only an expansion of the same argument, when we consider the actual order and countless multitude of distinct beings existing in their various grades in the universe.

Here let us be permitted to quote a fine passage from Cicero, which will perhaps be more welcome to some of our readers from the fact that he was no Christian theologian but a pagan philosopher:

"Who would say that any individual deserves the name of man who can behold the exact movements of the celestial sphere, the orderly courses of the stars, and the mutual aptitudes connecting all things in their common relations with one another, and yet deny that there is a reason presiding over this order, asserting that the whole is the result of chance; whereas the wisdom regulating all things is so great that it cannot be adequately understood by our own acquired science? If we cannot doubt that whatever is moved by mechanism, as, for instance, a sphere, clocks, or any similar construction, is a product of reason; when we behold the heavens moving and revolving with wonderful celerity, and accomplishing with a perfect constancy of law all the annual changes by which all things are preserved in their well-being, can we doubt that these revolutions are regulated not only by reason of some kind, but even by an excellent and divine reason? Putting aside all subtle disputation, we can, as it were, by the mere sight of our eyes perceive the beauty of those things which we say have been constituted by divine providence. In the first place, we behold the earth itself, a solid globe held together in its spherical form by the force of its own physical tendencies, and placed in the midst of the universe; clothed with a vesture of flowers, herbs, trees, and fruits, whose multitude is countless and their variety inexhaustible. Consider also the cool, perennial fountains, the rivers with their clear waters, the meadows by the river-banks adorned with a charming verdure, the deep, extensive caverns below the surface of the ground, the rugged rocks, the high, overhanging mountains, the vast plains, the hidden veins of gold and silver, the enormous masses of marble in the quarries. How wonderful and numerous are the various kinds of domestic and wild animals! Consider, too, the flight and the song of birds, the pastures filled with peacefully grazing herds and flocks, and the forests teeming with savage beasts. What shall I say now of the race of men, the appointed cultivators of the earth, who prevent the wild beasts from making it a wilderness of animal savagery, and repress the overrunning growth of vegetation, and by continuous labor adorn the plains, the coasts, and the islands with dwellings and cities? If all these things could be made at once as visible to the eye as they are to the mind, no one who regarded the whole earth in one view could possibly doubt that there is a divine reason. Consider, moreover, the grandeur of the ocean, the wonderful constitution of the atmosphere and the

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surrounding ether, the courses of the sun and moon and planets. Nothing can be more admirable and beautiful than this spectacle, and there are also beyond the region of the planets the immense multitude of the fixed stars. What sane man can imagine that all this splendid celestial array has sprung by haphazard from a fortuitous concourse of bodies, or that any nature devoid of intelligence and reason could have effected these things, which not only require a reason from which they have originated, but also demand for their investigation the highest exercise of reason?" *

This is only a short extract from a much longer and more comprehensive enumeration, adorned with many quotations from the poets, and summarizing a great part of the natural science of that age, in which the eloquent Roman philosopher sets forth the argument from design for the existence of God. It is needless to say that although it could not be presented with greater elegance of language, it could be more scientifically developed and correctly illustrated by the aid of modern discoveries. The principle and the conclusive force of the argument are, however, perfect and unassailable. Greater and more original power of intelligence is necessary to invent and construct a wonderful work of skill and art, than to understand and admire the same when made. Therefore, if it requires the highest efforts of intelligence and reason to understand some part of the order of the universe and of the multitude of beings contained in it, we are compelled to infer that a being of original and most perfect intelligence is its author and sovereign ruler. Since the reasons and ideal exemplars according to which it has been made, and which shine through it into our minds, are necessary, infinite, and eternal, they must have their original foundation in the essence of an infinite being, existing by necessity of nature, and be contained in his intellect as the measure of all things.

The ideal exemplar and archetype of the moral order of the universe, represented in the human breast by the conscience, and the argument from the moral laws by which free and responsible beings are regulated to a sovereign lawgiver, are in the same argumentative plane, and their exposition belongs to a complete synthesis of ideas in this order. The reality of the moral world, the reality of moral judgments, the criterion of right, the sufficient reason of the moral laws, the foundation of all ethical principles in the essence of God, the will of God as the measure of the law by which our conscience is measured, all these topics might be treated in a similar manner to that with which we have been proceeding in this essay. It is not because we undervalue this line of argument that we abstain from doing more than pointing out its direction and scope. It may be found presented with the consummate ability and grace which belong to Dr. Newman's writings, in several of these, especially in the *Grammar of Assent.*

We have shown how sensible objects lead reason by the hand in the way of cognition up to the Infinite Mind which is the origin and source of truth. And here we will pause for a time to contemplate this intellectual Sun of the universe, the primal light of whose radiance all intelligence is but a faint and languid ray.

Plato and Aristotle are the two great philosophers of antiquity in whose writings, taken together and

* *De Naturâ Deorum*, lib. ii. c. 38, etc.

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compared with each other, the most perfect natural theology which has been constructed by the way of rational demonstration without ideas received from revelation, may be found. In the analysis of infinite, sovereign intelligence Aristotle excels. We will, therefore, present Aristotle's idea of God, following an admirable summary of the Aristotelian theology taken from his own writings by that excellent writer, Mgr. Laforet, the late Rector Magnificus of the University of Louvain.*

The reasoning of Aristotle is based on the principle that the actual is in nature prior to the possible, the immutable to the mutable. Changeableness is a mark of the relative and contingent which depends on the absolute and the necessary for its transition from the state of pure possibility, or of dormant potency, into actuality. The absolute and necessary being is above all possibility of change, free from all mixture of dormant potentiality, completely and immutably actual in the most perfect manner, eternal in his substance, which is what it is by absolute necessity of essence and cannot possibly be otherwise. This most simple and most perfect act in which the immutable essence of the most perfect being consists, is the most excellent and supreme intelligence, which is identical with supreme blessedness and interminable life. In the being who exists and enjoys by instants which are evanescent, the state of wakefulness, or fully aroused activity of the faculties of sense and intelligence, is that which is most pleasurable; and the pleasures of hope and memory are only secondary and relative to this present, actual enjoyment. Intelligence is by its nature turned to some object which is good by its essence, the most excellent or supreme intelligence faces the object which is the most excellent or supreme good, for the supreme intelligible and the supreme desirable, or sovereign good, are identical in essence. The supreme intelligence is in itself this most excellent essence, at once the intelligible and the desirable in the most perfect sense. It is in pure and perfect actuation in God, and not at all in the condition of a mere faculty, for it is actual intelligence which is the most excellent, and not the mere power of exercising intellection. Moreover, God cannot be dependent on any inferior object of intelligence, or exercise intellection upon divers objects in a transitory way, for this would be to deny that he has all perfection within himself and is immutable. He immutably possesses the most excellent intelligible, which is identical with the most perfect good. His happiness is therefore perfect and eternal, consisting in the contemplation of himself. His contemplation is his life, since knowledge is a vital act, and the most perfect life is the act of intelligence, which exists in God most perfectly, who is essential act and therefore essentially, perfectly, and eternally living. Therefore we name God an eternal and perfect living being; meaning that life, in unceasing, eternal duration, is possessed by him and constitutes his very essence.

Father Gratry sums up the doctrine of Aristotle in his own eloquent language as follows:

"To be in wakeful consciousness, to think, to feel, to live, this is in short our good, our enjoyment. We possess this

* *Hist. de la Philos. Ancienne*, tom. ii. See also Aristotle's *Met.*, book xi. ch. 7, 8, and 9.

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good but partially, but in God it must subsist in absolute, infinite plenitude. He is infinitely wakeful, because he is all act; there is nothing in him which exists in an implicit, dormant state; nothing which lies in the sleep of potentiality awaiting the future; no quiescent force which is preparing to act; for all is already in act. He thinks in the absolute sense. His thought is the essential thought; he thinks that which is the most excellent good; and moreover he is that which he thinks. As for ourselves, when we think, we seek to see and touch the intelligible, but he is himself the intelligible. His thought does not approach more or less nearly to its term, but is itself its own term. He lives, absolutely and infinitely, because his life is nothing else than this very act itself, which is the mutual compenetration and identity of intelligence and the intelligible. Not only does he possess this sovereign and eternal life, but in an admirable manner he is actually his own life, his essence is perfect and eternal life. . . . In all things known to us we perceive a mixture of potency and act, of the possible and the actual; every living thing is continually becoming, developing itself, tending toward a higher term, which is unattainable in the same manner as an infinite number transcends all possibility of completion by the perpetual addition of units to units. There must always remain in us something which is in potency to a further development, which awaits the future in order to be reduced to actuality; and this is the necessary and impassable chasm which divides the infinite from the finite. Yet, O happy thought! there is a Being who is not *becoming* but who *is*; who is absolutely, who is that highest term toward which everything is moving but without the possibility of attaining ever, because the infinite must be infinite by essence, and not by result. This being is the infinite in absolute development of the plenitude of boundless life." *

Aristotle's exposition of the nature of God as a pure, intelligent Spirit, self-sufficing in the infinite beatitude of contemplation, is the greatest triumph ever achieved by pure human reason. What extraordinary light he may have received, unconsciously to himself, from the divine intelligence, we cannot know; but we have no certain proof that he borrowed his ideas from the Hebrews, who alone possessed a more perfect and sublime idea of God than that which is contained in the philosophy of the disciples of Socrates. There are great defects in the theology of Aristotle, and there are similar defects in that of Plato, though these defects are not precisely the same in both. This is true of the theology of all the great pagan philosophers taken together. We do not pretend to affirm that the complete Theistic doctrine as taught by the masters of Christian philosophy, who drew their wisdom from the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures as well as from the pagan philosophers, can be found explicitly set forth in the writings of the sages of Greece or those of their learned and eloquent Latin interpreter and expositor, Cicero. It is a fact, nevertheless, that the entire substratum of natural theology is really contained in their best works, taken together and co-ordinated in a fair, eclectic synthesis of rational truths. We may go further, and say that a complete Theodicy is implicitly or at least virtually contained in their explicit and formal statements. Where, in certain important respects, their ideas are not clear, they are involved in an obscure manner and implied in those which are clear; and even their formal errors of statement can be refuted by logical deductions from their sound principles, and shown to be contradictory to these very principles. If the divine philosophy of St. Thomas could have been presented to Plato and Aristotle, they would have been obliged

* *De la Connaiss. de Dieu*, t. i. 164-65.

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to recognize it as their own made perfect, just as St. Thomas would have been compelled by his rational nature to admit the Copernican system of physical astronomy, if he had seen its evidence.

In regard to the one special and fundamental doctrine of what we may call the radical and specific character of the divine essence, the exposition we have given from Aristotle is metaphysically perfect, and nothing has ever been added to it, or can be added to it by any effort of the human reason. The discoveries made by the spectroscope are marvellous. Certain lines of light and shade indicate with certainty the nature of substances in such distant bodies as the sun and the other fixed stars. It appears at present even probable that one may ascertain, from the constitution and condition of the matter of very distant fixed stars, what is the ultimatum into which all matter is resolvable by physical means. More wonderful is the proof by which certain lines of intellectual light manifest to the human reason the nature of God, showing what he is and what constitutes that primal and infinite essence. We cannot directly and immediately perceive the fixed stars, as they are in their physical being. We can merely catch and refract their rays of light. But in this way we discover indirectly, by comparison with similar rays passing through substances directly known to us as they exist on the earth, and by similitude, the constitution of these immensely distant, unapproachable bodies. In a similar way, by means of the similitude of created essences to the uncreated and infinite essence of God, we discover and understand what is in that essence infinitely distant from all that is finite, to us unapproachable and unknowable by any direct and immediate intuition. It is true that the similitude is only analogical, and conducts only to analogical conceptions, which are inadequate representations of the infinite, invisible reality of the divine essence. Yet they are just and correct conceptions with their ultimate foundation in the eternal and necessary being of God, in the supreme intelligible essence known to the divine intelligence comprehensively and immediately. They are manifested to us by the sovereign intelligence, of which our own intellectual faculty is a diminuted participation and resemblance, by reflected and refracted rays coming to us through created beings. By the perfections of contingent and created beings, we infer and conclude with rational certitude what is the supreme and absolute perfection of the necessary and self-existing Being. What is, in itself, formally and simply a perfection, we attribute to the most perfect Being formally, removing the limits of the finite grade of essence, and adding actual infinitude or perfect, boundless plenitude of the formal perfection. Thus, from the intelligible in our finite intellect, we conclude the absolute and infinite intelligible in the divine intellect. From the intelligence of the human mind, we infer the infinite intelligence of the divine mind. From our own consciousness of partial and evanescent enjoyment in waking, sensitive, and rational activity, we infer the perfect and eternal beatitude of God, in the most pure and perfect act of intellectual or spiritual life. This is the contemplation and possession of the most excellent good,

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the infinite object of knowledge and complacency, which is none other than himself. By those perfections which are not simply and formally perfections, such as the magnitude and motion of bodies in space, organic structure, sensation, and discursive reasoning, we infer the virtual existence of the same, not formally, but virtually and in a more eminent mode, in the first cause, and in the ideal archetypes of the divine reason according to which these perfections have been made to exist in creatures. It is impossible for human reason to get any nearer than this to an apprehension of the intelligible essence of God, that infinite object of his eternal contemplation, and most excellent good in which he possesses sovereign beatitude. Reason can go no higher than its fountain, the perception of finite objects and first truths, and must flow and augment itself according to its original law of motion and direction. The universe presents to the mind a vast and by us immeasurable object of contemplation and complacency. It is a sign and a resemblance of something infinitely greater and better, of which it is a faint, miniature reflection, like that of the sky in a dewdrop. The infinitely great and good essence is God, but this essence is unseen and invisible in respect to our finite vision, as the sun is when it is below the horizon. The light of the hidden sun gilds the mountain-tops, inflames the clouds which hover around the eastern or western horizon, casts twilight on the earth, and is reflected by the moon and by the morning and evening stars. In a similar way we see by the light which comes from the primal source of light, which is not itself visible to the mind, and admire his reflected radiance which illuminates the creation.

Oculos in altum tollite:
Illic licebit visere
Signum perennis gloriæ.
Illustre quiddam cernimus,
Quod nesciat finem pati,
Sublime, celsum, interminum,
Antiquius cœlo et chao.

Lift up your eyes on high:
Behold the radiant sign
Of Him who from infinity
Fills space with rays divine.
Unfading glory glows
In that perennial light,
Whose source no orb that rose
At morn, or set at night.
Eternity's embrace
His being did enclose,
Ere time or crowded space
From night and chaos rose.
No night succeeds eternal light,
No bound arrests the infinite.

Plato's doctrine of the archetypal ideas is not inconsistent with the doctrine of Aristotle on the self-sufficing intelligence of God, and his sovereign beatitude in the contemplation of his own essence. It is only requisite that we locate these ideas in the divine intellect and refer their ultimate foundation to the divine essence, in order to remove all Aristotle's objections against Plato's ideal theory. The contemplation of God includes in its object the eternal reasons according to which he has created the universe. He sees them in his own most perfect being, which is essentially capable of imitation and participation; and in his infinite, independent power, by which he can create finite beings without any pre-existing material as a subject to act upon. It is impossible that God should be dependent on anything extrinsic to himself for knowledge, perfection, or happiness. He is himself his own intelligence, life, and perfect beatitude, in act. All other beings depend from him, receive motion toward their end from him, and revolve around him as their centre. The same reasons

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which prove that he is their first mover prove that he is their creator. Existence, in finite, contingent things, is a change from the mere possibility which they have in their eternal ratios and archetypes into actual being. According to Aristotle's fundamental principle, all possibility and potency is founded in a prior and immutable act. The possibilities are therefore all founded in the being of God. Every new act succeeding a dormant, unactualized potentiality is originally moved into actuation, and into a succession of new actuations, by the first mover, the immutable. The divine ideas are immutable, but the contingent and finite terms, recipient of the divine action, which come into existence in finite space and finite time, and are essentially changeable, have no reason of being except in their first cause and creator. In a certain sense, all these terms of the divine, creative wisdom must be in God. When we say they are extrinsic or external to him, we do not mean that they are separated from him by distance in space, but only that they are substantially distinct in an inferior grade of actual essence. All their inferior grades of essence and their finite perfections exist, in a more eminent and sublime manner, in the essence of God; and their being is a participation of the infinite fount of being in him. Nothing is added to or taken from the essence, the being, the perfection, the beatitude of God, by the new actuations which give distinct substantiality and life to corporeal and spiritual beings created from nothing by the free-will of God. Pure love calls into distinct, individual, conscious existence the multitude of rational creatures, capable of knowledge and enjoyment, and, for their sakes, the entire universe. The sovereign good diffuses itself, but does not receive augmentation.

The creative act is a mystery, but God is full of mysteries and incomprehensible. Creation, likewise, is full of mysteries and incomprehensible. The exercise of causative force by physical and spiritual causes, by attraction, repulsion, cogitation, volition; the modifications effected, in pre-existing bodies and minds, by all kinds of natural agents, are mysterious. It is a mystery that the mind can give birth to conceptions, ideas, what are called creations of genius and art. Generation is a greater mystery, and every new infant is as great a marvel as if it were the first and only specimen of its kind. If a finite and dependent cause can bring such wonders to pass, by the help of material causes, effecting so many modifications in substances already existing, it is reasonable to think that the first, infinite, independent cause should produce an effect infinitely transcending any effect of second causes. If the term of a finite act be a mode of substance, the term of an infinite act should be substance.

The lack of any explicit conception and affirmation of the creation of the subjacent terms of the divine action on the universe, out of nothing pre-existing as nature or material, in the Greek philosophers, seems strange. It makes their splendid theology seem like a superb statue perfectly worked out in the upper part, but terminating in an unhewn marble block below the breast. It may be said, in explanation of this fact, that pure human reason cannot find the formula of creation for itself, that it must be given to it. We will not stop to

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discuss this question. Be it as it may, when the formula is once obtained, it can be demonstrated. There was another cause of confusion and perplexity to the minds of the pagan philosophers. The actual state of the earth and its inhabitants did not seem to them to be what it should be if God were the absolute cause of the world. Existing evils seemed to denote some kind of duality in original principles and causes of nature. It was very easy to refer these evils to an intrinsic defect in matter itself, and to represent this defect as an obstacle to the power of God in some way independent of him. The sufficient reason for the union of the human spirit with matter, and the subjection of man to corruptibility and death, was not clear to their minds. Indeed, it could not be, for there is a secret, a mystery in human nature and human destiny, impervious to mere natural reason. The relation of man to God and to divine providence, and all that aspect of the divine being which faces human affairs, especially in regard to their moral order and government, is a problem beyond the power of human reason to solve. Mere natural theology must necessarily remain always lacking and imperfect, metaphysics and ethics must come short, unless some key can be furnished, by an intelligence which is superhuman, to unlock a door through which the human mind can pass into a region of thought lying beyond its natural limit.

The history of mankind shows that although they have universally been led by natural reason to recognize in some way the evidence within the bosom and on the surface of the outer world, of a supreme and divine ruling power, their general notions have been vague, confused, easily corruptible by superstition, actually perverted by much folly and absurdity. The history of minds of the higher order, of philosophers and their systems, shows the same aspect. The grand sages of antiquity, the great philosophers of a rational and sublime Theism, were few in number, and even these came short of the truth which reason is capable of apprehending and demonstrating scientifically, when it is once sufficiently proposed. Their influence on the masses of men, and even on the cultured few, was comparatively little. Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero have been fully appreciated, and their works made practically useful, only among those who have inherited another wisdom by the Christian and the ancient Semitic tradition, by which a more sublime and complete idea of God was conveyed, together with the doctrine of creation in an explicit formula, and an account of the origin and original state of mankind received and preserved from the very beginning. The lines of fracture and severed links, in heathen philosophy and history, correspond with the more ancient and more universal tradition of wisdom and historical knowledge which is fully possessed by Christian science, and partially by Jews and Mohammedans also, who inherit from the same source that Monotheism which makes them superior to the heathen. The sacred literature of the Hebrews, in the choice and elegant phraseology peculiar to himself which Mr. Frothingham has recently employed, " is filled with sentences crowded with wisdom, sound in philosophy, pure in morals, and aromatic with the odor of the breath of piety." This is most true and

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beautiful, but not the whole of the truth in the case. Their philosophy and ethics are far more sublime and perfect than are found in any other ancient writings; the aroma of wisdom and piety with which they are fragrant is wafted down to us from some most ancient Eden, some Academia and peripatetic walk of a primeval grove, where flourished the science, the morals, the intellectual dignity and primitive happiness of the first ancestors of mankind. The rationalist may explain this if he is able. It is an undeniable fact that the principal source of pure Theism, of pure piety and religion, of pure morals, and of the best civilization, is to be found here; and that, without any formal logic and metaphysics, it is as the sunlight of truth and philanthropy, compared with the beautiful but cold moonlight of pagan philosophy. We will not anticipate now what we intend to prove hereafter, or desert the path of pure rational argument upon which we have entered, to assert anything by an authority above reason. We have thus far only given utterance to the misgiving and the presentiment which reason finds arising at the end of its utmost efforts; which was sighed forth by Plato, and tacitly implied by Cicero; that the human mind longs for and dimly awaits, when left alone with nature, some higher light, and more consoling voice, from the Author and the Lord of nature, in answer to its questionings of the infinite and its anxieties about its own eternity.

CENTENARY OF THOMAS MOORE.

TOWARDS the close of the third year after the Declaration of American Independence, just as the British forces attacked the city of Charleston and the fleet of Paul Jones was sweeping British waters, Thomas Moore, the national poet of Ireland, was born in a little grocery-store, 12 Aungier Street, Dublin, May 28, 1779.

The poet's father, John Moore, was born in Kerry, the county that gave birth to O'Connell, the sept of the O'Moores being originally from Leix, an ancient district marked by the present Queen's County, adjoining Kildare, in Leinster, from which, no doubt, the poet's ancestors were transplanted, just as the O'Connells had been from Limerick and Clare, in Thomond, or North Munster. The O'Moores, princes of Leix, were a gallant clan that for centuries kept the Palesmen in terror, one of their last chiefs having been Rory, or Roger, O'Moore, the able and intrepid patriot who planned the insurrection and civil war of 1641, whose name is still honored in the refrain of the national hope in "God and our Lady and Rory O'Moore." Roger O'Moore's daughter was mother of Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, the heroic defender of Limerick. But, though Moore sprang from a brave sept, his father and family were extremely humble, so that Moore knew nothing of them until he attained some distinction, when not a few of his Kerry relations claimed kindred with him. John Moore was born

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about 1741 in Kerry, and proceeded early in life to Dublin, where his industry so prospered that he became owner of a spirit-store in Johnson Court. Having married Anastasia Codd—daughter of Thomas Codd, of Corn Market, in the town of Wexford, who united the craft of a hand-loom weaver to a small provision trade—with whom he obtained some marriage portion, John Moore, then thirty-eight years of age, removed his establishment from Johnson Court to Aungier Street and extended his business. To lessen their rent the thrifty couple let the apartments over their store to a convivial gentleman, whose rooms were the resort of some of the gifted spirits who at that period were a distinctive feature in the social life of the gay Irish metropolis. One of those gatherings was in full fling of midnight enjoyment when the servant entered the banqueting-room, and informed the gleesome revellers that, as Mrs. Moore had just given birth to a son, the noisy proceedings were unsuited to such an occasion, and would, it was hoped, be closed without delay. The gallant host at once acceded, and proposed that the guests should adjourn to a tavern in the vicinity, the famous Jerry Keller seconding the proposition with the exclamation: "It is right we should adjourn *pro re nata*." The infant was Thomas Moore.

His parents being Catholics, he was baptized, and his mother bestowed great attention on his religious instruction and culture as he grew up. In due course he was sent to school, first in Aungier Street to a teacher named Malone, and afterwards to the famous academy of Samuel Whyte, Johnson Court, where several of the leading men of the period in Dublin had been instructed, amongst others Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who had been a pupil there in 1758, and was pronounced by Mr. Whyte "an incorrigible dunce." Whyte himself taught English only, but he was a gifted, graceful, and accomplished elocutionist, took part in the private theatricals in the houses of the nobility and gentry who at the time resided in large numbers in Dublin and the vicinity, and early imparted to Moore, or rather developed in him, that love of music, poetry, and the drama which formed so prominent a feature in his character. Donovan, the classical usher in the school, taught Moore Latin, and also Irish history and rebellion—two subjects not included in the academic programme of Mr. Whyte, a Protestant schoolmaster. Father Ennis, an old friar from Great Stephen Street, an intimate friend of the family, taught Moore Italian, while La Fosse, an *emigré*, instructed him in French—acquisitions, both learned at home, to which Moore was deeply indebted in his subsequent career. His taste for music being retarded in its development by the antiquity of the harpsichord—a pledge left with his father by a defaulting customer—a new piano was purchased for his instruction and that of his eldest sister, Ellen; and a Mr. Warren, a gifted master, nephew to the illustrious Dr. James Warren Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, was employed to give instruction in music. Besides the active part which Moore took in private theatricals, he was encouraged by his mother to give small family entertainments in the little drawing-room over the grocery-store. He read papers at night in a domestic debating society, his audience, as he relates, being his father's two

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clerks, Ennis and Delany, who enlivened their plaudits by the stimulus of a little stiff whiskey-punch after the duties of the day.

The passing of the Relief Act of 1793, admitting Catholics to the civil and military service, to the franchise, to the professions, and to degrees in the University of Dublin, seemed to open to Moore the career which his family and himself had long desired—namely, admission to the bar. With this view Moore entered Trinity College late in 1794, under Rev. Robert Burrowes as tutor, who obtained fellowship in 1782, and, after subsequent ecclesiastical and scholastic promotions, became Dean of Cork in 1819, and died in 1841. Dean Burrowes is chiefly remembered as the author of the well-known comic song, "The Night before Larry was Stretched." Moore passed a creditable entrance examination, and obtained a few inferior prizes, one for an English poem. To gratify his family and prove his intellectual prowess he presented himself for examination for scholarship—an exhibition which would admit him to corporate membership of the university, free chambers and commons, and a small salary, for about five years—and was declared entitled to it by his answering; but no Catholic was then, nor until the year 1873, eligible for such distinction in the Dublin University, unless he conformed to Anglican Protestantism by receiving the sacrament in the college chapel. Moore joined the Debating Society, and later the College Historical Society, Robert Emmet and other leading patriots taking the same side as Moore in the exciting discussions in both, and in 1799 Moore took his degree as B.A. when twenty years of age, and left the University of Dublin. One leading incident in his undergraduate life we shall consider presently.

It would be almost impossible, even by the closest and fullest research, and endowed with the highest impartiality, for any one of the present day to realize the social and political condition of Ireland, especially of Catholics in Ireland, a century ago. The defeat in the Williamite war following quickly the defeat of the civil war of 1641, penal law followed after penal law, increasing in savage barbarity, until the code had reached the climax of fiendish atrocity about 1741, when Moore's father was born. It may be stated with literal truth that history affords no other example of any Christian nation in the condition of the Catholics of Ireland at this period. In 1727, fourteen years before the birth of Moore's father, the Catholics, four-fifths of the population, were deprived of the Parliamentary and also the municipal franchise, as they had been excluded in 1692 from seats in either House of Parliament. In 1737, four years before the birth of Moore's father, the viceroy raised the premium, £30, under the act of Anne, for the apostasy of a Catholic priest, to £40—a scheme ironically called "Townsend's *Golden Drops*" from the name of the lord-lieutenant. It was only after the battle of Fontenoy, 1745, when Moore's father was four years of age, that the Earl of Chesterfield, then viceroy, permitted, by proclamation, the "Mass houses" in the city of Dublin, as the Catholic churches were officially designated, to be opened for public worship, on the alleged humane ground that several Catholics had been killed in Back Lane by the falling of a loft during the clan-

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destine and illegal celebration of Mass. In 1758 the lord-chancellor, in the trial of Mr. Saul, a Catholic merchant, stated from the bench "that the laws did not presume a Papist" (the legal designation of a Catholic up to 1793) "to exist in the kingdom, nor could they breathe without the connivance of government." From 1665 exercise of the office of Catholic professor, schoolmaster, or tutor was declared penal; and from 1695 the education of Catholics abroad prohibited. In 1782 Catholics, thanks, mainly, to the valor of the American patriots, were permitted to open school, provided they obtained a license from the Protestant bishop of the diocese; and only in 1792, under terror of revolutionary France—Moore being then thirteen years of age—were Catholic schools allowed to be opened in Ireland. It is scarcely necessary to advert to the repeated confiscations of the estates of Catholics, to the laws which prevented them from holding land on lease, to their exclusion from corporate and municipal bodies, to their banishment from walled towns and from trade-guilds, and to their forfeiture of a horse if over $25 in value, so that culture of mind and skill of hand, every avenue and instrument of industry, were, in fact, closed by statute against them.

This reference to the condition of the Catholics of Ireland at the period of Moore's birth is absolutely necessary if we would fairly estimate his courage, his patriotism, and the political influence he exercised on his age. It has been too much the habit, for the last thirty or forty years, to detach Moore's character from the environment of the time, and judge it by standards that are an anachronism, historically and philosophically unsound and unjust. As well consider Washington apart from the War of Independence, or O'Connell, abstracting from Emancipation. While the proud and glorious title of "The Liberator" must ever belong to O'Connell as the great champion who aroused, organized, and led the mighty moral forces that wrested Emancipation from a hostile and powerful government, his most ardent admirer must admit that few political leaders of modern times ever received such support, not merely from the masses but also from gifted and able men, in various branches and stages of the agitation; and amongst these Thomas Moore holds beyond question one of the highest and most honored places. Opinions may and do differ as to Moore's claim to the rank of a distinguished poet; but no controversy whatever can arise regarding the marvellous influence which he exercised, by his *Irish Melodies* and his various political writings in prose and verse, on the Catholic claims, on Irish nationality, and in favor of civil and religious liberty. A main object of this article is to determine Moore's exceptional position in these respects.

Moore's father was an ardent patriot, and his son records his recollection of having been taken by him to a banquet given to Napper Tandy—who took the boy on his knee—one of the toasts at which was "May the breezes of France blow our Irish oak into verdure." The success of the American arms produced an instantaneous and deep effect on the spirit of the people and the policy of the English government. It was only six months before Moore's birth that an act was passed permitting Catholics to hold land on lease for nine hun-

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dred and ninety-nine years. In the general rush to form volunteer corps to defend the country against the raids of Paul Jones and an apprehended French invasion, Catholics took courage and began to organize; and, as evidence of the apprehension which this proceeding excited, on the very day of Moore's birth a letter was sent by the Earl of Tyrone, one of the Beresfords, directing that the movement should be arrested and the patriotic Catholics prevented from arming. The tramp of the volunteers, the clank of their arms, and the ringing huzzas in College Green, as Grattan's declaration of the legislative independence of Ireland was carried, April 16, 1782, might have reached Moore's ears in the little grocery-store in Aungier Street, and "flung round his cradle their magic spell." The French Revolution stimulated the Irish patriots, whether Catholics clamoring for Emancipation or all liberal men demanding Parliamentary reform and popular government. Moore's private friends and companions in Trinity College and outside shared those feelings, and he says of himself: "From the first I was naturally destined to be of the line of politics which I have ever since pursued—being, if I may say so, *born a rebel.*" In 1793 Moore, when only fourteen years of age, saw his first literary contribution published in the *Anthologia Hibernica*, in which he continued to write. Arthur O'Connor and Thomas Addis Emmet, whose remains lie in our soil—St. Paul's Church, Broadway—started *The Press* September 28, 1797, as the organ of the United Irishmen. Moore, then a member of the Debating, and the following year of the College Historical, Society, published in *The Press* December 2, 1797, an impassioned address "To the Students of Trinity College" and signed "A Sophister," one passage only of which need be cited:

"Has not justice thrown away her sword and exchanged it for the poniard of the assassin? Is not hatred to Catholics the *established religion* of government, and the oath of extermination their only sacrament? Is not perjury encouraged and murder legalized? Is not the guiltiest outrage of the soldier connived at, while the sigh or the groan of the peasant is treason? What is the trial by jury? A mere sham, a farce, where the jury is *acted by drunkards;* a villain personates the accuser, the doom of the victim is hiccoughed out by a Bacchanalian, or pronounced with true stage effect amidst the tears of a dramatic judge."*

Passages from this address were sent up with other papers to the House of Commons as evidence of the revolutionary spirit of the time, and were referred to the Secret Committee of 1798; while it also appears that this address was one of the grounds assigned for holding the visitation of Trinity College that year by the vice-chancellor, the Earl of Clare, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. Moore had formed an intimate acquaintance in college with Robert Emmet, and also with Edward Hudson and many other patriots, who, without Moore's knowledge, were sworn members of the United Irish Society. It was believed by the au-

* Referring to the legal butchery of William Orr, a native of the parish of Antrim, arraigned for having administered the United Irishman's oath to a soldier; tried, found guilty, by an admittedly drunken jury, on the evidence of a perjured witness, and executed at Carrickfergus, October 14, 1797—less than two months before the publication of Moore's address—in his thirty-first year. The inhabitants left the town the day of the execution to mark their detestation of the deed; and "Remember Orr" became the watchword at the opening of the Rebellion. His sad fate inspired Dr. Drennan's touching revolutionary lyric, "The Wake of William Orr."

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thorities that one of the most dangerous centres and seats of that organization was the Dublin University. When the graduates and undergraduates were summoned before the vice-chancellor, some, Robert Emmet among them, peremptorily refused to attend and asked that their names be removed from the college roll; others absented themselves without explanation; while, to their deep disgrace, not a few students attended and gave evidence incriminating their comrades and friends. When Moore's turn came his family were painfully alarmed, he being a Catholic, lest he should be expelled like others and his hopes in life blasted; but they enjoined him under no circumstances to answer any questions involving the safety of his fellows. Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, was the son of a pervert, and himself a political apostate; while Dr. Patrick Duigenan, vice-assessor, at the visitation, professor of law in the Dublin University, was an apostate, having been intended for the priesthood. Moore passed the ordeal of examination, which he fully records in his journal, with singular credit, without compromising himself or any one else.

Before we close this notice of Moore's early life—when, at twenty years of age, he had obtained his degree and was about to proceed to London, the terrible tragedy of the Rebellion, with all its horrors, being over—we must notice the influence which life in Trinity College exercised on his religious feelings and practices. His mother was an extremely ardent and devout Catholic, and came from a good stock in Wexford. She bestowed great care on her son's instruction, and had him prepared for the sacraments, Penance and Holy Communion, the solemnity of approaching which he records in his journal. Both parents entertained high hopes of the boy's abilities, and were ambitious to send him to the bar. Whyte's school was a Protestant one, there being no Catholic school in Dublin at the period. Moore's father, who was much older than his mother, although intensely patriotic, was not so devoted a Catholic as his wife. Occasionally, but probably only with a view to rouse her religious sensibilities into opposition, he indulged in sly sarcasm at some of her strong devotional tendencies, when, according to Moore's own journal, she would indignantly exclaim: "I declare to God, Jack Moore, you ought to be ashamed of yourself." When their son was about to enter Trinity College, the father, on raising the question of the religion in which he should be registered, Protestant or Catholic, the mother indignantly repudiated the proposition and had him duly recorded a Catholic; although then, and even afterwards, it was not uncommon for base and time-serving Catholic parents to register their sons Protestants, that they might open to them the numerous and lucrative emoluments of the Dublin University. If they won any of these the stigma of apostasy *in the college* could not technically apply to them; while, if they failed, they could return into the world as Catholics. Nothing could better illustrate the gigantic scheme of apostasy by which Trinity College, endowed from the confiscated estates of Catholics, large ecclesiastical revenues alienated, and enormous Parliamentary grants, lured the ambition of Catholic young men in Ireland. During Moore's undergraduate course,

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1795–99, when he had rooms in Trinity College, it is doubtful if there were twenty Catholics on the books of that foundation. The vast majority of the students were of Orange principles in politics and supported the arbitrary measures of the government; while the most brilliant intellects in the university were, however, on the side of Irish nationality, a large number of these were deeply tinged with revolutionary aims in politics and laxity regarding religion. No person could expect, humanly speaking, that a Catholic would escape some taint of principle, some laxity of practice, in such an institution for four years, and at a time of the greatest excitement known in modern history. Moore relates that, a year or two after he entered college, he appealed to his mother not to compel him to go to confession. We thus close the educational life of Thomas Moore.

In 1799 Moore left Dublin and proceeded to London with two objects—to enter for the bar and to publish a translation of the *Odes of Anacreon*, with notes, by subscription. His devoted mother stitched into the waistband of his trousers the requisite guineas to cover his expenses, and also a scapular as a pious antidote against the dangers of so perilous an enterprise. On a second journey to London he called on the Earl of Moira, at Donington Park, Leicestershire, to whom he had letters of introduction, who received him most kindly, and through whose influence he was permitted to dedicate the *Odes of Anacreon*, published in 1800, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Lord Rawdon, born in Ireland, 1754, was son of the first Earl of Moira, and one of the most distinguished soldiers and statesmen of the age. He, with Lord Edward Fitzgerald and others, although friendly to the cause of the colonists, volunteered as "armed negotiators" to join the British army, and distinguished himself at Bunker Hill, 1775; Camden, 1780; and Hobkirk's Hill, 1781, where he defeated General Greene. He supported the patriotic party in Ireland, being always on the side of Grattan and Charlemont; promoted the Catholic claims; denounced the cruelties of 1798; and opposed the Union. His residence in Dublin was Moira House, Usher's Island (now the Mendicity Institution), in repairing to which to see his wife, on the evening of May 17, 1798, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was set upon, in Watling Street, by the officers of the crown, whom, after a brisk encounter, he defeated; but the following day he was captured after a terrific conflict, in which he was badly wounded, and died in prison. We mention these facts to indicate the political character of Lord Moira, in order to show that the patronage of so liberal and distinguished a man in no wise compromised Moore's principles.

Although Moore frequently visited Ireland afterwards, he may be said to have never again resided for any length of time in his native country. In 1803 he published his *Juvenile Poems* under the *nom de plume* of "Thomas Little, the Younger," a work strongly condemned by moralists, but, as has been observed, "very few poets have sailed to Delphi without touching at Cythera." In the subsequent and latest editions of his works Moore omits the more objectionable poems and apologizes for the original publication of the work. That same year, through

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the influence of Lord Moira, Moore, who had been keeping his law terms, was appointed registrar to the Court of Admiralty, Bermuda. He was only fourteen months absent from England, during which he visited the United States twice, and Canada, and wrote the "Poems relating to America," published, in a collected form, in 1806.

In the preface to the second volume of his *Complete Poetical Works* he gives a full description of the society into which he fell in the United States, "composed entirely of the Federalist or Anti-Democratic party," and adds, by way of explanation and apology for his strong opinions:

"Few and transient, too, as had been my opportunities of judging for myself of the political or social state of the country, my mind was left open too much to the influence of the feelings and prejudices of those I chiefly consorted with; and certainly in no quarter was I so sure to find decided hostility, both as to the men and the principles then dominant throughout the Union, as among officers of the British navy and in the ranks of a Federalist opposition. For any bias, therefore, that under such circumstances my opinions and feelings may be thought to have received, full allowance, of course, is to be made in appraising the weight due to my authority on the subject."

We are bound to admit that these explanations soften considerably some of the strong, if not coarse, terms in which Moore describes his impressions of the young republic, then little over a quarter of a century in existence. His expectations were cast too high, and disappointment was only natural. Moore's account of his visit to Washington and presentation to President Jefferson is brief:

"At Washington I passed some days with the English minister, Mr. Merry, and was by him presented at the levee of the President, Jefferson, whom I found sitting with General Dearborn and one or two other officers, and in the same homely costume, comprising slippers and Connemara stockings, in which Mr. Merry had been received by him—much to that formal minister's horror—when waiting upon him, in full dress, to deliver his credentials. My single interview with this remarkable personage was of very short duration; but to have seen and spoken with the man who drew up the Declaration of Independence was an event not to be forgotten."

Moore's stay of a few months in the United States was too brief and his experience as a politician too slender to enable him to form the decided opinions which he records. As he acknowledges, he was thrown, during his stay, almost exclusively amongst one party, the Federalists, while the British ambassadors and officers, with whom he constantly mixed, were prejudiced against American freedom and republican institutions. At a later period, in 1819, "Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress" betrayed similar feelings. Little could Moore have anticipated, when writing thus disparagingly of the prospects of the young republic, that some years before his own death the bounty of the United States would supply food for the starving millions of his countrymen during the famine; that a large portion of them should fly there for bread and work; and that when the centennial of his birth came to be celebrated in 1879, nearly one-third of the population of the United States would be of Irish extraction. Still less could he have supposed that his own *Melodies*, not written for some years afterwards, would yet be as familiarly sung along the great rivers of America, on her streets, and over her prairies as they are

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in Ireland, and by a far larger population.

Moore, having left a deputy, with whom he entered into no strict legal terms, to discharge his official duties as registrar in Bermuda, returned to England. In 1806 he published a volume of *Epistles, Odes, and Poems*, including those relating to America, dedicated to the Earl of Moira, general in his majesty's forces and master-general of the ordnance. Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, severely criticised Moore's publications, and branded him with a deliberate attempt to corrupt public morals. Moore challenged him, when the ludicrous duel at Chalk Farm, intercepted by Bow Street police officers, came off—an incident satirized by Byron in 1809 in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Moore challenged Byron for the satire, when a conflict was again averted, which happily ended by Moore, Byron, and Thomas Campbell meeting for the first time at dinner at the house of Samuel Rogers, when Byron and Moore became the fastest friends and continued so. The Earl of Moira, in 1806, appointed Moore's father to a respectable post in the civil branch of the ordnance—barrack-master—in Dublin, at £300 a year, which he held until his death. This appointment was a great relief to Moore, who for some time had been contributing, to the extent of his means, towards the support of his struggling family—father, mother, and two sisters—to whom he was devotedly attached. In 1808 he published, without his name, his satires, "Corruption" and "Intolerance," and in 1809 "The Sceptic," which were not, however, as successful as his other works.

Moore returned to Ireland, where, in 1808–9, he joined the Private Theatrical Corps in the city of Kilkenny, and took part in varied plays, Miss Bessy Dyke, a gifted Irish actress, being of the ballet company. Her mother and sister lived with her in lodgings in Kilkenny, where Moore visited, which led to his marriage with Miss Dyke in London, March 25, 1811. She was a Protestant, proved a most devoted wife, bore Moore five children, three daughters and two sons, all of whom died before their parents. She died on September 4, 1865, having survived her husband thirteen years. Her remains were placed beside his in Bromham churchyard, near Sloperton Cottage, Wiltshire, where they had resided from 1817.

We now approach the projection of the publication of the greatest work of Moore's life, the *Irish Melodies*. If every other production of his genius were destroyed or forgotten, this alone would immortalize his memory and establish a claim to the enduring gratitude of his country. The *Irish Melodies* were published in ten numbers, about twelve lyrics or songs in each, and issued at irregular periods from 1807 to 1834, an interval of twenty-seven years. Moore's early taste for music, elocution, and the drama has already been noticed. The publication of Bunting's *Ancient Music of Ireland*, a copy of which was placed in Moore's hands in 1797 by the accomplished and patriotic Edward Hudson, first made known to him, as he says, "this rich mine of our country's melodies." We shall leave Moore himself to open the interesting story:

"There elapsed no very long time before I was myself the happy proprietor of a copy of the work [Bunting's],

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and, though never regularly instructed in music, could play over the airs with tolerable facility on the piano-forte. Robert Emmet used sometimes to sit by me when I was thus engaged. And I remember one day his starting up, as from a reverie, when I had just finished playing that spirited tune called 'The Red Fox,'* and exclaiming, 'Oh! that I were at the head of twenty thousand men marching to that air.' How little did I then think that, in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I used to play to him, his own dying words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad but proud feeling,† or that another of those mournful strains‡ would long be associated in the hearts of his countrymen with the memory of her who shared with Ireland his last blessing and prayer!"

The tragic events of 1798, the despotic proceedings of 1800, by which the legislative independence of Ireland was stamped out, and the sanguinary period of 1803 all contributed to develop and mature in Moore the desire to depict or crystallize the sorrows, the glories, and the hopes of his country in popular melodies associated with the exquisite ancient music of Ireland. The Powers, spirited musical publishers in London, invited Moore to lend his poetical genius to such a work, in which he would be seconded by the musical ability of Sir John Armstrong Stevenson, whose intimate connection with the *Irish Melodies* and singular history claim brief notice. Stevenson, born in Dublin in 1762, was son of a poor coachmaker, and was left without father or mother when only nine years of age. A musical-instrument maker named Gibson adopted him, and the lad displaying remarkable musical genius, he obtained a place in the choirs of St. Patrick's and also Christ Church Cathedral. The Dublin University conferred on him the degree of doctor of music in 1800, and in 1803 he was knighted. Sir John A. Stevenson left a daughter, who married Mr. Dalton, a country gentleman of the County Meath, to whom he dedicated his *Sacred Songs*, and, on being left a widow with some children, she married the Marquis of Headfort, at whose seat, beside Kells, County Meath, Sir John A. Stevenson died. The present Marquis of Headfort and his brothers and sisters are thus grandchildren of the poor coachmaker's orphan. Adelaide, one of Mrs. Dalton's children, married Mr., afterwards Sir John Young, Bart., subsequently Lord Lisgar, Governor-General of Canada. Sir John A. Stevenson's share in, and his execution of the arrangement of, the *Melodies* have frequently been adversely criticised. Yet never did two gifted men evince a kindlier or a more generous spirit of co-operation than Moore and Stevenson. It is commonly charged to Stevenson that he spoiled the original airs by his modern accompaniments—a charge which Moore generously answers as follows:

"Whatever changes of this kind may have been ventured upon (and they are few and slight), the responsibility for them rests solely with me, as, leaving the harmonist's department to my friend Stevenson, I reserved to myself the selection and arrangement of the airs."

On the other hand, Stevenson had such an exalted idea of the poetry of the *Melodies*, and of the admirable selection of the airs by Moore himself, that he deemed his own symphonies and arrangement altogether inferior. To the late Dr. Petrie, one of the most gifted Irish

* "Let Erin remember the days of old."

† "Oh! breathe not his name; let it sleep in the shade."

‡ "She [Sarah Curran] is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."

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musicians of modern times, Stevenson said: "I would recommend any person who means to sing the *Melodies* to purchase a piano about the value of £5, for it will be then likely that one may have a fair chance of hearing very little of the instrument and something of the melody and the poetry." Moore's touching monody on the death of Stevenson fitly closes the *Melodies:*

"Silence is in our festal halls—
Sweet son of song thy course is o'er!
In vain on thee sad Erin calls:
Her minstrel's voice responds no more.

. . . . . .

"But where is now the cheerful day,
The social night, when, by thy side,
He who now weaves this parting lay
His skilless voice with thine allied,
And sung those songs whose every tone,
When bard and minstrel long have past,
Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
Embalm'd by Fame, undying last?"

The terms offered by Power for the *Irish Melodies* were $2,500 a year, paid to Moore, for seven years, or as long further as he chose. Their publication extended over twenty-seven years, and included (last edition) one hundred and twenty-four songs in ten numbers; so that if that agreement was carried out, which there is no reason to doubt, Moore must have received $67,500 for the *Irish Melodies*, being at the rate of $540 for each song and about $25 a line—a sum without parallel in the history of literature. This, of course, is exclusive of the publisher's terms with Sir John Stevenson for the musical accompaniment and arrangement; while Maclise, R.A., the artist, born in Cork, 1811, died in London, 1870, who executed several of the historical frescoes in the new Houses of Parliament—for one of which, "Meeting of Wellington and Blücher after Waterloo," he received $17,500—illustrated the *Irish Melodies*. This great national work may favorably compare with any kindred production ever issued from the press. Its subjects are Irish, the bard is Irish, the minstrel is Irish, the artistic illustrations are Irish, and the publisher is Irish; and while the Irish race exists the *Melodies* and their author will never die.

Closely examined in comparison with the national lyrics of any other people or age, the *Irish Melodies* are entirely unique. Pagan, Jew or Christian, Oriental or European, Greek or Roman, ancient or modern, can produce no such collection. Not that ballads, songs, lays, odes, and historiettes in abundance may not be gathered in all lands, in all tongues, and at all periods, differing in form and culture. But no attempt has ever been made before (or, if so, the tradition of it is lost) to embody so many characteristics of a nation—its social life, scenery, manners, and customs; legends, traditions, victories, and defeats; its dark history and bright hopes—in lyric form, wedded to music familiar by its antiquity and its winning pathos to the whole peasantry; strains that stimulated their ancestors in battle ages before, that inspirited their dances and athletic games, and that proclaimed their triumphs and softened their defeats. When we analyze the lyric poetry, the lays or the odes, of any country, ancient or modern, we find that they cover a comparatively small portion only of the life and history of the people; whereas the subjects of the *Irish Melodies* range over nearly the entire scope of Irish life, past and present. We would here remind our readers that while the earliest numbers of the *Melodies* were issued in 1807, the struggle for Catholic emancipation continued until carried in 1829; and from

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that date to the close of their publication, in 1834, popular education, Parliamentary reform, the tithe question, and the church establishment were being agitated. The very first number of the *Melodies* produced a profound sensation. Its historic revivals brought the Irish mind, through "The harp that once through Tara's halls," back for more than twelve centuries—a national dirge embodied in one of the most plaintive airs (*Gramachree*) of the country. The war-song, "Remember the glories of Brian the Brave," reminded the masses that while Canute, the Dane, ruled the English the Northmen were utterly defeated at Clontarf in 1014, more than fifty years before William the Conqueror defeated Harold at Hastings. And following that historic incident is the practical admonition to unity in the next lyric, "Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes," to the exquisite air *Eibhlin a rúin*, by which in 1807, as seven centuries before, Irish Catholics could by union and bravery repeat the victory of Clontarf, as they did at the Clare election in 1828, by which Emancipation was won. In the same number the high social condition and chivalry of Ireland in the time of King Brian Boroimhe is allegorically and effectively pictured in the beautiful melody, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore." The war of extirpation declared in the Statute of Kilkenny, 1367, by the Anglo-Norman settlers against the natives, proscribing Irish minstrelsy and music, and the wearing of the beard and the hair after native fashion, is feelingly lamented in the touching appeal of an Irish maiden to her lover to fly from the Palesmen with her "Coulin," the moustache giving name to the charming air, "Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see":

"And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp or one lock from that hair."

But amongst the political lyrics that inspired warmest popular approbation in the first number of the *Melodies*—an approbation that has increased over a period of seventy years—were the two relating to Robert Emmet and Sarah Curran. Emmet, a year older, had been Moore's fellow-student in college, where they stood side by side in the Historical Society in defence of Irish nationality and popular rights, and his attached friend. Emmet's sad fate in 1803 must have been a source of terrible affliction to Moore, notwithstanding the many friends who fell on the scaffold or were banished as exiles in that dark period. Moore, describing his recollection of Emmet's oratory in the Historical Society, says:

"I have heard little since that appeared to me of a loftier, or, what is a far more rare quality in Irish eloquence, purer character; and the effects it produced, as well from its own exciting power as from the susceptibility with which his audience caught up every allusion to passing events, was such as to attract at last the serious attention of the fellows; and, by their desire, one of the scholars, a man of advanced standing and reputation for oratory, came to attend our debates expressly for the purpose of answering Emmet and endeavoring to neutralize the impressions of his fervid eloquence."

Catching the inspiration from the passage in Emmet's celebrated speech, "Let my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my

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character," Moore burst forth, four years after Emmet's death, into the strain:

"Oh! breathe not his name; let it sleep in the shade
Where, cold and unhonored, his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!"

While following this in the opening number of the *Melodies* we find Emmet's address to Miss Curran, to the tune, "The Red Fox," he so loved to hear Moore play:

"When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?"

Nor was this or any subsequent number of the *Melodies* confined to historical or political lyrics. The scenic beauties of the country, followed up in subsequent parts, are opened with the charming song, "There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet," describing the "Meeting of the Waters" and "Vale of Avoca," below Rathdrum, County Wicklow; while social and domestic life is well represented in "Go where glory waits thee"; "Fly not yet," "Oh! think not my spirits are always as light," and "As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow." There are thus strung together throughout the *Melodies* the most felicitous combination of elements, highly diverse in character, yet all truly national. No other country on earth can adduce such touching appeals to its native minstrelsy as we find in the *Melodies*: "Dear harp of my country, in darkness I found thee," "Oh! blame not the bard," "'Tis believed that this harp" (inspired by a charcoal sketch which Moore saw in Edward Hudson's cell in Kilmainham Jail); "The minstrel boy to the war is gone," "When through life unblest we roam," "My gentle harp once more I waken," and "Sing, sing; music was given." Legendary lore finds embodiment in the exquisite melody, "Silent, O Moyle! be the roar of thy waters" and "How oft has the banshee cried," "By that lake whose gloomy shore," "Oh! haste and leave this sacred isle," "Oh! the shamrock," "O'Donoghue's Mistress." The historical lyrics are, of course, the most exciting strains in the *Melodies*: "Let Erin remember the days of old," one of the most magnificent songs in existence; "Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin," "The valley lay smiling before me," "Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane," "Sublime was the warning that Liberty spoke," "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps," "Though dark are our sorrows," "Forget not the field where they perished," "Where is the slave so lowly," "Before the battle," "After the battle," "Oh! the sight entrancing," "When first I met thee," and "Yes, sad one of Sion." Amongst the *Melodies* there is one of surpassing tenderness, in which the sufferings of the Irish Church during the penal laws is depicted under the allegory of "The Irish peasant to his mistress." It appeared in the third number of the *Melodies*, in 1810:

"Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheered my way,
Till hope seemed to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burned,
Till shame into glory, till fear into love, was turned.
Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

"Thy rival was honored, while thou wert wronged and scorned;
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorned;
She wooed me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves;
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;

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Yet, cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be
Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from thee.

"They slander thee sorely who say thy vows are frail;
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had looked less pale!
They say, too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains;
Oh! do not believe them: no chain could that soul subdue—
Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth too!"

We have thus entered into a critical and classified analysis of the *Irish Melodies*, Moore's greatest work, as the readiest and most complete refutation of one of the charges frequently brought against them—namely, that they contain no distinctively Irish or national sentiment, the patriotism in them being only that vague and general devotion to liberty which would equally suit the songs of the Pole, the Hindoo, the Kaffir, the Red Indian, or the Maori. If that appeal of the Irish peasant to his church fail—which it cannot—to refute such an unfounded imputation, the following one to his country, a stanza from which graced many a speech and letter of O'Connell, would alone suffice:

"Remember thee? Yes, while there's life in this heart
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art—
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

"Wert thou all that I wish thee—great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea—
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh! could I love thee more dearly than now?

"No; thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons,
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

And so with the scenery and social life in the *Melodies*—all are distinctively Irish. "Sweet Innisfallen," "Glendalough," and Killarney and Glengariffe in "'Twas one of those dreams" and "Fairest, put on awhile," are matchless gems of scenic faithfulness. If Moore pandered in his youth to voluptuousness by his translation of the *Odes of Anacreon* and his *Juvenile* (Little's) *Poems*, he atoned, to some extent, for the error by the elevated morality and the Irish purity which pervade all his songs of the affections, as "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," "Come rest in this bosom," "We may roam through this world," "Oh! the days are gone when beauty bright," "Drink to her who long," "I'd mourn the hopes that leave me," "I saw thy form in youthful prime," "The young May moon," and "Lesbia hath a beaming eye"; while the sentimental melodies, more or less kindred to these, are inimitable, as "'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone," "Has sorrow thy young days shaded?" "I saw from the beach," and "As slow our ship." The social lyrics are, like the historical, the legendary, and the scenic, entirely "racy of the soil," some of them being among the finest efforts of Moore's genius, such as "And doth not a meeting like this make amends?" "One bumper at parting," "Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour," "They may rail at this life," "Quick! we have but a second," "Fill the bumper fair," "Wreathe the bowl," and "Drink of this cup [potteen], 'tisn't less potent for being unlawful."

Moore avowed those patriotic and national objects when projecting the *Irish Melodies*, as "a work which, from the spirit of nationality it breathes, will do more towards liberalizing the feelings of society, and producing that brotherhood of sentiment which it is so much our interest to cherish, than could ever

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be effected by the mere arguments of well-intentioned but uninteresting politicians." Nor did he shirk identification with his fellow-Catholics in some of the darkest hours of their struggles. In the preface to the third number of the *Melodies*, Moore, in 1810, writes to the Marchioness Dowager of Donegal:

"It has been often remarked, and still oftener felt, that in our music is found the truest of all comments on our history. . . . The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times (1670–1738) in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated. In many of these mournful songs we seem to hear the last farewell of the exile, mingling regret for the ties he leaves at home with sanguine hopes of the high honors that await him abroad—such honors as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valor of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day, and extorted from George II. that memorable exclamation, 'Cursed be the laws that deprive me of such subjects!'"

The *Melodies* were gradually translated into almost every written language on earth, so that Moore's prophecy was amply fulfilled:

"The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep."

Save the Psalms of David or some of the chants of the church, no poetic or lyric composition has had such circulation as the *Irish Melodies*, promoted, no doubt, by the dispersion of the Irish race through the emigration that followed the famine. The whole world of letters rose in unanimous approbation of the *Irish Melodies*. Thierry, the historian, lauded them in France, and Washington Irving and Willis in America. Byron, Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Jeffrey, Macaulay, Sydney Smith, Wilson, Curran, Sheridan, Grattan, Mackintosh, O'Connell, Sheil, hailed them with unbounded delight. Byron, in his triangular "Gradus ad Parnassum," arranging as early as 1813—when few of the *Melodies* were written—the order in sections, from vertex to base, of the hierarchy of poets, places Scott at the apex, Rogers next below, and Moore and Campbell in the next section; but he adds: "I have ranked the names upon my triangle more upon what I believe popular opinion than any decided opinion of my own. For, to me, some of Moore's last *Erin* sparks: 'As a beam o'er the face of the waters,' 'When he who adores thee,' 'Oh! blame not,' and 'Oh! breathe not his name,' are worth all the epics that ever were composed." Besides the special translations into nearly all the languages of Europe, Rev. Francis Mahony (born in Cork, 1805, died in Paris, 1866), author of the *Reliques of Father Prout*, in a series of articles, "Moore's Plagiarisms," pretends to give the Greek, Latin, French, and Italian originals of some of the most popular of the *Melodies*—a charming Polyglot, singular in conception and unrivalled in execution; while another eminent Irishman, happily still living, the illustrious Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, now ninety years of age—the oldest bishop in Christendom, having received the mitre in 1825—has translated and published most of the *Melodies* in Irish, as also the *Iliad* of Homer and the Pentateuch of Moses.* When Moore was only ten years of age John MacHale was

* The writer of this article had the great pleasure of hearing the patriotic and gifted archbishop, when his guest at St. Jarlath's, sing several of the *Melodies* in Irish, accompanying himself on the harp.

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born in the village of Tubbernavine, on the shores of Lough Conn, under the shadow of Nephin, the world being unconscious that the Mayo peasant's child would, for over half a century, be one of the most distinguished prelates in the church, and Jack Moore the grocer's boy, of Aungier Street, the national bard; that the mitre and the minstrel would be united in the translation of the *Melodies* into Irish; and that at the centenary of the poet's birth, celebrated in his native city, the venerated Archbishop of Tuam would be a member of the committee.

While the publication of the *Irish Melodies* proceeded Moore brought out a number of other works of the most diverse character. His *National Airs*, in which the music of every country in Europe is laid under contribution, and his *Sacred Songs*, both arranged by Sir John Stevenson, include several fine lyrics. His greatest poem, *Lalla Rookh*, dedicated to Rogers, was completed in 1816, but not published till the following year. As far back as 1811 he had formed some such intention, but, after many attempts at its plot and the abandonment of various abortions, he found his inspiration in the history of Ireland, as the four Oriental poems, "The Veiled Prophet," "Paradise and the Peri," "The Fire-Worshippers," and "The Light of the Harem," are only lengthened melodies in which the political and religious struggles of his own country are dramatized in Asia. Messrs. Longman, the publishers, had agreed to give Moore $15,600 for a poem the same length as Scott's "Rokeby," the same sum that they had paid Byron for "Childe Harold," leaving Moore the choice of subject. In the Ghebers, or Fire-Worshippers of Persia, the best of the four poems, he saw the Catholics of Ireland, and in their ruthless Moslem tyrants their alien Protestant oppressors. Moore himself tells us in the preface to the sixth volume of his works: "From that moment a new and deep interest in my whole task took possession of me. The cause of tolerance was again my inspiring theme, and the spirit that had spoken in *The Melodies of Ireland* soon found itself at home in the East"; while Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*, November, 1817, said of *Lalla Rookh*:

> "There is a great deal of our present poetry derived from the East, but this is the finest Orientalism we have yet. The Land of the Sun has never shone out so brightly on the children of the North, nor the sweets of Asia been poured forth, nor her gorgeousness been displayed so profusely to the delighted senses of Europe. The beauteous forms, the dazzling splendor, the breathing odors of the East seem at last to have found a kindred poet in the 'Green Isle' of the west."

Seven editions of *Lalla Rookh* went off the first year; it was translated into most of the languages of Europe and some of those of the East, and even dramatized, while before Moore's death some thirty editions had been published. Oriental travellers of the highest reputation testified to the fidelity of the charming descriptions of Eastern scenery and local manners and customs in *Lalla Rookh*; so Mr. Luttrell wrote to Moore:

> "I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung
> (Can it be true, you lucky man?)
> By moonlight in the Persian tongue
> Along the streets of Ispahan."

The spirited publishers were amply rewarded for their enterprise, and Moore came to the front

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beside Byron and Scott as one of the first poets of the day, Ireland and her history having inspired his muse.

While the conception of *Lalla Rookh* occupied Moore's brain for two or three winters (1813–16) of his secluded life in a lone cottage (Mayfield, near Ashbourne) in Derbyshire, where he wrote some of the best of his *Melodies* and of his other lyrics, and the greater part of that magnificent poem, he turned his versatile genius to the current events of political life—a field in which, next to the *Irish Melodies*, he rendered some of the most sterling services to his country. *The Two-Penny Post-Bag*, or *Intercepted Letters*, published in 1813, and his *Satirical and Humorous Poems*, of about the same time, led to much agitation in political circles. The work was rapturously welcomed, fifteen editions having gone off in one year. The *Morning Chronicle*, then the leading Liberal organ, was edited by Mr. Perry, an intimate friend of Moore's, the *Times*, the great Tory oracle, being edited by Barnes, also an attached personal friend of the Irish bard; so that Moore had the command of both journals, and through contributions to which of political squibs, satires, and letters he derived an income of $2,500. About the same period, also, he contributed, on the urgent invitation of Lord Jeffrey, to the *Edinburgh Review* when the first intellects in the British Empire were on its staff—Brougham, Macaulay, Sydney Smith, and others. One of his articles in the *Edinburgh* was "The Fathers," replete with patristic erudition, theological research, and ecclesiastical history, upon the perusal of which Byron exclaimed with an oath, "Moore can do anything!" Another of his contributions was on "Private Theatricals," in which he gives a graphic account of those in Dublin in his boyhood, and in Kilkenny in his manhood. As early as 1813 Murray, the publisher, desired to start a review and offered, through Lord Byron, the editorship to Moore. When Jeffrey's powers were failing Moore was tendered the editorship of the *Edinburgh* at a salary of $4,000, with power to draw $14,000 to pay contributors of his own selection; while, on the occasion of his friend Mr. Barnes' illness, Moore, an inflexible Liberal, was asked to edit the *Times* on very generous terms.

Moore visited Paris for the first time with Samuel Rogers in the spring of 1818, and, though their stay was brief, the publication of *The Fudge Family in Paris* convulsed society with its severe political banter, so that five editions were demanded in a fortnight, and on his return his publisher handed him $1,750 as his share of the profits of something like a month's incidental squibs while on his visit. In June, 1818, Moore visited Dublin after his return from Paris. In 1815 he and his wife had gone there to see his father and mother and sisters. A public banquet was given him at Morrisson's Hotel, at which two hundred and twenty of the leading Liberal noblemen and gentlemen of Ireland were present, the Earl of Charlemont, son of "The man who led the van of the Irish Volunteers" of 1782, being in the chair. Amongst the guests were Lord Cloncurry, Lord Allen, Sir Charles Molyneux, Sir Charles Morgan (husband of Lady Morgan, Miss Owenson), O'Connell, Sheil, Peter Burrowes, William Conyngham, afterwards Lord Plunket (lord high chan-

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cellor 1830–41), and W. H. Curran, son and biographer of his illustrious father, who died the year before, having got the fatal attack at Moore's table. After the usual toasts, and two speeches from Moore, he sang and played for the first time:

"And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wand'ring away,
To see thus around me my youth's early friends
As smiling and kind as in that happy day?
Though, haply, o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what then?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

"What soften'd remembrance comes o'er the heart
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part
Still round them like visions of yesterday throng.
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced
When held to the flames will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling that long seem'd effac'd
The warmth of a moment like this brings to light."

This touching lyric, composed for the occasion, and rendered with all his charming effectiveness by Moore himself, after such an absence and so brilliant a success, produced intense gratification. It was followed by another, composed for the occasion and sung for the first time: "They may rail at this life." Sam Lover made his *début* at this banquet and sang his first song in public. This was Ireland's public tribute to the genius and the personal character of Moore in the fortieth year of his age. The deepest political significance was justly attached to the banquet to Moore, struggling as Catholics then were for emancipation, and ardent as were his writings in that dark hour in favor of his faith, his forefathers, and his country. Byron, writing from Ravenna to the elder Disraeli, author of the *Curiosities of Literature* and father of the present prime minister of England, said, in reference to the banquet:

"The times have preserved a respect for political consistency, and, even though changeable, honor the unchanged. Look at Moore; it will be long ere Southey meets with such a triumph in London as Moore met with in Dublin, even if the government subscribe for it and set the money down to secret service. It was not less to the man than to the poet—to the tempted but unshaken patriot, to the not opulent but incorruptible fellow-citizen—that the warm-hearted Irish paid the proudest of tributes."

Moore having determined to visit Lord Byron, then residing in Venice, and Lord John Russell being engaged on a new edition of his *Life of Lord Russell*, which obliged him to proceed to Paris and Genoa, both went in the autumn of 1819 to Italy. *Fables for the Holy Alliance* appeared, in the same sarcastic vein as *The Fudge Family;* while *Rhymes on the Road* embodied Moore's impressions of his tour in Italy. He visited Turin, Milan, Venice, Florence, Bologna, Modena, Parma, and Rome, and in Rome he met Canova, Turner, Chantrey, Lawrence, and Eastlake. When taking leave of Byron, the latter handed Moore a white bag containing the manuscript of his life and adventures. On his return to Paris from Italy Moore was informed of the defalcation for $30,000, to American merchants, of his deputy in Bermuda, and of legal execution having been obtained against him for the amount. This prevented his return to England, and, having refused numerous and generous offers of pecuniary help to meet the demand, he determined to settle with his family in Paris for a time, and by his own literary labors satisfy the claim. *The Loves of the Angels*, an Eastern allegory, was the outcome of this pressure, in the preparation of which he was assisted with books,

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drawings, and information by the leading men in Paris—Humboldt, Denon, Fourier, and others. The Bermuda claim having been compromised for $5,200 instead of $30,000, towards which the uncle of the defaulting deputy agreed to contribute $1,500, Moore was enabled to return to London towards the end of October, 1822. *The Loves of the Angels* was published in December, and by June, 1823, Moore had to his credit for it $5,000, and $2,500 for the *Fables of the Holy Alliance*, so that he was enabled to meet his responsibilities connected with Bermuda.

In 1823 Moore visited Ireland with the Marquis of Lansdowne, and spent a month in the south, passing through Carlow, Kilkenny, Clonmel, Youghal, Cork, and Killarney, returning to Dublin by Limerick, Maryborough, and Naas. Everywhere he was waited on by the leading Liberal Protestant gentry and by all the Catholics. In Killarney he was the guest of the Catholic Earl of Kenmare, where he enjoyed the magnificent scenery of the Lakes and of Glengariffe, a visit to which inspired at least three of his most finished scenic sketches. O'Connell and his brother waited on him and dined with him at Lord Kenmare's; Moore's record of the political conversation, after dinner, with Judge Day being one of the best vindications ever published of the sincerity of O'Connell, twenty-four years before his death, regarding Emancipation, absenteeism, church disestablishment, and Repeal of the Union.

The *Memoirs of Captain Rock*, the celebrated Irish chieftain, with some account of his ancestors, was also published in 1824, and produced a marked sensation. It is an explanation of, and apology for, all the secret societies and the agrarian and other crimes arising out of oppression and unjust treatment, pointing out their causes and their remedies. Sydney Smith, in the *Edinburgh Review*, writes thus of Moore's *Captain Rock*:

> "He has here borrowed the name of a celebrated Irish leader to typify that spirit of violence and insurrection which is necessarily generated by systematic oppression and rudely avenges its crimes; and the picture he has drawn of its prevalence in that unhappy country is at once piteous and frightful. Its effect in exciting our horror and indignation is, in the long run, increased, we think—though at first it may seem counteracted—by the tone of levity, and even jocularity, under which he has chosen to veil the deep sarcasm and substantial terrors of his story. We smile at first, and are amused, and wonder as we proceed that the humorous narrative should produce conviction and pity, shame, abhorrence, and despair."

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, born 12 Dorset Street, Dublin, September, 1751, and for some time under Samuel Whyte, Moore's schoolmaster, died in London July 7, 1816. Solicited to write the biography of that wondrous child of genius, Moore could not refuse. Byron and Moore had contributed, at the time of his lamented death, to familiarize the world with his rare abilities and his vile treatment. Moore's *Biography of Sheridan*, published in 1825, is a further contribution to the national literature of Ireland. He ever supported the cause of Ireland and the Catholics. Fox said of his impeachment of Warren Hastings: "All that he had ever heard, all that he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing and vanished like vapor before the sun." Burke said it was "the most astonishing effort of

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eloquence, argument, and wit united of which there was any record or tradition." Pitt said it "surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate or control the human mind." Byron said: "Whatever Sheridan has done, or chosen to do, has been, *par excellence*, always the best of its kind. He has written the best comedy (*School for Scandal*), the best drama (*The Duenna*), the best farce (*The Critic*), and, to crown all, the very best oration (the "Begum" speech) ever conceived or heard in this country"; while his able biographer, friend, and fellow-citizen, Moore, says:

"Whose eloquence, bright'ning whatever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave!"

Moore's visit to Scotland in the autumn of 1825, where he spent a pleasant time with Sir Walter Scott, Lord Jeffrey, and the leading spirits in the north, elicited a further burst of popularity towards the national bard of Ireland.

The Epicurean, commenced in Paris in 1820, was not published until 1827, and proved a great success, financially and literary.

We have said that when Moore visited Byron in Venice the latter gave him the manuscript of his journals and autobiography, with the conditions that, while it should not be published during his lifetime, Moore was at liberty to show the manuscript to any friend. Byron subsequently wrote to Moore, suggesting that he should raise funds from Murray on the credit of the publication, which Moore did to the extent of $10,400. On the death of Lord Byron the publisher considered that the work should be issued. Moore felt, however, that it was due to Lady Byron and others to submit the work to them, when, objections having been taken to its publication, he cancelled the agreement with Murray and burned the manuscript. But, with the aid of letters and other available documents, Moore brought out in 1830, in three volumes, *Letters and Journals of Lord Byron*, with notes of his life, one of the most important of Moore's works. The whole proceeding regarding Moore's action in the matter has been the subject of bitter criticism, but sober opinion favors the course taken by Byron's biographer and friend.

The *Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald* (two volumes) was published in 1831, one of the most popular of Moore's works. Within a few days a second edition of it was sold. The preface is bold and fearless, treating with contempt the imputations of seditious motives alleged against such a publication. Reviewing it, the *Times* said: "The love of justice, humanity, and liberty breaks out through every apostrophe of the author, however he may affect to veil his emotions under sarcasm, levity, or scorn."

One of the most remarkable of all Moore's works is his *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion*, inscribed to the people of Ireland in defence of their national faith, by the editor of Captain Rock's *Memoirs*, which was published in 1833. Being intensely polemical and political, it underwent severe criticism in the press, and was the subject of numerous attacks. The illustrious Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, the foremost prelate of his day in Ireland, said of it: "If St. Augustine were more orthodox and

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Scratchinbach less plausible, it is a book of which any of us might be proud." At the time of its publication it was largely used as a popular manual of polemical controversy, and even in Catholic pulpits, some of the rancorous spirit of the proselytizing societies still remaining, and the Anti-Tithe agitation, which finally led to the disestablishment and disendowment of the Protestant Church, just then opening.

Moore again visited Ireland, August, 1835, when the British Association held its first meeting in Dublin. He was well and warmly received everywhere. The Marquis of Normanby was lord-lieutenant, Lord Morpeth was chief secretary, and Drummond was under-secretary. He shared the viceregal hospitality. The gentle and beloved Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, Most Rev. Dr. Murray, met Moore at dinner at the parochial house attached to the pro-cathedral, Marlborough Street. The provost and fellows of Trinity College, rebel though he had been and Catholic as he was, welcomed their old *alumnus* and entertained him at dinner. But it was at the Theatre Royal he received his greatest popular ovation. Between two of the acts he was forced, in compliance with the unanimous demand of the audience, to rise and address the house in a speech of matchless felicity and spirit, acknowledging that he accepted from the people the proud title of the "national bard."

One of the first and most popular acts of the Liberal ministry of 1835 was to confer a pension of $1,500 on Moore, in consideration of the services rendered by him to literature—a favor which he could not accept from any government save one in conformity with the political principles of his life. This grant was increased to $2,000 a few years before his death, in consideration of the delicacy of his health and the cessation of his literary labors.

Moore now entered on his last work, a *History of Ireland*, unsuited to his years, and which he was not qualified to write. In *Lardner's Cyclopædia* Scott had written a history of Scotland in two volumes, and Sir James Mackintosh a history of England in three volumes, and Moore was urged to write for the same work a history of Ireland, intended to be confined to a single volume. In pursuit of material for this work Moore paid his last visits to Dublin in 1838–39, the first volume of his history (which was expanded to four volumes) having been published in 1835, and the fourth, or last, not until 1846. He had issued the first volume before he came to Ireland to study the subject, so that, when too late, he frankly declared to Dr. Petrie in the Royal Irish Academy, on learning from Eugene O'Curry the nature of the manuscript materials of Irish history then before him: "Petrie, these huge tomes could not have been written by fools or for any foolish purpose. I never knew anything about them before, and I had no right to have undertaken the history of Ireland" (O'Curry's *Lectures on the MS. Materials of Irish History*, pp. 153–4, 441). The history, which is beautifully written as to style, closes with the Confederate War of 1641, and is wholly unreliable as to the ancient and earlier periods.

Towards his declining years Moore, like most literary veterans,

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addressed himself to the revision of a complete edition of all his poetical works, which was brought out in ten volumes. From about the year 1846 he showed increasing signs of decay of mental power, and, as with Swift, Scott, Southey, and O'Connell, softening of the brain steadily set in. In 1849 his intellect became quite clouded, and, though removed to Bath for a short time, no improvement took place, and he sank at Sloperton Cottage, February 26, 1852, in his seventy-second year. He was buried privately, only his physician and three or four other friends attending, in Bromham churchyard, within sight of his cottage, with his second daughter and his second son, while his devoted wife, Bessy, was laid with them September, 1865. She presented all Moore's books, his portrait, and his harp to the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, to which a special room is devoted.

It is said that although he commenced life as a patriot, as is proved by his conduct in Trinity College and subsequently, he sank in after-years into the condition of a mere Whig, or Liberal, all sentiment of Irish nationality having died out in him. A ready answer is afforded to this charge by the proceedings at the time of the offer to him, in 1832, of the representation of the city of Limerick, with a small estate of fifteen hundred dollars tendered therewith. Gerald Griffin and his brother Daniel were deputed by the citizens of Limerick to tender the terms just stated. Moore declined, entirely owing to prudence as regards his circumstances, but records that, were he to go into Parliament, he would accept the Repeal pledge, though he was confident it would lead to separation from England. O'Connell was bitterly disappointed at Moore's refusal to accept the representation of Limerick.

Moore is charged with being an absentee—living out of Ireland. Literature was his profession, and he had no market for it in Dublin. The only offer he ever had of employment was an intimation from the Royal Dublin Society that if he applied for the office of librarian, at one thousand dollars a year, it was believed that his election could be secured.

It was said that not alone was he buried with Protestant service, but that he conformed to Protestantism before his death. His wife was a Protestant, and it is feared that Protestant service was read at his burial; but the Catholic journals, such as the London *Tablet*, of the time condemned the proceeding as an outrage to her Catholic husband and an insult to Catholic Ireland. There were no Catholics and no Catholic church near Moore's residence in Wiltshire for fifty or sixty years, but he was a regular attendant at Mass in Warwick Street Chapel, London, when there, as also his eldest son, although an extremely lax young man as regards morals. Lord John Russell, Moore's biographer, attests that he lived and died a Catholic. He enjoyed the confidence of Archbishop Murray, Archbishop MacHale, who still lives, Dr. Doyle, O'Connell, and all the leaders of Catholic opinion in Ireland. While in England he similarly enjoyed the confidence of Cardinal (then Dr.) Wiseman and Dr. Lingard, and was invited by the former to contribute articles on delicate ecclesiastical subjects to the *Dublin Review*. All friends of Ireland must pray and hope that the celebration of the centennial of Moore may be worthy

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of the Irish race, upon whose name and fame their poet has shed undying lustre. O'Connell and Moore were separated in life and in death by only a few years, battling for the same great cause, in which they mutually assisted each other. May the centennial of Moore be, according to his relative claims, as great a success as that of the Liberator!

THOMAS MOORE.

MAY 28, 1879.

> The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,
> The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
> Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
> Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep.
> —T. MOORE.

MUTE hung the harp on Tara's walls,
No touch its music waking,
Only the hope-fraught western wind
The mournful silence breaking.
In vain men died to give it voice,
Vainly in silence suffered;
Truly to set the broken strings
No aid the Saxon proffered.

Murmured sad Erin, from the harp
One sacred chord unstringing,
"Perchance the hearts that heed not tears
Will list a poet's singing;
The broad, deep stream that calmly flows
Doth mutely mirror heaven:
Unto the bird that warbles near
Is wider message given."

Softly she raised her poet's lyre,
The tears her bright eyes blinding,
Amid its chords of bravest song
The string from Tara binding;
Glittered the sorrow-tarnished thread,
The fairest of the seven—
Unblessed the lyre that hath no chord
For country and for Heaven!

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The poet bore his gift afar,
His island's sorrow singing—
Sweet pity's tear of sympathy
In alien hearts upspringing—
Singing her true-eyed maidens' faith,
Her king's old battle glory
Ere fair-haired Saxon wrought the wrong
That darkens Ireland's story.

Men turned from Cashmere's rose-strewn plains
To hear of truer loving,
Left Eden's opened gates to list
A nation's sad reproving.
Echoed across the narrow seas
The lyre's melodious sighing,
Unto the string that Erin loosed
Mute Tara's harp replying.

Still echoing over broader seas,
Salt waves the music bearing,
The true notes rested in fond hearts,
A people's sorrow sharing.
To-day unto the poet's song
Is world-wide tribute given;
The olden echoes wake again
Beneath a brighter heaven;

They rise from Ireland's saint-pressed sod,
From leagues of prairie grasses;
Low sound from far-off golden waves
Drifts through Sierra passes.
See! 'mid the bays the English rose
With holy shamrock blending,
Acacia from wide southern seas
Its yellow sunshine lending.

While Erin lifts brave Brian's harp,
Her poet's birthday keeping,
Quick blood from fiery Irish hearts
Through countless veins is leaping.
Dim were the poet's brightest verse
Lacking his country's blessing,
False sweetest song of Irish harp
If Tara's chord were missing.

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A REPLY TO C. C. TIFFANY'S ATTACK ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN *SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY*.*

THERE are commonly two difficulties in answering an attack on the Catholic Church. The one is the lack of correct information on the part of the opponent concerning the points against which he makes his charges, and the other is the absence of any authority acknowledged by both sides of the controversy as adequate to settle the matters in dispute.

There is no excuse for the first defect. A writer who ventures to speak in public or put in print his essay is bound to know his subject. In regard to the second, as the question now in hand is not that of authority, all that a Catholic writer can hope to do is to be useful to those of the household of faith, and to readers who, if they do not accept the authority of the Catholic Church, are at least sufficiently free from prejudice to see the logical cogency and appreciate the consistency and completeness of the Catholic statement.

In the April number of *Scribner's Monthly* there is an attack on the Catholic Church by the Rev. C. C. Tiffany, who commences by saying: "Romanism and rationalism are both of them large subjects. One might better attempt to write a volume on each of them than a brief paper on the two." The difficulty, we fear, with the author is not the want of room, but, so far as the Catholic Church is in question, the want of knowledge of his subject. The article, in this respect, is a tissue of erroneous assertions, incorrect interpretations, and confused statements. Some of these we proceed to point out.

The writer, in speaking of the Catholic Church, says that she "is still building costly cathedrals for the worship of those who deny reason and rest solely in authority." That the Catholic Church is building, and that she will continue to build, cathedrals, and costly ones, until the end of time, in which her children may offer to Almighty God that worship which is pleasing to him, is true and beyond reasonable doubt. It is very natural that Catholics should build costly cathedrals, for it is an expression of their zeal for the honor of God, it is an evidence of love for their holy faith, and exhibits to the world, however slightly, the hidden and incomprehensible majesty and power and beauty of their religion. All things considered, the example of Catholics on this point is to their credit. New York may be congratulated on the new and grand cathedral which its Catholic citizens have raised by their free offerings in a prominent locality of the city. There is no reason, either, for any New-Yorker, who is proud of his native city and not a bigot, feeling spiteful about it. The new cathedral, in its size, in the costliness of its material and the correctness of its style, is one among the most conspicuous architectural ornaments of the city, and indeed of the whole country. Strangers from all parts of the Union will come to see it, and admire the symmetry of its

* "The Tendency of Modern Thought as seen in Romanism and Rationalism," by C. C. Tiffany, *Scribner's Monthly* for April, 1879.

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proportions, the chasteness of its ornamentation, and its purely religious character. It is a monument which does great honor to the Catholics of the diocese of New York, and is worthy of the metropolis of the Union. Mr. Tiffany was prudent in not alluding to the ground on which the cathedral is built while the castigation which Clarence Cook received for his false charges in the *Atlantic Monthly* was fresh in the memory of the public. But that method was evidently not in our writer's line; he beats the "drum ecclesiastic."

That the Catholic Church "denies reason" is an assertion made with such a matter-of-course air that it simply strikes one as stunning, and you rub your eyes and ask yourself, Are we indeed living in the enlightened nineteenth century? If this be the fact, what are we to say of its boasted intelligence and knowledge, when such an utter falsity as this is put in print and offered as the proper pabulum of an enlightened reading public?

The Catholic Church "deny reason"! No man of ordinary capacity who had ever opened and read a volume of Catholic philosophy or a treatise of Catholic theology, or who was even slightly acquainted with the history of the controversy of the Catholic Church with the so-called Reformers, or with the repeated decisions of the church against those who would enhance the value of faith by the disparagement of the authority of reason, would have penned that sentence. And yet the acquisition of this knowledge would be nothing more than a scanty preparation for one who ventures in print to treat an important point of this kind. Certainly it is no more than any ordinary theological student is supposed to have acquired. In what seminary did the reverend author of this article (if the writer be not the Rev. C. C. Tiffany we beg his pardon) make his studies for the ministry? Who were his professors? There is an inexcusable deficiency here.

The Catholic Church "deny reason"! Why, the whole fabric of the science of Catholic theology is based on the certitude and unerring authority of human reason; and yet we are told by one who, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, would instruct the public in a widely-read American magazine, that the Catholic Church *denies reason!* This is too preposterous. He might as well announce to the world that astronomers deny the existence of the sun!

Catholics, he tells us, "rest solely in authority." How can one who has reached the age of reason come to authority, except by the examination of the proofs of its claim upon his obedience? How can these proofs be tested save by the use of reason? This investigation, then, supposes that the claims on which authority is based are addressed to reason, and, therefore, it is proper to submit them to its decision.

But if reason be not unerring in what falls within its jurisdiction, what possible value can the examination of the proofs of authority possess? Is it not plain, then, that the Catholic Church, to be consistent, must of necessity affirm, as she has never failed to affirm, the value of human reason as a logical prerequisite in order to justify the claims of her authority upon the obedience of intelligent minds? The assertion, therefore, that Ca-

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tholics "rest solely in authority" is evidently false. That we do not misrepresent the writer is clear, for he brings forward the conversion of Dr. Newman as an illustration of his meaning, and attempts to make his readers believe that "submission is the only appropriate attitude of fallible man toward infallible power." "Through this gate," he continues, "the Oxford scholar passed within the cloisters of Rome." Dr. Newman—whom we hope before these words reach the public we may have the singular consolation of addressing as His Eminence Cardinal Newman—has no need of our defence; he knows how to take care of himself and defend his course. But, as a piece of gratuitous advice to our countryman, we would warn him to be on his guard against this English intellectual mastiff, lest he should incur a shaking that would leave nothing to mark his career upon this earth, unless to be preserved, like a dead fly in amber, in the renown of his great antagonist.

If we seize the case as the writer of this article aims at presenting it, his idea of the value of human reason is as poor as his notion of the nature of authority is wretched. He says: "Submission is the only appropriate attitude of fallible man toward infallible power." This representation of the relation between reason and authority is an idea for which there is no danger that any one will dispute the author's claim to originality. It may be his own individual conception, it may be one he holds in common with his fellow-Protestants, but it is demonstratively certain that it is not at all the one which Catholics maintain. The Catholic conception supposes man capable of exercising his reason without error, and that he yields obedience not to an "infallible power" but to an infallible authority, and that only after the proofs of its divine character have been examined, verified, and found perfectly satisfactory, and the evidence sufficient to convince a reasonable mind. Thus the obedience which Catholics pay to the authority of the Catholic Church rests on the validity of the acts of reason, and it is this the apostle commends when he exhorts the faithful to offer to God "a reasonable service." This is why Catholics are so firm and cheerful in their faith, for they know that it rests on a sound, immovable, rational basis, and they are, when well instructed, "ready," according to the advice of Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, "always to satisfy every one that asketh them a reason of that hope which is in them." It is the privilege of Catholics to present to God "a reasonable service" in the obedience which they pay to the church; for while reason is fully competent to test the proofs of the claims of the divine authority of the church, reason also acknowledges that the sphere of the exercise of this authority is above and beyond its competency. Hence, while Catholics maintain that their obedience to the authority of the church is a "reasonable service," they insist with equal force that they pay this obedience solely because her authority is divine, and, being divine, is unerring.

Catholics are high-spirited, and obey in religion none but the authority of God. They consider it an intolerable insult to the intelligence and the dignity of man for any other than an unerring and divine authority to claim his obedience in guiding him to his divine

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destiny. It was the attempt to introduce human authority into religion, by the claim of the supremacy of the private judgment of individuals and the will of the state over the divinely-instituted authority of the church of Christ, which was the radical motive that made Catholics resist Protestantism in its commencement, and is still the source of their unrelaxed opposition to the claim of Protestantism to be Christianity. Reason is unerring in its own sphere, and, above and beyond reason, God alone is man's teacher; and hence Catholics believe only what God has revealed as proposed to them by the authority which he himself has for this very purpose specially authorized. Now, he who allows himself to entertain the idea that a divinely-authorized teacher can propose to his belief any error, or what contradicts the clear dictates of reason, has given up the foundation of all truth, his conviction of the veracity of God. Hence it is that Catholics are able to say without hesitation with St. Augustine: "O Lord! if I am deceived, it is thou who hast deceived me."

This is the true position of Catholics, and this is well known to all who have made a sufficient study of the subject. Not among Catholics will be found the boast of being guessers at God's revealed truth or its choosers. For one who has gained this position, to call in question, or to doubt, or to deny what the church in her divine office proposes as revealed by God for his belief, is a plain contradiction in terms.

This is what the writer in *Scribner's Monthly* does not see, or, if he sees it, cannot or will not understand; or if he does, then has the heat of his endeavor to make his point against the Catholic Church made him forget himself and led him into misrepresentations. Not only in this, but also notably in his mutilated citation of the Catechism of the Council of Trent.

The Catholic Church, he says, "follows the method and acts on the principle so prevalent in the scientific world to-day, that, namely, of substituting the visible for the invisible. The Sacrament of the Eucharist is not with her the visible sign of an invisible reality, but the reality itself, though disguised. It is no more bread and wine, a symbol of a heavenly truth, but flesh and blood, a verity for the senses." It is probable that C. C. Tiffany has seen and likely read some of the pages of the Catechism of the Council of Trent; and had he but taken the slight pains to refer to its pages concerning the Holy Eucharist, he would have found a point-blank contradiction to the assertion contained in his last sentence. It says: "Whilst we, with unwavering faith, offer the tribute of our homage to the Divine Majesty present with us, not, it is true, in a manner visible to mortal eye, but hidden, by a miracle of power, under the veil of the sacred mysteries."

But does the writer not know that his statements are contradictory to the teachings of the Catholic Church? If he does, why attempt to impose upon his readers? If he does not, why does he meddle with matters for which he is not fitted by proper studies? Was it to afford the public an example of the truth of the poet who says:

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread"?

Mr. Tiffany gives no proofs of this statement of his of any value, except it be a report of a conversa-

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tion he held with a priest: "In Jerusalem, a few years ago, at the door of the Holy Sepulchre, a Roman priest said to me, in reply to an expression of mine as to my belief in God's presence here as everywhere: 'Yes, he is present everywhere as a general power, but not as a Saviour. We have him there locked up in the tabernacle of the altar; he cannot escape us.'" We have our reasons for doubting the correctness of the report of the words put into the priest's mouth, but let that pass; it would be of some interest to know what Mr. Tiffany said in reply, for the mode of God's presence everywhere is not the same as God's presence in the rational soul, and this differs from God's presence in the soul regenerated by divine grace, and this again differs from God's presence in the Holy Eucharist. Mr. Tiffany appears to have felt himself safe only when he affirmed God's presence in its lowest form; and we can easily imagine a Catholic priest feeling indignant at hearing this from the lips of one who claimed the dignity of a rational creature, and professed, perhaps, to be also a Christian.

Commend us to the author of the article in *Scribner's Monthly* for the capacity of condensing the greatest amount of nonsense in the fewest words! Here is another specimen of his genius: "The infallible church, being omniscient in relation to men's lives through the confessional, and omnipotent in regard to salvation by the power of the keys, must be omnipresent, always ready for any emergency, by the constant presence of the infallible pontiff." The Sacrament of Penance was instituted for the forgiveness of deadly sins committed after baptism. This the writer appears not to know; and if a Catholic keeps from mortal sin—and there is no reason why he should not—the priest may never reach him "through the confessional." What then becomes of the omniscience of the infallible church through the confessional? But suppose a member of the church approaches the Sacrament of Penance with his conscience burdened with deadly sins; then he first of all must have a hearty sorrow for his past sins, with a firm purpose to offend God no more. This implies, if the penitent has injured any man in his goods, the obligation to make restitution; or if he has been guilty of slanders by charging in public print upon a large body of his fellow-Christians false doctrines, he is equally bound to make a restitution in a manner as public as he has made the charges. Now, if the penitent be unwilling to comply with these just conditions, then his sorrow is not real but feigned, and the priest is powerless to absolve him, and, should he do so, his absolution is worthless. What then becomes of the omnipotence of the infallible church by the power of the keys? The same reasoning is applicable to what is said of the constant presence of the infallible pontiff. Is it not plain that the staple of this writer is wild and reckless assertions? His teeming imagination creates a monster which he fancies is the Catholic Church, and he charges it as Don Quixote did the windmill, thinking he is hurting somebody, when he himself is the only victim.

Scribner's Monthly has been deservedly on the increase in popularity, and an article of this character is a new and strange feature in its pages, which in our opinion is worthy the pen of Eugene Law-

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rence and fit only for the columns of *Harper's Weekly*.

"If, then," he says, "the tendency of modern thought, as seen in Romanism and rationalism, is a tendency to dwell on the outward appearance, its corrective must be found in putting emphasis on inward realities. Spirituality is the cure for materialistic ecclesiasticism or the positive philosophy. We must follow the larger method which both these systems miss, and grasp the greater truth of which both fail. We must hold to the unseen both in theology and science as the eternal, and be too catholic to be Roman Catholic, and too rational to be rationalists."

There is a truth in the paragraph which closes the article, as there is truth in every error. Its error consists in the writer seeing the Catholic Church only on the human side, with all its imperfections and abuses, and this, too, through a distorted medium, and out of all this put together he fabricates a caricature which he calls "Romanism." Seeing things thus falsely, his errors and exaggerations, we are willing to believe, are to be attributed rather to his unfortunate position than to malice. The truth which the paragraph contains seems to be this: There appears to be hovering before the vision of this writer the ideal Christian Church, which he would name "the Church" or the "Catholic" Church. What would happen to him, most likely, is what has happened to many who have been in his position, if he followed their good example. As they advanced in their inquiries and solid studies in ecclesiastical history and the true doctrines of Christianity, the scales of prejudice and ignorance, by the powerful aid of divine grace, dropped from their eyes, and they beheld their ideal church approach nearer and nearer to the Roman Catholic Church, and finally become identical with it. Their ultimate conviction might be thus expressed: The Roman Catholic Church is the ideal Christian Church, or the true Church of Christ, so far as this is possible upon earth, acting, as she does, through the instrumentality of men, human nature being what it is. With these words we part with our clerical friend of *Scribner's* magazine, at least in accord with him in the truth of one of his statements, and that is, "Rome is wiser than her opponents," and in our friendly leave-taking we bid him *proficiat!*

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PRIVATE CHARITIES AND PUBLIC MONEY.

We examined last month* the record of grants and leases of land by the city authorities of New York for the benefit of charitable institutions, and we saw that it has long been the settled policy of our public authorities to make liberal donations in aid of the humane enterprises of benevolent persons, whether under the control of religious societies or of purely secular associations. We saw, moreover, that, contrary to the belief of a great many Protestants, the grants and leases to Catholic charities have been far below our fair proportion both in number and value. Out of nineteen institutions which have received portions of the city land, only three are Catholic; and of the other sixteen all, except, perhaps, two, are more or less distinctly "sectarian," while several are connected with particular religious denominations. We have now something to say about grants of *money* to charitable institutions, and in this branch of the subject we shall consider the benefactions of the State as well as the city. To the best of our belief there have been no grants of land by the State to any charity within the metropolis.

The general question of the justice and policy of voting money from the public treasury to charitable institutions managed by private corporations or individuals was discussed in the New York Constitutional Convention of 1867–8, and the principle for which we Catholics contend was sustained there with great ability by gentlemen who are known as uncompromising Protestants. When the Convention assembled in the summer of 1867 an anonymous document, headed *Shall the State support the Churches?* was laid on the desks of the members. It was circulated, evidently by preconcert, all over the State. It asserted that the money of the taxpayers was used to build up the Roman Catholic Church. It represented that the Legislature of 1866 had appropriated $129,025 for sectarian purposes, of which amount the Catholics obtained no less than $124,174! As a natural consequence petitions were addressed to the Convention from various quarters, asking for a constitutional prohibition of all "sectarian appropriations." The dishonesty of this sensational document was promptly exposed by Mr. Ellis H. Roberts, editor of the Utica *Herald*, and a member of the Committee of Ways and Means in the Legislature of 1866. It was also taken up in the Convention. "I do not hesitate to say," remarked Mr. Cassidy, editor of the Albany *Atlas and Argus*, "that it is false from beginning to end. It has all the characteristics of a forgery. It has been exposed as a deliberate and well-contrived falsehood. Nobody disputes it." "I have the memorial to which my friend has alluded," added Mr. Erastus Brooks (the same gentleman who held the famous controversy with Archbishop Hughes on the subject of church property in 1855), "and although it may not go to the extent of falsehood men-

* "Private Charities and Public Lands," THE CATHOLIC WORLD, April, 1879.

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tioned by the gentleman from Albany, that it is an entire falsehood, it comes under one of those definitions laid down by Lord. Paley [?] where he says that a man may state ninety-nine facts and every one of them be a falsehood, because when the hundredth fact is given it overthrows all that has been stated before. This is precisely one of those cases. It has just enough truth in it to make a pretension; but, in point of fact and result, it is no true statement at all." Mr. Alvord, the present Speaker of the Assembly, declared that the anonymous communication was "from the beginning to the end a falsehood," and he added: "In all my legislative experience, in all these cases where State aid has been given to institutions of this character it has been based, not upon the question whether the institution belonged to this or that religious denomination, but upon the numbers who are taken care of by the charity, and only upon that." Mr. Develin exposed the "evident and intentional suppression of the truth" in the statements of the same anonymous paper relative to the legislative appropriations of 1867, and showed that, in order to pick out the Catholic charities mentioned in the tax-levy, the compiler must necessarily have gone through a multitude of similar grants to Protestant charities, of which he suppressed all mention. The list was made up, in short, by the double fraud of charging to Catholics what they had not received, and omitting what had been given to non-Catholics.

This fraudulent list, notwithstanding the complete exposure of its character in the Constitutional Convention, seems to have been used nevertheless by Dr. Leonard Bacon in the preparation of two articles against the Catholics published nearly two years later in *Putnam's Magazine* (and answered in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, August, 1869, and January, 1870)—at all events, Dr. Bacon adopted the same figures—and now, ten years afterward, we find Mr. Cook referring with approval to Dr. Bacon's "fierce, but not too fierce, denunciation of the spoliation the city was then undergoing." All which is only another illustration of the difficulty of stopping the circulation of a lie.

A small minority in the Convention wished to insert in the constitution a prohibition of any appropriation whatever for "sectarian" or private charitable institutions. The Committee on Charities, at the head of which was Mr. Erastus Brooks, recommended the creation of a State Board of Charities, and was unwilling to limit the power of the Legislature to give what it deemed proper. Neither scheme prevailed, and the proposed new constitution left the matter as before. We do not purpose following the debate; but now that a fresh attempt has been made to accomplish by constitutional amendments the object which failed in the Convention, it will be especially useful to note how thoroughly the fallacies of the anti-Catholic party were laid bare by some of the foremost Protestants in the assemblage, and how indignantly principles were then scouted as "barbarian" which are now growing into fashion. There were several Catholics in the Convention who took a distinguished part in the discussion; but we shall here quote chiefly from Protestants

Mr. Brooks, beginning with a severe rebuke of the "sectarian

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hate" which had displayed itself in the memorials against appropriations for religious charities, laid down the plain rule that while "the State ought not to support the churches, and ought not to make donations for purely sectarian purposes," on the other hand "it is also unworthy of a State to deny to any class of needy people the State's aid because the recipients of its bounty perchance belong to any one sect or to no sect. And I may also add," he continued, "that it is also unworthy of 'taxpayers' and all others to incite the fury of the State against any sect or party on account of its religious faith." Mr. Brooks reminded the Convention that "there can be no true charity where all religion is excluded"; and to those who cherish the absurd idea that there can be an abstract religion distinct from any particular creed or form of worship he addressed the following sensible remarks:

"Sectarianism cannot be, must not be, supported by the State, *nor must it, if presented in the form of a true charity, be disowned by the State.* If you strike at one mode of religious worship you strike at all. Your blows fall everywhere, and prostrate all whom they may reach. You must not suppose that asylums in New York, Westchester, Rochester, or Buffalo can be assailed upon the score of sectarianism, or Romanism if you please, and Protestant institutions like the two State Houses of Refuge, the institutions for the deaf and dumb, the blind, the Children's Aid Societies, Five Points Missions, hospitals for those of mature years and infant dependants, escape unscathed. All are so far Protestant as to have Protestant officers, Protestant boards of trustees and directors, and a general Protestant management and superintendence. This is true of all our main institutions, either criminal or for the maintenance of the poor. I have no fault to find with any of them; but be careful where you strike, or, like Samson, you may bring the whole temple at your feet, and destroy all in your zeal to prostrate those you dislike."

Mr. George William Curtis, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, followed Mr. Brooks.

"Unquestionably," said he, "if the State, as we have determined, is to aid charities, it cannot avoid, at least proportionately, helping those institutions which are under the care of the Roman Church. It is impossible not to recognize the fact that the charitable foundations of the Roman Church are the most comprehensive, the most vigorous, and the most efficient known in history. It is still further true, as the chairman of the committee (Mr. Brooks) has told us, that the great majority of those who must be relieved by State charities in certain sections of the State are members of that church, and will naturally fall to the care of that church. I cannot stop to speak of the various forms of the charity of that church, but it is to one of its saints that civilization owes the institution of the Sisters of Charity, whose benign service is known even in the hospitals of other denominations, and any system which this State should adopt which should strike at the very root of such institutions would necessarily bring the State to this question: 'Are you willing to do, absolutely and to the utmost, what is now done by the institutions already in existence?' I do not believe that the State is willing to do it. I believe the experience of this State to be that of Massachusetts. Massachusetts in the year 1863 established a board of charity. In the very first report which that board made, after looking over the whole ground, they announced that in their judgment the true policy of the State was to give assistance to the private foundations, of whatever sect, that already existed, rather than to establish new public institutions."

"I am not a Catholic," said Mr. Martin I. Townsend, recently member of Congress from the Troy district; "I am the farthest from it, perhaps, that a man can well be and have respect for the God that they worship. But my Protestantism has not taught me, when I see a naked, barefooted child in the month of January tracking its little feet in the snow, to ask, before I relieve its necessities, what is the faith in which it is being brought

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up; and notwithstanding the multitude of petitions that have come here, I do not believe that that is the sentiment of the State. I believe the sentiment of the State would be to relieve Catholic orphans as well as Protestant orphans."

"I am aware," said Mr. Alvord, "that there are numerous petitions coming up from all parts of the State against giving State aid for sectarian purposes; but I am not aware that this cry which has been raised throughout the State is entitled to any consideration, because so far as regards the foundations of these charities, in the very nature of the case, in almost all of these institutions of charity throughout our land, so far as regards their administration, they fall into some sectarian hands. They are the creation of benevolent people—people who have organized them because they have an abundance of means—and there are very many instances, both under Protestant and Romanish auspices, where the institutions have been the emanations of the piety of individuals. Such persons consider it a part of their religion that they should perform these acts of charity and kindness to their fellow-beings, and they must of necessity, under the circumstances, gather themselves together animated by the religious feeling in order to establish their work of benevolence."

And after showing how essential it is to the public welfare that orphans and other helpless and destitute persons should be properly cared for, Mr. Alvord continued:

"It is right and proper for the great body politic to put their hands into the coffers of the State from time to time, as may be required, and give forth of the means of the people for the purpose of benefiting directly the people themselves by seeing to it that this great mass of human beings, orphans as they are, shall not come up to be a terror to the people of the State."

Upon the question of the justice of giving State aid to institutions under religious influence or control, the sentiment of the Convention seemed, indeed, to be nearly all one way. The policy of that course, as a mere matter of expediency and economy, was also demonstrated. The point was well made that a large proportion of charitable institutions which originate in private beneficence and are partly sustained by private contributions must inevitably go down if State aid is withheld. "If private liberal-minded individuals," said one member, "will from their private means defray nineteen-twentieths of this expense and leave but one-twentieth for the State to supply, it seems to me wise to accept of such a donation, and not by constitutional restrictions deny ourselves the benefit of such liberality." Private beneficence already bears about as heavy a tax as it is able to sustain. If the state and city should withdraw their help, individuals would not supply the deficiency, but a large proportion of the charitable institutions would have to close their doors. Thousands of destitute persons would be thrown into the streets and become a burden upon the public. The number of municipal hospitals, almshouses, asylums, etc., etc., would have to be quadrupled; and where taxation now contributes only a small part of the cost of supporting the poor and disabled, it would then have to pay the whole.

Probably the voluntary contributions of churches and private persons defray not less than three-quarters of the current expenses of the hundred and fifty charitable institutions of this city, and have borne an equally large proportion of the first cost of the buildings. Does anybody imagine that these donations would ever have been made to municipal hospitals and almshouses? It has been calculated that public charities of a

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secular character consume in salaries on an average about thirty per cent. of their income. The income of the House of Refuge last year, exclusive of a special gift from the State of $20,000, was $114,962, and salaries and wages amounted to $37,454. But in the best class of religious charities the services of managers, officers, and attendants are in large part gratuitous. To show the economy of public aid to religious charities we have a striking illustration in the case of the Catholic Protectory. That institution does for children of Catholic parents what the House of Refuge and the Juvenile Asylum do for Protestants. All three receive per-capita allowances from the public funds. The House of Refuge and the Juvenile Asylum are supported wholly by the city and State. The House of Refuge, moreover, received its land from the city, and very nearly the entire expense of its buildings was paid by the taxpayers. According to its fiftieth annual report, issued in 1875, the cost of its real estate and buildings up to that date was $745,740, and the total amount received from private subscriptions and donations during its whole history was only $38,702. Now look at the record of the Catholic Protectory. That establishment contained at the date of its last report 2,034 children, the House of Refuge having 903 and the Juvenile Asylum 781. Up to 1875 (the same date we have taken for the review of the expenditures of the House of Refuge) the outlay on real estate and buildings amounted to $933,968, of which the public authorities had contributed $193,502 in money and nothing at all in land, leaving a balance of about $740,000 supplied by the liberality of Catholics. Nor is this all. During the first three years of its existence the Protectory received no allowances from the public treasury. It obtained at last from the Legislature a per-capita grant of $50 (less than half the actual cost of maintenance). It now receives $110 for each child, the House of Refuge drawing about the same amount, while the Juvenile Asylum got last year $122 50 for each child. The deficit of the Protectory on current expenses up to 1875 reached the sum of $250,000, and it is now regularly from $40,000 to $50,000 a year; so that this Catholic charity has expended in the care of the children committed to it considerably more than *a million of dollars* over and above all sums received from any public source. If Catholic religious zeal had not undertaken this noble work the taxpayers must have borne the entire burden. They must have put up buildings for the army of children whom the Christian Brothers and Sisters of Charity have taken care of (the House of Refuge can accommodate only 1,000, and now contains over 900); they must have made per-capita grants for their support considerably larger than they have made to the Protectory; or else the children must have been left in the streets to grow up vagrants, drunkards, thieves, and worse. Besides doing the public an incalculable service by reforming and caring for these boys and girls, the Protectory has therefore saved the taxpayers more than a million dollars in cash.

We can imagine no more dreadful condition of society than one in which the flow of private charity is checked by illiberal laws, and a host of orphans and paupers are maintained out of the taxes in establishments from which religion

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is excluded. Such a system is a curse both to the community that gives such aid and to the poor who receive it. It discountenances the exercise of a virtue which has been universally recognized as one of the brightest ornaments of the Christian life; it deprives the unfortunate of the chief solace of their misery, the weak and erring of the chief help to a new career. It would not take long under such a system to produce a population hard, selfish, immoral, monstrous beyond all example in Christian countries. But Protestants will tell us that although charity ought to be religious, it must nevertheless be "unsectarian." There is no cant more absurd than this. *Why* must charity be "unsectarian?" Unsectarian is a fetich word to which Protestants are prone to pay an unreasoning worship. If there is any difference between truth and error, "sectarian" disagreements are founded upon important principles. If a man has any faith he is bound to stand by it and bring up his children in it. To say that the State ought to withhold its aid from every charity dispensed in an asylum where a positive religious belief is professed, and to open its purse to asylums where indifferentism is cultivated, is to require the State to discriminate against all creeds and in favor of free-thinking. This is not impartiality; it is the most offensive form of sectarianism. It makes the State the active enemy of all creeds.

And in point of fact a general system of undenominational charity has never been established in any civilized country. We can understand an unsectarian soup-house or dispensary. But an unsectarian orphan asylum is an impossibility. All institutions which undertake the care and education of children, all which assume the ordinary duties of parents and attempt to supply the influences proper to the home, *must* give either a distinctly religious training or a distinctly infidel training. If they accept the latter alternative their managers are guilty of the most fearful crime against the children, and a crime, too, against the state. If they choose the former they are driven to decide between rival creeds, Christian or Jewish, Catholic or Protestant. There is no getting around this difficulty. There is no devising a composite religion, suitable for the use of asylums. How shall we please the Jew with a faith that teaches Christ crucified? Or if we yield to the Jew, shall we have a Christianity that ignores our Lord? Or if perchance we can satisfy Jew and Protestant, are we to rob Catholics of the sacraments? Nearly all denominations which retain any love for their own creed and any respect for spiritual things understand the essential vice of unsectarian asylums as clearly as we do, and hence the multitude of church institutions of various sorts which have sprung up all over the city.

An unsectarian reformatory is, if possible, a still greater outrage upon justice and common sense than an unsectarian infant asylum, since it undertakes to cultivate virtue by the exclusion of religion, and to conquer sin without the help of grace. Homes and refuges for adults are worse than useless if religion is shut out of them. Hospitals are places of danger if the soul is not watched in them as carefully as the body. Indeed, if our Protestant friends adhered in practice to the principles of management which they profess so

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freely in the annual reports of benevolent institutions, their charities would be cold enough. But in point of fact nearly all these establishments do teach religion. It may not be distinguishable as Episcopalianism, Methodism, or Presbyterianism, but at all events it is surely Protestantism. The one point upon which they all agree is hostility to the Catholic Church. "Ours is a strictly unsectarian home," said the matron of one of these institutions to a visitor; "we open our doors to all, without distinction of race or creed." "Do you receive Catholics too?" "Oh! yes, certainly we do; but"—confidentially—"we make sure that they are not Catholics any more when they leave us." If Protestant denominations care so little about fundamental doctrines, so little about modes of worship, so little about positive religious duties, that they are content to mix their children in these great combination asylums—where a Ritualist will preach to them to-day and a Unitarian to-morrow, where nobody can determine whether it is even proper to baptize the little ones, and where they must inevitably be educated to have no respect for any denomination whatever—that is their affair; let those support the system who like it. But in the eyes of Catholics who cling to the sacraments and the divinely-instituted priesthood, and who know that our Lord enjoins upon us not merely a vague religious sentiment but certain religious practices, all such pretended compromises between faith and infidelity are in the last degree odious. He who is not for me is against me. We take the ground that we have an absolute right to the free exercise of our religious duties and observances, and our children an absolute right to a Catholic education. When the State places our poor, our sick, our criminals, our orphans and destitute children in establishments where these rights are in any way abridged, it commits the most grievous tyranny of which a government can be guilty. When it declares that it will aid none who cling to their faith and their religious privileges, but will give its money liberally to all who consent to abandon their church, it is guilty of enormous injustice and makes itself the strongest support of practical infidelity.

No, the so-called non-sectarian institutions are either really sectarian in disguise or they are schools of indifferentism, materialism, atheism. In either case they are violently hostile to the Catholic Church, and we can have no part or lot with them. There is only one just and rational method of solving the problem of State aid to the poor, only one method that treats all alike. That is to encourage every religious denomination or society of charitable persons to found and manage asylums, etc., for those of their own creed, and, when private benevolence has done its utmost, for the State to lend its assistance to all impartially in proportion to the numbers they relieve, asking of none, "Are you Methodists? Are you Catholics? Do you believe in the Trinity? Do you approve of infant baptism?" but only requiring proof that the recipients of public money are honestly engaged in work for the public good, and that the funds committed to them in trust will be honestly and wisely expended. *This* is "unsectarian charity." This is the only fair and economical method of taking care of the

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poor. And this, as we shall see, in spite of occasional outbreaks of fanatical opposition, is the method to which our State has long given at least a formal approval. "The very complainants who remonstrate against sectarian charities," said Mr. Erastus Brooks, in speaking of the anonymous paper referred to in the first part of this article, "are themselves all of some sect and party, and the complaint, I think, is not so much that money is expended as that, perhaps, those not of the sect of the signers get more than their share of this money."

At the request of the Constitutional Convention in 1867 tabular reports were prepared by State Comptroller Hillhouse and City Comptroller Connolly of all sums of money paid by the State and City of New York to religious, charitable, and educational institutions during the previous twenty years, specifying the amounts received by each institution in each year. In these reports were included asylums, reformatories, hospitals, dispensaries, benevolent societies, colleges, corporate free schools and academies of various denominations, etc., etc.—everything, in short, of a charitable nature except municipal institutions like those under the care of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction on Blackwell's Island, and the public schools, which are maintained by a special fund and tax. The State report covered the period from January 1, 1847, to December 31, 1866; the city report comprised also a part of the expenditures of 1867; and both were published with the official proceedings of the Convention.* We have supplemented these statements by obtaining from the official records an account of all sums paid by the State and city to the same or similar institutions from the date of the Convention reports down to the 1st of January, 1878, so that the record is now complete for a period of thirty-one years. No statement covering the past ten years has ever been compiled until now, and the preparation of the table has involved great labor. The charitable appropriations of the city alone, which were less than $200,000 in 1867, amounted to $967,000 in 1877, and the number of institutions benefited has doubled in the same time, although corporate schools, formerly included, have been dropped from the list since 1872. The figures include payments from whatever source, and fall under no fewer than eight separate heads: 1. Special appropriations by the Legislature; 2. Per-capita allowances made by the Legislature in the annual charity bill, and divided first among the counties in the ratio of their taxation, the share of each county being then divided among its charitable institutions in proportion to the number of their inmates; 3. Per-capita allowances from the school fund to charitable institutions (such as orphan asylums and reformatories) which are partly engaged in the work of education; 4. Special appropriations by the city or county; 5. Per-capita allowances from the city or county, under general laws; 6. The excise funds distributed among charitable associations; 7. License fees from theatres (paid to the House of Refuge); 8. Board of inmates of certain institutions paid from the appropriations of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction.*

* See *Documents of the Convention of the State of New York*, vol. iii. Nos. 54 and 55.

* During the seven years 1867 to 1873 these last-enumerated items were paid by the commissioners and not by the comptroller, and the confusion in the

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The State appropriations are taken from the State comptroller's annual reports. The city and county appropriations, up to the close of 1869, are copied from the annual reports of the city comptroller. But since December, 1869, that officer has never made a detailed report from which it is possible to discover the payments to any one institution, and the figures have only been obtained by considerable research. It has been necessary to examine the ledgers in the comptroller's office for a series of years, and often to consolidate a great number of entries, in order to ascertain the amount paid to a single society in a single year. Since the distinction between city and county expenditures was abolished in 1874, an inspection of the comptroller's warrants has given the desired information. The work has been complicated by obscurities and inaccuracies in the titles by which institutions are occasionally entered on the books of the city, and in several cases it has been difficult to ascertain which of two establishments having somewhat similar names was the one intended. It is possible that this confusion has led to a few errors in our table; but we have taken great pains to avoid such mistakes, and in many instances have had recourse to the books of the institutions themselves. It is proper to say that the comptroller and his deputies and clerks have cheerfully given us every possible facility for the examination of the city records.

Schools and colleges are not included in the statements that follow—first, because the question of public education has been held to be distinct from that of public charity, and cannot be discussed here without swelling the dimensions of this article far beyond all reasonable bounds; and, secondly, because no grants have been made in aid of corporate or private schools since 1872, and none can be made under the amended constitution as it now stands. Dispensaries are omitted, because they are a peculiar kind of charity which all parties approve of aiding from the public funds, and "sectarianism" has nothing to do with them. Hospitals, however, are included, because religious influences are naturally concerned with them. Societies for general charitable relief are also included, because a very large proportion of them combine missionary work with alms-giving; as it is impossible always to specify those which confine themselves to a single function, we have entered them all. For convenience of comparison we group the institutions under several heads according to their chief objects. Some operate in two or more spheres; the Sisters of Mercy, for instance, and the Hebrew Benevolent Society, besides maintaining asylums for children, distribute a great deal of out-door relief to adults; but as we have no means of distinguishing the revenues and expenditures of each branch, the total grants to the society or institution are set down under the head which represents its principal work.

books is such that we have failed to obtain the figures. The only institutions which received anything from that source during the period mentioned were the Colored Orphan Asylum and the Colored Home.

CATHOLIC CHARITIES

Among the Catholic institutions of New York there are three "great charities"—namely, the Orphan Asylum, Foundling Asylum, and Protec-

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tory—each of which far surpasses in the extent of its operations any *two* non-Catholic establishments in the city, and each receives allowances strictly proportioned to the number of its inmates.

I. ASYLUMS FOR CHILDREN.

1. *The Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum* embraces four important institutions—namely, an establishment for girls at the corner of Prince and Mott Streets, which contained, according to the *Catholic Almanac* of 1879, 210 children; another for girls on Madison Avenue and Fifty-second Street, with 510 children; one for boys on Fifth Avenue, with 520 children (these three being under the care of the Sisters of Charity); and a farm at Peekskill, where 120 of the older boys are cared for by the Christian Brothers. Whole number of children, 1,360, or nearly as many as all the seven Protestant and Hebrew orphan asylums put together. The society was founded in 1817; consolidated with it are the Roman Catholic Half-Orphan Society and the Society for the Relief of Children of Poor Widows and Widowers, grants to both which are included in the figures given below. After the society had been in active operation for thirty years, sustaining all the poor children the Prince Street building could accommodate, and pressed to make room for more, it obtained from the city a grant and lease of the land for the erection of the new asylums on Fifth and Madison Avenues. The annual report for 1877 (the latest at hand) shows that the society received during the previous year from the Board of Excise $15,000; from the Board of Education, $13,658 43; from the State, nothing; from legacies, $14,861; from the voluntary offerings of Catholics, $34,830 28. The collections taken up in the churches on Christmas and Easter days are given to this charity, and in prosperous years they have generally amounted to about $50,000 annually. No salaries are paid to the sisters or the Christian Brothers, but a small sum is allowed for their actual expenses, amounting in the total to $4,400 for the sisters and $1,895 59 for the brothers. During the thirty-one years covered by our reports these four asylums have received from the city and State $298,196 54.

2. *St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum*, on Eighty-ninth Street and Avenue A, was founded in 1858, chiefly for German children, and is under the charge of the School Sisters of Notre Dame. At the last report it had 180 children. Its annual expenses are about $14,000. It received of the public money in 1877, from all sources, $1,100, and its gross receipts from the city and State since its foundation (twenty years) have been $61,498 55.

3. *St. Vincent de Paul's Orphan Asylum*, in West Thirty-ninth Street, was founded in 1858, and gives preference to children of French descent. It has 87 inmates, who are supported chiefly by the contributions of French Catholics and cared for by the Marianite sisters of the Holy Cross. Its expenditures amount to about $10,000 a year, and it has a mortgage debt of $54,000. Its receipts of public money last year were $1,500 from the excise fund. Its gross receipts of public money since its foundation (twenty years) have been $19,174 04.

4. *St. Stephen's Home*, under the Sisters of Charity, in East Twenty-

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eighth Street, was founded in 1868 for the relief of destitute boys and girls between the ages of two and thirteen. It had 141 inmates at the date of the last report. Its annual expenses are between $7,500 and $8,000. In 1877 it received $3,220 from the public funds, and its gross receipts from city and State since the commencement have been $14,202 89.

5. *The Foundling Asylum* of the Sisters of Charity, established in 1869, is one of the noblest of our Catholic benefactions. Institutions of this kind do a double service to the community, for they not only relieve a class of destitute children who have peculiar claims upon our compassion, but they accomplish untold good in the prevention of the crimes of infanticide and abandonment. Mr. Brooks paid a high tribute to the usefulness of foundling asylums in the course of the debate in the Constitutional Convention from which we have already quoted. A beginning had then been made towards the establishment of such an asylum in connection with the (Protestant) Nursery and Child's Hospital; but the reception of foundlings has always been a small and subordinate part of the operations of that institution, while the sisters' asylum attained from the first the most extensive proportions. Begun in East Twelfth Street, "almost immediately its many cribs were filled by babies of well-nigh every race, and presenting different conditions of health and suffering—some with marks of violence upon their little bodies, others evidently under the influence of drugs to such an extent that but the merest semblance of life remained in them, and others bearing with them contagion of various kinds." Before the Sisters of Charity undertook this work the foundlings of New York were consigned to the care of the pauper women in the Blackwell's Island Almshouse, most of whom were old, infirm, filthy in their habits, and broken down by a long life of hardships or vice. A visiting physician appointed to that institution was shocked at learning from these women that "only one foundling had lived in many months." The sisters had great difficulties to contend with, and at one time their funds were reduced to fifty-two cents; but the Legislature came to their aid by granting them the same allowances made to Protestant institutions of the same class; a society of ladies was formed to raise money for them by subscription, and the city gave them land for the present asylum on Sixty-eighth Street, which was opened in 1863. The buildings as they now stand cost over $300,000; others are to be put up whenever the sisters obtain the necessary funds. The society of ladies already mentioned devotes itself especially to collections for this object. The asylum not only takes care of abandoned children, but it embraces a refuge and reformatory for unfortunate mothers, receiving from 250 to 300 wretched women every year. Besides the infants in the asylum proper, there are many others whom the sisters are obliged to place out at nurse for want of room; in the supervision of the nurses the sisters are aided by the visitors of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The number of foundlings in the institution at the date of the last report was 1,783. By the act of 1872 the supervisors of the city and county of New York are required to pay to the managers of the Foundling Asy-

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lum, for each infant maintained by them, the same sum granted by the act of 1865 to the (Protestant) Infants' Asylum for the same service. This sum is not to exceed the average cost of the maintenance of children of like ages in the municipal Nursery and Infants' Hospital under the charge of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction. The grants to the Catholic and the Protestant institution are made in identical terms and with the same conditions, the payments in both cases being strictly proportioned to the number of inmates, and made to correspond with the lowest cost of keeping children in the public institutions. Under the law the Foundling Asylum received $242,776 54 in 1877, and its gross receipts from city and State since the beginning have been $1,252,713 71.

6. *St. Vincent's Home for Boys*, in Warren Street, was founded in 1870, and somewhat resembles in its general plan the Newsboys' Lodging-Houses conducted by our Protestant friends. It gives food and shelter, besides a careful moral training, to homeless lads, and extends charity to a great number of out-door applicants besides. There are about 220 inmates. Those who are able pay five cents for a meal and a night's lodging; the destitute are received free. The annual expenses are about $10,000; the institution received $1,600 from the city in 1877. Gross receipts of public money from the beginning, $5,375.

7. *St. Vincent de Paul's Industrial School* for girls, in West Forty-second Street, was founded in 1856. It is under the direction of the Sisters of Charity, and comprises not only a school where girls over twelve years of age are taught trades, etc., but also a home for the destitute. It has about 160 inmates, and in 1877 received $1,200 from the city. Gross receipts of public money from the beginning (twenty-two years), $8,860, or about five cents a week for each girl in the Home.

8. *Asylum and Schools of the Sisters of St. Dominic.*—The Sisters of St. Dominic have parochial schools attached to three of the German churches, and maintain besides, in Second Street, an asylum with about seventy-five inmates, and an Industrial School where three hundred and twenty-five children are clothed, fed, and taught trades. They moreover feed about fifty poor persons daily. They received in 1877 from the excise funds $5,787 28, and no other public money. The grants to these sisters previous to 1872 were made in such form that the per-capita allowances from the education fund, on account of their various free day-schools, are not distinguishable from the grants to the asylum and Industrial School. Gross receipts of public money for all purposes since the foundation (1860), $64,751 94. Of this amount $17,030 37 came from the school fund.

9. *St. Joseph's Industrial Home*, on Madison Avenue and Eighty-first Street, is the only Catholic institution except the Orphan Asylum and the Foundling Asylum which obtained its land from the city. It was founded in 1869 for the protection of destitute young girls (the daughters of deceased or disabled soldiers having a preference), and for the reception of homeless little children committed to it by the police courts. It is under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy. The number of inmates in October,

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1878, was 596. During the previous year nearly 1,000 destitute children were sent to the asylum by the magistrates, not for petty crimes but because they had no home. These committed children, including some transferred from Randall's Island, were paid for out of the excise fund, the amount for the year being $39,052 43; other allowances from the public treasury, $9,946 51. The State made three appropriations towards the cost of the building, viz.: $30,000 in 1867, $25,000 in 1868 on condition that an equal amount should be raised by private contributions, and $50,000 in 1869 with the same proviso. Gross receipts of public money from the beginning including these three donations, $161,502 81.

II. REFORMATORIES.

10. *The Catholic Protectory.*—This is the third of the "great charities," and the most extensive of any class, Catholic or non-Catholic, within the limits of this review. It was founded in 1863 for the purpose of reforming juvenile delinquents and educating vagrant children, the statutes conferring upon it the same powers and responsibilities that belong by law to the House of Refuge, Juvenile Asylum, and Female Guardian Society. We have already seen that Catholic charity has contributed over a million of dollars to the cost of this institution, and that the voluntary offerings of benevolent persons pay annually a large proportion of its running expenses. The following courteous letter was addressed to the rector of the Protectory by the superintendent of the Five Points House of Industry:

FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY,
May 28, 1878.

DEAR SIR: I desire again in this formal manner to tender my sincere thanks for your courtesy shown to Mr. Camp and myself on our visit to your institution yesterday. The visit, as we said, was one wholly for information which might be useful to us in our work. I was both surprised and delighted with what I saw, and you are certainly doing a most excellent work in an admirable manner. You have the right ideas in regard to fitting these children for usefulness, and are fortunate in being able to put them in such a practical shape. I think no candid person can take in such a knowledge of your general work as we did without commending it. I shall always be glad to say a word of commendation whenever an opportunity offers for the thoroughly good work you are doing for the poor Catholic children.

Sincerely yours,
WILLIAM F. BARNARD.

TO REV. BROTHER ADRIAN,
New York Protectory.

The number of inmates at the date of the last report was 2,034. The allowance from the public treasury for the support of the children is $110 each per annum, that to the House of Refuge being the same, while the Juvenile Asylum received last year $122 50. The Protectory obtained thus from the city in the year 1877–8, $227,853 93, and from the Commissioners of Charities and Correction $8,125 98, besides a special donation of $50,000 from the Legislature. Gross receipts of public money from the beginning, including donations to the building fund (there have been no grants of land), $2,030,454 47.

11. *The House of the Good Shepherd*, at the foot of Eighty-ninth Street, East River, was founded in 1857, by the religious order whose name it bears, for the relief and reformation of fallen women. In 1878 it had 464 inmates, including penitent women, and young girls and children entrusted to the institution as a measure of precau-

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tion, these classes being kept separate. Its annual expenditures are about $80,000. In 1877 it received from the city $8,946 47, and its gross receipts of public money from the commencement have been $406,552 60.

12. *The Association for Befriending Children and Young Girls* is a society of benevolent ladies who sustain the House of the Holy Family, in Second Avenue, for the shelter and reformation of unfortunate children who are either vicious or exposed to bad influences. It was founded in 1869; expends about $12,000 a year, mostly obtained by voluntary offerings; supports and educates about 100 girls; and received from the public treasury in 1877 $1,750. Gross receipts of public money from the beginning, $16,450.

III. ASYLUMS FOR ADULTS.

13. *The Institution of Mercy*, in Houston Street, under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy, was founded in 1846. It comprises a House of Protection for poor women out of employment, and an asylum and school for young girls, and the sisters are also extensively engaged in the visitation of the sick and the distribution of general out-door relief. It has about 250 inmates, and expends nearly $20,000 a year. In 1878 it received $1,000 of the public money, and its gross receipts from the city and State from the beginning (thirty-one years), for all branches of its work, have been $66,625 46.

14. *St. Joseph's Home for the Aged* is an asylum for poor women, conducted by the Sisters of Charity, in West Fifteenth Street. It was founded in 1868 and has 230 inmates, the destitute being received free. Its annual expenses are about $30,000. It received $6,930 from the excise funds in 1877, and its gross receipts of public money from the beginning have been $27,305.

15. *The Home for the Aged of the Little Sisters of the Poor*, in East Seventieth Street, is an asylum of a similar character, founded in 1870. It is entirely free, and receives only those who are over sixty years of age and quite destitute. It has 158 inmates, for whose support the sisters in person go begging from door to door; its annual expenditures are about $13,000 a year; it received $3,040 from the excise funds in 1877; and its gross receipts of public money from the beginning have been $14,671 02.

IV. HOSPITALS.

16. *St. Vincent's Hospital*, in Eleventh Street, was founded by the Sisters of Charity in 1849, and was the first institution of the kind in this city depending on voluntary contributions. The money for its first outlay was advanced by the late Vicar-General Starrs. In 1860 it raised a fund of $45,000 by means of a fair, and this enabled it to purchase land and put up a part of its present buildings. It receives persons of any creed, and allows ministers of all denominations free access to patients who wish to see them. Inmates who are not Catholics are not expected to attend the religious services. There were about eighty patients at the last report. Those who have means pay something for board and attendance; the indigent are received free. The annual expenditures are about $40,000. The hospital received $4,500 from the city in 1877. Gross receipts of public money from the beginning, $69,166 59.

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17. *St. Francis' Hospital,* in Fifth Street, is a free German institution under the care of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, who add to their duties in the hospital an extensive work of out-door relief. It was founded in 1865; had 173 patients at the last report; received $4,243 50 from the city in 1877, and has had of public money from the beginning $92,033 73.

18. *St. Elizabeth's Hospital,* in West Thirty-first Street, was founded in 1870 under the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis, has room for about fifty patients, spends $6,000 a year, and obtained $1,000 from the city in 1877. Gross receipts of public money from the beginning, $4,700.

V. SPECIAL INSTITUTIONS.

19. *St. Joseph's Institute for Deaf Mutes,* at Fordham, is an establishment under lay management, founded in 1869. It has received altogether $10,554 03 from the public funds.

VI. GENERAL RELIEF.

20. *The Society of St. Vincent de Paul,* an association of laymen organized in nearly all the parishes for the visitation and relief of the poor, distributes $50,000 or $60,000 a year. It has been in operation here since 1856, and has received $43,172 50 from the public funds.

These are the only gifts and allowances to Catholic charities of which we find record.

PROTESTANT AND JEWISH CHARITIES.

I. ASYLUMS FOR CHILDREN.

1. *The New York Orphan Asylum,* on Eleventh Avenue near Seventy-third Street, was founded in 1806. It has been liberally endowed by the benefactions of private individuals, and has prospered by the increase in the value of real estate. It is strictly Protestant, and orphans are only indentured to persons who are "regular attendants of a Protestant place of worship and recommended by their pastor." Its expenditures are about $40,000 a year. It has accommodation for 225 children. In 1877 it received $1,933 91 from the city. Gross receipts of public money since 1847, $52,204 51.

2. *The Leake and Watts Orphan House,* at Bloomingdale, was founded in 1831 under the will of Mr. John G. Leake, and derives an ample income from its endowment. It is free to destitute full orphans, of whom it has about 150. According to the language of the act of incorporation, the children are to be admitted without regard to "the country or religious persuasion of their deceased parents." They attend the Protestant Episcopal Church service, however; the religious instruction is of course Protestant; and the rector of Trinity Church has been president of the institution from its foundation. It received from the city in 1877 $1,442 24. Gross receipts of public money since 1847, $22,975 49.

3. *The Colored Orphan Asylum,* One Hundred and Forty-third Street, was founded in 1836. The city gave it in 1842 twenty lots of ground on Fifth Avenue, between Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets, and with the proceeds of the sale of this property, after the destruction of the asylum by a mob in 1863, the present site was purchased. Religious instruction is furnished by ministers of various Protestant denominations in turn. The number of children at the last report was 307. In 1877 the asy-

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lum received $11,287 82 from the city. Receipts of public money since 1847, $176,157 24, not including amounts paid by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction during the seven years ending with 1873. (See note on a preceding page.)

4. *The Hebrew Orphan Asylum*, founded in 1859, is one of several charities under the management of the Hebrew Benevolent Society. The land which it occupies on Seventy-seventh Street and Third Avenue was a gift from the corporation, and the city also contributed $30,000 to the building fund. Besides the main building, used for boys, it has an industrial school adjoining, and an asylum for girls in Eighty-sixth Street. The number of children in the three establishments in 1878 was 301. The charity is exclusively for Jews, and the inmates receive a strictly Jewish education. The funds of the society are derived in large part from the annual contributions of its two thousand patrons and members, but it also receives liberal aid from the city, the payments from this source in 1877 amounting to $21,729 66. The expenditures for the current year have been distributed by the managers of the association as follows: Orphan Asylum, $45,000; Industrial School, $3,000; charity and relief, $15,000. Gross receipts of public money (eighteen years), $155,147 37.

5. *The Protestant Half-Orphan Asylum*, in West Tenth Street, founded in 1835, is intended explicitly for the education of destitute children in Protestantism. It is not wholly free; board must be paid in advance at the rate of 75 cents a week. At the last report the asylum had 200 children. It received from the city in 1878 $2,157 86. Gross receipts of public money since 1847, $62,389 94.

6. *The Orphans' Home and Asylum of the Protestant Episcopal Church*, Forty-ninth Street and Lexington Avenue, founded in 1851, has 158 inmates. It obtained from the city in 1861 a twenty years' lease of the land it occupies, at the yearly rent of one dollar, and its gross receipts of public money from the beginning have been $28,047 61. In this total are included a payment of $1,000 in 1865 to the "Orphans' Home," and another of $1,395 79 to the "Orphans' Home and Asylum," by which titles we suppose this institution to be meant.

7. *The Union Home and School*, on the Boulevard near One Hundred and Fiftieth Street, was founded in 1861 for the education and support of the destitute children of soldiers and sailors from this city. It professes to permit "no sectarianism in the institution," but to allow the visits of clergymen of all denominations. The infants are probably encouraged to judge for themselves on disputed points of theology. It is unnecessary to say that the spirit of such an asylum must be radically anti-Catholic, and its influence highly favorable to indifferentism and infidelity. By act of the Legislature, passed in 1873, the managers are to receive $150 per annum for every child maintained in the Home, this being a much larger per-capita allowance than is made, so far as we know, to any other establishment. The institution is supported entirely from the public funds. At the last report it contained 187 children. It received from the city in 1877 $26,528 44. Gross receipts from the city and State since 1861,

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$252,371 54, not including amounts paid by Westchester, Kings, and other counties for children from those parts of the State.

8. *The Society for the Relief of Destitute Children of Seamen* is an adjunct of the Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island, but under independent management. It received $1,000 from the city in 1877. Gross receipts of public money since 1847, $36,655 76.

9. *The Children's Aid Society* is the most extensive of the Protestant organizations for the care of children, and also one of the most bitterly sectarian. It began operations in 1853, and now has twenty industrial schools, twelve night-schools, six lodging-houses, and a summer home on Long Island. The daily average attendance at the schools last year was 3,477. The most important part of the work of the society is collecting poor and vagrant children and sending them to "carefully-selected homes" in the West. Nearly 50,000 boys and girls have thus been disposed of. About 3,500 were shipped last year. THE CATHOLIC WORLD has heretofore shown how this society operates in destroying the faith of Catholic children who are taken into its schools, and removing the little Western emigrants from all Catholic influences. Force is used in this process of conversion; the last annual report speaks with approval of the effect of "the action of the truant agents, and the existence of the compulsory law (though mainly unexecuted) in forcing street children into our own night-schools, and into half-sessions of our day industrial schools." In the same report the secretary, Mr. Charles L. Brace, congratulates the friends of the society on the failure of the proposed amendments to the constitution which threatened the existence of the industrial schools, and he added the following sentence, which well illustrates the spirit of his enterprise: "It was seen that the previous amendments of the constitution sufficiently protected our public schools from *priestly or sectarian interference.*" Now, the amendments to which Mr. Brace refers were two. The first prohibits grants by the State, the second prohibits grants by counties, cities, towns, and villages, to any association, corporation, or private undertaking, except that provision may be made for juvenile delinquents, the blind, the deaf and dumb, and the poor. Under these amendments all allowances to Catholic free schools have been cut off, but the school money is paid freely to Mr. Brace's schools, on the plea that they are for the "support of the poor." And when he says that "priestly interference" with the schools has been prevented, he means that measures have been adopted to hinder Catholics from conducting schools of their own. What more open avowal could be made of the character of his "unsectarian" establishments? Notwithstanding the constitutional amendments, the Children's Aid Society received from the Board of Education in 1878 $34,599 28, and from the city $70,000. Gross receipts of public money from 1853 to 1877, $979,499 69.

10. *The American Female Guardian Society*, founded in 1835, is an institution somewhat similar in its character to the Children's Aid Society. It has a House of Industry and Home for the Friendless in East Thirtieth Street, where destitute women and children are received; it conducts twelve industrial schools; it finds Protestant homes

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for children on the plan of the Children's Aid Society; and it does various out-door missionary work. "Persons applying for children must be regular attendants at a Protestant place of worship and recommended by their pastor." In 1878 there were 118 children in the Home and 35 adults. The report for that year says that "1,945 children have been in regular attendance" in the twelve industrial schools, but the average or the number at any one time is not given. The number adopted out during the year was 151. In 1877 the society received $16,072 23 from the Board of Education and $25,000 from the State. Gross receipts of public money since 1847, $359,542 06.

11. *The Five Points House of Industry*, in Worth Street, founded in 1850, embraces a home and school for destitute children and an asylum for poor women. An important part of its work is religious, services being held twice a day in the institution. The managers make no secret of their efforts to convert Catholic children to Protestantism. A large proportion of the boys and girls are of Catholic parentage, but none are ever placed in Catholic homes. In 1878 the whole number of inmates was 286 and the average attendance at the school 354. The institution received from the city in 1877 $6,876 14. Gross receipts of public money from the beginning, $124,472 14.

12. *The Five Points Mission*, in Park Street, founded in 1850, is an enterprise of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is entirely under the influence and control of the Methodist denomination. It maintains missionaries at the Five Points, keeps up religious services, finds situations for adults and children, gives away food and clothing, and has a school with an average attendance of 430. In nearly all associations of this class the distribution of material relief is only auxiliary to the spiritual work. In 1877 the mission obtained $2,100 from the city. Gross receipts of public money from the beginning, $45,059 36. (See also Ladies' Home Missionary Society, No. 84.)

13. *The Howard Mission and Home for Little Wanderers*, in the New Bowery, was founded in 1861 professedly for the purpose of giving shelter and material aid and "imparting intellectual, moral, and religious instruction" to children and others. It also provides homes for children, and in no case places them with Catholic families. The perversion of Catholic children to Protestantism is one of its chief objects. It obtained $2,265 25 from the city in 1877, and its gross receipts of public money from the beginning have been $22,490 50.

14. *The Wilson Industrial School and Mission*, in St. Mark's Place, was organized in 1853, and comprises a school and night-refuge for poor girls, and a "mission church" with its pastor and Bible-reader, Sunday-school, prayer-meetings, etc., its operations being largely of a religious character. The average number of girls in the school last year was 184. Gross receipts of public money from the beginning, $4,839 11.

15. *The Shepherd's Fold*, in East Sixteenth Street, and (16) *The Children's Fold*, Boulevard and Ninety-fourth Street, are Protestant Episcopal institutions which have had a curious history. In 1869 the superintendent of the Shepherd's Fold was the Rev. Edward Cowley. The trustees having dispensed with his

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services, he organized, with the aid of seceders from the original institution, an opposition house, which he called the Children's Fold, both asylums having the same object—namely, the care and education of destitute and orphan children. In 1874 a mortgage on the real estate of the Shepherd's Fold was foreclosed, the children were transferred to other institutions, and the charity was abandoned. In 1877 the trustees of the Children's Fold in their turn resolved to get rid of Mr. Cowley. He was accused of cruelty and mismanagement. The State Board of Charities took the matter up; there was an investigation and a public scandal; both parties went to law to secure possession of the asylum, and meanwhile the managers of the Sheltering Arms were requested to take care of the children. By a law of 1874 the city was required to pay $2 a week for every child maintained by the Children's Fold. But by a law of 1871 the Shepherd's Fold was entitled to draw from the public treasury $5,000 a year, *even if it supported no children at all.* Mr. Cowley and his friends, ejected from the Children's Fold, now revived this profitable institution (March, 1877), and suits and counter suits followed to test the legality of their action. At their annual meeting held last March Mr. Cowley stated that they had received fifty children in two years, and expended $7,000, and he claims $5,000 from the city on account of the operations of 1878. This amount has not so far been paid; but while the two Folds were at open warfare they both drew from the public treasury at the same time. The original Shepherd's Fold from 1869 to 1873 obtained $21,280, and the Children's Fold from 1869 to 1877 received $34,175 06.

17. *The Sheltering Arms*, One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street and Tenth Avenue, is a Protestant Episcopal institution, founded in 1864 for the relief and education of poor children, not orphans, who are not provided for by other institutions. It is conducted by the Protestant sisterhood of St. Mary. It has about 135 children, and received from the city in 1877 $2,520. Gross receipts of public money from the beginning, $21,972 95.

18. *St. Barnabas House*, in Mulberry Street, is a Protestant Episcopal institution, founded in 1865, and comprising a temporary home for women and children, a permanent home for sixteen poor children, and a day nursery. It is under the management of a Protestant sisterhood. All the inmates are obliged to attend the Protestant Episcopal service every day. Gross receipts of public money from the beginning, $9,355 21.

19. *The Nursery and Child's Hospital*, Lexington Avenue and Fifty-first Street, founded in 1854, is the largest of the Protestant charities for children, next to the Children's Aid Society. It embraces a Lying-in Asylum and a home for children; payment being expected for both classes of inmates, unless they are quite destitute. At the last report there were 586 children and 262 women in the institution, including the country branch on Staten Island. During the year ending March 1, 1878, the institution received $108,007 10. Gross receipts of public money from the beginning, $668,334 10. The land which the nursery occupies was a grant from the city.

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20. *The New York Infant Asylum*, Sixty-first Street and Tenth Avenue, founded in 1865, is an institution somewhat like the preceding. It comprises a home for foundlings and other destitute children, and a lying-in hospital. A law of 1865 requires the city to pay for every child maintained by the asylum a sum not greater than the average cost of each child in the municipal asylums. This is the same provision afterwards extended to the Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity. The number of children and women is about 400. Receipts from the city in 1877, $44,165 43. Gross receipts of public money from the beginning, $160,208 86, nearly all of which was paid during the past five years.

21. *The Juvenile Guardian Society*, in St. Mark's Place, a sort of mission and industrial school, was the subject of an investigation undertaken by the State Board of Charities in 1877, resulting in a most damaging report and an application to the courts for a forfeiture of its charter, on account of misuse of funds and general worthlessness. From 1866 to 1873 it received $59,435 18 of the public money.

22. *The Bowery Juvenile Guardian Society* is debited with one grant of $264 89.

23. *The Wayside Industrial Home*, incorporated in 1869 "for the care, support, and proper training and education of destitute children," received $13,998 of the public money during the four years ending with 1872.

24. *The Children's Educational Relief Association*, in East Broadway, was organized "to co-operate with the Board of Public Instruction in advancing the cause of education on a broad and unsectarian basis," and its particular business is to aid truant officers and others in getting poor children into the irreligious common schools. It received $1,164 from the city in 1876.

25. *The Ladies' Educational Union*, which appears to be no longer in existence, had received of the public money, from 1865 to 1871, $41,873 98.

26. *The Industrial School of the Protestant Reformed Dutch Church* received $5,000 from the city in 1868.

27. *The Fourth Ward Society for the Relief of Poor Children* is debited with a gift of $980.

II. REFORMATORIES.

28. *The House of Refuge*, under the management of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents, is the chief Protestant reformatory, corresponding to the Catholic Protectory and the Western House of Refuge at Rochester. Juvenile delinquents under sixteen years of age are received on commitment by a magistrate. There has been an understanding, and for a short time there was a law, that the children of Catholic parents should be sent to the Protectory, but this is not faithfully observed; for example, out of 625 committed to the House of Refuge in 1878 no fewer than 317 were of Irish parentage, and it is probable that half the inmates of the asylum are of Catholic birth. The religious instruction and worship, however, are exclusively Protestant. Priests are not allowed to visit the Catholic children, unless they are specially asked for in case of sickness. A formal application, made by the Catholic Union in 1875, for the admission of a priest to act as chaplain to the Catholic children and to say Mass for them, etc., was

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refused. A majority of the inmates are not criminals, but idle and neglected children. Of the commitments in 1878, only 49 per cent. were for crimes of all sorts, great and small, and the rest were for vagrancy, truancy, and disorderly conduct. The number of children in the institution January 1, 1879, was 903. The House of Refuge was built almost wholly at the public expense, and *all* its expenses are paid from the public treasury. It received from the city the land which it now occupies on Randall's Island, and lands which it formerly occupied on Madison Square and on Twenty-third Street. Its revenues, apart from proceeds of the labor of the inmates, are derived from the State comptroller, the Board of Education, and the license tax on theatres, and amount in the aggregate to $110 per annum for each child, or the same sum allowed to the Catholic Protectory. It receives nothing from private charity. It obtained last year $68,500 from the State, $11,843 48 from the Board of Education, and $22,457 56 from theatre licenses; total, $102,801 04. Gross receipts of public money since 1847, $1,552,196 58.

29. *The Juvenile Asylum*, founded in 1853, takes charge of children committed by police magistrates for vagrancy and petty offences, and children of bad habits placed in the asylum by their parents or friends. Those who have no homes it sends to the West. It is of course strictly Protestant, although a large proportion of its wards are of Catholic parentage. The institution comprises the asylum proper near High Bridge, a House of Reception in Thirteenth Street, and a Western Agency at Bloomington, Illinois. In January, 1879, there were 781 children in the Asylum and House of Reception, and during the previous year 141 had been sent to Illinois. The receipts from the city and Board of Education in 1878 were $95,146 92; daily average number of inmates, 775; per-capita allowance, $122 50. Gross receipts of public money from the beginning to 1877 (twenty-five years), $1,442,292 87.

30. *The (Protestant) House of Mercy*, at Bloomingdale, founded in 1854, is a Protestant Episcopal reformatory for fallen women and wayward girls. It is under the management of the Protestant sisterhood of St. Mary, and its religious instruction and services are those of the denomination under whose auspices it is conducted. In 1877 it had 70 inmates. The city and State have made several liberal grants in its aid—$15,000 in 1863, $25,000 in 1867, $10,000 in 1872. It received $2,253 93 from the city in 1877. Gross receipts of public money (twenty-four years), $91,893 10.

31. *The New York Magdalen Benevolent Society*, founded in 1851, has an asylum for fallen women in Eighty-eighth Street, and does some out-door missionary work, employing "a competent and respectable agent, who shall be an authorized minister of some Evangelical church." The number of inmates of the asylum in May, 1878, was 57. Allowances from the city during the previous year, $2,620. Gross receipts of public money (twenty-seven years), $42,406 17.

32. *The Home for Fallen and Friendless Girls*, in Fourth Street, had 26 inmates in 1877, and received that year $2,977 49 from the city. Gross receipts from the city and State between 1870 and 1877, $15,446 83.

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33. *The Midnight Mission*, in Greene Street, a Protestant Episcopal charity, offers a temporary shelter to fallen women, and sends them to homes, friends, or public institutions. It received from the city in 1874, 1876, and 1877 a total of $2,404 60.

34. *The Women's Prison Association* conducts the "Isaac T. Hopper Home," in Second Avenue, for the help and reformation of discharged female prisoners. Gross receipts of public money (1859 to 1877), $11,121.

35. *The Home for Discharged Prisoners* (possibly the same as the institution mentioned above) received from the city $500 in 1847 and $1,000 in 1854.

36. *The Gilbert Library and Aid Fund* for prisoners received $1,000 from the city in 1877.

37. *The National Temperance Society* obtained $2,000 from the State in 1871 for the establishment of an Industrial Temperance Home in this city.

38. *The Inebriate Reform Society* received allowances from the city in 1860–1–2; total, $1,250.

III. ASYLUMS FOR ADULTS.

39. *The Colored Home*, in East Sixty-fifth Street, founded in 1839, embraces an almshouse and a hospital. In the former department it had last year 59 inmates and in the latter 127. The prevailing religious influence is that of the Methodist denomination. The city makes it an allowance of $91 25 per annum for each person supported, and the society has little other income. It received from the city in 1877 $21,729 66. The gross receipts of public money since 1847, not including seven years' per-capita payments by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction (see note on a preceding page), have been $121,342 20.

40. *The Ladies' Union Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church* has a home in Forty-second Street for aged and infirm members of that denomination. Applicants for admission must have been members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in good standing for ten years, and nominated by the congregation to which they belong. The annual report for 1878 does not mention the number of inmates; but the *Hand-Book* of the Board of United Charities for 1877 gives the average number as 95. The society received $2,375 from the city in 1877. Gross receipts of public money since its foundation in 1850, $38,032 28.

41. *The Chapin Home*, in East Sixty-sixth Street, is an asylum founded in 1869 for aged and infirm Universalists, only members of the Universalist Church being eligible as trustees. An admission fee of $300 is required. Number of inmates in 1878, 44. The city gave a perpetual lease of the ground which the institution occupies (fourteen lots), and both city and State have made liberal donations in money. Gross receipts from the public funds (nine years), $38,036 16.

42. *St. Luke's Home for Indigent Christian Females*, Madison Avenue and Eighty-ninth Street, founded in 1852, is a Protestant Episcopal institution, and is only open to communicants of that denomination. An entrance fee of $200 is required. Number of inmates in 1877, 62. Allowance from the city that year, $1,260. Gross receipts of public money since the foundation, $21,820.

43. *The Home for Old Men and*

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Aged Couples, in Hudson Street, is a Protestant Episcopal institution founded in 1872, and only open to members of the Episcopal Church. An admission fee of $250 is required. The average number of inmates is about 20. Gross receipts of public money, $2,040.

44. *The Samaritan Home for the Aged*, in West Twenty-second Street, was founded in 1866 as an asylum for indigent women. One of its circulars announces that it is to be "absolutely free from all sectarian bias, and open in its direction and its objects to persons of all *Protestant* denominations," and that its Board of Managers "shall represent indiscriminately our common *Protestant* Christianity in all its forms." An admission fee of $250 is required. Number of inmates, about 40. Gross receipts of public money, $7,350.

45. *The Association for the Relief of Respectable Aged Indigent Females*, founded in 1814, has a home in East Twentieth Street. Admission fee, $80. The managers are required by the rules to see that "the asylum is duly supplied with the preaching of the Gospel, and any minister properly authorized as a preacher of the Gospel by any Evangelical denomination of Christians shall be cordially received. . . . No inmate in the asylum to be permitted to introduce any preacher of the Gospel, or to invite their friends to give religious instruction, without the consent of the church committee." Gross receipts of public money since 1847, $10,647 36.

46. *The Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews*, Eighty-seventh Street and Avenue A, founded in 1848, has about seventy inmates. Gross receipts of public money, $4,403.

47. *The Night-Refuge Association*, Avenue D and Tenth Street, opened in 1877 a temporary shelter where it can furnish lodging to 400 men and 100 women. It received $10,000 from the city in 1876 and $5,000 in 1877.

48. *The Ladies' Christian Union* maintains a Young Women's Home in Washington Square, where working-girls and others can obtain cheap board and improving society. Religious influences are set forth among the chief advantages of the institution; there are morning and evening devotions, Bible-classes, etc. The society received $3,000 from the city in 1870 and $3,000 in 1871.

49. *The Young Woman's Aid Association*, in Bond Street, a boarding-house for the same class of persons, obtained $1,895 from the city in 1876–7.

50. *The Female Christian Home*, in East Fifteenth Street, is an establishment where from thirty to forty working-women obtain board at rather low rates. It received $1,700 from the city during the years 1876–7.

51. *The Peabody Home* for aged and indigent women, Thirty-third Street and Lexington Avenue, with accommodations for fifteen persons, received $375 from the city in 1876 and the same amount in 1877.

52. *The Mariners' Family Asylum and Industrial Society*, on Staten Island, is an institution founded for the support, shelter, and religious (Protestant) instruction of the female relatives of seamen, missionary work entering largely into its plan of operations. It obtained $16,000 from the Legislature at the start (1848–9), and its gross receipts of public money have been $27,966 13.

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IV. HOSPITALS.

The religious influence at the non-Catholic hospitals varies according to the rules of each institution. In some the visits of priests and sisters, if not forbidden, are obstructed and discountenanced. In others the management is indifferent to all religion.

53. *The New York Hospital*, in Fifteenth Street, with a limited number of charity patients, and the *Insane Asylum* at Bloomingdale, at which the amount received for board of inmates nearly, or perhaps quite, meets the current expenditures, are under the management of the same corporation. The hospital cases are chiefly surgical. The society has received from the city and State since 1847, $331,750.

54. *The Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled*, founded in 1863, has an institution on Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue, where a small number of patients are treated, but its principal work is among the out-door poor. It received $27,607 10 from the city in 1877. Gross receipts of public money (eighteen years), $199,087 06.

55. *The Woman's Hospital*, in Forty-ninth Street, was founded in 1858 for the treatment of diseases peculiar to women. In November, 1878, it had 98 patients. There are 24 free beds. Protestant service is held in the hospital every Sunday, and religious visits are paid by a regular missionary, and by three clergymen in turn, one Methodist, one Presbyterian, and one Episcopalian. Patients, however, are allowed to see any clergyman they desire "in extreme cases." The city gave the land for the institution (a whole block between Fourth and Lexington Avenues), and the city and State have paid to the hospital (twenty years) $147,325 04.

56. *The Lying-in Asylum* for destitute married women, in Marion Street, founded in 1823, has accommodations for twenty patients, but the ladies connected with it extend their aid to the out-door poor also. It has received of the public money since 1847 $23,437 49.

57. *The New York Infirmary for Women and Children*, in Livingston Place, founded in 1853, has accommodations for thirty-four inmates, and attends also to dispensary and out-door patients. Gross receipts of public money from the beginning, $54,526 27.

58. *The Women's Infirmary*, formerly at Washington Heights, a small homœopathic institution, received $3,500 from the State in 1866, and $5,500 from the city in 1865–6; total, $9,000.

59. *The Medical College and Hospital for Women*, Thirty-seventh Street and Lexington Avenue, has received $61,894 47.

60. *The Hahnemann Hospital*, Sixty-seventh Street and Fourth Avenue, obtained from the city a perpetual lease of the ten lots of land it occupies, and has received of the public money since its foundation in 1871 $39,000.

61. *The Bond Street Homœopathic Hospital* received $9,615 30.

62. *The Homœopathic Surgical Hospital* received $1,500.

63. *St. Luke's Hospital*, Fifty-fourth Street, is a Protestant Episcopal institution, served by the Sisters of St. Mary. Patients are received without regard to religious belief, but St. Luke's Hospital, like most of the other charities of the Episcopal Church, honestly avows the denominational character of its management—an example of frank-

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ness and common sense which many professedly "unsectarian" establishments might profitably imitate. The last annual report says: "*Corpus sanare, animam salvare*—'to cure the body, to save the soul'—crystallizes in words the founder's thought. The very building embodies his idea. Its chapel stands, not in a remote corner, but as the centre from which the wards radiate." The superintendent is always a clergyman of the Episcopal Church. The average number of patients in 1878 was 139. We have already told the circumstances under which the hospital obtained its land. It received $7,602 from the city in 1877, and its gross receipts of public money from the beginning have been $30,020 73.

64. *The Mount Sinai Hospital*, a Jewish institution, on Lexington Avenue and Sixty-sixth Street, founded in 1852, received a perpetual lease of its land from the city at a nominal rent. The number of patients in November (1877) was 109. The institution received $4,248 from the city in 1877. Gross receipts of public money from the beginning, $46,229 60.

65. *The German Hospital*, founded in 1861, obtained from the city a fifty years' lease, at a dollar a year, of the greater part of the block which it occupies on Lexington and Fourth Avenues, Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh Streets. It has accommodation for about fifty free patients, and maintains also a dispensary in St. Mark's Place. It obtained $2,567 85 from the city in 1877. Gross receipts of public money from the beginning, not including allowances to the dispensary before the two institutions were consolidated, $16,890 37.

66. *St. Mary's Hospital for Children*, a Protestant Episcopal charity in West Thirty-fourth Street, under the Sisters of St. Mary, founded in 1870, and having twenty-six inmates in November, 1878, received $1,500 from the city in 1866–7.

67. *The Home for Incurables*, Fordham, founded in 1866, is a Protestant Episcopal charity, in which, as usual with this denomination, the ministrations of the Episcopal Church have an important part. One-third of the beds are free. Number of inmates in 1877, 58. Gross receipts of public money, $5,446 45.

68. *The House of Rest for Consumptives*, at Tremont, founded in 1869, is likewise a Protestant Episcopal institution. Number of inmates in 1877, 20. Gross receipts of public money, $5,317 56.

Donations and allowances have been made to a number of hospitals for the treatment of particucal forms of disease. We presume that most of them exert no religious influence; but we give their titles and the gross amount of public money they have received up to and including 1877:

69. *Ophthalmic Hospital*, $83,942 06.
70. *Eye and Ear Infirmary*, $47,575 15.
71. *Ophthalmic and Aural Institute*, $16,315 01.
72. *Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital*, $2,560.
73. *New York State Hospital for Diseases of the Nervous System*, $8,000.
74. *Orthopædic Hospital*, $5,000.
75. *Cancer Hospital*, $1,287 24.
76. *Infirmary of the New York College of Dentistry*, $3,500.
77. *Metropolitan Throat Hospital*, $1,736 60.
78. *West Side Throat Infirmary*, $1,103 80.

V. SPECIAL INSTITUTIONS.

In the education of the deaf and dumb and the blind it is of course

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necessary that religion should have as prominent a part as in the training of children who are in possession of all their faculties. Religion is an essential element, also, in the teaching of the insane and idiotic, a large proportion of those afflicted with mental disorders being quite capable of receiving instruction in spiritual things. For all these classes of unfortunate persons there is only one small Catholic institution. (See No. 19.)

79. *The Institution for the Deaf and Dumb*, Washington Heights, receives free pupils from all parts of the State, and takes pay-pupils at the charge of $300 a year. It is entitled to draw from the public treasury $300 a year for each child committed to it by the State or county authorities. The city granted the land which it formerly occupied on Fiftieth Street and Fifth Avenue. The course of study, according to the last annual report (1878), does "not omit that religious instruction which, while entirely unsectarian in its character, is yet necessary to fit our pupils to embrace intelligently the various forms of faith which, however they may differ in details, unite in enjoining love and obedience to a common Father, and in most instances in fostering reliance upon a common Saviour." In November, 1878, the number of pupils was 485; only five were supported at the cost of their friends. The institution received during the previous year $90,035 01 from the State comptroller, $20,384 70 from the city of New York, $21,216 98 from the other counties of this State, and $18,343 67 from the State of New Jersey; total, $149,980 36. Gross receipts from the city and State of New York (not including the counties) from 1847 to 1877, $2,210,054 96.

80. *The Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes*, founded in 1867, obtained from the city a grant of twelve lots of ground on Lexington Avenue, Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth Streets. It takes State and county pupils on the same terms as the preceding asylum. It has about 100 inmates. Gross receipts of money from the State and city, $139,180 71.

81. *The Church Mission to Deaf Mutes* has a Home for Aged and Infirm persons of that class in East Thirteenth Street, with eight inmates. It is a Protestant Episcopal institution, of which Bishop Potter is president. Gross receipts of public money (1860–77), $3,340 28.

82. *The New York Institution for the Blind*, in Ninth Avenue, receives both State and private pupils, and at the date of the last report (1878) the number of inmates was 200. No information is given about the character of the religious instruction. During the previous year the institution received $52,643 49 from the State of New York, $7,283 82 from the State of New Jersey, $5,078 25 from the city of New York, and $1,921 50 from Kings and Queens counties; total, $66,927 06. Gross receipts from the city and State of New York (1847–77), $1,052,798 06. Donations to the amount of $8,250 have also been made by the city to graduates of this institution.

The insane and idiotic poor supported by the city are sent either to the municipal institutions on Randall's, Ward's, and Blackwell's Islands, or the State institutions at Syracuse and Utica. Large sums have been appropriated to these asylums, but they do not come within the scope of this article.

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VI. GENERAL RELIEF.

83. *The Ladies' Union Relief Association*, founded in 1848, has of late years paid particular attention to the visitation of soldiers' families. Gross receipts of public money, $80,807 06.

84. *The Ladies' Home Missionary Society* of the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized "to support one or more missionaries for this city, who shall be appointed in accordance with the requirements of the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church." After paying the allowance of the missionaries "the surplus funds are reserved for objects of benevolence," etc. The society supports the Five Points Mission-house, for children and others. Besides the allowances of $45,059 36 made to the Mission-house specifically, the society has received $42,856 14; total, $87,915 50. (See Five Points Mission, No. 12.)

85. *The New York Prison Association* extends its operations over the whole State. It occupies itself with the reform of prison discipline and the support and encouragement of reformed convicts after their discharge. It has received from the city since 1847, besides the allowances from the State, $36,581 37.

86. *The United Hebrew Charities* comprise a partnership of most of the principal Jewish benevolent associations for co-operation in the relief of the poor of their own creed. They have received $24,421.

87. *The Hebrew Benevolent Fuel Association* received $1,000 from the city in 1877.

88. *The Down-town Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society* received $1,000 90 from the city in 1877.

89. *The Young Men's Christian Association* received $5,000 from the city in 1867.

90, 91, 92, 93. *Relief for the Blind.* The Blind Mechanics' Association has received from the city and State $55,000; the Society for the Relief of the Indigent and Crippled Blind, $19,600; the Society for the Relief of the Destitute Blind, $5,475 37; and the city has made donations to the blind amounting to $32,581 98. Total, $112,657 35.

94. *The Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor*, which aims at the moral instruction of the needy as well as their material welfare, has received $19,300. This organization founded the Children's Aid Society and the Juvenile Asylum, which are described elsewhere.

95. *St. John's Guild*, an association begun in 1866 under Protestant Episcopal auspices for the general relief of the poor, received $1,000 from the city in 1874, $21,367 in 1876, and $15,000 in 1877; total, $37,367. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which is engaged in a similar work, and, according to the last report (1877), distributed nearly twice as much money to the poor as St. John's Guild did, received $1,000 in 1874, and has had nothing since then.

96. *The Female Assistance Society*, an association for the relief of the sick poor, which meets in the lecture-room of the Reformed Church on Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, has received $34,625.

97. *The American Seamen's Friend Society*, instituted "for the spiritual and temporal welfare of seamen," has received $6,007 21.

98. *The New York Seamen's Society* received $30,000 from the State in 1870, and $10,000 in 1872.

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99. *The New York City Mission*, in the Bible House, supports Protestant missionaries among the poor of the city, and distributes money, food, and clothing incidentally to its religious work. It received $10,000 from the city in 1876.

100. *The German Mission* received $5,000 from the city in 1870 and $5,000 in 1871. There is a German Mission House in Pearl Street, and there is also a German Mission connected with the Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society.

101. *The Dorcas Society*, a Protestant Episcopal association for the relief of the poor, has received $5,500.

102. *The Protestant Episcopal Sisterhood of St. Mary* received $8,500 from the city between 1869 and 1874.

103. *The German Ladies' Aid Society* devotes itself to the relief of widows, orphans, and destitute sick women of the German nationality. It received $5,000 from the State in 1871, and $8,334 from the city in 1876–7; total, $13,334.

104. *The Ladies' Society for the Support of Widows and Orphans* (?) received $500 from the city in 1874 and $3,272 90 in 1876; total, $3,772 90.

In the list of societies which follow there are several which apparently are concerned only in the relief of material wants, and there are several concerning which we have little information. The figures represent the gross receipts of public money up to the close of 1877:

105. *Working-women's Protective Union*, $300.

106. *Ladies' Protective Union*, $200.

107. *Women's Educational and Industrial Society*, $300.

108. *Ladies' Depository*, $3,000.

109. *Ladies' Mission Society* (?), $1,000.

110. *Society for the Relief of Poor Widows and Children* (?), $500.

111. *New York Volunteer Association*, $500.

112. *Free Training-School*, $500.

113. *Woman's Aid Society for Training Young Girls*, $5,250.

114. *Diet Kitchen*, for supplying food to the sick poor at their own homes, $7,011 60.

115. *Colored Mission*, "for the religious, moral, and social elevation of the colored people," $1,132.

116. *Seventy-ninth Street Mission*, $600.

117. *The Harlem Missionary Association*, $650.

118. *Guild of St. Ignatius* (Protestant Episcopal), $400.

119. *Ladies' Association of St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church*, $400.

120. *Seventeenth Ward Ragged Mission*, $750.

121. *West Side Relief Association*, $5,550.

122. *Twelfth Ward West Side Relief Association*, $1,000.

123. *Twenty-fourth Ward West Side Relief Association*, $500.

124. *Rose Hill Ladies' Relief Association*, $3,000.

125. *West Farms Ladies' Employment and Benevolent Association*, $270.

126. *The Bread-and-Beef House*, $2,538.

127. *Free Dormitory for Women*, $1,300.

To this list may be added donations to a number of charitable funds, like that for the widows and orphans of firemen, and also the following gifts to National Benevolent Associations, viz.: German Society, $14,787; French Benevolent Society, $1,988; Swiss Benevolent Association, $900; Irish Aid Society, $300.

And now for the lesson of this survey. It will be evident from the statistics and explanations given in the preceding pages—

1. That the twenty Catholic institutions aided by the city and State are devoted, without a single exception, to the relief of destitute persons who would be a burden

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upon the taxpayers or a danger to the community if private charity did not take care of them.

2. That these Catholic institutions are vastly more extensive in their operations than any other establishments of the kind in the metropolis.

3. That the allowances to these charities from the public treasury have not been proportionate to the allowances to Protestant institutions for an equivalent service.

4. That all the large grants to Catholic charities—the orphan asylums, Protectory, Foundling Asylum, etc. —are made under a general system of law in the benefit of which Catholic, Protestant, and Hebrew now share on exactly the same terms. Formerly there were discriminations against the Catholics.

5. That Catholic individual charity has borne by far the greater part of the burden of supporting these homes and asylums, so that the policy of the State in aiding and stimulating private benefactions has resulted in the saving of millions of dollars to the taxpayers.

6. That the Catholic charities which ask help from the public treasury are occupied wholly in the care of the Catholic poor, and not at all in converting Protestants.

On the other hand, it is evident—

7. That the majority of the one hundred and twenty-seven Protestant and other charities have received payments from the public treasury far in excess of their proper share.

8. That large sums have been granted to Protestant institutions which have no claim at all upon the taxpayers.

9. That some of the Protestant charities under private management derive their entire revenue from the public treasury, whereas no Catholic institution has been thus favored.

10. That all the institutions in which religious or moral influences can be exercised at all are "sectarian" in the true sense of that word, many of them excluding Catholicism by their rules, and nearly all of them working against it in practice.

11. That all denominations which maintain asylums, etc., for those of their own church are freely aided by the State and city, Methodists, Episcopalians, etc., etc., getting at least as much consideration as Catholics.

12. Finally, that a large number of the Protestant institutions are actively and primarily engaged in making war upon the Catholic Church, using charity as an auxiliary to the work of proselytism, and especially stealing thousands of our Catholic children every year, so that the public money is used in their case to build up one creed at the expense of another. This is a charge which can be brought against no Catholic society.

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HOLY WEEK IN ROME.

CHURCH OF TRINITÀ DEI MONTI.

I.

HOLD thy deep breath, grand organ, here,
While the roof darkens like a sky
Black with the brooding thunder! Near
The altar let the glimmer die
Of wavering candles, one by one;
And leave one faithful lamp alone,
Half hidden in the gloom profound—
A lamp of love unweary!

II.

Bid time and space be cancelled here!
From Judah's ancient place of tombs
The voice of her sublimest seer
In hoary lamentation comes:
In prophet-woes of Jeremiah,
The after-wail for a Messiah
The agony intoning clear—
And all the world is dreary.

III.

Christ's Passion—Nature's horror—see!
Yet faint not thou, O cordial spark!
Which on deserted Calvary
Shows loving women, drenched in dark
And drowned in tears. How black the sky!
And how that long, lone anguish-cry
Blinds like the lightning! Thrillingly
Begins the *Miserere.*

IV.

Dies the lament into a moan,
Half soars the chant, then quavèrs low;
Subdued to mournful monotone,
Now music's mellowest surges flow,
Where woman's facile sympathy
Flows mingling. So the Marys by
The cross wept and sepulchral stone—
O plaintive *Miserere!*

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V.

Precious your grief, sweet chorister,
Anointing thus the feet of Christ!
Weep amber, like the bird; weep myrrh,
Like dropping trees imparadised
In Eastern air; weep frankincense—
Thou couldst no balmier redolence
Than those true tears to Heaven prefer!
Weep, moaning, *Miserere!*

VI.

Moan no more *Miserere* lorn,
Though the Lord Jesus lieth cold,
For he is man of woman born,
And at his tomb the stone is rolled.
Moan no more: he is God: the light
Is dawning on the second night,
Inaugural with the Easter morn—
Moan no more, *Miserere!*

VII.

Red lights on Roman armor play,
Where, drenched in sleep, grim soldiers lie,
Torch-fires affronting, as they sway,
The one Star in the morning sky.
Come women thither in the dawn,
And, lo! an angel throned thereon,
The tomb's great stone is rolled away!
Moan no more, *Miserere!*

VIII.

Whom here ye seek with weep and wail,
Lo! rent His shroud and void the prison.
Unquenched from death, doth Love prevail
Divinely, like yon Star arisen
All-beautiful, and meek as brave.
Last at the cross, first at the grave,
The Saviour greets you with All Hail!
Thrice Ave, Ave Mary!

IX.

'Tis Easter—Sabbath—morning—spring,
And man's great hope is born in balm.
Hosanna in the Highest! sing;
Sing, Hallelujah to the Lamb!
Falls on the shrine a beam divine
From that far morn in Palestine,
And whispers, 'mid all pomps of psalm,
The Lord's own Ave Mary.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LECTURES ON THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF RELIGION AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE RELIGIONS OF INDIA. Delivered in the chapel house, Westminster Abbey, in April, May, and June, 1878. By F. Max Müller, M.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

From the store-house of his branch of erudition Max Müller has enriched the public with a new volume under the above title. The investigations of scholars in the Sanskrit, and their explanations of the religion contained in the books written in this language, are read with increasing interest by a large class of readers. This last volume from the pen of Max Müller is broader in its scope and of more general interest than his *Chips*, and is valuable as a contribution towards what is much written about in our day, and is called "the science of religion."

Every scientific student in this department of knowledge starts with a more or less explicit theory of religion, and if he could but keep his private opinions and speculations out of his scientific studies, science would be the gainer, and his readers also. Our author keeps his theory considerably in the background, and allows it only here and there to be perceptible; still it pervades all his writings to such an extent that it seriously vitiates their scientific value. We are glad to note in these lectures a considerable improvement over some of the professor's former volumes. There is less of narrowness of view and bitterness of expression when matters are touched upon in connection with the historical Church of Christianity. Were Max Müller to show as much fairness and appreciation of the Catholic Church and Catholics as he does of the Brahmanistic religion and the Brahmans, there would be on this point little ground for criticism or just complaint. Perhaps he would, if he were as well acquainted with the former as he is with the latter.

The theory with which Max Müller starts is, that religion springs from the apprehension of the infinite in the visible creation. From a careful analysis of the development of this apprehension of the infinite as the origin of religion, he traces its historical development among the early Aryan settlers of India whose religion is contained in the Vedic literature, which antedates the advent of Christianity over one thousand years.

The author at the outset discards the idea of a primitive revelation, and confines himself to the task of the natural genesis of religion from the psychological formula as above stated. In this consists the value of these lectures. As to the question of a primitive revelation, or as to Christianity as a supernaturally revealed religion, he is silent. But this silence is significant, for where he speaks of Christianity he evidently holds it, as all other religions, of a purely natural growth. Between Christianity and other religions it is not a question with the author of these lectures of difference in kind, but only one of degree. "It was exactly," he says, "because the doctrine of Christ, more than that of the founders of any other religion, offered in the beginning an expression of the highest truths in which Jewish carpenters, Roman publicans, and Greek philosophers could join without dishonesty, that it has conquered the best part of the world" (pp. 358–9)

This volume of lectures has a special interest and great value as a refutation of agnosticism, a species of intellectual know-nothingism, and Chauvinism, a cognate system, by showing the value of human nature as to the origin and development of natural religion. But it contains a deadly poison also, for its author professes "to say all he has to say without fear, without favor," while his whole argument conceals a premise which nowhere is expressed in his volume, and this premise is one which leads to pure and simple rationalism. That latent premise expressed is as follows: the natural relations existing between the infinite and the finite are all-sufficient for man to attain the end for which he exists. If this be so, the rationalistic conclusion must follow that the Incarnation with all the doctrines which flow from it are fictions, the Christian faith a superstition, and the worship of Christ a form of idolatry.

M. Le Page Renouf will follow Profes-

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sor Max Müller in this course of lectures on "the various historical religions of the world," and his subject will be "The Religions of Egypt." The reputation of M. Renouf as an Egyptologist leads us to anticipate a volume of great interest.

MONTH OF MAY; or, A Series of Meditations on the Mysteries of the Life of the Blessed Virgin, and the Principal Truths of Salvation, for each day of the Month of Mary. From the French of Father Debussi, S.J. Translated by Miss Ella McMahon, and revised by a member of the Society of Jesus. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1879.

The plan of this little book is arranged so as to give for each day of the month a short spiritual reading on some point connected with the privileges and offices of the Blessed Virgin, followed by a meditation on one of a series of topics belonging to the order followed in a spiritual retreat, concluding with an interesting and appropriate example of the narrative kind. It is thus made very practical, and also presents an agreeable variety. There is a great deal of solid instruction in the readings, giving wholesome and pleasant nutriment to the mind, soundly theological and prepared with care and thought, yet in a simple and easy style. We recommend the little book as a most suitable companion for any devout client of Our Blessed Lady who wishes to devote a short time every day during her month to profitable spiritual exercises.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE AND VIRTUES CONSIDERED IN THE RELIGIOUS STATE. By Mgr. Charles Gay, Coadjutor to the Bishop of Poictiers. Translated from the sixth French edition by the Right Rev. Abbot Burder. Vols. I. II. London: Burns & Oates. 1878.

The title of this work points out its subject. It treats of the Christian life and virtues. The Christian life is that excellent life which, having God for its model and principle, becomes in Jesus Christ and by Jesus Christ the rule of human life. The virtues cannot be separated from this life; they are its natural outcome and the indispensable mark of its existence. The Christian life and virtues are, briefly, what the Gospel calls "*the one thing necessary.*" There is no subject more worthy than this of the attention of mankind. They are considered by the author in their most perfect ideal, the *religious state.* But the work is not intended exclusively for religious; it is of wider usefulness. It should be useful to priests, not only for their own sanctification, but also to assist them in the study of the religious life and in the direction of souls. Moreover, it will do good to every person who has the habit of, and relish for, piety; to every one who is attracted to the interior life; to all who wish to know and seriously practise the Christian virtues. It is a sort of "itinerary of the soul to God" fitted to our age. In the words of Mgr. Mermillod, Vicar-Apostolic of Geneva, "It takes its place among those works which are the tradition, the life, and the glory of the church, and contains *doctrinam sanam, scientiam veram, consilium rectum.*"

Dogmatic theology is throughout the foundation of the work. In many spiritual works—of the French school especially—dogmatic theology has been too much separated from mystical theology. This is a detriment both to the book and to the student. Mystical theology is only the fruit, and can be nothing else; dogmatic theology is the natural and indispensable sap. After the Sacred Scripture, St. Thomas Aquinas and other masters of *the sacred science* are also masters of the spiritual life. This work is founded on dogmatic theology, especially on the treatise *De Incarnatione.* Jesus Christ is the Alpha and the Omega of all the relations of the creature to the Creator; he is that "light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." Every moral truth, every lesson of asceticism, every counsel of perfection explained in this work is pictured as a gleam of that Light and relieved by its radiance.

To enter into a fuller appreciation would be to write an article. We must recommend our readers to the work itself. Approbations are not wanting. Mgr. Gay's work has been honored by a brief from Pius IX. "We congratulate you," says the Holy Father, "on having the secret of expounding Catholic doctrines, even of the most exalted kind, with so much clearness and in such a pleasing style that they become a powerful attraction and a true focus of piety." Over twelve bishops of

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the hierarchy of France join the Holy Father in praise of the book. Mgr. Gay has the talent of saying things, if not "*nova*," at least "*nove*." His thoughts are always fresh, his diction vigorous, at times reaching the heights of eloquence. Best of all in a modern spiritual writer, he is not commonplace. He has that holy horror which made Lacordaire exclaim in the pulpit of Notre Dame: "*Par la grace de Dieu je hais les lieux communs.*" So many modern writers on spirituality give us merely natural ethics with a thin varnish of sentimental devotion. Nothing of this kind will be found in Mgr. Gay's *Christian Life and Virtues*. The translation is well done; the clearness and elegance of the original seem to have been preserved. The style is English. The first volume has already been noticed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. We believe that a third volume is yet to appear.

ST. PAUL AT ATHENS: Spiritual Christianity in relation to some Aspects of Modern Thought. Nine sermons preached in St. Stephen's Church, Westbourne Park, by Charles Shakspeare, B.A., Assistant Curate. With a preface by the Rev. Canon Farrar, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The author of these sermons has set out to "show that the Socratic and Platonic, as well as the Hebrew and Christian, faith requires another and a higher view of the world and of man, and that the idea of a living God would be found to harmonize, when allowance is made for the necessary limits of our faculties, with the teaching of experience, if experience be understood to include spiritual experience." Again, he says in his introduction: "The fundamental idea of the sermons is, that the very existence of the spiritual faculty in man, so persistent and so vigorous, is ground of faith in a supersensuous reality corresponding to this faculty and creating it."

It is gratifying to see Protestant clergymen making an effort to meet and counteract the prevalent modes of agnostic thought which perplex half-educated minds. Mr. Shakspeare has made this effort, and in his fundamental idea laid down the principles for removing these perplexities and refuting agnosticism. It is, therefore, with no little interest we read his volume of sermons, hoping to see displayed in them a masterly grasp as well as a logical application of his fundamental idea to the subject in hand.

If it be a law of all thought, as he affirms, and we concur in his assertion, that there is a reality which corresponds to the exercise of every faculty, he nowhere makes this plain, and nowhere drives home the argument to be derived from it in refutation of the Agnostics. He repeats the statement, and contents himself with its repetition, where one looks for logical exposition and demonstration. It is not improbable that Mr. Shakspeare was not aware of the value and power of the great truth which he affirms; for in the very statement of it he makes what appears to us a palpable blunder. How can a reality corresponding to a faculty create the faculty? Knowledge is born of the knower, the thing known, and their relation. This is elementary, and the universal law of all thought and of all life. His error is as great in exaggerating the side of the objectivity of knowledge as that of the German philosophers, who err on the other side, of its subjectivity. They are both equally as far as east is from west asunder from the real synthesis of real thought, of truth.

The author of these sermons seems not to be aware of the value of his own weapons. He skirmishes when he should join battle, and rests in the encounter when there is an opportunity of giving a deadly thrust to error.

Canon Farrar says in his introduction: "The subjects with which the author of the sermons is dealing are far too solemn to admit of their being made turbid by the wretched pettiness of party controversy." This is wisely said, and the author would have acted wisely had he kept altogether free from displaying the spirit of a partisan. There are several passages, however, of this character which we have noted.

Mr. Shakspeare's reading in theology is extensive on one side; his effort in these sermons is in the right direction, and they are creditable, and show more than common eloquence.

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LITERARY BULLETIN.

THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY COMPANY have just published Father O'Brien's book on **Holy Mass**. It makes a 12mo volume of nearly 450 pages, and is handsomely got up. It ought to have a very large sale, for there is no book in the English language to be compared with it in the treatment of its subject and the valuable information it contains.

The Catholic Publication Society Company have also issued a new **Month of May**; or, A Series of Meditations on the Mysteries of the Life of the Blessed Virgin, and the principal truths of salvation, for each day of the Month of Mary. From the French of Father Debussi, S.J. Translated by Ella McMahon, and revised by a member of the Society of Jesus. This will prove an excellent little manual for May devotions, and we bespeak for it a large sale.

The Notre Dame *Scholastic* says of it:

"This is a well-arranged and well-written little book. The meditations are short and to the point. All the great truths of religion are presented in a neat and attractive style, and the young man who makes use of it during the coming month of May cannot but derive much benefit from it."

The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* says that the **Handbook of Instructions and Devotions for the Children of Mary,** published by the Catholic Publication Society Company, 1878, is "a good little book, and we must add well translated, a praise that cannot conscientiously be given to those Catholic books without number which are daily 'done out of French' into English, or some semblance of it. No doubt they are profitable to publishers and promote devotion. But piety in good English would be no less acceptable to Almighty God and his heavenly court, and might yield equal profit to our publishers. The author gives good advice and instruction, and, occasion offering, talks plainly but with perfect propriety, as a Christian teacher should, on some subjects which are too often ignored in pious books, as if they were beyond the comprehension or unsuited to the actual needs of our young women. Never was there a greater mistake. Owing to the diseased state of our present civilization, which the sons of men call progress, but which is a stench in the nostrils of all right-minded men and women who have been brought up as Christians, our girls of fifteen know more than their grandmothers. They talk to each other of matters which would arch with horror the brows and redden with shame the cheeks of those aged matrons. The wicked world knows this perfectly well and feigns ignorance; but that is no reason why we should humor its detestable hypocrisy and allow false prudery to supply the place of true modesty amongst our Christian youth of either sex. The book has the *imprimatur* of the Cardinal Archbishop of New York and of Bishop Loughlin of Brooklyn."

The New Orleans *Star* says of **Little Sufferings,** just published:

"This little book is not written for religious, but for us poor mortals who, living in the world, have all kinds of little sufferings to bear from morning until night. It does one good to see how the inevitable aggravations of our daily lives can all be turned into jewels for our heavenly crown, if we but meet them with the proper spirit and bear them with the proper courage. That stubborn child, that jealous mother-in-law, that impertinent servant, that inconsiderate neighbor—all these, while giving us plenty of *little sufferings*, may help us to earn an exceeding great reward. The whole book is only an explanation of these words of our Blessed Lord addressed *to all Christians without exception:* 'If a man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross *daily*, and follow me.'"

The *Magazine of American History* notices **Hassard's History of the United States** as follows:

"In the preface the reverend prelate announces the purpose of the introduction of

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this volume in the list of text-books of Roman Catholic schools to be to see that in the education of American youth the teachers do not lose sight of the rise, progress, and social influence of the church in the United States. If the comments of the teachers who use the volume are as free from sectarian bias as the book itself, we do not see that much religious influence will be exerted on the scholar. We can perfectly understand that the Catholics desire to exclude books which carry attacks upon themselves. We are glad to bear witness that Mr. Hassard has not committed the error of which they complain."

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.

NOTE.—All these books are at net price.

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(ESTABLISHED 1840.)

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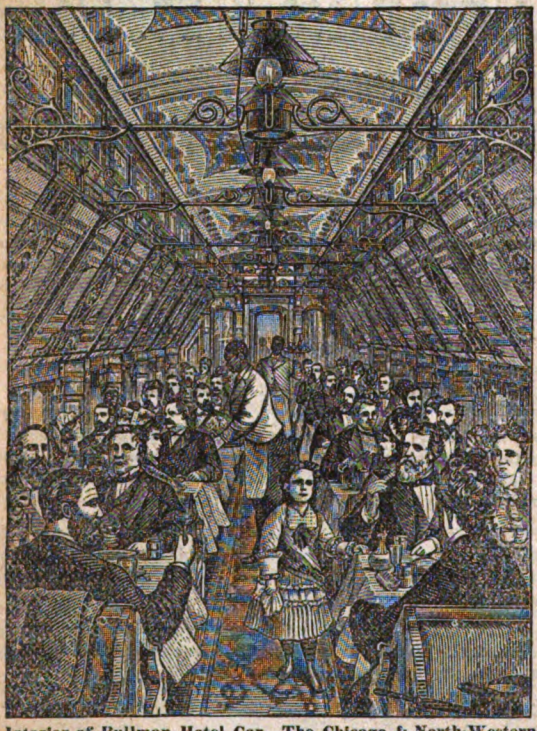

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MAY 16 1879

THE

Catholic World

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OF

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

JUNE, 1879.

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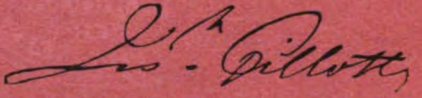

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXIX., No. 171.—JUNE, 1879.

DANTE'S PURGATORIO.

TRANSLATED BY T. W PARSONS.

[NOTE.—This Tenth Canto was translated in London several years ago, and left in the hands of a few scholars for the benefit of their criticism. Owing to some delay in the transmission of the copy to this country, a break occurred, and the Eleventh Canto was published instead of this. To atone for many letters of acknowledgment still due to his friends, the translator would here express his thanks. Some private persons he may not be permitted to name; but of that circle who have taken a genuine interest in his work, and to whom he feels especially indebted, he will venture to speak of Sir Frederick Pollock, himself a very successful translator of Dante; also, of Aubrey de Vere, of Mr. Gladstone, of Lord Vernon, of Mr. Hazelfoot, and Sir James Lacaita; and in Italy, Prof. Maggi, of Milan, and Michelangelo Caetani, Duke of Sermoneta. He cannot forbear to add to these the beloved name of Sister Clare Austin, who, in the stillness of her Priory, may never know of this mention.—T. W. P.]

CANTO TENTH.

WHEN we had crossed the threshold of the gate
Which from the bad love sets the spirits free,
Bad for it makes the crooked way seem straight,
I heard it closed: had I turned round to see,
What fit excuse had been for fault so great?
We climbed up thro' the cloven rock whose face
Went in and out like waves that come and go:
"Here must a little art direct our pace,"
My Guide began, "in winding onward so
As where the crag recedeth to find place."
This made our footsteps few and passage slow,
And ere that needle's eye we had passed through
The waning moon had sunk again to rest;
But when free forth we had an open view
Up where no fissure mars the mountain's breast,
I wearied out, both doubtful of our path,
We stopped upon the level of a ledge

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Lonelier than roads through deserts. This plain hath
From the steep hillside to its outer edge,
That borders on void space, a breadth as wide
As thrice the measure of a human frame:
Right hand and left, far as mine eye descried,
This cornice in its breadth appeared the same.
Thereon our feet along the mountain-side
Had not advanced a step before I found
Ascent impossible: it was a shelf
Walled with white marble and so sculptured round
That Polycrete, yea, nature's very self,
Had there been shamed.

There lighted on the ground
The Angel stood who brought down the decree
Of that dear peace which men had wept for long,
And heaven from its old interdict set free,
So truly cut that it had seemed a wrong
To think that sweet look but a silent stone.
One would have sworn that it said "Ave!" She
Was also imaged there, the blessed one,
Who to the Love Divine did turn the key.
And in her act distinctly was revealed
This word: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"
Plain as a figure that in wax is sealed.
"Let not thy mind one only place record,"
Said my sweet Master, who upon that side
Where men their heart have still was keeping me,
Therefore I turned my visage and espied
Behind the Mary, and beyond where He
Was standing at whose word I turned mine eye,
Another story carved upon the stone;
So I came near it, passing Virgil by,
To where the figure might be plainly shown.
In the same marble there was graved the car
And oxen carrying the sacred ark,
Whence men should of officiousness beware!
In front the people all, as I could mark,
Ranged in seven choirs. While one sense told me *No*,
The other said *Yes*, I perceive they sing.
And in like manner at the imaged flow
Of curling incense did a discord spring
Betwixt my sight and smell of yes and no.
Before that blessed vessel, there, was seen
The Psalmist dancing, humbled of his state,
And more than king seemed less than king in mien.
Over against him, gazing from the grate
Of a proud palace, like a woman vext
Looking disdainful, Michal's figure shone.

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I moved my place to mark what story next
Gleamed behind Michal whitely from the stone.

Here grav'n the lofty glory I admired
Of that high Roman prince whose virtues meek
To his great victory Gregory inspired;
Trajan, the emperor, of him I speak;
And a poor widow full of grief, all tears,
Trembled beside him at his bridle's head.
The place looked trampled, thronged with cavaliers;
The golden eagles over him outspread
Moved in the wind: and she amid the train,
That wretched woman, looked as though she said,
"My lord! revenge my grief—my sweet son slain!"
He seemed as answering, "My return abide."
"My lord," like one whose wrong brooks no delay,
"If thou return not?" seemed as she replied.
And he, "The one succeeding to my throne
Will do thee right." "What profit unto thee
His doing well, if thou forget thine own?"
Whereto in this form seemed as answering he:
'Now comfort thee! this duty I will end
Ere I go hence. Pity doth plead with me
To stay, and Justice wills that I attend."
He unto whom naught can be new or strange
Made visible this language I have penned,
Novel to us, because beyond our range.
While on these figures with delight I pored,
Which of such lowliness the story told,
And for their Sculptor's sake the more adored,
The Poet murmured in mine ear, "Behold!
This way a crowd seems creeping: they might guide
Our footsteps to the cornices above."
Mine eyes, that had been wholly satisfied
With those new things to look on which they love,
At these words were not slow to turn aside.

Reader, I would not have thee shrink dismayed
From thy good purpose, hearing of the doom
By which God wills our penance must be paid.
Heed not its form: think on what is to come!
At worst, consider, it could not endure
Beyond the judgment. "Master," I began,
"My sight so fails me that I am not sure
What shapes are coming; they seem unlike man."
"Their torments' heaviness doth crush them down,"
He answered me, "that even to *my* sight
Their shape at first was indistinctly shown.

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But fix thy gaze, to disentangle quite
What creatures come, under those loads of stone
Now mayst thou mark the pangs of every wight."
O ye proud Christians! weary, wo-begone!
Who with a mental vision most infirm
Go confident with steps that go not on!
Perceive ye not that man is but a worm,
Born to produce the angelic butterfly
That with no screening shall to Justice fleet?
For what should human spirit mount so high?
Ye are as wingèd creatures, incomplete,
Even as the worm is, not formed perfectly.
As in the bracket's place one often sees
Figures by which the ceiling is sustained,
Crouching, with bosom doubled to the knees,
Whence unfeigned pity for a posture feigned
Moves the beholder's mind, so bending, these
Figures appeared as I perused them o'er.
They came, in truth, contracted more and less
According to the burden each one bore:
And he whose face most patience did express
Seemed to say, weeping: "I can bear no more!"

SOME SPECIMEN EDUCATORS.

WHILE sojourning in England I had occasion to be brought into personal contact, in some instances into intimate relations, with statesmen and clergymen deeply interested in the subject of education—primary, secondary, and university education. Among these were Monsignor Capel, the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, Archdeacon Denison, Mr. Fawcett, M.P., Mr. Forster, M.P., and Mr. George Potter, member of the School Board of London, who is not yet an M.P., but who has very faithfully and persistently tried to be one. The reader will see that this list comprises a representative Catholic, a secularist, a High-Church Anglican, a nondescript, and two Nonconformists, one of whom was in favor of religious instruction, while the other had a somewhat strong leaning toward secularism. During the period to which I refer the whole controversy concerning the reconstruction of the system of primary education in England was fought out, and the present plan was incorporated in the legislation of the kingdom. The instigators of the agitation which led to this end were the Nonconformists—that is, the various Protestant sects outside of the Established Church—and the secularists. The first wished that the primary education of the children should be taken out of the hands of the clergy of

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the Establishment, and that they should receive what is sometimes called "undenominational education" and sometimes "evangelical instruction"; the latter desired that primary as well as secondary and university education should be wholly secular. So strong, however, was the foothold which the Established Church had acquired in the educational field, especially in the rural districts, that for a while the Nonconformists and secularists joined their forces and made common cause against the Establishment. The basis of this agreement was one that will ever remain as an indelible stigma upon the Nonconformists; for so anxious were they that the children of the kingdom should not receive such religious instruction as the Church of England would give them that they were willing and anxious they should receive no religious instruction at all. As it was once forcibly said by a spectator of the contest, "Rather than a child should be taught about God as the Established Church understands him, they prefer he should not be taught about him at all; rather than a child should read the Bible under the direction and with the explanations of a teacher belonging to the Establishment, they prefer that he should not read the Bible at all." This surrender of the Nonconformists to the secularists would have been complete had it not been for the bold and manly stand taken by Mr. Forster, who, although a Nonconformist, is a Christian, and who, despite the fervid denunciations of nearly all the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Unitarian, Wesleyan, Quaker, and other sectarian preachers and papers in the country, insisted on incorporating into the new education act provisions which make it at least possible that even in the board schools the children may learn something about God, and which enable the denominational schools to continue their existence and their work under not wholly unfavorable conditions. During the struggle the position of the Catholics in England was a somewhat peculiar and difficult one. The denominational schools of the Establishment were anti-Catholic in the sense that they taught Protestantism; the proposed secular schools were anti-Catholic in the sense that they would be wholly godless. The whole system of "conscience-clauses" — separate hours or half-hours when the name of God might be mentioned, and other hours when his very existence must be ignored—was abhorrent to the Catholic mind. But any form of Christian education is better than atheism and secularism, and the Catholics, in and out of Parliament, supported the measures which tended most to the retention and extension of religious education in the primary schools. Under the new law they have a tolerably fair field. The principle of payment by results is recognized. The Catholic schools, like the others, are visited by government inspectors, and, in proportion to the number of their scholars and their proficiency in the studies fixed by the law, they receive their share of the money voted for educational purposes by Parliament. It is satisfactory to know that the inspectors, who are often by no means prejudiced in favor of these schools, give good accounts of their efficiency and management.

Mgr. Capel has devoted a large share of his life to the promotion

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of Catholic education in England. It was his incessant and engrossing labors in the training-school at Hammersmith many years ago that broke down his health and caused him to be sent away to Pau to die. He agreeably disappointed every one by living. He not only recovered his former health, but acquired a robust vigor which enabled him to undertake and carry out extraordinary labors. It is now reported that the scheme for the establishment of a great Catholic university in London, of which he was the originator and which was very near his heart, has not been successful. Its miscarriage—if it has miscarried—could not have been due to any lack of zeal on Mgr. Capel's part. It is now almost exactly five years since he first unfolded to me his plans concerning this great work. How vividly the recollection of our conversations concerning it come back to me! Mgr. Capel lived at this time in the house which had been purchased for him in Wright's Lane, Kensington. It had formerly belonged to, or had been occupied by, Mr. Sothern, the actor; and the rooms which not long before had rung with the boisterous merriment of Lord Dundreary and his comrades now echoed with very different sounds. Not that there was any lack of mirth and good company. On the contrary, Mgr. Capel's house was one of the most pleasant in all London. At the repasts which, by reason of the early hour at which they were given, he called "luncheons," but which in fact were his dinners, one was quite certain to find some of the most brilliant and distinguished people. His private means were sufficient to enable him to maintain an establishment which was worthy of his rank without being at all ostentatious. The house is spacious; what was the billiard-room has been converted into an exquisite little chapel; the general reception-room, the dining-room, and the library and working-room all have windows looking out upon a beautiful miniature park, about an acre in extent, belonging to the house. The house is full of fine paintings, and the library is exceptionally rich in works of value and rarity. I remember with a certain sense of mixed mortification and amusement an incident which occurred at one of the "luncheons." I had obtained permission to present two Americans, both of them journalists, and one of them a very widely known and highly esteemed editor. All went well during the dinner; and when the coffee came monsignor arose and took from a cabinet a box of cigars, which he placed upon the table. "I do not smoke," said he, "and I can say nothing as to the merits of these cigars from personal knowledge. But they were brought to me by Señor ——, of Cuba, and he said I might offer them without fear to my friends. Pray try them." The cigars were most excellent. They were of a peculiarly rare and costly brand, and their fragrance soon filled the room with delicious perfume. But what was my horror when, as we were about to rise from the table, one of my American friends drew from his pocket an immense but empty cigar-case, and reached out his large hand for the box. "Monsignor," said he, "these are the best cigars I have ever smoked; with your leave I'll take some of 'em home to America to show my friends and to keep as mementoes of my visit to Mgr. Capel." With these words he filled his capacious

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case, while monsignor, after casting a comical glance at me, assisted him in his task, and urged him, when the case was filled, to stuff one or two more into his pocket—an invitation that was not disregarded.

This was all comical enough, although extremely mortifying to me. But the work in Mgr. Capel's house was anything but comical. Some of it was most serious. I remember the morning when he told me that he thought he should have to give his house a new name, and call it "The Convert's Home." For many years past there has probably not been a week—certainly not a month—in which one or more clergymen of the Established Church have not become Catholics. In the rare cases where these converts were widowers, or men who had never married, their path was open before them. They could enter as novices one of the religious orders, or otherwise prepare themselves for admission to the priesthood. But the majority of them were married men; and their conversion not only compelled them to resign the comfortable livings which they enjoyed as ministers of the Establishment, but barred them out from almost every occupation save that of teaching in Catholic schools or as private tutors in Catholic families. Many of these cases were attended with peculiarly distressing surroundings; and Mgr. Capel has a tender heart. In his house many a convert whose conversion had cost him all he possessed on earth found at least a temporary home. Here were Oxford men, Cambridge men, splendidly educated, quite capable of teaching, and having nothing to do. The idea of founding in London the nucleus of what in time should become a great Catholic university had long been cherished by Mgr. Capel, and his constant association with these men urged him on to what may have been precipitate action. But his plans seemed to be feasible, and even wise. The university was to begin with one modest college, and this was to be planted upon grounds adjacent to other properties which were held on such terms that as the leases of the individual owners fell in the fee simple of the property could be acquired by the university corporation, and room for additional colleges thus acquired. I am by no means satisfied that the idea was not a thoroughly sound and practical one. It may yet be carried out; and if it is London will have much for which to thank Mgr. Capel. But he intended to move slowly.

As I turn over the papers relating to this matter which I have preserved, the whole memory of its history is revived. On the 9th of May, 1874, Archbishop Manning issued a circular letter in his own name and in that of the bishops of England, giving the result of their deliberations upon this subject. It set forth that the Fourth Provincial Council of Westminster had already made known "that the growth of the middle and upper classes of our laity, and the opening of the career of professional and public service, render it necessary to lay at least the foundation of a system of higher studies"; and it added that "the development of such a system will, they trust, under God, be gradually made hereafter as the growing needs of our Catholic laity demand." The Pope had not merely encouraged but had directed the bishops to begin the work, and had assured them that the powers

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necessary for its guidance and accomplishment would be granted. They therefore formed an Academical Senate, composed of clergy and laity selected from the whole of England. The senate was composed of seventeen ecclesiastics and thirty-six laymen. Among the former were Mgr. Capel, the president-general of the Benedictines, the provincials of the Jesuits and Dominicans, the provincial of the Order of Charity, and the presidents of the Catholic colleges at Ushaw, Ware, Oscott, Prior Park, and Stonyhurst. The lay members of the senate were a brilliant company—the Duke of Norfolk leading the list, and the names of Bute, Denbigh, Stourton, Petre, Arundell, Clifford, Howard, Gerard, Bowyer, and De Trafford following, while untitled but eminent and distinguished men made up the tale. There were representatives of the army, the navy, the law, medicine, and the sciences. I find among my papers a manuscript copy of the "Propositions to be submitted to the senate of the College for Higher Studies, convoked May 21, 1874, at the Archbishop's House, Westminster." Mgr. Capel gave it me some days before the senate met. It is prefaced by a pen-and-ink sketch of the first building for the college, and of the little chapel that was to be attached to it. The following extracts show the scope of the propositions :

The object of this foundation being to complete the education of our Catholic young men and to fit them for certain professions, it is proposed—

1. That the usual age of admission shall be seventeen, and that the college course shall extend over a period of four years.

2. That an entrance examination shall be passed by every student prior to his admission. (Candidates for admission may live or read with a private tutor, but will not be regarded as students of the college till they have passed the entrance examination.)

3. That the teaching staff shall be of such nature, and the curriculum of studies so ordered, as to allow of young men being efficiently prepared for the law, army, and civil service.

I. *Studies.*—While giving special care and attention to science and mathematics, yet the study of literature will hold the prominent place.

It is proposed to establish at once the following chairs :

1. Religious knowledge : (*a*) of popular dogmatic theology ; (*b*) of natural theology; (*c*) of Scripture and church history.

2. Philosophy.

3. Literature : (*a*) Greek, (*b*) Latin, (*c*) English, (*d*) French, (*e*) German.

4. History : (*a*) ancient, (*b*) modern, and geography.

5. Philosophy of History.

6. Law : (*a*) Roman, (*b*) constitutional history.

7. Mathematics.

8. Science : (*a*) geology, (*b*) astronomy, (*c*) chemistry, (*d*) natural philosophy.

9. Fine Arts.

II. *The Teaching Staff.*—It is proposed to have—

1. *Professors* who will give courses of lectures.

2. *Tutors* on whom will devolve the daily teaching.

3. *Private tutors* to give individual care to those who are backward or who are preparing for special examinations.

Discipline.—As the candidates must produce certificates of good conduct both from their former masters and from their parish priests, and will already have received steady religious training, it may be confidently expected that by regularity in receiving the sacraments and by the practice of religious exercises they will grow up worthy Catholics. Yet, in order to give every reasonable assistance in a matter of such grave importance, it is proposed—

1. That the houses of residence shall as much as possible be small homes, with not more than twelve students in each, and that a resident tutor, clerical or lay, shall be at the head of every house.

2. That all freshmen shall spend the

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first two years of their course in one of these houses of residence; that after the expiration of that time they may, if their conduct has been satisfactory, go to one of the lodging houses approved by the college authorities.

3. That during college terms no student shall be permitted to go to theatres, concerts, balls, etc., which involve absence from the houses of residence during the evening.

The property adjacent to Mgr. Capel's own residence in Kensington, which was designed for the nucleus of the new university, was purchased, and the only building upon it was converted into an edifice which, without being imposing in appearance, was spacious enough and convenient enough for the beginning of the work.

The announcement of the intention to begin in the metropolis the work of building up a great Catholic university excited at first the ridicule and then the denunciation of a certain portion of the non-Catholic and Protestant press. Ere long the columns of the *Times* were freighted with letters respecting the proposed institution, some of which were written by men prominent in non-Catholic scientific and Protestant theological circles. These writers asked how it would be possible for an institution founded by the direct authority of the Pope acting through his servants, the bishops of England, and bound by "all the limitations of the Syllabus" and of "the cast-iron dogmatism" of Roman Catholic theology, to keep abreast with the science of the day as taught in Oxford and Cambridge, or in the other non-Catholic institutions of England and the Continent? The replies made by Mgr. Capel and by some of the professors of the new college were prompt and bold. St. George Mivart, in his letter to the *Times* upon this subject, remarked that he would never condescend to keep any post in which he was not able to teach all the scientific truth he knew. "My lectures," he added, "will be absolutely the same in Kensington as if I gave them in Gower Street, but in no institution would they be made the vehicle of insinuating a realistic or idealistic philosophy which I do not accept and which would be foreign to my subject. I am aware of no theological problem which I am not prepared to represent, when occasion requires, with all the just impartiality in my power. My personal knowledge of the authorities of the new institution causes me to smile at the idea that any such scientific suppression or mutilation as the article in the *Times* suggests could be required of me." In due time the staff of the college was filled up, and the institution was opened by a solemn religious service, in which Cardinal Manning bore a conspicuous part. When I last visited it, it was in what I took to be the full tide of success, and I well remember the enthusiasm with which Mgr. Capel pointed out to me the successive steps through which, as he believed, the college would come to be a great university. There are vague newspaper reports at present to the effect that the new college has not prospered, and that its affairs are in financial disorder. Of the truth of these reports I know nothing; but of the hard efforts for its success on the part of Mgr. Capel, and of his full belief in the necessity and final success of the university, I know much. And he certainly had been able to convince the archbishop and the suffragans that it was incumbent upon them to aid in the work. Pius IX. sent a special brief authorizing the work

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and commending it to the prayers and the aid of the hierarchy, the priests, and the people.

Let me now turn to my typical man of the High Anglican school—high, very high, but anything but dry—the Very Rev. Archdeacon Denison. I have never been quite able to make up my mind why Mr. Denison had not long ago become a Roman Catholic priest. Perhaps he was influenced by family ties; perhaps by pride of place, for in East Brent, his parish, he rules with an autocratic and undisputed sway. Perhaps it is because he is more fond of ruling than of obeying that he has not submitted to the authority of the church whose *credo* is his own, even, I think, so far as to the official infallibility of the pope and the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin. I am, however, not wholly satisfied of this. It is quite certain that there is not a Catholic bishop in the world who would endure for a single day the insolent insubordination with which Archdeacon Denison habitually and ostentatiously treats the authorities of his church. I ventured to remark to him one day when visiting him at East Brent that probably if he could be pope he would become a Catholic. The suggestion did not displease him. I have rarely met a man who was so confident of his own personal infallibility, and so well assured of his entire capability of managing any and every thing. It is scarcely doubtful whether, like Lord John Russell, he would hesitate to take command of the English fleet in the British Channel at twenty-four hours' notice. But the utter scorn and contempt with which he regards his own bishops, and the coolness wherewith he defies their injunctions and ridicules their half-hearted and double-faced opinions, is almost amusing. It was pleasant to visit him at his delightful home in East Brent, where, as I have said, he ruled as temporal and spiritual autocrat, and where all feared and many loved and revered him. "What are the duties of an archdeacon?" some one asked of Dean Swift. "To discharge archdiaconical functions," replied the dean. But Archdeacon Denison has for many years given proof that archdiaconical functions in his case were something more than a mere name. He attends to everything in his parish; and just as a certain doorkeeper in the House of Representatives once wrote to his friends at home that he was "a biger man than old Grant," so does Archdeacon Denison believe himself, in his own parish at least, to be a "biger man" than the amiable but weak old gentleman who is called the Archbishop of Canterbury. A very good idea of the man will be given by the following extracts from a letter which he wrote me more than three years ago, in response to a note in which I had called his attention to the curious speech of President Grant at Des Moines, and to certain other phases of the educational question in the United States:

"I have during the last thirty years written, published, and spoken so much upon the 'education' question that I find it hard to know where to end. But I may say in sum that my judgment upon *all the substance* of the question being the same now as it was thirty years ago, and with what I first made public in a letter to Mr. Gladstone in 1847, I have lived to see every one of my anticipations verified. The year 1870 *added* to my anticipations what, certainly, I had not predicted, but what is the natural and necessary outcome of the educa-

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tional policy of the last forty years. It added the absolutely *irreligious* element in the school-board school, and the quasi-religious but really irreligious element in the denominational school under a time-table conscience clause.

"From the moment when the bill became law, and especially when I saw it not only accepted but welcomed by bishops and clergy, I finally lost all trust in the position of the Establishment, and was compelled to believe that it did not only not assist, but it damaged, the reception of the truth of God as revealed by the church. The nineteenth century is weary of Christ's religion, and of the church as his instrument in promoting it, and proposes to make men good—that is, followers and servants of God—by cultivating their intellect at the expense of their faith in the revealed Word. Out of this proposal has come all the miserable folly which is talked about 'education' in England, and which is at the bottom of the proposals which your letter specifies as laid before the authorities of the United States. Citizens do not agree about religion; *therefore* let us put it aside in our schemes for human improvement, and, rather than not have children of all religions and of none in the same school, let us say we will have no Bible, no prayers, nothing in the shape of 'religion' in the school. If the children are minded to go to the devil, their own way each, then let us not so much as think of interposing anything in the shape of a religious obligation and a religious hope.

"This has become the normal course of things in England. It seems to be about to become the normal course of things in the United States.

"The devil has broken loose, and is frightening one man, and cajoling another with smoothing his way among so-called Christian people.

"The 'National Society for the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church' supplies a memorable example of what never fails to come out of a faithless policy. It was founded to promote 'religious education.' It has fallen down to contending for 'religious teaching.' What it means by 'religious teaching' is not at all 'religious education,' but teaching upon religion—*i.e.*, the hour, so-called, religious lesson in a school *enjoying* a government grant. From nine to ten the name of God *may* be named in the school; all the rest of the day it *may not*. This is Christian England in the nineteenth century. Children are to be taught to serve God by being forbidden to name the name of God; for an hour there is a 'religious' lesson, and so there is a grammar or an arithmetic, or a geography, or a music, or a dancing lesson; and this is what is nicknamed 'religious teaching.' Observe, no man dares to call it 'religious education.' The day of this is gone by, and I have no belief that a people who have sinned in this matter as this people has are ever going to find a 'place of repentance,' however they may seek it carefully and with tears. Just now there is a movement on foot to get Parliament to relieve those who support, not schools of religious education, but semi-religious schools, in which there is *a religious less n* every day, from being burdened also with paying rates for the openly-proclaimed irreligious schools — the school-board schools. What has set this movement a-going? Not love for principles, but love for money. It is a small matter nowadays to sell your principles, but when you have done it you want your money, the price of your principles, for yourself; and so thousands who swallowed greedily the 1870 act because they liked the money find it very hard to digest, because what money it gives with the one hand it robs with the other."

In one of his conversations with me Archdeacon Denison laid great stress on the fallacy of the assumption that the denominational schools were inferior in teaching quality to the board schools. He believed the fact to be the reverse of this, and in illustration of his position proceeded to quote some statistics from a return just presented to Parliament, and which would be embodied in the then forthcoming blue-book, relating to the year ending August 31, 1873. He found that in the Church of England National schools there were 1,451,666 children taught; in the British, Wesleyan, Presbyterian, and other sectarian schools, 435,426; in the

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Catholic schools, 125,697; and in the board schools, 111,286. The percentage of average attendance upon the total number of scholars was as follows: church schools, 70.1 per cent.; British schools, 70.5; Catholic schools, 70.6; and board schools, 62.8. The numbers presented for examination were: from church schools, 35.2 per cent.; British and other schools, 38.9; Catholic schools, 33.3; and board schools, 26.8. He found that the percentage of those who passed completely in the different standards, of those presented for examination, was: in the church schools, 60.1; British, etc., schools, 61.04; Catholic schools, 61.27; and board schools, 57.28. The amount of grants paid for examinations alone in which each child who passed could earn 12*s.* if properly taught, showed that the average paid to church schools was 4*s.* 11¾*d.*; British schools, 5*s.* 6¾*d.*; Catholic schools, 4*s.* 7¼*d.*; and board schools, only 3*s.* 8¾*d.* The same averages, taken not upon the total number of scholars in the schools, but upon the numbers presented for examination, showed the following result: church schools, 9*s.* 11*d.*; British, etc., schools, 10*s.* 1¾*d.*; Catholic schools, 9*s.* 10¾*d.*; and board schools, 8*s.* 4¾*d.* Then, taking the results both upon examinations and attendance, he found that the general average of the church schools was 12*s.* 2½*d.*; British and Wesleyan schools, 12*s.* 8*d.*; Catholic schools, 11*s.* 11¾*d.*; and board schools, 9*s.* 11*d.* These figures showed that, both with regard to management and education, there was a decided inferiority in every case on the part of the board schools.

Taking next the payments under the twenty-fifth clause, he found that while in the case of the church schools the payment amounted to ½*d.* per head, in British and Wesleyan schools to ¼*d.* per head, and in Catholic schools to ¾*d.* per head, there was paid for 54,000 children attending board schools £57,000, or at the rate of £1 0*s.* 9*d.* per head. "But," added he, "you cannot get the people to look at these figures or to understand them. The utter unfaithfulness of our bishops to their duty has led to deplorable apathy and carelessness on the part of the clergy and the laity. The latter would be all right if they had the proper leaders. But when they see their own clergymen going in for these godless board schools they lose heart and let the thing go by default."

My conversations with Mr. Lowe upon the education question were frequent. His great hobby was not merely the secularization of education, but its technicalization—if I may coin that word. A thorough classical scholar himself, taking as much delight in Homer, Cicero, Sallust, Horace, Virgil, and the rest of them as Mr. Gladstone or the late Earl Derby did, Mr. Lowe was continually declaring that the study of classical and scholastic literature did far more harm than good, and that the model grammar-school, college, and university would be one from which these useless studies should be excluded, and the whole energies of the pupil be directed toward the attainment of "practical knowledge"—such knowledge, for instance, as would enable him to distinguish between "a fissure-vein" and "a pocket" in a gold-mine, or to determine whether an uncultivated region would be susceptible of profitable farming. If man lived by bread alone, such instruction might be sufficient for

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all his wants; but it scarcely suffices for the gratification of the aspirations of man as he is. Mr. Lowe in conversation is sometimes extremely pleasing, and again has the faculty of rendering himself quite as disagreeable. In the House of Commons his matter is much better than his manner, and he is liable to be disconcerted at trifling mishaps, and to break down in the middle of an argument, as he did on a recent occasion when assailing the government for its mismanagement of the Zulu war. Mr. Lowe is a very forcible writer; and when he is in the humor for it his conversation is richly worth the attention of every one. His personal appearance is not at all fascinating; but that he possesses very exceptional ability as an observer and a thinker cannot be doubted. From a Catholic point of view he is altogether wrong on the education question. He was the son of a clergyman of the Establishment, and was of course brought up in the Protestant religion. But I have reason to believe that he has long since parted with what faith he had, and that he is now a thorough rationalist.

Mr. Lowe's career in Australia was an eventful one, and his political vagaries have been neither few nor far between. But he has been steadfast to one purpose. There should be no Catholic university education in Ireland if he could help it; and although he has never stooped to such means as those employed by the more rabid Protestants to defeat every measure looking to that end, he has often proved to be the most efficient and powerful auxiliary of the zealous non-Catholics in the House. I once asked him why he was so set upon depriving Catholics of what seemed to be their natural rights in this matter, remarking that I felt sure he cared little or nothing for the merely theological or dogmatic side of the question. "Well," replied Mr. Lowe, "if I had my way I should completely secularize all our universities, and give the control of the primary and secondary schools wholly to the state. Not that I care a penny what religious opinions a man may hold; but the element of religion introduced into education makes it to a certain extent sentimental, and to that extent robs it of the thoroughly practical character which it should possess. This is a hard world, and it will be as much as all of us can do to make a good living in it, and to get the best possible results out of it, by giving all the energies of our minds and bodies to the practical and letting the sentimental alone. The Catholic religion is of all others the most sentimental, and is the best calculated to induce men to put up with mundane evils and refrain from attempts at the improvement of the material world, in the belief that they will lead soft and easy lives in another existence. That is the principal reason why I always oppose the extension of Catholic education, although there are others."

Mr. Fawcett, the blind member of Parliament, is like Mr. Lowe in his animosity to Catholic education, and is in favor of secularizing education, with certain limitations. Mr. George Potter is one of the ex-working-men who are anxious to represent the real working-men in Parliament, but whose merits are not appreciated by their wished-for constituents. As editor of the so-called workman's newspaper, the *Beehive*, and as member of the London School Board, Mr. Potter

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has done all in his power to lead public opinion to accept the belief that while religious instruction in itself is a good thing, it should be kept wholly separate from secular instruction, unless, indeed, a little Bible-reading without note or comment might perhaps be permitted. Mr. Potter is a good Presbyterian on Sundays, but almost, if not quite, a secularist on week-days.

But the man who, outside the ranks of the Catholics in England, has devoted most attention to the subject of primary education, and accomplished most to place it upon a footing which, without being altogether satisfactory, is so much better than either the system before in force or that which the united Dissenters and secularists sought to substitute for it that in comparison it appears almost faultless, is the Right Hon. William Edward Forster, who entered Parliament as member for Bradford in 1861, and who has ever since retained his seat. To his admirable tact, ability, and adherence to principle is chiefly due the passage of the education bills of 1870 and of 1876, and the failure of all the subsequent attempts that have been made in Parliament to obliterate the provisions of those measures which secure to all denominational schools that keep up to the required standard their due share of the money voted for educational purposes. Mr. Forster, by his course on this question, for a while incurred the bitter enmity and opposition of his Nonconformist associates and friends and of the secularist party. But, as he said to me one day, he never doubted that the ordinary sense of common justice and fair play in the breasts of the English people would bear him safely through the struggle. Under the education law which he succeeded in passing, Roman Catholic schools, the schools of the Establishment, and the schools of the various dissenting sects are treated with equal fairness. They must bring up their pupils to a certain standard of attendance and of proficiency in their studies; and, this accomplished to the satisfaction of the government inspector, they have their school fees paid for them out of the government Education Fund. It may be well here to give an accurate synopsis of the provisions of the present law regulating public primary education in England:

The Elementary Education Act of 1876, which took effect January 1, 1877, makes it the duty of every parent, under specified penalties for neglect, to cause all his (or her) children between the ages of five and fourteen years to receive efficient elementary instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic. No child under the age of ten—or over that age without a certificate of proficiency, or previous due attendance at a certified efficient school—can be employed in a factory, unless in accordance with the Factory Acts or by by-law under the Education Acts. Any parent, not being a pauper, who is still unable to pay the fees for his children at a public elementary school, may apply to the guardians having jurisdiction in the parish where he resides, who pay it for him if satisfied of his disability; and the parent so assisted is entitled to select the school precisely as though he bore the expense himself. Any child who obtains before the age of eleven a certificate of proficiency and due attendance, as provided by law, is entitled to receive his fees for the next three years from

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the Education Department, such fees to be counted as school-pence. Special Parliamentary grants may be made to places in which the population is small, provided they are applied for by schools conducted in accordance with the conditions of the act of 1870 relating to that subject.

Mr. Forster was born of Quaker parents, and is now in his sixty-first year. He acquired a handsome fortune as a manufacturer of worsted goods at Bradford, which business, I believe, he still carries on. Among all my English acquaintances there is not one who has a clearer head, a kinder heart, or a more ardent desire to love mercy and to do justice than this non-Catholic statesman, who understands that Catholics, even in nominally Protestant countries, have rights which the majority are bound to respect, and the denial of which leads only to discontent, evil, and revolt. In manner Mr. Forster is quiet, self-possessed, rather slow of speech, but never hesitating or confused. With no love for the Roman Catholic Church, he is free from the foolish animosity against her which sways such men as Newdegate and Oranmore. After I had told him I was a Catholic his manner to me was even kinder than before—perhaps he felt a tender pity for me; but he did not try to convince me of the error of my ways. To him, I repeat, the Catholics of England are largely indebted for two of the best educational measures which have ever been adopted by the English Parliament. He entered the House of Commons as member for Bradford in 1861; he was under-secretary for the colonies in Lord Russell's administration in 1865–66, and was vice-president of the Committee of Council on Education in 1868. In my opinion it would be a happy thing for the United States if our system of common-school education were made to assimilate more closely to that which Mr. Forster has succeeded in giving to England. The blot in it is that the state is made the schoolmaster of those children who do not attend the denominational schools, and that it taxes every one for the support of these state schools. This, however, is to a certain extent remedied by the repayments which are made out of the fund thus raised to the denominational schools. And in this as in other respects the English system is greatly superior to our own.

The question of education is, and is likely to continue for a long time to be, one of the leading questions. It is of universal importance, and it is greatly to be regretted that men of all parties should not approach it with the calm spirit and even temper that tend so much to smooth away difficulties and cause misunderstandings to disappear. The Catholic Church is assailed by the more foolish and noisy of her opponents as being the great enemy of the education of the people. Such a charge should not and could not be made by honest-minded and intelligent men. It is accepted on all hands that to the Catholic Church Christendom originally owes the literary and scientific fruits of the past. She was the mother of learning, as she still is. She has certainly not lost her character or deteriorated from the past. No men have gone farther in the pursuit of knowledge than the saints, the great Catholic doctors and scientists; as no artists have surpassed or reached to the level of those inspired by faith.

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The only illumining light in the darkness of ignorant ages was the Catholic Church. All this is admitted by men who reflect; yet the absurd charge that the Catholic Church is the enemy of the education of the people is made the pretext in some non-Catholic communities and powers for ousting Catholics altogether from the chairs of universities, of colleges, and even of primary schools. It is surely a sufficient refutation of the charge to find the government, as in France to-day, compelled by way of justifying it to drive Catholic teachers from all the seats of learning, high and low, throughout the country, thus altogether upsetting the present educational system in France. Protestants even, the secular journals of England and our own country, have cried out against so unjust, unnecessary, foolish, and wicked a measure. The very men in France who malignantly stamp the Catholic Church as the mother of ignorance now withdraw that healthy freedom of the universities which was solemnly proclaimed in 1875. In like manner England, which in her organs of opinion, such as the London *Times*, protests against the action of the French government, herself refuses an adequate means of higher education to the Irish Catholics; not, as is conceded, because the argument is not on the side of the Catholics, but because Protestant sentiment is against it. So Catholic funds must continue to sustain a Protestant university.

Nor is our own country a whit less unjust in the matter of the public schools. In a free country of different confessions of faith there is only one fair solution of this question: each denomination should be free in every way—free to educate its children as it is to follow its own form of worship; and no more taxed for the support of a certain system of education than it is for the support of a certain system of religious belief. The state has a right to demand that its children become competent citizens, but not citizens of a certain stripe of belief or unbelief. That matter by its constitution it leaves open, and yet practically directs and controls. The Catholic Church will go as far in the pursuit of knowledge as can be wished; nothing holds her back. She refuses, however, to have those baptized in her bosom brought up either in practical or theoretical disbelief in God, or even carelessness about God. And to witness her zeal in such matters needs but to look around us. Poor as Catholics are, they raise up schools of their own means, where their children, while obtaining an education equal in all points to that given at the public schools, may not have God banished from amongst them and a knowledge of their religion proscribed. And this they do while compelled to support by tax the schools of which they cannot avail themselves. Not only this, but the church devotes whole orders of men and women to the one purpose of education. What other church can show such sacrifices and such zeal? Even secular writers as well as secular rulers complain on every side that the spirit of faith and obedience is dying out among the people to-day, just in proportion as the spirit of turbulence and demoralization is making alarming headway. And why? Chiefly because of the legal proscription of an education under the influence of faith in Almighty God, reverence for his

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name and authority. It is for this the Catholic Church contends, always has contended, and always will contend. And it is such an education alone that can leave a lasting impress for good and produce worthy citizens of the state and members of society. If prejudice did not shorten their vision, sincere Protestants who have a regard for morality, freedom, and the welfare of their country should do all in their power to assist, instead of striving to retard, the cause of Christian education.

SOME SPECIMENS OF MODERN SWEDISH POETRY.

WHILE the old national literature, the heroic mythology and allegorical history, of the Norsemen are being revived and made known to the world by full-text translations, as also by music, none the less appropriate because it is not national, the modern growth of Swedish poetry in this and the last century is less known. Except in its simplicity, it seems to have inherited little from the ancient style of poetry, and much of this simplicity itself sounds occasionally like mannerism, and suggests the French pastoral style fashionable for fifty years before the Revolution. The pleasantest and most characteristic pieces have, to an ear familiarized with northern literature only through the novels of Andersen and Miss Bremer, a family likeness to the style of these authors, while here and there in the more romantic themes one catches an echo of what is known to us as Ossian. The specimens we have chosen are from a miscellaneous collection by a French writer,* the translator of the Eddas, as also of Tegnér, Fryxell, Miss Bremer, and other Swedish authors, and may be called fair average representatives of the best class of poetry. The few by living authors * show a wholesome, natural tone, far removed from the morbid style of transcendentalism and metaphysical anatomy prevalent in recent English poetry, and not unknown to some French, German, and even Italian poets of note within this century. Isaiah Tegnér is perhaps the best known of modern Swedish poets, and his "First Communion," a Whitsunday idyl, was translated into most European languages; but as Mlle. du Puget's selections from his works seem to appeal less to the sympathy of English-speaking readers than do those of some of the minor poets, we feel no hesitation in passing over them. The following scene, from the pen of a woman, Mme. Anna Maria Lenngren,† has a kindly yet shrewd, not to say sarcastic, tone which expresses a mood not unknown to most thoughtful persons who have lived amid the influences, good and otherwise, of an old country imbued with

* *Flowers of Scandinavia.* By Mlle. R. du Puget.

* "Christmas Eve," "The Hero's Grave," "The Sentry's Betrothed," and "A Story Lower."

† Born at Upsal, 1754; died 1817.

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old customs, old prejudices, and old forms of outward politeness. The incident has a more serious side, and suggests an anomaly between the official status of a clergy representing the state church, and the practically low social estimate at which this clergy is held by its landed patrons. Mme. Lenngren had a natural turn for satire, or rather she could not help seeing the weak side of an estimable character or of a praiseworthy institution. Her French translator says of her that—

"The originality, the naturalness, the good taste, and the simplicity of her expressions, the truth of her pictures, and the smooth harmony of her verses, are the prominent qualities of her poetry. To these she adds a knowledge of the world and of the heart of man which would be surprising in a woman leading so retired a life, did we not know that for genius the teaching of experience is quick and unerring. Mme. Lenngren's writings are less satires than rapid and exhaustive sketches of character. She does not lash vice and extravagance with the ponderous weapons of premeditation, but, deftly availing herself of laughter and jokes, she turns these into teachers and makes her readers fall in love with goodness. Neither the envy nor the weariness that often follow in the train of praise bestowed on a writer assailed her renown. Every class of society loved and appreciated her."

Her domestic life was peaceful and happy, as that of all literary women might be if they chose to take the trouble to make it so. "The Countess' Visit" bears witness to the domestic appreciativeness of its writer:

"THE COUNTESS' VISIT.

"What disorder within and without! What a hubbub and disturbance in the pastor's house! A message has just come to say that her grace the countess would dine at the manse that day.

"The pastor's wife holds counsel with her daughter Louisa on the marshalling of the dishes on the table; she is anxious to honor her guest and show off her housekeeping by a marvellous banquet.

"The hall is dusted and the old portraits furbished, specially the family ones—the women in loose draperies or in tight stays, the men holding Bibles in their hands.

"The pastor's wife dons her long silken gown, her husband his best wig, and Louisa the dress for many years sacred to the yearly festival.

"The countess and her daughter are nearing the fence, and the pastor hastens forward, each fold of his robe and his ample collar studiously arranged.

"His wife, exulting, stands in the glaring sunshine on the stoop, curtsying deeply and often, and both mother and daughter fall forward to kiss the hem of the countess' garments.

"The high and mighty lady steps into the hall. The pastor, overflowing with bows and formalities, tells her of the hearty joy and the pride her visit gives the inmates of his house.

"The countess and her daughter are led to the table, where God's gifts are not lacking. The countess deigns to speak and blandly remarks: 'How much trouble you have given yourselves!'

"She praises her hostess' housekeeping, pronounces the meat with herb sauce tender and delicious, sings the praises of the cheese-cake, and rallies Louisa about the learned young curate of the parish.

"The noble damsel with snow white fingers breaks a chicken-wing to feed the fair Belinda,* and herself eats but little of what is set before her.

"The noble guests secretly exchange glances at the sight of the pastor carving the joint, the sweat standing on his brow, his movements awkward and his bows profuse.

"His wife serves up a bowl heaped with strawberries, and presses them heartily on her guests. Each plate is heaped like a new-made grave.

"The cakes, the red wine from France, the homely 'toasts' take up much time, and the noble ladies are on thorns; at last the meal is over.

"The olive-branches appear, sturdy and sunburnt, introduced by their fond parents; courteous questions as to the children's names—answers shy and clumsy.

"The pastor's wife, worthy matron! crosses her closed fists, and in clear tones praises Louisa's housekeeping, her sewing and weaving. Thank God! the girl is deft and clever.

"Louisa stares open-mouthed at the trimming of the young countess' dress, and resolves to copy it to spite her neighbors.

"She brings in coffee in a silver pot of antique shape, and the pastor takes occasion to praise the gracious count, whose gift it had been in days gone by.

"He tells of the count's great prowess, but, with growing bashfulness, covers his own retreat with manifold holy texts.

"The countess draws out her handkerchief with a sigh, appropriate to the memory of the departed, and, with a few words about the trouble she has given, takes up her cloak and goes forth.

"The pastor escorts the high and mighty lady as far as the linden-tree, while his wife and his daughter—well-bred women—curtsy at the door, on the stoop, at the fence, and are no doubt curtsying still."

A pleasant contrast to this stiff "duty-visit" is afforded by John Gabriel Carlén's "Christmas Eve in the Country," which he intro-

* Her lap-dog.

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duces by an apt quotation from Mme. Lenngren:

"Nowhere the stiffness of conventional restraint; all is joy and pleasure, merriment and romping.

"Ah! what a noise and a confusion. All have their hands full; everything is upside down within and without. The hall, the parlor, the kitchen are all swept and dusted, and in the midst of all a bare-legged servant-girl is busy at the floor of each apartment.

"The house-father can scarcely find a corner to smoke his pipe in peace; the mistress drives him from refuge to refuge. How can any one give himself such trouble!

"The children are pushed hither and thither, and bribed by plentiful bread and butter to get out of the way.

"The meats are ready, the bread baked; the candles and the beer are made, the wash is over. The mother, proud and upright, makes her rounds. She is proud of the tidiness which her well-drilled eye finds everywhere. She runs forward with short, airy steps; she is rejoicing that the pastry has turned out well.

"The governess detaches from its frame the worsted work which has occupied her nights, and among roses, lambs, and shepherds appears a Cupid a few inches long.

"The kitchen shines with an array of dazzling pots. By the hearth gathers a merry band; a well-filled pot makes quick rounds, and all praise the good, strong beer.

"Look at the table of the 'hands' in that corner; see how it is heaped. Round the beef and bacon are a circle of fish, bread, and pies. God's gifts will not run short; they will last out the feast, and may be longer.

"Erik is coming from the city; the sleigh-bells are heard; the children rush to meet him at the heels of old dog Pan. Eagerly they ask for news; each had given Erik his own commission.

"Paper, string, and sealing-wax are given to old and young for their preparations, and mysterious whispers denote consultations. Meanwhile the father, in his wolf-skin cloak, steals out to try the new sleigh.

"Now all is ready; nothing lacks. How good the meal will taste! Not the least thought is for the poor, where candles, fuel, and cakes are to be despatched, and then old Lisa ties a sheaf of oats to the door, that the sparrows may not go away hungry.

"The cuckoo-clock sounds half-past six, and the children are ordered off. Their mother joyfully heaps cakes and sugar-plums on a side-table, and the tree is beautiful, each candle on its branches alight.

"The door opens; the children rush into the blaze of light, where stand their parents with full hearts. O what life! O what joy, what heavenly joy! I cannot describe the scene.

"Rejoice, merry children, still on the road towards the uphills of life; when joy is given you, taste it freely. The day will come, all too soon, when you will think sadly, as I do now, of Christmas eve."

By the same author is the longer poem of the "Sentry's Betrothed," a pathetic domestic tale, very simply told, the naïve details cropping up everywhere and bringing their sentiment home to every heart. But for the repetitions, which considerably increase the length while they do not add to the pith of the story, we should give it whole. The following portions, however, with a few connecting words here and there, will give a clear idea of its subject:

"'Yes, I must have been bereft of my senses when I enlisted. What a fool I was to believe that Hanna could deceive me!

"'She is mine in joy or in sorrow; I know it now! And I, who might have been so happy, am a slave here.'

"Such were John's sad thoughts as he stood on guard in Stockholm, and missed the rest and the joys which used to make his days so happy.

"Thirty miles away, parted from John, his faithful betrothed sent him, during sleepless nights, many a sigh from the bottom of her heart.

"In the cottage beyond the wood and near the church Hanna spent heavy hours with her poor blind mother.

"But her thoughts grew lighter as she gazed on the beloved ring that John had given her. . . .

"She had heard her father say that the morning has gold in its mouth, but, to her delight, she found that night had no less."

As she worked at her spinning-wheel Hanna resolved to earn the necessary sum, a hundred rix-dollars, to buy John's discharge. But it was very hard, for she had her own and her mother's bread to earn, and it took two years' steady work, with average luck in selling the thread in the neighboring town, to make up seventy-five dollars. When she had sold her thread . . .

"She took her little box, bordered with blue and yellow, which John had given her for a 'fairing' before he enlisted.

"For many an evening she had reckoned up the treasure contained in the box, each cent of which was to go to redeem John. . . .

"Hanna would forget the hunger she had often felt when she had left her dinner to have more time to increase her hoard.

"For the pastor's post-bag had once brought her a letter from John, telling of his hardships since he had joined the guard. . . .

"One day Hanna came home by a burning noon-day sun, and the road, that had seemed so long before, she tripped over quickly and merrily.

"She ran a race with the pig to reach the low room of her cottage, where her mother with trembling hands sat disentangling a skein."

Then she tells how the innkeeper had sent her to a kind lady, who bought all her thread, and, noticing

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her pallor, asked her if she could be of service to her, which resulted in the sum being at once completed, with something left over. A fortnight's journey would do what she needed, and that night she went to sleep "with the peace which the dove enjoys on the branch whereon she roosts."

"When the red gold of the east gilded the lake and the meadow, Hanna was already far on the road to Stockholm.

"She rode the first mile on Per's wagon, that was bound for the mill, and just as she left it she met a gentleman.

"'Where are you going, my pretty maid? We might be company for each other?' And Hanna, who saw no reason for secrecy now, told him all.

"'But your money, take care of it; it may be stolen. There are so many rogues! Is it well hidden?'

"'You may fancy how well, sir! 'Tis sewn in the hem of my petticoat here. But who would ever dream I was so rich?'"

At midday the girl's companion proposes a halt, and they rest awhile.

"The wind whispered softly in the crown of the trees, and the tinkling of the waterfall answered from the mountain grotto.

"The lizard wound his way along the edge of the ditch by the roadside, and the jay sat in silence under the shade of the burning and rocky slope.

"Hanna was so hot and tired that she soon slept, but her dreams did not bind her senses long.

"Her bright eyes opened! . . . the gentleman was gone, and, O Heaven! so was her money; not a trace remained.

"No words can tell her grief. What a monster! Be he accursed wherever he goes! Let all Sweden curse his treachery!"

And the poor girl, comforting herself with the thought that John, at least, will not be disappointed, since she had prudently refrained from telling him of her design, goes home to her mother and her work.

"Into the little box fell now and then a tear, but the wheel went round and the spindle flew for two years more. Hanna spun till her hand and foot were weary, and even the wheel was half worn through with work.

"But the third year—O happiness!—the sum was once more full; Hanna had often been hungry, and had given up everything for her purpose.

"This time she reached Stockholm in safety. At the gates she took out her gala handkerchief and pinned it to her bridal comb.

"The dawn gilded the towers and spires. Hanna's heart beat quick; her senses all but forsook her.

"But what means this crowd? A dark procession from the gates was winding down the road.

"It was a young soldier, a deserter, going to meet his death.

"'If John . . .' And a horrible thought flashed through Hanna's mind.

"No, the ways of the Lord are wonderful. Hanna's anguish is over: between the soldiers steps the man who stole her hoard."

The sequel is short and easily guessed, and the following year, says the poem, when Hanna's friend, "the good lady," came to inquire after her, she found her the mother of a "naughty little soldier."

"A Story Lower," by Frederick Sander, is the quaint meditation, half-complaining, half-arrogant, of a poor scholar whose present abode is a certainty, while the intermediate ones of which he dreams are yet "castles in the air."

"I live next the roof; a family of swallows are my nearest neighbors, and a narrow clay room is their merry summer dwelling.

"The mother's twittering wakes me at break of day; she is off to seek food for her little ones, but for me, poor prisoner, I stay where I am, cheating my wretchedness by the study of Greek.

"Still, I have learnt to mix a freshening draught of grape-juice; but after all life is the same, whether or no one has tasted its best pleasures. Autumn is near and will drive away the swallows; I shall miss my pleasant neighbors. Wait a bit, however; I shall become a professor and go down *a story lower*.

"I shall live in light and pretty rooms, and shall sleep in a bed with silken curtains, where the silence of night will whisper riddles to me, and the spirits of dreams will pass without touching me. All day long I shall work for the good of the country; I shall have a decoration given me, and perhaps I may find a wife. When an old friend comes to see me, he will wonder and exclaim: '*Thou too!*'

"But if—for who knows where the serpent will treacherously aim?—if (I say it once more) the arrows of gout should reach me and bad temper become the burden of my songs; if gout should weight my feet with lead and make my eyes seek my crutches; if the head of the tree should wither before its roots, then I will go down *a story lower*.

"I will live on the ground-floor, where 'tis no trouble to come in. Stairs are stumbling-blocks to good health, and who is more anxious for health than an old man? He loves to smoke his evening pipe when his other flames have gone out in smoke; and trying to lengthen out each of his poor pleasures, he pours out a drop in a glass—but, alas! 'tis but a vain effort.

"Any lamp, however well filled, will go out when the wick is exhausted. When I have taken my last steps I will ask, 'Is all over?' When I am weary of life's treacherous moods, and see no friendly star shine for me, I will go in peace towards the tomb, and with a smile go down *a story lower*."

Among Swedish poets Amadeus

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Atterbom* may be called their Wordsworth for the moral tone of his poetry and his deep love of nature. Mlle. du Puget says of him: "Sweet dreamer! he is like a nightingale astray in the dark pine forests of the North, shivering in a winter which he can neither bear nor yet fly from. . . . When he describes flowers he gives them each a character and a special symbolic life. His great poem, 'The Isle of Happiness,' is borrowed from the old legend of this name. In it are to be found the flashes of lyrical inspiration which in Swedish literature belong exclusively to Atterbom; but one is sorry to find side by side with them tedious periods and traces of pedantic subtleties which spoil the simple charm of the tale. Atterbom is also the author of a standard history of Swedish literature." The following short poem reveals his melancholy and tender nature:

"PATIENCE.

"Which of all the virtues deserves to be called the hardest to practise? That which shines not in strength but in calmness. All the rest have their reward, either in the joy that comes of sacrifice or in the thrill and excitement of inspiration and action.

"Patience, silent daughter of unselfishness, feeds only on privations; the Eternal only can reward her. She gives up all things, and shines the most when no one sees the spot on which, kneeling in prayer, she clasps and kisses the cross.

"Patience is woman's virtue. Riveted to earth as a plant, she looks gently up towards the light and bows down at each blast of wind; she is still fair when trodden under foot, still fragrant when withered by time.

"To the lord of creation she opposes only the pliancy of a flower, and to the hand that crushes her only the secret dew of tears. Man is taught suffering by the world, but woman by man. He it is who frames her lot, and, like fate, is often her tyrant.

"The flower is the heart of the plant, and the flower of nature is woman; the flower forgets self, and woman lives for others. Gentle sex which binds man to earth, thou hast kept for thy share only the holy virtue of the flower."

Though best known by his impassioned poem on the "Death of the Countess Spastara"—the beautiful French wife of a Sicilian, who at the age of twenty-two died with her infant son during a fire caused at Messina by an earthquake, she being unable to rescue him and unwilling to live without him—Bengt Lidner must be judged by our readers through a humorous and shorter poem, the former being too long for this article. Lidner's history, sadly like that of Edgar Poe, is as checkered and romantic as any poem. Born in 1759 at Gothenburg (a city now known as the headquarters of a new temperance scheme, practical and hitherto very successful), he went to Lund University to study, but led such a dissipated life while there that he was obliged to go to Rostock to take his degree in philosophy. His life was so notoriously bad that his relations got rid of him later on by making him go as foremast-man on board a ship bound for the East Indies; but he ran away when the ship touched the Cape, and thence made his way home, where his genius soon drew upon him the notice of the king, Gustavus III., who lavished both money and real friendship upon him. Still, his passion for drink was too great to be controlled, and the king finally gave him up. He died in penury and obscurity in 1793. His poems are often gloomy and despairing, yet teeming with rich fancies and delicate expressions. The following is one of his "Fables":

"'A cock fell in love.' . . . 'How now! do cocks fall in love?' 'Why, yes, Iris, they are proud to be like you in some things. Well, this cock fell in love' . . . 'With a hen, no doubt?' 'No, better than that—with a goose. They lived for a few minutes in peace and content, but the cock began to crow. 'Have done!' cried the goose. 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself; do I ever make such a noise? In a word, do just as I do, and nothing more.' The cock held his peace and deferred to his better half. I should have behaved otherwise. When I see a fair woman in a bad temper I run away without daring to look behind. By and by the cock picked up a grain of corn at his feet.

* Born 1796; died at Upsal 1855.

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'Listen,' said the goose: 'am I not your wife, and should you not learn to eat as I do? Your race, in these enlightened times, ought to follow our pattern in all things. You ought to be ashamed of having forgotten it.' 'What does this scolding mean?' asked the cock. 'Do you dare,' said the goose, 'cross my wishes? Go, then, wretched fool, and become the prey of the cruel hawk!'

"Pluck up thy spirit, O cock! and let every honest burgher who marries above him be a comfort and a warning to thee."

Another class of poems are those treating of historical or legendary subjects; but among these we have included neither the adaptations of the ancient poems nor portions of the later epics and poems of chivalry—as, for instance, Tegnér's "Fridthiof," his "Axel," or Ling's historico-dramatic "Song of the Asæ," or Odin's Companions. Minor topics of the heroic kind, however, are not wanting throughout the field of Swedish poetry, and among them Geijer's "Pirate" is one of the shortest and the most characteristically treated. This poet is one of the most popular in Sweden, though his prose works—chiefly scientific criticisms on the national history—far outnumber his poetical ones. Born in the province of Wermeland in 1783, he drank in the love of learning, chiefly of literature and music, with his earliest recollections, although his father's position was only that of a master-blacksmith. At sixteen he was already a composer of some merit, but his genius finally turned to history as its most appropriate field. After a brilliant university career at Upsal and a long journey through Europe, his Alma Mater received him back as professor of history, and the Swedish Academy, a choice body containing but eighteen members, elected him to fill the first vacancy that occurred after his return. His historical works are full of acumen and calm, philosophical judgment, and show signs of immense and laborious research. His name was a household word far away among places and populations as proud of their national associations as if they themselves had been centres of learning and competitors in its race; for the people of Sweden, as a rule, though individually comparatively ignorant of things beyond practical life, have a keen instinct of independence and self-respect which makes them look on all national excellence as part of themselves, and claim a share in it by sympathy, appreciation, and encouragement, as of a patrimony belonging of right to the nation at large. Gustavus Erik Geijer died, universally lamented, in 1847.

"THE PIRATE.

"'When I was fifteen my mother's hut began to grow too narrow for me. I found the long days tedious which I spent herding the goats. My temper and my tastes became wilful and my moods many; I dreamt of things I could not define, and the merry days of old in the forest were fled.

"'My mind rudely shaken, I ran towards the rocks and my glance fell on the boundless sea. The roaring of the foam-whitened waves sounded in my ears like a stately song; the billows come from a measureless distance, and nothing binds them, nothing bars their freedom on the ocean.

"'One morning, as I stood on the shore, I saw a ship come into the bay quick and straight as an arrow. My bosom swelled, my brain took fire and I knew what it was that had haunted me. I forsook my goats and my mother, and the pirate took me aboard his ship, out on the ocean.

"'The wind swelled the sails; we skimmed the watery plain as lightly as a bird. The crests of the rocks dissolved in the blue distance. I was happy and at peace. I took my father's rusty sword, and swore to conquer a kingdom and broad lands—on the ocean. At sixteen I killed the pirate: he had taunted me for a boy and a coward! I was king of the sea; I made raids and attacks, took castles and forts, and the booty I shared by lot with my warriors on the ocean.

"'Spite of storms and waves, we emptied draughts of hydromel out of our cups of horn. Our ship gave laws to the coasts all around. I carried off a maiden of Gaul. She wept three days and then was comforted, and we held a wedding-feast on the ocean.

"'Once I was master of a kingdom and many forts; I drank wine in a house, I gave laws to a people, I slept within walls and behind bolts and bars. It lasted a whole winter. The winter was long and weary, and, king though I was, earth seemed narrow to me compared with the ocean.

"'I did nothing, but I was for ever pestered to help fools whom it was useless to help. There were those who would fain see me fence in the huts of peasants and give the beggar a stout stick for his

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bundle. It wearied me to hear of money-fines, oaths administered, robbers and robberies. Oh! that I were far away on the ocean.

"'Such was my prayer. The long winter broke at last, and the anemones grew once more on the shores. The waves awoke and called to me; the birds played on hill and dale, and the streams, rolling free again, rushed blithely towards ocean.

"'Then once more the unknown thrill came o'er me; the swelling waves bewitched me. I sowed my gold in the cities and the country; I ground my crown into dust. Poor as of old, with naught but ship and sword, unknowing of my fate, once more I coursed the ocean.

"'Free as the wind, we floated on seas remote and stormy. We saw man on foreign shores live and die, in each place alike, and foes for ever taking root on his hearth; but sorrow misses the track of the pirate on the ocean.

"'Once more I watched amid my warriors the distant ship on the blue horizon. Was she a pirate?—then blood would flow; or a trading sail?—we let her pass. The hero's triumph is one of blood, and a pirate's bond is bought with the sword on the ocean.

"'If I stood on the prow by day a glowing future stretched before me. Carried on the moaning wave, I was calm as the swan that sways on river reeds. All the treasures in my track fell into my hands, and nothing vexed my hopes on the boundless ocean.

"'But if I stood on the prow at night, and the lonely waves roared at my feet, I thought I heard the Nornæ* weaving their web. There is uncertainty on the sea, as there is in man's fate. Better be ready for evil as well as good on the bosom of the ocean.

"'I am twenty years old. Misfortune came to me swiftly. The waves demand my blood; they know it of old, and have seen it flow hot in battle. My heart burns and beats so high, yet it will soon be still in some icy cave of ocean.

"'I mourn not my short days; they were few but happy. Many roads lead to the halls of the gods, and the shortest is the best. The waves sing my dirge; I have lived my life with them. I shall find a resting-place in the ocean.'

"So sings the shipwrecked pirate on a rock amid the reefs. The sea drags him down to her depths. The waves sing once more, and the winds take their wayward course, but the fame of the hero clings to the ocean."

All northern mythologies—or rather folk-lore—are concerned with those imaginary beings, intermediate between gods and men, whom we lump together under the name of fairies. Their moonlight pranks, their "rings" on the grass, their supposed trickiness and power over the elements, are all familiar to us from childhood. It is natural that they should suggest themes to northern poets, as the more stately sylvan deities of Greece did to the classic poets. John Erik Stagnelius (born in 1769, died 1823), although fond of melancholy and hopeless subjects—he was himself an incurable invalid, which accounts for much of his sad poetry—has spent upon his poem of "The Elves" a good deal of delicate imagery and sprightly fancy. Fortunately for him, he had a deeply religious nature and a never-failing trust in the divine mercy, so that his estimate of sorrow as the necessary lot of mankind was redeemed from becoming the expression of mere cynical pessimism by being qualified and explained according to his belief in an active and compassionate Providence. A scholar of Lund and Upsal, he was not seldom also a genial and humorous companion, full of pleasantry, yet never going beyond the bounds of a good taste that was natural to him, and young people especially enjoyed his conversation, fed as it was from the stores of a wonderful memory.

* The Parcæ of Scandinavian mythology.

"THE ELVES.

"Think not, O men! that the earth was made for you alone, ephemeral beings whom the foot of Time crushes as easily as the flowers of spring;

"That the sun comes forth from the gates of the dawn solely for your sakes, deluded men, to ripen your grapes and your corn, to shine on your errors and sins;

"That the torch of the moon, when the gold of evening has faded and the stars smile in the sky, shines specially for the lover or the murderer, each stealing silently towards his goal;

"That the dark greenwood hospitably shelters none but wayfarers; that the silver brooklet, so fresh and lovely, murmurs for none but you and your cattle?

"Where the ice of the poles forbids further travel, where the sand-fields dip beneath the waves of the sea, where no sun-ray has ever lighted a human footstep, there is life and there is joy.

"In the wilderness of the forest and in the foam of the waves, in the peaceful, smiling valleys, in the rocks, in the clouds, live wondrous beings.

"Speak! Knowest thou the merry band of elves? They build on the banks of streams; they weave their festive robes of moonlight tissue with sportive fingers lily-white.

"They gather for their banquets in the shade of fir-groves or greenest grass, and quaff pearly dew-drops out of golden flower-cups in spring.

"They gather for their pranks, for their dances and their games, when the sun has fled and the stars twinkle in the saddened sky of midnight.

"In meadows silvered by the moonlight they

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form rolling rings in elfin manœuvres. Necken, the green-bearded, plays the harp in his river-cavern, and its strains are magical and compelling.

"But if he lifts his voice in song the valleys and the hills rejoice. The elves suspend their thunder-sounding courses, and the wings of the night hurricane are folded.

"The wayfarer's heart beats with a strange delight, and the lily dissolves in silver tears, at the sweet spell of the night-song."

A more serious theme, whose treatment seems to us the most appropriate and praiseworthy of all that have been noticed by the writer, is "The Hero's Grave," by John Nyborn, one of the living poets of Sweden. Though its shortness is no doubt a merit, the reader would wish this poem to be longer:

"Make ready a grave for the soldier on the shore of the moaning sea; a hero in life as in death, he has fallen for his country's sake.

"He has fallen, like a pine-tree felled, stretched on the rock where erst he stood so haughtily. The hero has fallen, and here where the earth has drunk his blood shall he rest.

"Close his eyes, they will flash lightning no more; and the arm that was raised against wrong shall be hidden beneath the earth.

"Clear the hair, clotted with blood, from the snow-white pallor of his brow. In death let him still be free, he who died for freedom.

"He shall go down into the grave in the garment of a conqueror. Thou art stretched on blood-red roses; how beautiful is thy bed, O my brother!

"No laurel binds thy brow, but a hero's fame is thine, and the thunder of battle sings thy dirge 'mid the mountains and the forests.

"No maiden will water thy grave with the river of her tears, but the blossom of memory will spring from thy fruitful blood.

"Fresh sods are over thee, the last gift our love can offer thee; but we shall speak of them with pride, for they mark the grave of a hero.

"His bed of death is made; soon, perhaps, our own will be ready. Let us give prayers and farewell tears to the soldier's dust.

"And thou, God of Hosts, hear my prayer: I ask from thee no crown of victory, but grant, when my hour comes, that my death may be even as his!"

The next two specimens are of a different order of poetry, one which in our days has risen to an importance hitherto unheard of, and derived rather from the researches of science than from the sanction of art. Popular songs are history, and bear a directer stamp of national feeling and character than the more complex poetry which follows, to a certain degree, the fashion of each age, and even that as this fashion changes, not in the fatherland, but in some foreign country acknowledged arbitrarily at the time to be the standard model. The following pieces have a bold outspokenness which is eminently national, while the popular superstitions on which the stories are founded have their moral side, and are picturesque and realistic expressions of spiritual truths. The first is called

"THE YOUNG LORD PEDER'S SEA-VOYAGE.

"'Tis the young Lord Peder who seeks his nurse-mother to ask by what death he shall die.

"'Thou shalt not die in thy bed; thou shalt not be slain in war; but see to it that the blue waves do not shorten thy life.'

"'If I die not in my bed, if I be not slain in war, I shall not fear the blue waves that may shorten my life.'

"'Tis the young Lord Peder. He goes to the shore and builds him a ship, the best of all ships.

"Made all of whalebone, and likewise the masts, but the flame at their end is of the reddest gold.

"'Tis the young Lord Peder. He launches the ship, but forgets God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

"'To-night we will drink, since we have strong beer; to-morrow we will sail, if the wind favors us.'

"They sailed for two days, they sailed for three days, but on reaching the open sea the ship stood still.

"They threw dice on the widest table; the lot fell to the Lord Peder, who was verily a great sinner.

"'You say too true: I am a great sinner. Let me kneel before God the Lord to make my confession.

"'I have made many widows and orphans; I have betrayed and ruined many an honest woman.

"'If any of you reach land, and my nurse-mother asks after me, tell her I am with the king and have a good office.

"'If any of you reach land, and my betrothed asks after me, tell her I am at the bottom of the sea and I beg of her to marry.'

"They seized the young Lord Peder and threw him into the sea over the larboard side. And the ship resumed her natural course, though she had lost one man."

Another equally pithy ballad is that of "The Stepmother." The *refrain* seems unconnected with most of the facts related, but is, of course, an integral part of the song as a representative of popular poetry:

"A king went to travel in the south, and while

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there he married Dame Silfra. *Thou art the fairest, and thou art mine.**

"He travelled with her on land and sea until he came home to his own country.

"They lived together for seven years; Silfra bore the king three children.

"Then death entered into their house. Dame Silfra was laid on a black bier.

"And the king went to travel in the south, and while there he married Dame Frœdenborg.

"He travelled with her on land and sea until he came home to his own country.

"Frœdenborg had been home only two days, yet the children all fled from her, each into his own corner.

"She hated one, and beat the other, and the third she seized by the hair of his head and dragged him along.

"The children went to their father, and asked leave to go to their mother's grave.

"'Go to your mother's grave, but that will do you no good.'

"The children did as they wished, and went to their mother's grave.

"The first wept; the second shed tears of blood; the tears of the third drew his mother forth from the earth.

"Dame Silfra went to God the Father and besought him to let her return to earth only for a single day.

"'I grant thee leave to return to earth this day, but at one hour past noon thou must be in thy grave again

"And Dame Silfra goes to the king's dwelling. She stands upright before Frœdenborg.

"'What mean these complaints? What is this cry? The sighs of my children reach up to God.'

"'I hear their groans; I hear them weep on my grave; I heard lamentable cries.

"'I left behind me fields and farms, and my children rise hungry from table.

"'I left behind me fields and farms, and my children go to sleep hungry.

"'I left behind me good beds of blue feathers, and my children sleep on straw and branches.

"'If thou wilt be a good mother to my children, I will cause a chair to be set for thee in heaven.

"'But if thou art not a good mother to my children, I will have a chair set for thee in hell.'

"Dame Frœdenborg fell on her bare knees. 'Dear Dame Silfra, forgive me!

"'Thy children shall never want for anything; I promise it, and I will keep my word till I die.

"'May serpents gnaw my heart within my bosom if I ever give thee cause of complaint

"'Never will I be harsh to thine, but come not again in this garb.'

"And there was a great change in the house of Dame Frœdenborg; she lit torches and candles for the children.

"She clasps them all in her motherly arms and calls them loving names.

"She warms two between her motherly arms; she carries the third on her snow-white arm.

"And there was great rejoicing in the king's dwelling; Frœdenborg was never again cruel as she had been. *Thou art the fairest, and thou art mine.*"

*This refrain is repeated at the end of each verse.

There seems little of French vivacity in any of these poems, whether popular or otherwise—unless sometimes in the mock-Arcadian treatment of conventional themes with semi-classical subjects, such as the tragic "Camilla" of Mme. Nordenflycht, or some of the fables of Count Gyllenborg—yet the Swede has been called the Frenchman of the North. The Swedish is a many-sided character, and the improvidence and dash that balance its spurts of tremendous energy, and even dogged perseverance, or rather endurance, are the qualities which have suggested this comparison. This endurance is one of the grandest national characteristics, and the frugality it engenders is almost always to the Swede a pledge of success. Conceive an Irish imagination grafted on a New England will, and you will have some idea of a high type of this poetical people; yet the gleams of tender melancholy, the repose, and the silent self-sufficiency of the race would be unrepresented, if you did not add a cross of the highest type of German—say Schiller.

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PEARL.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA, AUTHOR OF "IZA'S STORY," "A SALON IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE," "ARE YOU MY WIFE?" ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

"AU REVOIR, DARVALLON"—"AU REVOIR, LEOPOLD."

"THAT woman is snubbing you," said Mrs. Monteagle. "You must come away. What! that would be behaving ill to Mme. Mère? Nonsense! She can easily hire another pair of lungs; don't you be a fool, my dear. Come away. I will take the blame of it on myself."

"I don't want to leave her," replied Pearl, "but I do wish we were out of Paris. I can see Mme. Léopold is dying to get me out of the way."

"She has been rude to you? Don't deny it! I guessed as much when she came to me with that ridiculous story about having caught you laughing with the black stick at the piano. I asked her if she would rather have caught you both crying. What a fool that woman is! I devoutly hope he may marry a Hottentot; only the poor thing would have a hard time of it with her mother-in-law."

"I wish I had the courage to have it out with Mme. Léopold myself," said Pearl. "I feel I behaved like a guilty sneak that day; but she looked so furious I lost all my presence of mind. And he was taken aback, too, though he put such a bold face on it. I think I will speak to her; I did nothing to be ashamed of, and I will just tell her that I know that."

"Whatever you say, try and say it with a smiling countenance," said Mrs. Monteagle, smoothing away the anxious frown from Pearl's forehead with one long finger; "if you go to her with a face like that you will quarrel. It is not what people say to each other that makes them quarrel; it is their faces when they are saying it. Look at me! I say things to people that would make them murder any one else; but I laugh while I am snubbing them, and they set it down to eccentricity and put up with it."

"I can't smile when I am angry or hurt," said Pearl.

"Of course you can't; but you mustn't be angry and you mustn't be hurt. Nothing is worth it; it makes bad blood and it helps nothing. Laugh at people when they are rude, or stupid, or ill-natured; laugh at them and give them your mind."

But it was easier for Mrs. Monteagle than Pearl to follow this theory. The worried look came back, puckering up her forehead in long wrinkles.

"Child, you are worried; you had better give notice and come away. You will get into trouble if you don't," said Mrs. Monteagle.

The trouble had come already, though not in the way or of the kind she meant.

Pearl had not said a word about that *coup de théâtre* of the other morning between Léon and Captain Darvallon; but this was what

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gathered the cloud on her brow, and not Mme. Léopold's anger.

It was three days ago that the scene had taken place, and Raoul had never come near the house since. Léon, on the contrary, had been every day and stayed two hours at a time. He had never alluded to the scene, but something in his manner told Pearl that he thought a great deal about it. His manner puzzled and distressed her altogether. Their easy, pleasant intercourse was at an end. He had become deferential, anxious to please her; he had ceased to be simple and brother-like. She happened to mention quite incidentally her fondness for yellow roses, and the next morning he arrived with an enormous bouquet of Gloire de Dijons and Marshal Niels, and presented them to his grandmother.

"You extravagant boy!" cried the old lady, horror-stricken at the princely offering. "I wanted a tiny bunch of these yesterday, and they asked me ten francs for it!"

"I knew you were wishing for them," said Léon, who had never heard her mention roses in his life.

"Mon petit! But what a sum they have cost you!" And she looked at the lovely flowers and then at him.

"Anything is cheap that gives a moment's pleasure to those we love," said Léon in a voice that could not possibly have reached his grandmother, though he was ostensibly addressing her.

"You ought to go to the opera, bonne maman," he said when Pearl had left the room to put the roses in water. "Why don't you take Mlle. Perle to see the *Trovatore?* She will die of ennui if you don't give her a little distraction."

"I am afraid she finds it dull here," assented the old lady; "but you know I never go to the theatre, mon petit."

"The theatre—no; but the opera you would enjoy. Let me take a box for you at the Italiens on Tuesday?"

"I will think about it. But perhaps la petite would rather see a good comedy. I will ask her."

"No, no; don't ask her," said Léon. "She is sure to say that she does not care; but she would care. She is young, and she will fall ill if she has not some amusement. Bonne maman, you will be very dull when I am gone."

"Ah! mon Dieu, à qui le dis-tu?" exclaimed Mme. Mère, heaving a terrible sigh. "Ma petite, what is to become of us when he is gone?" she said, as Pearl came back, carrying the roses in a large glass bowl.

"He is really going, then?" said Pearl, conscious of more regret at the announcement than she would have felt a few days ago.

"Yes," said Léon, "I believe it is quite settled."

He fixed his black eyes on her to see if the mobile face would tell any tales. Pearl felt he was watching her, and she suspected why and grew scarlet. She looked very graceful and picturesque, the pale gold of the roses shining like a vestal flame against her black dress as she held up the crystal bowl and placed it on the littered table. She appeared to Léon like a new creature. He guessed now that it was she who had stolen his friend's heart away from him. Was it a theft or an exchange? Did she love Raoul? How could she help it? How could any woman help loving that strong, proud nature, if once it bent itself to sue for love? Strange that it had never before struck Léon how lovely this Eng-

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lish girl was! No wonder she had brought his soldier brother to her feet. And what business had he now, that brother's friend, to come here day after day, gazing at her, talking to her, trying to win a smile from her? He was not deliberately bent on supplanting Raoul—he was incapable of that—but since he had discovered that Raoul loved Pearl his own eyes had been opened, and all the grace and sweetness which had hitherto escaped him became visible. The spell had been gradually working on him, too, and he now gave himself up to the delicious intoxication, calculating nothing beyond the delight of the passing hour.

Why had not Raoul trusted him instead of making a mystery of his love, as if he were ashamed of it? Or was he afraid to tell Léon, lest he should come and steal away his treasure? Well, since he could so misjudge his friend, let him pay the penalty. Where there had been no trust there could be no betrayal. Léon had as good a right as Darvallon to enter the lists for the prize. He was not sufficiently in earnest to ask himself, "If I win it, what shall I do with it?"

It had been planned that Mme. Mère and Pearl were to join the Léopolds in the ministerial box at the Odéon on whatever evening Blanche and her fiancé were placed on view for one another's approbation; but since this had been arranged the situation had become a little strained between Mme. Mère and her daughter-in-law, and the invitation had not been renewed, so that when the eventful evening came Blanche and her parents were the sole occupants of the large avant-scène box. The piece was a harrowing drama, and everybody, the gentlemen included, came prepared to soak their pocket-handkerchiefs. Blanche was not very emotional, and, as a rule, she never cried unless she could not possibly help it: it was bad for the eyes and extremely unbecoming. To-night she was less likely than usual to yield to the weakness, for the gaze of her future lord would be upon her, and she was not going to blur her complexion for the finest sentiments that ever drew tears from an audience.

They entered their loge d'avant-scène with a certain pomp; every eye was turned on the group—the minister big and self-important, Mme. la Baronne portly, beaming, magnificently dressed, and her handsome daughter in white drifting in behind her. They seated themselves in the hot velvet fauteuils, and the ladies adjusted their glasses to take a view of the house.

"Is he here, mamma?" said Blanche; and laying down her mother-of-pearl lorgnette, she opened her fan and began to play with it.

"I don't see him. Yes, there he is, right opposite."

"In a box?"

"No, in a fauteuil de balcon. He is looking at us."

Mme. Léopold turned carelessly towards her husband, who wanted to take a look at the house, but was told he must wait; it would not do to seem over-anxious.

"Is he alone?" inquired Blanche, still flirting her fan and looking steadily away to the right.

"Yes, I think so; he leans forward, speaking to no one."

The orchestra tuned its violins, the curtain rose, and the play began. It was fully equal to its reputation, M. Léopold thought; he listened with an interest that grew to intensity as the piece went on. Blanche at first was too much oc-

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cupied with her own little comedy to care at all about the mimic woes and passions of the actors; but by degrees her wandering will was taken captive, and she was compelled to look and listen, until gradually her interest became thoroughly absorbed, and even her flinty heart was not proof against the power and pathos of the story. The tears rose, and after struggling to swallow them for a while she gave it up and let them course freely down her cheeks, sobbing, blowing her nose, and wiping her eyes, to the utter detriment of her creamy complexion and composed countenance. Mme. Léopold was weeping abundantly, the minister also; the house from pit to gallery was flowing like a fountain, and the fall of the curtain was the signal for a general display of pocket-handkerchiefs, which, acting in chorus, sounded like the blast of a fog-horn.

"Mon Dieu! que je m'amuse bien!" sobbed Blanche, falling back in her chair and letting her arms drop.

"It is fine acting; I myself have not been unmoved," observed the baron, belaboring his face with his crimson foulard.

"May we come in?" called out a voice from the door, and, without waiting for an answer, M. de Kerbec entered, followed by Captain Darvallon.

"What strong emotions we are experiencing!" said M. de Kerbec. "That does one good. I am sorry my wife is not here; she would have enjoyed it."

"It is almost too much," said Mme. Léopold; "and you, captain, have you been able to refrain from tears?"

"I have only just come," said M. Darvallon. "I suppose I have had a great loss, but my supply of tears will be fresh for the fifth act, when all of yours will be exhausted."

"Ah! you mock us because your eyes are dry; but our turn to mock will come. We shall see your pride brought low; shall we not, ma Blanche?"

"Mlle. Blanche has given proof of a charming sensibility," observed M. de Kerbec; "she has been the object of a profound admiration during the emotions of the last act. Nothing is so touching in the young as this sensitiveness of the heart."

Blanche looked modestly conscious, while her mother and M. de Kerbec exchanged significant glances.

"He is a lost man!" whispered the count: "I have been speaking to him; he came and seized me in my box to confide to me his impressions. He is impatient to hear." And by a sign he asked what Blanche thought of the vicomte.

Some little conversation ensued *sotto voce* between the mother and M. de Kerbec, while Blanche engaged the attention of her father and M. Darvallon.

"De Cholcourt has been begging me to commend him to you for a nomination to Vienna," said M. Darvallon; "he seems to be taking the diplomatic career au sérieux. I thought it was merely a caprice, and that he would throw it up at the end of six months; but I was mistaken. He is bent on distinguishing himself. He certainly has every qualification for making a good ambassador; it is a pity he should not succeed."

"What is to hinder his succeeding?" inquired the baron.

"He is mal vu by the emperor,

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and still more by the empress; his mother refused the post of Dame du Palais, which was offered to her at the time of the marriage, and she has nearly quarrelled with her son for going to dance at the Tuileries."

"Vieille bigote!" said the imperial minister, with a contemptuous shrug. "It would be serving her right if we made the young marquis our ambassador to Vienna; it would be good fun to send the son to represent Napoleon III. at the same court where his father and grandfather represented a Bourbon."

"Play the old lady that trick, papa," said Blanche, who had been listening with deep interest to the conversation; "tell the emperor, and he is sure to fall in with the joke."

"Well done, Mlle. Blanche!" said Darvallon. "I notice that ladies, especially young ladies, are always for bold measures; and, in politics as in war, it generally proves successful."

"I hate those old *bigotes* of the Faubourg," said Blanche.

"Is De Cholcourt in town at present?" inquired M. Léopold.

"He was in this house five minutes ago. I wanted him to come and speak to you on the spot; but he was afraid of seeming indiscreet on account of the presence of ces dames."

"Tell him to come and see me to-morrow morning. I will help him as far as I can. It is abominable that intelligent men should be shut out from public life through the silly prejudices of old women."

"The Faubourg is so unpatriotic!" remarked Blanche. "It cares for nothing but its own importance. Périsse la France, pourvu que mon parti vive!—that is its motto. It is so stupid and selfish!"

"What treason do I hear Mlle. Blanche talking?" cried M. de Kerbec, turning round with a pretence of horror. "If my wife were here she would have a fit."

"You must tell no tales, De Kerbec," said the baron. But Blanche, with a little toss of her head, said she did not care who heard her.

"That is right. Have the courage of your opinions, mademoiselle," said M. Darvallon, amused at her spirited attack on the old Faubourg. He had never heard Blanche express any opinion so freely or with so much aplomb. Her mother was rather alarmed. M. de Kerbec was a real friend, and eager for the vicomte's suit, or else he might make mischief; for the vicomte was à cheval sur son Faubourg, and the Bonapartist stain on Blanche had to be covered over with a vast amount of influence and promise of exertion for a young brother, on the part of the minister, before the candidate could be brought to entertain the idea of this marriage at all.

"What have you done with Léon?" inquired Mme. Léopold, turning off the conversation to safer ground.

"I have not seen him to-day," said M. Darvallon; he might have said, for several days.

"You may see him now, if you choose," said M. de Kerbec; "he is within half a dozen boxes of this."

"Who is he making himself agreeable to?" said M. Léopold, stooping forward to see if his son were visible from their box.

"To Mme. Monteagle—or perhaps I should say to Mlle. Redacre; they are both there."

Mme. Léopold gave a little start, as if a popgun had been let off

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under her chair. Darvallon made no sign, but his face grew dark and he bit his moustache.

"He is betraying me," thought Léon's friend.

"He is braving me," thought Léon's mother.

"I will go and pay my respects to those ladies," said the minister, glad to make a tour out of the heated box.

"Tell Léon to come and pay his respects to us," said Mme. Léopold in a playful tone.

"Will you come, Darvallon?"

"No, if I may remain here a little longer?"

Mme. Léopold nodded a friendly assent; she longed to pour out her angry terrors in the ear of her son's friend, but De Kerbec's presence made this impossible. Still, she would keep Darvallon; the opportunity might occur presently.

Léon did not precipitate himself to answer his mother's summons; he stayed on talking to Pearl, while his father was occupied with her chaperon. It was he who had given this box to Mrs. Monteagle, and suggested her taking Pearl to see the play that all Paris was crying over. Mrs. Monteagle enjoyed fine acting more than music, and she was glad to give Pearl the outing, so she accepted the box and said nothing about where it came from.

"Are you amused?" said Léon, as the two sat close together in the back seats of the dark box.

"I'm not amused," said Pearl. "I am too intensely interested to be amused; I am rather vexed. I hate crying over plays and stories."

"You prefer shedding your tears over real sorrows?"

"I prefer not shedding them at all; but if I must cry it is better worth while crying over the woes of people who exist than over the sorrows of people I don't know and care for."

"Those people are much to be envied, whatever their misfortunes may be, if you shed tears over them; it would console me for being shot, if I knew beforehand you would weep over me."

"What nonsense you can talk, to be sure!" said Pearl, laughing; but she wished he spoke more as if he knew he was talking nonsense.

"I am not laughing; I swear to you I mean it!" said Léon in a low tone that made her move uneasily in her chair.

"How hot it is! I wish you would open the door," she said, fanning herself at arm's length.

"You don't believe a word I say," said Léon; "you don't care what becomes of me. If I get shot down by the Arabs one of these days, you will say, 'Poor devil!' and come to the theatre the next minute as if nothing had happened."

"I never call any one a devil, and I don't believe there is such a glorious death in store for you. Do oblige me and open the door! One suffocates here."

But he took no notice of the reiterated request, only bent nearer, resting his hand on the back of her chair.

"Pearl, I love you!" he said suddenly, his face so close to hers that they almost touched.

She started and would have stood up, but that was impossible without at once drawing M. Léopold's attention on them both. Why did not Mrs. Monteagle see what was going on and come to her assistance? But if Mrs. Monteagle noticed anything she kept never minding and continued her animated conversation with the minister,

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whose face was turned full on the house.

"Pearl, I love you!" repeated Léon in the same hurried undertone. "I have never loved any woman as I love you."

"This is cruel, this is cowardly of you," said Pearl, dreadfully agitated, and in her excitement speaking so loud that it was a miracle the others did not hear her; but Mrs. Monteagle was now talking at the top of her voice.

"It is you who are cruel. You will not believe me; you think I am mocking you. I swear to you I am not! I was never more in earnest in my life. I will throw up my sword, I will brave my mother, I will cut my throat to prove it! If only you could love me a little in return!"

"I wish you would go away! Can't you see that you are annoying me?" said Pearl, looking him full in the face and flashing her fan angrily between them; but the flame in her eyes made them more beautiful than ever.

"Ah! is it so? You don't care a straw for me; you scorn my love; and yet I think I could have made you love me—if—if—" He looked at her fixedly, and then sinking his voice to a deeper whisper, "Do you know," he said, "that Raoul Darvallon is within a few doors of us? He is in my mother's box."

He could see the shock that the announcement gave her. But she raised her head and looked at him coldly; all the pride of her nature rallied to the rescue. How dare he attempt to raise the veil from her heart and pry insolently into its secrets? And yet the name, flung thus rudely at her, acted like a charm upon Pearl and soothed and reassured her. She had been frightened and annoyed by Léon's passionate sortie, but Raoul's name allayed her irritation as by a spell. It was not that it calmed her; she was conscious, on the contrary, of a new and strong emotion, but one of an altogether different kind—joyous, timid, full of thrilling expectation. He was close to her? Why did he not come nearer and speak to her? Was it that he did not care? The current of her feelings, checked in their angry flow, fell back and set softly in another direction. She knew that he cared; then why did he keep aloof? Was he angry? Did he resent Léon's presence near her? Pearl could not have asserted positively ten minutes ago that she loved Raoul Darvallon with her whole heart; she knew that he had more power over her than any other human being, and a special kind of power; that her thoughts turned constantly to him as the needle to the magnet; that it was in her to love him—if she dared. She knew now that she had dared. Her heart had revealed itself and confessed the secret it had been trying to hide. She saw that she loved him, that her heart was his with a jealous and entire devotion which would tolerate no approach from any other worshipper. From him she had first heard the voice of love, of real love, speaking in restrained, inarticulate utterances, it is true, but with a penetrating sweetness that left no doubt of its reality. Beside these timid whisperings, full of the strength of true, manly passion, Captain Léopold's ardent declaration showed like the flaring of a candle compared to the strong, glorious light of the sun.

Léon was watching her as these thoughts passed through her mind, and something of that electric current which flows like a voice from

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one soul to another was quickening his perception of facts which had for some time been matter of suspicion. Pearl's quivering, tell-tale features, moreover, were completing the discovery his own instincts had begun; and she felt this, and at last she could bear it no longer. The audience was flowing back to the empty boxes; the curtain was about to rise; but she was not going to sit out the rest of the piece with Captain Léopold close to her, whispering his love in her ear.

"M. le Baron," she said, stooping forward, and touching the minister with her fan, "I should like so much to get a little air! Would you take me for a turn before the curtain rises?"

"Certainly, my dear young lady. Ha! there is the signal. It is too late. But we can open the door for a moment. Only be careful; the current of cold air is treacherous. Come, Léon, we must go now; your mother expects you to pay her a visit in her box."

They went out, and Pearl moved forward into M. Léopold's vacant seat. Mrs. Monteagle noticed how flushed she was; but the heat she complained of would have accounted for this, even without that *tête-à-tête* which her friend had been at such pains to cover and prevent M. Léopold from interrupting. There was no mistaking the devotedness of Léon's manner and attitude, both of which this unprincipled Englishwoman had observed with great satisfaction; but she was surprised not to see a more radiant look on Pearl's face. Pearl, in truth, was very far from feeling radiant. She was listening to every step that approached the door of their box, wondering that it did not open and admit Raoul Darvallon. He must know now, if by an unlikely possibility he had not known it before, that she was here, and his not coming near her was significant. Pearl felt certain it was not indifference that kept him away. M. de Kerbec came in presently and sat down behind Mrs. Monteagle's chair, making a copious display with his pocket-handkerchief when the opportunity occurred. But Pearl had no more tears to spare on the interesting hero and heroine; there was a hand at her heart that had shut up the spring of all surface sensibilities, oppressing her with a sense of suffocation. When the curtain fell on the fourth act she complained of being overcome by the heat, and begged Mrs. Monteagle to let M. de Kerbec call the fly and send her home.

"Adolphe will see me safe to the Rue du Bac, and then come back for you," she said. But Mrs. Monteagle protested that she was glad to go herself; she knew how the piece ended, and the heat and the crying were beginning to be too much for her.

M. de Kerbec gave her his arm, and they left the box. Pearl had a soft white hood thrown over her head, and she drew it close round her face as the cold air met them near the staircase.

"Why are you going so soon? Take my arm," said a man's voice; and Captain Léopold was at her side.

They were on the landing above the hall, where M. de Kerbec had placed Mrs. Monteagle in a corner out of the draughts while he hurried off to look for Adolphe. Pearl started and drew her hood a little closer.

"Thank you; I prefer going alone," she replied.

"It can't hurt you to take my arm," he said in a deprecating tone and holding it out to her.

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But Pearl was in no mood to be propitiated. Drawing herself up haughtily, she let the swansdown snood fall back and show her face, angry and severe.

"I will not take your arm, monsieur. It is unmanly of you to pursue me in this way. Go back to the theatre, and let me go on alone."

"I will go, since you command me; but you are cruel," he said, though making no attempt to move.

Some one was coming up from the hall.

"Mademoiselle, may I conduct you to your carriage?" said Captain Darvallon, standing bare-headed a step below her, and looking steadily away from Léon.

With a quick, impulsive movement Pearl turned to him, and put out her hand to take his arm.

"*Au revoir, Darvallon!*"

"*Au revoir, Léopold!*"

Pearl heard the ring of clashing steel in the voices of the two men as they exchanged the salutation, confronting one another for a moment on the stairs. She felt sick, as if she were going to faint.

Darvallon felt her trembling on his arm, and he tightened his grasp to support her as she clung to him while they descended to the hall.

Mrs. Monteagle was in the carriage already.

"I expect to leave Paris to-morrow," said Raoul in a low, hurried voice, and Pearl nearly exclaimed, "Thank heaven!" "I *must* see you before I go. I want to speak to you alone for a moment. Can you come to Mrs. Monteagle's to-morrow morning? I will be there before one o'clock."

"I will come if I can," said Pearl.

He assisted her into the carriage, and they drove away.

"Well," said Mrs. Monteagle "what is the matter?"

"Oh! I am so sorry that you should have lost the end of the piece on my account," said Pearl.

"I am not talking about the piece. I want to know what is the matter. Have you and Captain Léopold had a quarrel, or what is it?"

"We are not on quarrelling terms."

"Humph! one would not have supposed that to see you together this evening."

Pearl made no answer. She was in no mood to be joked about Léon. She wanted to speak out to Mrs. Monteagle, and she had not the courage to begin at once.

"My dear, people say many disagreeable things about me, but I never heard that anybody ever called me a fool," said Mrs. Monteagle, seeing that Pearl volunteered no explanation. "That young man is in love with you. I would not have given him credit for so much pluck; but he has actually fallen in love with you without the family lawyer's advice, and you know it. The thing for you to do now is to leave his grandmother's house at once and come to mine, and wait till your father can come over and take you home."

"There is no need for me to leave Mme. Mère."

"You have not refused him?"

"He has not given me the chance."

"Tush! Nonsense! He may not have asked you in so many words—he is a Frenchman, and I suppose he could not bring himself to do that—but he has made you understand that he wants to marry you."

"He talked great stuff this evening, and I begged him to hold his

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tongue and leave me alone; and I think he will for the future."

"Pearl, I am very fond of you; I have always found you truthful and straightforward; but I can't make you out now. You as much as owned to me that you were attached to some one, and of course it can be no one but Captain Léopold."

"Oh!" cried Pearl.

"And I now know that he is in love with you."

"Did he tell you so?"

"He did. And I took you to the theatre to-night that he might have an opportunity of telling you, though of course it could be no news to you."

Pearl uttered another inarticulate exclamation.

"I never could make out what you saw in a black stick like him to care about," continued Mrs. Monteagle; "but, as you did, I was anxious to make you happy, and I have done my best to bring matters to a crisis between you."

"Dear Mrs. Monteagle! how could you suppose I cared for him? Don't you remember how, long ago — before we left Paris — you asked me, and I laughed at the bare notion of the thing? Do you forget?"

"No, I don't. But, as you say, that is a long time ago—several months; you have had time to think it over. But even then I did not believe you when you denied it."

"You thought I was telling you a lie!"

"Lie is a big word; but lies, I believe, are considered fair in love and electioneering. However, that is nothing to the purpose. Do you mean to tell me now that you don't care for him, and that you won't marry him?"

"He has not asked me."

"Don't be silly; he means to ask you."

"Then I shall refuse him."

"You positively mean it?"

"I would rather go to the block than marry him!"

"Poh! Don't fly off into heroics; there is no need for you to go to the block, whether you marry or whether you don't. Only it is a pity I did not know your feeling about it sooner. I have moved heaven and earth to bring about this marriage. Now I have only to tell Léopold that he must bind up his wounds and be on with the new love as soon as he can. Poor wretch! I am sorry for him."

"I don't believe he needs your pity. I don't believe he can ever have seriously meant it. He would no more dare tell his mother that he was going to marry me than he would walk up to his colonel on parade and slap him across the face; his mother is the only human being he is afraid of."

"He was prepared to brave her for all that."

"And marry a girl without a penny!"

"He has pennies enough for two. But that is neither here nor there now. You don't like him, so there is an end of it. I will tell him to-morrow that the sooner he sails for Algiers the better."

"You will see him to-morrow?"

"Yes; he is coming to breakfast with me."

"Good heavens!"

Pearl started forward on the seat, clasping her hands.

"Well, what's the matter now?"

"He must not come! Dear Mrs. Monteagle, you must not let him come! Something awful will happen if they meet!"

"If who meet?"

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But Pearl could not answer; the carriage had turned upside down; the stars were under her feet; the gay lamps were spinning in and out of the windows; her breath came and went.

"What is it all about?" said Mrs. Monteagle, who began to be alarmed by the girl's excited manner, her scared face and rigid attitude. "Tell me the truth, Pearl. Child, can't you trust me?" And she laid her hand on Pearl's, that were locked together like a vise.

"Captain Darvallon is to be at your house to-morrow immediately after breakfast."

"Well?" said Mrs. Monteagle, more and more mystified by the solemnity with which Pearl made the irrelevant announcement.

"They must not meet."

"Darvallon and Léopold? Why, they are brothers! They never have a secret from one another."

"They have now. *He loves me!*"

"Who? Darvallon?"

Pearl made no answer.

"And you—do you love him?"

"Yes!" It came in a whisper so faint that, if Mrs. Monteagle had not read it on the timid, parting lips, the word would not have reached her. Pearl burst into tears and let her head drop on Mrs. Monteagle's shoulder. The discomfited matchmaker was so utterly confounded that it was some minutes before she recovered herself sufficiently to offer a word of sympathy or condolence, or to ask how it had all come about. Pearl had her cry out, and then she told her story, everything, from the absurd incident, as she thought it, of Léon's being caught on his knees before her to that terrible "*au revoir!*" which the two men had just exchanged at the head of the stair.

"It sounded like a challenge to a duel," she said, shuddering.

"It was a challenge," said Mrs. Monteagle.

"You think they will fight? But he told me that he expected to leave Paris to-morrow night."

"That was very likely to throw dust in your eyes and prevent your giving the alarm."

"O my God!"

"Don't be frightened, dear. We won't let them fight. I will prevent it. Trust me to manage it. Here we are at No. 25. Now good-night. Don't let this worry you. I promise you no harm shall come to them."

Pearl was crying bitterly. Mrs. Monteagle put her arms round her and rocked her like a baby.

"Are you sure you can stop it in time?" said Pearl, lifting her head as they drew up at Mme. Mère's door. "Suppose they meet to-morrow morning before we are out of our beds?"

Mrs. Monteagle laughed.

"A duel is not despatched in such a hurry as all that. They must choose their seconds, and the seconds must meet and make arrangements, and so on; and all that takes time. They couldn't possibly manage it before the day after to-morrow, and I shall take care that the affair is settled for them before then. Promise me to sleep on that and be good."

Pearl kissed her fondly.

"Shall I say anything to Mme. Mère?"

"Not for your life! She would fly off to old Léopold, and the story would get wind at once; and that would make no end of mischief, and they would fight ten times more certainly. Don't say a word about it to any one. There is nothing men resent like being inter-

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fered with in an affair of this kind. Captain Darvallon would never forgive us."

This was a random shot, but it took effect, though Pearl did not need that threat to do as her old friend advised.

"Don't come to my house to-morrow morning. I will call here, or else send you a line to say that it is all made right," said Mrs. Monteagle.

They kissed again. Pearl got out. Mrs. Monteagle waited till Adolphe had seen the young lady safe inside Mme. Mère's door, then she drove away—not home, but to Mme. de Kerbec's. She waited for the count's return, and then they went out together. It was past two in the morning when he left Mrs. Monteagle at her own door.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PROTESTANT WAR AGAINST CHRISTIANITY.

In their pulpits some of the Protestant preachers still proclaim their adherence to the essential dogmas of the Christian religion. They still profess their belief in one God, the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ, his Son and our Lord. They say they believe in his miraculous conception; in his birth, crucifixion, death, burial, and ascension; in the church which he founded, but which, in their opinion, he has not been able to maintain in unity; in the Holy Ghost, in the resurrection of the dead, and in life eternal. But many other Protestant and non-Catholic preachers and writers believe none, or not all, of these things, and they are by no means backward in expressing their disbelief and in seeking to spread abroad their heresies. In October last* we presented in these pages a review of the anti-Catholic and anti-Christian literature of that year. Some of the books of which we then gave a synopsis had been written with the avowed, or at least undisguised, purpose of destroying faith and inculcating atheism; a larger number of them had the same object, but concealed it more or less skilfully. It may surprise our readers that another similar review can be profitably made so soon; but no previous century, generation, or decade has been so prolific as this of books discussing that tremendous problem—the destiny of the human soul. The busy press literally rains books upon the world, and a very large proportion of them are devoted to the consideration of questions which lie at the foundation of the Christian faith, and which, indeed, involve the existence of the Creator himself.

Even a casual glance at the new books of any year will convince the observer that the Protestant sects are day by day breaking into smaller and smaller factions, and that the basis of a creed which

* "The New Protestant Criticism of Christianity." See THE CATHOLIC WORLD for October, 1878.

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they once fancied they held in common is disintegrating, and will soon be discarded altogether. Chaos has set in, and even the devoutness which served as a cable to hold Protestants at least with their faces in the right direction is growing more and more tenuous and filmy, and most of the sects are gratifying their curiosity by unravelling it to see of what it is made. Protestantism is weakening every day, and what it loses is gained by the Catholic Church on the one hand and by the army of atheism on the other.

It is noticeable, also, that the avowed foes of Christianity are somewhat changing front, or at least are adopting new names. Materialists no longer call themselves atheists but "agnostics"; they no longer say, "There is no God," but they timidly exclaim, "I don't know whether there is or not." They speak of all that realm that lies beyond the physical senses as "the unknowable"; they say, "We know and can know only matter and force, only cause and effect, only an unbroken sequence of physical phenomena." This is specious, but it is a retreat of the forces of Satan to an untenable fortress. This, in turn, will be besieged, compelling another retreat or capitulation.

From the scores of books of an anti-Catholic and anti-Christian character that have been issued in Great Britain since last fall, we have selected a few of the most striking for analysis and comment.

The effort which the Protestants are making to get a new Bible from the convocation of scholars at Westminster is only one of the signs of the theological anarchy that prevails outside of the Catholic Church. Another sign, quite as important, is the diversity of readings in which educated Protestant clergymen indulge upon their own personal responsibility—clinging to the King James version, to which they have become accustomed, and for which, as Dr. Schaff acknowledges, congregations "have a *prejudice*," and yet reading between the lines whatever they please. Apropos of this is a notable article, under the suggestive title of "Divine Myths," to which that very "liberal" magazine *The Expositor* gives hospitality. It is contributed by a man who is vouched for as "no free-thinker, but, on the contrary, an out-and-out believer in the inspiration of Scripture." It is curious to hear an "out-and out believer" saying to his Protestant audience:

> "I believe firmly and devoutly that the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, *is* the word of God; I believe that the Spirit of God not only moved by secret impulses the minds of the sacred writers, but also overruled to a great extent the *ipsissima verba* of Holy Writ. And nowhere do I feel (rightly or wrongly) the divine inspiration more strongly and pervadingly than in the early records of Genesis. . . . And yet I do regard these records as myths; and I think that all the efforts made, and still being made, to reconcile their statements with history and with science are only so much earnestness and ingenuity thrown away."

This is the sort of plenary inspiration which a Protestant magazine sets forth to enlighten the minds and promote the devotion of Protestants.

The "French Reformed Church" is perhaps not a very important integer in the sum of Protestantism, but its voice may be deemed to some extent representative. The *History of the Dogma of the Deity of Jesus Christ* is the rather startling title under which one of its

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clergymen, Albert Reville, D.D., calmly challenges the title of the Lord of lords and King of kings. It has been translated into English, and has reached a second edition under the patronage and auspices of the Protestant churches of Great Britain. The author bravely sets out to prove that the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth is a

"doctrine which, having been slowly elaborated, arrived at supremacy in the Christian Church towards the end of the fifth century, and which, after continuing undisputed, except in connection with some obscure heresies, for eleven centuries, has been gradually, from the sixteenth century, losing its prestige, although it is still the professed belief of the majority of Christians."

Dr. Reville undertakes to show that Jesus did not "claim for himself the name and the attributes of the Divinity"; that he did not found "upon this claim his right to be believed and implicitly obeyed"; that the dogma was not held by the apostles nor taught for a long time by any church authority; that it is neither expressly revealed in Scripture nor deducible therefrom by legitimate inference; and that even the early councils of the Catholic Church did not, in this respect, pretend to announce what was true, but only to "express with greater clearness the permanent belief of Christendom." Dr. Reville says:

"There is first a period of incubation and slow formation, which dates from the early days of Christianity, and ends nearly at the commencement of the middle ages; then comes a period of triumphant immovability, which terminates in the sixteenth century; and lastly a period of slow transformation and decline, which commenced at the Reformation and still continues."

It was the fifth century, he exclaims, "before the Son of Man became God," and the Reformation "was the signal for the decline of this dogma, which is now verging towards ultimate extinction." The first questions he proposes to himself are: In what light did Jesus regard himself? and, In what light was he regarded by his disciples during his lifetime? These questions he answers by retaining as much of the Bible as accords with his view, and discarding the rest. Of his own utter "freedom" he says: "We exercise a complete independence with regard to the formulas successively sanctioned by the dogmatisms of the past. What we hold to of these for our own part is what appears to us to be true in them, apart from all supernatural authority."

So he discards the Gospel according to St. John with a flourish that would be amusing if it were not irreverent. He says that this Gospel

"speaks throughout, and makes Jesus speak, as if from the very first he had claimed and received from his disciples the honors due to a being of superhuman origin, of transcendent nature, existent long before his appearance on earth, and only passing a short time here, to return almost immediately to the super-physical region whence he came."

He therefore decides that the book is of uncertain date and anonymous authorship; that it was probably written four or five generations after the Crucifixion, and that, "whoever may be the author, whatever the date," it is not entitled to credence. He does not scruple to charge on the fourth Gospel the attempt to palm upon the world a fraudulent Messias, and affirms that

"one of the most unassailable results of the Biblical criticism of our time is the demonstration it has furnished of the systematically-formed plan of the anony-

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mous historian, and of his unvarying purpose, carried out with rare ability, to eliminate from the evangelical history whatever tended to compromise the doctrine of the Word, while introducing, on the other hand, many new elements to confirm it."

With much casuistry and sophistry he follows what he calls "the growth" of our Lord's divinity from century to century; and finally, with sinister accent, says that if there is nothing primitive in this doctrine; if "not only Jesus himself, but the apostolic age and the two following centuries, did without it"; if it "was not formed complete in all of its parts, but little by little," then its gradual and visible decay, and the degradation of the Head of the church to the low level of a mere man, need cause no alarm to the mind of Christendom. Perhaps this volume indicates the tendency of Protestantism as clearly as any book of the year—its tendency to quit all anchorage, and to cut loose from all moorings, and drift, whithersoever atheistic winds may blow, upon the fathomless ocean of the supernatural. Such Protestantism feels the set of all the currents of rationalism, positivism, spiritism, agnosticism, and goes with whichever influence happens to be strongest; but why does it persist in calling itself Christianity?

A fitting companion volume to the work of the French pastor is *The Bible and Criticism*, by Robert Rainy, principal and professor of divinity and church history of a religious college in Edinburgh. The Proverbs of Solomon, he informs his school, are a piece of mosaic, made up by collecting the current maxims of the time and by piecing together the work of different authors, when or by whom we do not know. And he does not hesitate to tell his young men that "those who think it important to maintain the Mosaic origin of the main substance of Deuteronomy cannot exclude the idea of later editing." He is so very considerate as to leave some of the Psalms to David. Yet he hedges by saying: "When I recognize an opinion as in general compatible with faith and with useful service to the common cause, I do not thereby decide whether it is or should be free to men to teach it in my own church." This is very odd. One would suppose that an opinion "compatible with faith and with useful service to the common cause" might safely be left "free to men to teach." But there is no knowing what eccentric thing a sect will do which holds the theory, "Every man his own pope."

Dr. Rowland Williams is the author of a work entitled *The Book of Daniel and the Revelation of St. John*, which boasts of being "a fearless and unsparing application of the methods and principles of historical criticism, irrespective of any theory of revelation." He insists that the Book of Daniel is not placed among the prophets but among the hagiographa, where it has songs or semi-canonical books for neighbors; then he detects in Daniel certain Persian and Greek words which, he thinks, could only have been used "after Alexander." He gives the book a recent origin, says it was written by "some unknown Jew" who personated Daniel and masqueraded under his name. Of the canonical authority of Scripture Dr. Williams says that "the mere canonicity or enrolment on the list of the church in itself determines nothing as to the inherent quality, whether human or

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divine, of the book enrolled," but that it "recommends to us each on its own ground, and leaves us free to discriminate each." This is the Protestant ground—every man his own pope. Luther took the same, and even greater, liberty.

The fact that the Saviour spoke of Daniel as a prophet the writer disposes of by saying: "We have no reason to assume that, in this particular, our Lord exercised a critical discernment in advance of that of his own age"; and "the writers of the New Testament do not claim for their Master that infallible knowledge which theological inference has ascribed to him." And he proceeds, with true Protestant rashness and irreverence, to say that—

"It need not, then, surprise us to discover that Jesus shared the Messianic conceptions of his contemporaries, and that his apprehension of the Book of Daniel corresponded with that of the age in which he lived. . . . Whether Jesus himself uttered the eschatological sayings recorded in the synoptic Gospels, or whether they were put into his mouth by the writers of the evangelical histories, we have no means of determining. In either case we are placed on the horns of a dilemma. If he gave them utterance, he was himself deceived; if they were put into his mouth by the evangelists after his death, they were negatived by the course of events."

The same critic very kindly concedes to St. John the authorship of the Apocalypse, but contends that the same John could not have been the writer of either the fourth Gospel or of the Epistles which bear his name. Indeed, he sweeps the fourth Gospel out of existence with one wave of his pen, as an anonymous work which is entitled to neither reverence nor belief. And the Christian Church, he contends, must cease to worship God and Christ—must, in fact, cease to worship at all, and become merely a teacher of "disinterested virtue." This is Protestantism!

Dr. William Cunningham, principal and professor of church history in New College, Edinburgh, starts up to prove, in a great volume of *Theological Lectures*, the plenary verbal inspiration of King James' version of the Protestant Bible. How it can be "verbally" inspired when no special divine assistance is claimed for King James' Forty-seven the author does not condescend to tell us; but he does say:

"By far the most plausible objection against the plenary verbal inspiration of the Bible is that derived from the verbal differences in the Bible narratives of the same event, and especially from those occurring in the different records of what is narrated as having been spoken upon the same occasion by God and Christ."

This he explains in a manner which implies a complete surrender of the doctrine he is trying to maintain, thus:

"The main ground which is taken by the defenders of verbal inspiration in direct answer to this objection, and the only one, so far as I can see, which they could take, is this: that as it is universally allowed that it is no argument against the truth or veracity of witnesses or narrators that their accounts, while agreeing in substance, should vary somewhat in minute details and in the precise words in which they are set forth, so whatever is inconsistent with truth and veracity in men, when left to the unaided exercise of their faculties, is consistent with the agency and operation of the Holy Spirit"

The difficulty with this theory is that men "left to the unaided exercise of their faculties" are liable to make serious mistakes, even when their veracity is unquestioned; and such liability to error on the part of the inspired writers is not at all consistent with Dr. Cun-

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ningham's claim. He completes his survey of the evidences of Christianity by endeavoring to demonstrate that all the books which are plenarily and verbally inspired, and no others, are included in the canon of Scripture as accepted by Protestants. As the Protestant Bible is the subject of such fierce controversies regarding its origin and meaning that there are no two clergymen or parsons, much less any two of the hundred sects, that entirely agree as to its inspiration, it is obvious that Dr. Cunningham must be a very acute and ingenious person to make his claim appear plausible even to an audience of Protestants.

Of the many non-Catholic books issued during the last few months, the most dangerous, because the most insidious, are those which are called histories, and next in the classification of peril we must name the so-called commentaries. These, while claiming to be merely historical or analytical, are often polemics in disguise. The volume containing *Matthew's Gospel and Parallel Passages* is an innocent book on its face, but the reader will not go far before he observes that the anonymous author attacks under his mask not only "Popish superstition and Romish error," which is a matter of course, but fiercely assails the doctrine of the Trinity, inveighs against plenary inspiration, and descants in an aggrieved tone on a version of the Bible which deceives the world into belief in the personality of the Holy Ghost and the divinity of Jesus Christ. The *parallel passages* alluded to in the title are dovetailed into Matthew from the other Gospels for the obvious purpose of convincing the reader, in the absence of any competent explanation, that the Bible is full of contradictions and misstatements of fact. The strange fact—if, indeed, it be strange—is that the writer of this assault on revelation claims to be a Protestant Christian, and suggests that the manual is issued for use in Bible-classes and Sunday-schools.

The utter perversion from the purpose of their pious founders of those ancient Catholic universities of Oxford and Cambridge is emphasized in nothing more strongly than in the religious literature put forth by their faculties. One of the latest of their exploits in Biblical dialectics is *A Commentary on the Epistle of St. Paul to the Galatians*, by Rev. John Venn, a fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge. The chief question which he discusses is whether Pauline Christianity differed essentially and fundamentally from the Christianity of Peter and James. "If Paul taught to be sinful that which the original apostles not only tolerated but practised and inculcated as an essential element of Christianity, then it is in vain to contend that his teaching was in substantial harmony with that of those who were apostles before him." Mr. Venn very kindly and complacently minimizes the difference. He assures the world—with much assurance, it may be said—that Paul taught the Methodist doctrin·, "once in grace always in grace," and that it is impossible for a Christian to fall.

The Protestant sects are rent by conflicting guesses and speculations. Every sect has its rhetorical adventurers, who publish volume after volume to maintain theories which originated in their own brains, and which they present as credentials of their right to speak as ambassadors of the Most High. A

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recent English utterance of this sort is *Parousia: A Critical Inquiry into the New Testament Doctrine of our Lord's Second Coming.* Having no infallible guide, either in revelation or tradition, either in apostle or bishop, it is not surprising that the second advent of Christ has greatly puzzled and worried the most sincere Protestants; nor is it surprising that, in proportion to their earnestness and their misinformation, they have issued dogmatic manifestoes announcing what each supposes to be true. The author of *Parousia* finds throughout Gospels, Epistles, and Apocalypse one single constant announcement, and that is the return of Christ in a few years, at the destruction of Jerusalem, attended by a resurrection and a judgment. This prophecy, he believes, has been strictly fulfilled. "The end of the world" (or, according to his translation, "the end of the age"), the "last day," the resurrection, the judgment day, he considers to have been rightly described by Jesus as close at hand, as contemporary with the second coming, which was to be so soon that Christ promised that "some should not taste of death till they see the Son of Man come in his kingdom." Jerusalem was destroyed; so much of the prophecy came to pass; and this speculator claims that the rest of the prophecy came to pass at that same time; that the resurrection of all who were dead took place, though no eye saw it; that they received judgment in the spiritual world; and that the Master returned, but chose to remain invisible. Even some Protestants seem to feel that this is a lame and impotent conclusion, for one of their own reviewers says of this fantastic conjecture:

> "That all these grand prophecies were fulfilled in the destruction of one town; in the abolition of an effete nationality; in a judgment, about the year 70 A.D., which took place no one knows why; in a resurrection then, no one knows where; in a coming in glory no one ever beheld, cannot be considered highly satisfactory. Certainly it is very curious, if the advent really took place at the fall of Jerusalem, that the primitive church was never aware of it; that no early Christian—far less any Jew—was conscious of its having happened; that apostles should have even lived to see it, and yet never known it, and left their successors still looking for it."

This reviewer thinks, however, that the book has a certain value for its "exhibition of the various statements on eschatology"; but it seems to be particularly curious as an illustration of the unrest and anxiety of Protestants, which cause them to feel in every direction for solid ground, and constantly miss it because they wander in the quagmire of egotistical speculation.

Some of those Protestant books which masquerade under the specious titles of dictionaries, schoolbooks, etc., are capable of doing an immense amount of injury, especially to the young. They are made attractive by the pretence of conveying in compact form much useful and impartial information. Our readers know how often history is belied and sacred things are blasphemed in the current "readers" of the public school; and not less is this the case with multitudes of alluring books which make their way into unsuspecting houses. A specimen of these is *Biblical Things not generally known,* a chaotic conglomeration of fragmentary scraps conveying to the vigilant reader "vast and varied misinformation." Much of this book is positively untrue and misleading. The author, for instance, gravely tells the

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reader that "Publius Lentulus, who was Governor of Judea in the time of Christ, wrote to Tiberius Cæsar" a minute description of the personal appearance of our Saviour, and he quotes, as if it were a genuine epistle and not a coarse and impudent forgery, the letter in question, which purports to describe his eyes, nose, mouth, hair, and beard, and to characterize him as "the handsomest man in the world." Jonas and the whale seem to trouble the same author. In one scrap we are informed that "a large whale was lately stranded on the beach near Tyre"; and, as this does not clear up the difficulty much, another scrap adds that the white shark is found in the Mediterranean, that it frequently swallows its prey alive, and that "cases are on record, sustained by the most undoubted authority, in which entire bodies were found in the stomach of this fish, such as a man, a man clad with armor, and even a horse." Feeling that something is still lacking to explain the extraordinary history of Jonas on "natural principles," he proceeds to add, "Naturalists have recorded that sharks have the habit of throwing up again whole and alive the prey they have swallowed," leaving the inference that sharks are in the habit of disgorging men alive. The disingenuousness of this is striking. So eagerly does this little innocent-looking book strive to explain away every miracle that it might almost have been written by that peripatetic Pope of Protestantism, Joseph Cook, himself.

The Decalogue is not held in very high esteem nowadays by the school of transcendental philosophers. They are not at all satisfied with a mere moral code from the lips of the Deity, but hold nothing binding except a law of right which is evolved from their inner consciousness—and that they frequently hold to be binding only on others. *The Evolution of Morality* is a work in two volumes, somewhat larger than the Bible, and, in the minds of rationalists, quite superior to it as a code of duty. Its author, C. Staniland Wake, seeks for the roots of morality "down deep in the instincts of humanity." The sense of right he traces back to mere animal instinct:

> "The bird which has built a nest or obtained certain food instinctively feels that it has secured an exclusive interest in the object as against all other creatures. It can easily be shown that the instinct which thus operates must in the human mind give rise to the sense of right, with the correlative feeling of wrong. That which I have acquired a property in I intuitively feel that I have a right to retain, and, therefore, that it is wrong for any one else to deprive me of."

A starting-point thus obtained, Mr. Wake proceeds to evolve high morals, and to demonstrate by what steps and under what influences this instinctive feeling develops into the delicate and sensitive conscientiousness and reverence for right found among the most cultured races. He enters on a critical review of the principal modern theories of morals, and embarks with Hamilton, Bain, and Mill on a discussion of the question, "What does Ought mean?" He reviews the altruistic, or Positive, or Comtean theory, which holds that benevolence arises from an educated regard for others; and the egoistic or utilitarian theory, which holds that no man does anything except from self-interest, that vice is ignorant self-interest and virtue enlightened self-interest, and that so-called wrong-doing is simply a miscalculation of what will pay the best.

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All of these high-flown and fanciful notions of morals are pernicious. The Decalogue and the rewards and penalties of religion are a thousand times better than the best of them. Where the church moves with its rule of duty, there society is safe; while if any of these fantastic codes could be wholly substituted for Christianity, savage man would prey upon his unprotected fellow and civilization would perish from the earth.

One of the most curious books of the year is the volume entitled *The Future Life*, in which some score of Protestant ministers—"the most eminent American scholars"—present a *consensus* of opinion in favor of the endless duration of future punishment. Several of these are very spirited and rhetorical, not to say declamatory and denunciatory; a few are scholarly and exegetical, and a few more affect to be metaphysical or philosophical or psychological. But it is odd to observe that each disputant decides the tremendous question for himself, and seems to have no suspicion that the decision may possibly lie outside of his personal jurisdiction. The Word of God in the matter is of subordinate interest and importance to them; the main question with each one seems to be, "Is eternal punishment acceptable to my reason, and does it satisfy my affections and accord with my prejudices?" Nothing evinces the chaotic character of Protestantism more clearly than the complacency with which its preachers take out of the hands of the Almighty the question of the future destiny of his children.

The Rev. Dr. Wylie, of Scotland, whose breast is filled with virtuous alarm over the decline of the sectarians and the growth of the Catholic Church there, gives to the world a volume entitled *The Papal Hierarchy: An Exposure of the Tactics of Rome.* Of course this outburst of holy wrath is caused by the recent re-establishment by the church of the hierarchy in Scotland, and the bestowal of territorial designations on her prelates. A Protestant reviewer says of Dr. Wylie's frenzy: "He has made up his mind that this latest step in the great campaign of the Romish Church against Protestantism is pregnant with evil and ruinous consequences for the blinded and besotted people of those realms, who, confident in the civil liberties they enjoy under the British constitution, refuse to trouble themselves about the insidious manœuvres of the papal host."

The insidious sarcasm under this quieting paragraph shows plainly enough that the reviewer is of another sect from the writer. The *odium theologicum* is scarcely disguised. The author beats the polemical gong with great energy, and marshals a tremendous array of evidence to show that the Papacy aims at universal dominion, and is making converts by tens of thousand in the empire of St. Knox, the home of Presbyterianism. The Protestant reviewer from whom we have already quoted says further, in the same vein:

"The volume will be read with satisfaction by Roman Catholics, at any rate—a satisfaction that will not be unmingled with surprise; for they will learn from its pages that their church . . . is making its way toward absolute dominion in unhappy Britain, and that there is every reason to apprehend that the Pope will ere long be more potent in the United Kingdom than Queen Victoria herself. . . The doctor has not condescended to particularize the exact way in which the Romish invasion should be repelled. Would he repeal the Catholic Emanci-

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pation Act, and restore to the statute-book the old persecuting laws against Papists? Would he banish all Roman Catholic bishops, make the saying of Mass a penal offence, and exclude from the army and navy, as well as from Parliament, all those Romanists whose presence there seems to be to him a source of such lively uneasiness? If not, what measures would he recommend? Perhaps it would be as well to fight the enemy with his own weapons: divide Italy into presbyteries, and send Dr. Wylie, Dr. Begg, and a few other zealous members of the Reformation Society to act as moderators. It is not impossible that, after a short experience of the missionary efforts of these gentlemen, Leo XIII. would be willing to consent to a mutual withdrawal of the priestly armies; and even if he did not, neither Scotland nor Italy would be much the worse."

We may add that the febrile symptoms exhibited by Dr. Wylie are evidences of an excitable temperament rather than of any extraordinary conquests of the church. There is nothing phenomenal about the progress of the Roman Catholic religion in Scotland; it advances with a uniform step, as it does in all the countries of the earth, slowly but surely.

An extensive accumulation of facts and inferences is given to the world by Mr. Bonwick concerning the life and religion of the ancient inhabitants of the lower Nile valley, under the title *Egyptian Belief and Modern Thought*. The last clause of the title contains a hint of a sinister motive, and this appears in the chief purpose of the volume, which is to show (1) that the age of the world goes back far beyond the Mosaic chronology, and (2) that Christianity is a plagiarism, having borrowed its rites and forms, its morals and its creed, from the religion held during the Pyramid age, four thousand years ago. Mr. Bonwick not only insists that the people of the time of the Pharaos were definite believers in a Supreme Being and immortality as now understood, but he claims that the Decalogue can be found in detached fragments on their ancient papyrus, that they "saluted the great God with palm branches in their hands," and that their creed embraced the Unity of God, the Trinity, the Messias, the millennium, the Sabbath, atonement, heaven, hell, purgatory, circumcision, baptism, the Eucharist, and the Last Judgment. It is ingenious but not ingenuous on the part of Mr. Bonwick to leave unnoticed the very obvious suggestion that, were all the facts as he states them, it would only prove that God had vouchsafed to the Egyptians, through the traditions imparted to them by the children of Israel or preserved from the common ancestor of the human race, a perhaps figurative and prophetical knowledge of himself and of the future coming of the Saviour. But many of Mr. Bonwick's assertions are based upon imagination rather than upon fact.

The *Boston Monday Lectures* of Joseph Cook have been republished both in London and Glasgow. These constitute the most highly-spiced and sensational Protestant polemics of the last year—the most brilliantly quixotic effort to solve the insoluble and prove the unprovable. Mr. Cook comes to the footlights armed with a telescope, a microscope, a crucible and retort, a spectroscope, a tasimeter, and some bathybius from the deep-sea dredging, and he says, with a brave sweep of his hand: "Go to, now! I will discard the ancient methods of defending religion. I will not ask my audiences to depend on faith or the Bible. I will demonstrate Deity and Immortality

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with this machinery!" And then he talks learnedly, in the patois of Herbert Spencer and Charles Darwin, of protoplasm and bioplasm, of monera and primordial germs, of spontaneous generation, and evolution and natural selection, conceding four-fifths of their pernicious philosophy, admitting their false premises, and only stopping just short of their logical and inevitable conclusions. To avert this he sets up as "axioms" certain religious truths which are not axioms at all to the mind of an atheist and infidel, and then he arrogantly commands atheists and infidels to accept them as a basis of argument on his personal authority. As Tyndall would say, Cook is a metaphysician who, instead of talking about the unknown in the terms of the known, "discusses the unknown in the terms of the more unknown."

The most Protestant of Protestants, he is the most illogical of logicians. Ostentatiously advertised as demonstrating to the reason of the unregenerate those sacred truths the knowledge of which can be reached only by love and faith, he is doing more than almost any other living man to spread unbelief and confirm atheists in their fatal errors. And in the reckless, slashing, and unhesitating self-assertion of his talk he reminds one of Mr. Potts, the clever editor of the *Eatanswill Gazette*, who, when required to write for a magazine an article on Chinese metaphysics, and knowing nothing about either China or metaphysics, turned to the encyclopædia, read up all under the head of China and all under the head of metaphysics, and then "combined his information."

THE CHRIST OF VIENNA.

I HAVE read, in a story of old
Which some Austrian poet has told,
Of a wonderful picture of Christ,
In Byzantium's glory of gold,
Where the age and the colors sufficed
To endow with a value unpriced
The rude touch that, in missing all graces of line,
Sent a sweet, solemn power through the Faces Divine.

Not its age nor its art gave the name
That had drawn, by its marvellous fame,
The long crowds that came breathless to gaze
On the changing and mystical frame,
Where they saw, in adoring amaze,
The bright Form that would lessen or raise
His fair stature, rayed round with the light of his love,
And loom up or stoop down from his height far above.

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For the charm of this painting of yore
Was the varying aspect it wore;
Just an inch, and but one, beyond those
Who would stand in calm wonder before
The grand figure that narrows or grows
As each gazer's own measure it shows:
An inch greater than babyhood's fond little span,
Yet for ever that one inch beyond the full man.

I believed this old tale in my youth,
But this hour with a still deeper truth
Is this fable no fable to me!
And I need not to question, in sooth,
If to-day in Vienna there be,
Or was ever, such picture to see;
For the heart to a holier awe must be stirred
By its truth of Christ's self and his law and his word.

To the little, unlettered, and weak,
Shall be bowed the great Type that they seek:
But however their wisdom increase,
Still beyond them the lessons that speak
From the fathomless pages of peace:
Past the limits where knowledge must cease
Spread the truths his Evangel must teach to the end,
Yet for ever to childhood's low reach will he bend!

Low and far, and so high and so clear,
For retracing and loving so near,
Yet when closest the Model Divine,
That one inch stretching out to a sphere!
Who art thou to draw compass and line
With thy science, until we opine
Thy may-midge of a mind has sufficed to hold all?
Ah! poor sage, wouldst thou make the world's Christ,
then, so small?

DETROIT. 1879.

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ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.*

MR. JOHN MORLEY has gained an unenviable notoriety in England for affected and ridiculous atheism by the publication of a book in which he prints the name of God with a small *g*. He puts himself forward as the spokesman of a large and increasing party of English thinkers, who claim to be the perpetuators of the distinctive English philosophical thought of the eighteenth century—a sort of modified Deism. To preserve the memory of this broad school of religion he proposes publishing, and has published, a series of little books upon English men of letters, in which the predominant idea is to find a certain likeness of liberal religious sentiment and opinion. Of this series the biographies of Dr. Johnson, Edward Gibbon, Oliver Goldsmith, and David Hume have been given to the world, and sketches of other literary characters are promised. The new school of biography is composed of Mr. Morley himself, Leslie Stephen, Professor Huxley, Wm. Black, Professor J. C. Morison, and other lights of the *Fortnightly Review*, a periodical founded by the late George Henry Lewes. In spite of the flourish of trumpets, we cannot help thinking that this new school does not exert any appreciable influence in England. The unfair advantage which it takes of such characters as Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith merits a vigorous protest; and, as we purpose showing, the idea, thinly veiled under a pretended literary necessity, is to present eminent English men of letters as apostles and evangelists of the present state of religious indifferentism in English Protestant quarters.

One is surprised to find our sturdy old moralist, Dr. Johnson, placed as the *choragus* of advanced English thinkers. If there ever was a true Church-of-England man, it was Johnson. His bow to an archbishop was as elaborate, if not so graceful, as that which a delighted prima donna makes to an applauding audience upon her sixth summons before the curtain. When he went to Scotland he refused to attend a Presbyterian conventicle, on the sound principle that a church without a hierarchy is no church at all. On leaving London for a visit to the country he would go to his parish church and salute its pavement with a most reverent kiss. He kept Lent, prayed for the dead, and nearly kicked Boswell down stairs for making some disparaging remarks about the Catholic Church. When the foolish discussion was rife as to whether Catholics are guilty of idolatry in adoring the Eucharist, his clear sense pointed out the absurdity of the charge. He believed in confession, yet not even he had the courage to face the anti-Catholic storm which swept over England in those gloomy days. Besides, it was then, if it is not now, an article of an Englishman's faith, more fully believed in than any of the Thirty-nine, that a man cannot be a Catholic and a loyal Englishman at the same time.

It is certainly astonishing that

* *English Men of Letters.* Edited by John Morley. London, 1879.

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Mr. Leslie Stephen, a milk-and-water infidel, takes up this noble character and strives to represent it as in full harmony with the broad school. The very attempt shows a recklessness which argues ill for the general literary honesty of Mr. Morley's venture. It is enough to make the angry shade of Johnson return in vengeance; and, as he believed in apparitions, we warn Mr. Stephen not to trust too implicitly to his own belief that death ends all. Nor would the ghost of the great doctor be a particularly handsome one. A man over six feet high, with his head shaking with nervousness, his face scarred with scrofula, his eyes half blind, and the top of his wig burnt through the necessity of having to hold his book near the lamp, was not a reassuring object to meet, even in the flesh. Johnson would have thundered forth his rage at any infidel attempting to represent *him* as a member of Mr. Stephen's school. Nor do we think that poor Oliver Goldsmith would have been particularly pleased with Mr. Black's characterization of him as an "uncouth Irishman," whose books breathe not the lightest whisper of a narrow sectarianism. Prof. Morison must have sneered at Gibbon's unscientific knowledge, especially as the historian, in his eagerness to throw discredit upon the miraculous prevention of the rebuilding of the Temple under Julian, talks vaguely about "meteoric balls generated by a damp atmosphere"—a theory which the professor would characterize as worthy of an ecclesiastic. Hume and Gibbon may perchance belong to the broad school, but Johnson and Goldsmith—!

One of the most lamentable characteristics of modern English writing is its too frequent allusion to, and dependence upon, human authorities. This feature of our literature is due to Protestantism, which, having no divine authority or infallibly certain moral code, depends helplessly upon the opinion of a few naturally gifted and honest men that traditionally professed its tenets. We cannot take up a book on the simplest subject without finding it bristling with references. A Protestant writer always seeks external support for his religious opinions. His mind is at sea, and he would fain hail the passing vessel, even if it sometimes floats the black flag. The consequence is that there are a few great names in English letters that really carry as much weight with Protestants as the decrees of popes and of councils do with Catholics. Nay, a most unreasonable authority, for its acceptance is a virtual surrender of the right to think. The Catholic has a basis for his faith, and he knows that the doctrinal and the moral decrees of the pope are anything but mere opinions. But what is the precise worth of the judgments of Dr. Johnson, or of Archbishop Whately, or Frederick Maurice, or Thomas Carlyle? Yet a quotation from one of these carries a weight with it which is supposed to settle conclusively any point of morals at issue. Indeed, most Protestant writers are fearful of expressing the simplest moral judgment without lugging in an elaborate opinion of one of the sages. Nor is this done in a spirit of pedantry, but of downright ethical vagueness and weakness. They are not sure they are right on any first principles.

Take up at random a few late English books in one or two de-

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partments. Here, for example, is Rev. Frederick W. Robertson's *Turning Points in Life*—a book which, the editor tells us, has run through six editions. Now, Mr. Robertson had a fair stock of brains carefully cultivated, an honest purpose in writing this book of advice, and certainly common sense enough to work out and prove his very commonplace theories of life. But lo! there is not a paragraph free from quotation-marks. We know what is coming in every chapter. The topics are business, marriage, etc. Dr. Johnson tells you: "Sir, marriages made by the lord chancellor, without reference to the parties at all, are the happiest!" This he said when he was talking for the sake of talk. It must be confuted, says Rev. Mr. Robertson. Next we find the abundant hyphens and capitals of Mr. Carlyle: "This eternally-dismal, all-weeping flower-blowing, and devil-ploughed Earth-Garden, with its delving-deep, face-perspiring, and never-to-be-comforted Adam and its (what you like) Eve, etc." Or we open a history, and the first line we encounter is that one, ominous of quotation: "It is well remarked by Tacitus that the history of ancient peoples is a matter rather of conjecture than of record; Merivale says, etc.; Gibbon wisely suggests," and so on with a string of commonplaces which the writer himself could put shorter and clearer than in the quotation with its related matter. A quotation, to be of any worth or relevancy, must be one that shows an author to the best advantage, and in his proper literary genius and guise. Emerson in this is fine.

There are certain quotable authors. One of the chief among the English is Johnson, thanks, not to his own written books, but to his table-talk as chronicled by Boswell. Johnson wrote a heavy, involved, Latinized style, but he talked pithily and pointedly. Deprived of most pleasures save those of conversation, he made it an art and science. He held his own in the most brilliant set of Englishmen since the days of Shakspere and Ben Jonson. He pronounced the chair of a club to be the throne of human felicity. No doubt there have been as good talkers as Johnson, but, like the brave men that lived before Agamemnon, they have lacked a chronicler. The scraps preserved of Coleridge's conversations do not show him to much advantage; but no one can read Johnson's table-talk without feeling the force of Goldsmith's description of him, that if his pistol missed fire he would knock you down with the butt. He is the typical Englishman, with the national horror of shams and bores, as when he said to a prosy judge who was recounting his having transported fourteen culprits: "Sir, I wish to heaven I were the fifteenth!" He detested any departure from the approved customs of society and religion. "A woman that preaches is like a dancing dog. We are surprised at the dog's dancing at all." When the Abbé Raynal, a French infidel, desired an introduction to him: "Sir, I never shake hands, knowingly, with a scoundrel." His very narrowness has nothing dishonest in it, and his occasional perversities of judgment must be largely ascribed to hypochondria, the result of physical disease, under which he struggled to lead a brave, high life.

It is easy to find in the sayings of so copious a talker many things

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which seem to favor latitudinarianism. His severe experience of poverty and hardship made him callous to the finer emotions. He refused to believe that we are touched by the misfortunes of others. Under the head of cant he placed our visits of ceremony, our anxious inquiries after our friends' health, and the thousand-and-one attentions of courtesy. He looked upon poverty with horror. He was as quick as lightning to discern an imperfect motive, and used to declare that no author ever wrote except for his bread. *He* boasted that he never put pen to paper unless he was threatened with want. At the same time there is no question that he talked much for effect and in the spirit of contradiction. It is unfair to take up his sayings, divorced from surrounding conditions, and put them forth as weighty reflections and completed results of conviction. This is what Mr. Stephen has done. The great moralist cuts a very sorry figure in his book. An author must be judged by what he writes, not by what he says in a social gathering. None of us are bound in conversation as we are in writing, and the written essay is the only fair index of a writer in his best estate. His talk may not be. We are, alas! less perfect, less generous, less ideal than our written word; and it is equally safe to say that a dangerous and immoral writer is worse in his life than in his books. We do not believe in the immaculate purity of Balzac or the virgin modesty of George Sand.

Sing, O Muse! the dire wrath of Professor Morison, able to trace the habitations of the many-lived ascidian, and to number the legs of the house-ruling ant, frugal of corn. Mr. Morley's selection of him to write the life of Gibbon betrays a want of editorial *nous*. It is true that he is not an exact scientist, and he has dabbled in sermon-literature; still, he is the last man to sympathize with the gorgeous and not severely-trained imagination of Edward Gibbon. Nor are they at one on the religious question. Gibbon always took a deep interest in theology, which is Morison's abomination. The great historian allows no opportunity to pass to show off his wide acquaintance with church history. He minutely describes every heresy, and is fairly correct in the statement of the orthodox doctrine. We expected the professor to give us some new light on Gibbon's remarkable series of conversions. *We* believe there was a lady in the case—the famous De Staël—but it would never do to ascribe to such an unphilosophical passion as love the mighty change of religious faith wrought in the great mind of the historian of the *Decline and Fall*. The process must have been gradual and profoundly logical. First came the painful truths regarding the primitive Christians, whom he had been taught to look upon through a dim religious light of veneration and awe. What does he discover? Wranglings, contentions, backslidings, ignorant pettishness represented as the zeal of the martyrs, etc. His illusions vanish. Christianity is revealed as a myth, and the church of the apostles a wofully undignified and shabby sect.

But Gibbon's great defect, in the opinion of the professor, is his ignorance of natural science. The elaborate history is a huge waste of labor. There is no true philosophy of history which does not recognize the truth of the evolution theory.

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Had Gibbon been blessed with this light he would not have devoted his uncommon powers to raking up the fossil bones of a dead empire without having pointed out the logical sequence of the advent of the fittest —by which we really wonder if the professor means the barbarian hordes that overthrew the Roman Empire? We should not be surprised, for there is no length to which the evolutionist will not push his nonsense. Now, Gibbon's book is the noblest historical treatise in English literature, and his very strictures on Christianity and the church imparted an impulse to the study of the Christian antiquities which has given us such men as De Rossi and what is called the modern school of Christian apologetics. What need had Gibbon of a profound acquaintance with the *invertebrata?* We suppose that Prof. Morison's idea of writing history would be something in this wise: Given the Arch of Trajan, the style of architecture would indicate a people lately emerged from the woods, the columns being an exact reproduction of what we see in juxtaposed forest trees. The Coliseum suggests the nature of a bear's den, and shows that this ancient people had ursine proclivities. The remains of ancient statuary, studied with special reference to the dorsal region, give unmistakable evidence of a rudimentary tail; and the uplifted arm of the Apollo Belvidere is in exact position for taking a swing from a lower to a higher branch.

No biography of Goldsmith can take the place of Washington Irving's. Mr. Black is a society novelist, and would prefer detailing the charming conversation of his heroine to a recountal of poor Goldy's desperate fight with famine and cold. There is no sympathy between the fashionable novelist and the sorely-tried Irishman. He is made a subject of sport throughout the book. The generous soul of Thackeray boiled with indignation at the horse-play to which his rude companions subjected Goldsmith, and he compared to the insult offered a woman, or cruelty to a child or to some patient dumb creature, the pointless and cruel practical jokes played upon one of the sweetest-minded and tenderest-hearted men that ever wrote. The general idea conveyed by Mr. Black is that Goldsmith was a fool. Old Johnson, a better judge, said that he touched no subject which he did not adorn. The spirit of poor Goldsmith's religion is an humble thankfulness to the divine Providence that pitied his wretchedness. It is very sad to think of such a man as a hack-writer, a ballad-composer, a thriftless genius, who has left his splendid impress upon English letters. No doubt a successful novelist like Mr. Black is out of patience with this sad, sad story; but not even he can think that his own tales shall outlast the immortal *Vicar of Wakefield.* This number of the series is in much better taste than the others, the author feeling that he cannot adduce Goldsmith as a member of the broad school.

We do not believe in scrap-books of literary conversation. A good biography should include letters, and aim simply at the truth. To write the man into the book, instead of taking the book out of the man, is to be guilty of a grave dishonesty. This is the fault of the *Bric-à-Brac Series*, published some time ago in New York. The editor appeared to bring to his task only the shears and the paste-pot. Mor-

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ley's idea is an improvement upon this, but it errs in another direction. Besides, we do not attach much value to the biography of merely literary men. A scholar's life is a mental growth. His externals are of no importance. His life is best read in his books. Yet are we duly afflicted with biographies that point to the keen eyes of Jenkins. We were lately amused in reading a ponderous *Cyclopædia of Biography* which we feel certain has Jenkins for author. No one but a newspaper man of a certain kind could have given such personal descriptions. We there learned that Mr. Tennyson prefers a pipe to a cigar, and that, in writing an idyl, he quaffs inspiration from the good ale of old England. Miss Braddon, when composing, contracts herself into the narrowest of chairs and writes with the side of her pen. In an "old-fashioned desk are numerous little skeletons of stories, to which she will eventually add flesh and harden the bones." A famous writer on political economy "has a majestic head crowned with wiry hairs, each one of which seems to ask you a searching question. His mouth is large but firm, and his eyes are of an indescribable color, but capable of emitting a flash of sarcasm that shrivels up a captious objector." Mr. Carlyle "has a decidedly pugnacious nose. It is blunt, hard, unyielding, and seems to snuff the battle from afar off. It is a nose not to be trifled with. Any one that sees it once must turn to take another look." George Eliot is not beautiful, "but there is a lambent fire in her eyes and a leopard poise in her walk that startle and interest you. She generally wears a dress of some dark material, which clings to her fondly, as if pleased with the privilege of being worn." (A woman must have written *that* description.) Matthew Arnold "has what you might call a Boanerges face. His mouth seems to say to his nose, 'Don't come too near or there will be war.' His ears are well set, and seem by their capacity and outstretched position to be ever listening for celestial harmonies." And this is the kind of trash that makes up the bulk of the artist-biographies, literary sketches, and anecdotes of eminent personages, which fill a wide space in literature and command a good sale.

The writer of this has often been asked to furnish certain hints about reading or about a course of English literature. To the great disgust of his questioners, he has, in the majority of cases, advised them to let English literature alone, and to take up a language or begin a course of chemistry or natural philosophy. A Catholic is only confused by the variety of opinions he encounters in a Protestant literature. There is no guiding star in it, as there is in other literatures. English literature is an *indigesta moles*. Darkness is upon the face of the deep. We may save Shakspere, but let the rest go. History is either Protestant or infidel. The drama is insufferably noisome. "We hold our noses and read on," says Taine. The social essays of the *Spectator* are not equal to a good modern newspaper or magazine article.

"But the style!" Rhetoricians have much to answer for, chiefly for their exaggeration of the importance of style. The true doctrine is that the style is of no importance as compared with truth and fact. The older a man grows, and the better scholar he becomes, the less he cares for the

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mere graces of style. In fact, he is suspicious of them. And it is to be hoped that this rhetorical teaching will cease before the exigencies of modern life. We have no time to waste over elaborate metaphors. A man who has anything to say worth saying must out with it as quickly and as plainly as he can. Carlyle tells us that the age of poetry is gone; certainly that of poetical prose is. The style to be aimed at is that which is clear from the shining of the truth or the fact in the writer's mind. The one style which will supersede all others is the homely and the plain.

But what is to become of all those charming works of the imagination that serve to delight and make us pass the weary time? The sooner they disappear the better. We should have no weary time to pass away. The novel is on the rapid decline, and its exit should be hastened. What is there really more ridiculous than to read a book of fictitious adventures or of commonplace conversations, when the writer could tell us plainly in a chapter what moral he intends conveying or what social abuse he proposes combating? So, too, we think that all moral essays must revert to Bacon's scientific style in the *De Augmentis*—the simple statement of principles, with no labored efforts to prove or to illustrate. The moralist is nothing if not apodictic. A virtue that has to be proved and defended is not worth practising.

We have a good English Catholic literature, sufficient for the intellectual needs of any man. Over all is the light of the faith. History should be studied in the simplest way—the mere learning of events. Leave the church to explain its meaning. A good map is better than a dozen books of travels. A first-class journal and a carefully-edited Catholic magazine make up a sufficient library. The worst-educated men affect the most books, and no doubt read them. Their minds are lumbered. They become parrots, and weary and bore people.

A Catholic who reads and meditates upon the *Catechism of the Council of Trent* has surer and better religious and moral views than the entire range of general English literature contains. That one book is better than all the writings of Dr. Johnson, of Addison, of Pope, of Buckle, or of Lecky. That book gives him true ideas relative to God and to man, and his duties to both; furnishes him with the reasons of the moral law, and unrolls for him not human opinions but divine faith. What is it, then, but a waste of time for a Catholic to peruse the conflicting theories of English Protestant moralists? The more you reflect upon the value of truth the less you will care about mere style. It is the heart of a book or an essay that you will seek out. Nor need you be afraid of the charge of ignorance. It is not ignorance not to know the useless. A Protestant in society will not press you for your opinions about this or that book when you tell him simply that your mind is made up on the subject of the work. God has done your thinking for you, and you don't believe that you or any other man can improve upon it. This plain and logical answer will set a Protestant reflecting. It is some such reply as this that startles a badgered Protestant with the absolute repose of our certainty in the church, and allures him sweetly to share in that peace which the reading of many books only tends to disturb.

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THE REALITY OF THE SOUL AS A SELF-SUBSISTING SEPARABLE SUBSTANCE.*

ENTELECHEIA is a Greek word which has a fine sound and seems to have a fine sense in it, if we could only get at it. This is the case with many Greek terms, which appear, by comparison with their similars in modern languages, like an effigy stamped in gold beside a silver medal bearing the same stamp. Ideas impress us as having a new dignity and worth from the precious metal in which they are coined; and not only so, they seem to have been more cleanly cut into the language and better preserved from the rubbing of general circulation. Aristotle says that God is pure *entelecheia*. The corresponding Latin word is *forma*. How can this be adequately done into English with one word? Will the term *form* answer the purpose? We fear not. In England, a form is understood by school-boys to mean a bench, and a grade of rank in the school. We hardly ever use the word here in that sense, but there are other common significations, as the shape and figure of things, the manner and mode in which documents are drawn up, rites or other observances performed, divers acts accomplished in a regular manner. The Greek word *entelecheia*, and the Latin *forma*, used in philosophical writings, present at once one distinct idea, rid of any such associations. The term denotes the principle which gives specific actuality, a positive determination of being. God is pure *entelecheia*, that is, pure act. He is not actuated, not determined in a specific grade of essence, not a recipient of being and existence, or in any respect in a dormant potency of becoming greater and better by an active force from within or without himself, but he simply is, in eternal, infinite plenitude of being. It has already been proved that he is the original fount of being, that the eternal ratios and archetypal ideas are in his intellect, and the physical power of causation in his will. All creatures are made after the ideal pattern in his mind, and have a similitude to his essence, in proportion to their higher or lower grade. Their existence is only by a participation received from him. Each one of them must have some *entelecheia*, some active principle and force, some determining and positive ratio which makes it undivided in itself, and divided from other things and from mere nothing. This is what we mean when we speak of metaphysical *form*.

Aristotle uses another term, *Hyle*, denoting what is not in God, but is in every other being, namely, a determinable element, an element of passive receptivity, of limitation in perfection, of liability to change, of potency to acquire or to lose some actuations. The Latin term is *materia*,* of which the English *matter* is the literal translation. The signification of this word has nevertheless undergone a restriction both in Latin and English, by which its use is confined to the passive, determinable element of corporeal

* In the last number, p. 214, twenty-fifth line, instead of the misprint "bouquet of a vine," read "of *a wine*."

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substance. In common English usage, it has come to mean even the whole corporeal substance. We cannot, therefore, properly express what Aristotle meant by *Hyle* —the term, viz., in which a finite active force or form, or actuating and determining principle, is received and in which it is individuated—by the word *matter*. If we do, we shall by most persons be supposed to mean some kind of body composed of atoms, or the atoms themselves. Others will think we mean the passive element which conspires with the active force in the substance of body. We will employ, therefore, the term passive potency to denote what in every created and finite being falls short of the pure *entelecheia* of the divine being, and is the mark of its contingent, dependent nature and existence, as something which *is not* in and from its essence being, but which only *has being*, received from the absolute being, and is confined within a certain grade of limitation. These limitations are the measures of the unlikeness of creatures to God, and mark their essential distance from his essence, while their actual grade of being in the active form which really exists and acts within its limit of essence, marks their likeness to God and their relative approximation to his infinite and eternal being. The created essences which imitate the uncreated essence are necessarily within limits, that is, they are finite. The fundamental limitations of space and time which bound the sphere of the extension of their active force and the duration of their movement, have their foundation in the immensity and eternity of God which they resemble in their indefinite possibility; but of which, in actual extension as the measures of real beings and their motions, they fall infinitely short. The more completely a being is confined within their circle of limitation and diminished in its resemblance to God, the lower and more imperfect it is in the scale of being. On the contrary, the more it escapes from these confining bounds, the higher is its resemblance to its divine archetype and the greater its perfection.

The graduated scale of beings from the lowest to the highest grades has been already explained in treating of the Reality of Knowledge. Extended bodies without life, and their essential constituents, that is, *matter*, in the common sense of that word, are the most confined and limited by their relations in space, as mere masses, or constituent principles of mass and molecular magnitude, inert, and only active by attraction and repulsion of their molecules upon other molecules. Bodies organized in the vegetable form are somewhat superior to these by their vitality, and far above these are animals. We cannot afford to touch the question of the nature of the active and vital principle in vegetables and animals. We must hasten to the consideration of the rational form, the principle of rational and intellectual life in man, which places him in the highest grade of beings, although it is by no means reasonable to suppose that there are not many higher degrees of beings in this intellectual grade whose nature is more perfect, and more nearly assimilated to the divine nature. The lowest beings imitate the being of God but not his life, the intermediate grades imitate his life but not the attribute by which it is the most perfect life, his intelligence. The highest grade imitates and

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participates in his intelligence. The lower grades are only vestiges of God, bearing the impress of his thoughts and his power, and representing in a dissimilar form what is not in God formally, but virtually and in a more eminent mode which is absolutely spiritual. But the intellectual being is an image and likeness of God, and his perfections are in God formally. This is alone a sufficient evidence that his nature is spiritual, a pure *entelecheia* by comparison with body, a form subsisting in its own intelligent essence, distinct from and independent of matter. If it were question of a being who is simply intellectual and not in any way also animal, it would be clear at first sight that he must be a pure spirit, a diminuted copy of the Infinite Spirit. Nevertheless, although a pure spirit by comparison with body, and with any soul which is the form of a body, he is not absolutely pure from the passive and potential, or absolutely above the categories of space and time. He is limited in duration by a beginning, and his now of duration or present instant is ever approximating towards without ever reaching the infinite. His power of applying his virtue to objects in space, and the virtual presence and movement in relation to these objects which appertain to this power, are limited, for he is not omnipresent. He is subject to some changes at least extrinsic. The highest and lowest creatures, therefore, are alike in a common unlikeness to God, and there is something in a pure spirit which in its lowest form in bodies is called their matter. He is all *entelecheia*, but the *entelecheia* is not all pure act, or infinite. Neither is material substance all matter. There is something in body akin to spirit, a positive and formal perfection which makes it similar to the perfection which is virtually and in a more eminent form in the spiritual being and in God.

Those who deny that there is any reality in the world except matter do not know what they are talking about. We disclaim all intention of speaking disrespectfully of matter or of any kind of beast. Our venerable friend Plato was too hard upon it, and it is often unjustly vituperated by *soi-disant* spiritualists. We respect the pig in his own place, and admit that "attainability of pig-wash" is a desirable good for him. We allow that dirt, in so far as it has being, is good. The late F. Baker, in his juvenile days, leaning in company with the writer on the wall of a pig-pen which had been encountered in the course of a ramble through Baltimore, enunciated a series of "pig-propositions," not precisely the same with those of Carlyle. One of them was: "Pigs are chiefly distinguished by a causeless fondness for dirt." We dissent from this in respect to animals who are naturally pigs. There is good cause for their fondness for dirt, and there was truth in the remark of the drunken man in the gutter, that "even pigs were made by God." But the fondness for dirt in amateur pigs is causeless and irrational, and the drunkard's apology for himself is inadmissible. The whole of philosophy, ethics, and history cannot be reduced to a series of "pig-propositions," or summed up in a "gospel of dirt." All substance is not dirt, neither is all life pig-life. The highest in the lower grade of being touches the lowest in the higher, and there is thus a graduated scale in the uni-

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verse, a connecting series of relations uniting all in synthetic harmony. The suppression of the distinct and opposite terms in the relation destroys all this, and both pure spiritualism and pure materialism are absurd. Human nature is the microcosm in which all these terms are combined in one complex and wonderful whole, body, spirit, vegetative, animal, and intellectual life, sense, reason, and intelligence.

Man is certainly a corporeal being, and matter is a component part of the human essence. His organization is generically similar to that of other animals, and he has in common with them sensitive life and sense-cognition. Those who wish to believe that he is a merely material being, an aggregation of molecules moved by electricity, fancy that it is easier to understand what matter is, and to ignore every superior substance, than it is to understand what mind is, or spiritual substance. But they are wofully mistaken in this. They are so accustomed to the impressions made on their senses, and familiar with sense and the sensible, that they fancy they understand it and have a clear idea of it. But the common, gross notion which the unthinking have of the nature of bodies is on a level with the notions of untaught children concerning the sun and moon. The senses present only the phenomena of substance, it is the mind which perceives and judges of essence. There is an immaterial element, an active force, conspiring with the nude matter, the element of inertia and extended bulk, to make up body. What is this force? It is an *entelecheia*, a form, an active principle. Your solid, sensible bulk or mass, which you can feel with your hand and see, analyzed, and reduced to its components, is resolved into a minute molecule, which is itself composite, and it escapes your senses altogether, at a vanishing point where you find only something which is "next to nothing," the name which every real philosopher gives to nude, unformed matter. If one resorts to the active force, that which is the real agent in gravitation, light, electricity, magnetism, he is not much better off. This active principle of motion in bodies is at least equally incomprehensible with an active principle of sense-cognition or intelligence. Is it easy to understand the attraction and repulsion which proceed from the molecules of a body and act upon the molecules of the other bodies, at a distance, which are attracted or repelled? Is it easy to understand the attraction of gravitation by which the sun draws the earth to itself, or the centrifugal force which balances this, and makes the earth fly in its orbit? It is necessary to infer the existence of all active forces which are necessary to account for all effects which are known, as their sufficient reason and cause. From the nature of the effect we infer the nature of the cause, and from diverse effects we must conclude diverse causes. Animal life, with its sense-cognitions, demands a form, an animating principle, immaterial, unextended, simple, and active, which coexists with the material stuff of the organized body and makes it an organic unity, determines its species and gives it organic life and motion, sensitive cognition and enjoyment. A child may talk to a doll, or whistle to a musical box. But it knows that it is only playing that they are aware of anything. No one ever requested a piano to

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play a tune, or asked a statue for historical information, if he was in full possession of his reason. We do, however, whistle to a canary-bird, and pat a good dog on the head, guide oxen by the voice, soothe, encourage, or restrain a horse by signs and tones. The form which vivifies the animal body is above that which is in a picture or statue; it is quite different from the principle of movement in a mechanism, or the harmony which lies latent in a musical instrument. It is not identical with the material substance which it informs, or a result of its organization and affections. It is distinct though not separate from it, whether it can operate and exist in a separate state or not. Animal life requires a body as well as a soul. Sense-affections and sense-cognitions are organic in their nature, as well as locomotion and vegetation. But there is a simple, immaterial principle necessary in order to make the mechanical structure of the organism sensitive. These explanations show what is meant by the philosophical dictum, *anima humana est forma corporis*—"the human soul is the form of the body." It is the principle of life, a simple, immaterial substance, united substantially with the corporeal substance in the human subject, the two making one composite but undivided essence. It is also a principle of rational life, and therefore far superior to a mere animal soul, as Aristotle has said: "It seems to be another kind of soul."* It is formally a spiritual substance, but it is also virtually what the lower kinds of souls are formally. Aristotle illustrates this by a comparison with geometrical figures. The more complete ones contain the more elementary in potency. Thus, he says, the principle of sensitive life includes in potency the vegetative principle, as the quadrangle contains the triangle.* And in like manner, the rational soul includes the principle of sensitive life.

This principle of rational life is a pure *entelecheia* or spiritual form, in its activity specifically different from the active force of bodies, and in its potential or passive aspect free from all matter, or potency of extended bulk and aggregate composition of atoms. We infer this from the nature of its modifications and operations. We cannot immediately perceive the substance of the soul, nor can we that of the body. We infer the active force in bodies and the point of departure in which it is concentrated as a concrete principle of motion and extension, because we are obliged to do so by effects which demand such a cause. And, by a similar judgment, we affirm a nature or principle, determined by its essence and attributes to be a recipient and an agent fit to be a subject of totally different phenomena. These are immaterial and spiritual. They are not movements in space or extended magnitudes. Desire and volition, sensitive apprehension and rational cognition, do not move from point to point marking a linear track in space. Ideas and thoughts, imaginations, memories, reflections, inductions, fear, sorrow, hope, enjoyment, have none of the three dimensions, length, breadth, and depth; they have no geometrical figure, are not triangular, circular, or square, cannot be seen, touched, tasted, or smelled. A mirror which reflects objects cannot have by virtue of the material

* *On the Soul*, lib. ii. c. 2.

* Ib. c. 3.

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composition which makes it a mirror the cognition of the reflected objects. It cannot be anything more than an instrument by which these objects may be apprehended. If we fancy a mirror which has cognizance, we are obliged to suppose another and distinct principle joined with the mirror and by its help taking cognizance of reflected objects. The representative organs of sense must therefore be informed by a distinct and immaterial principle, one and simple, whose instruments these organs are. If its activity is strictly and totally limited to the effect of giving life to the organic body and exercising with its parts and organs functions of animal life, it is dependent on matter for its operations, and therefore, most philosophers infer, for its existence, which is commonly thought to cease when animal life is extinct in the body.

The human soul, however, has a higher operation which is inorganic, a life which it possesses in itself as a substance having its being in itself, its own proper self-subsisting principle, independent of the body for operation and existence. This life and operation it does not communicate to the body and its organs. To this life, animal life is an inferior, subservient adjunct. The soul is like a swimmer who is submerged in water as to the inferior parts of the body, while his head is above the water. It lives in the body as the principle of animal, sensitive, corporeal life and motion, but above it as a rational principle, in its intellectual, moral, and spiritual life. All this has been heretofore proved in the analysis of intellectual cognition. The object of sense-cognition is the concrete, singular, material object in its sensible phenomena. The immediate object of the intellect is the universal, abstracted from all matter, above time and space, ideally apprehended, virtually infinite, appertaining to the order of the eternal reasons which are a reverberation from the divine intellect. The highest good of the will is also immaterial, and its highest virtue is moral virtue. From these operations of the human soul which are superior to all motion in space we infer its nature, as superior to all dimensive quantity and every element of quantity or active force of local motion, that is, its spiritual nature as a spiritual being. The nature of spirit is constituted by its self-subsistence as a substance, independent of matter for existence, life, and operation. This is something more than being simple and immaterial. That is simple which has no component parts, immaterial which is not a passive principle of inertia and extended dimensions. The active force of matter and the vital principle of animal life are simple and immaterial. But they need to actuate matter in order to get their centre and term of operation. A spirit can think and will, can live and act, attain perfection and felicity, without any dependence on matter. The human soul is a spirit because it is rational, and this is what gives to man his specific difference from other animals. His spiritual substance, nevertheless, contains in its nature virtually, in a more eminent mode, all that constitutes the principle of animal life, as that contains the principle of vegetative life. It has, therefore, an attitude toward union with a body, in order to complete itself in the integrity of the human essence and nature. Without the body, one part of its activity would remain necessarily dormant. In respect

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to animal life, its dependence on the body is intrinsic. But in respect to rational activity, its dependence is only extrinsic, and is a consequence of the union of the soul and body in one composite essence.

The exposition already given of the rational operation of the soul shows, that the sensible species or phantasm furnishes only the medium of communication between the mind and its proper, immediate object, the universal, or abstract truth; and afterwards presents itself as the secondary, mediate object of intellectual cognition in reflection, as visible by the intellectual light which the mind itself casts on it from the universal. In this present state of union with the gross, animal body, the mind is bound and restricted, somewhat in the same way as oxygen is bound by its union with hydrogen in water. It must conform itself to the conditions of its mode of life and action, and remain turned toward the sensible object. The brain and the sensitive organism must act, in order that the mind may be in a condition to act. Therefore, sleep, cerebral disorder, a diseased or decayed condition of the organs, and other physical conditions, impede the liberty of the mind and will to act. So much of the power of the soul is absorbed in giving the vital influx to the body, its state is so much modified by its union with it, it is so deeply immersed in sense, and so fast bound to its organs, that its innate faculty to perceive spiritual essences and apprehend the intelligible without any sensible idea is dormant, like the aptitude for breathing in an embryo. The intellect needs the previous operation of sense and imagination to set its object in view, because, while the soul informs such a body as it now has, it cannot understand except by turning to sensible things. If the brain cannot furnish the images, the mind is like a mirror with a cloth thrown over it, or a student whose book is locked up in a drawer. There are certain preliminaries and conditions to the exercise of intelligence and volition which the soul must place by its conjoint action with its bodily organs, as one complex principle of operation. But, as its dependence in the act of thinking on the concourse of the body is not intrinsic, but purely extrinsic, the act itself is the separate act of the mind, inorganic and wholly spiritual. This was long ago demonstrated by Aristotle, and the same demonstration, amplified in various ways, is found in every treatise on psychology which is worth anything.

The whole argument comes back to this point, that the object of rational cognition is spiritual, and therefore the act is spiritual, and the subject spiritual. The universal cannot in its universality be concreted in material conditions. Even the individuated material substance cannot manifest itself as essence to the senses, but only in its phenomena. The ideas of the transcendental and the universal as concepts of the mind are immaterial, and as they are received in their subject according to the mode of the recipient, the intellect which receives them after a spiritual mode must be a spirit.

Again, the impressions made on the organs of sense, when they reach a certain grade of intensity, injure or destroy the organs, because they are material. Whereas, the intellect is strengthened and brought into more perfect activity, in proportion to the vividness of

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the intellectual light which it receives.

Once more, a material organ cannot turn back or reflect on itself. You cannot apply your right hand to itself, in the same way that you can apply your left hand to it. You must double one hand over and change its figure, in order to apply one part to the other part. Moreover, if you join your two hands, you must touch each part of one by a corresponding part of the other, and cannot touch one part of one by the whole of the other, much less touch at the same time each part separately and also the whole by one indivisible contact. The organs of sense, likewise, require their object to be at a distance from them, and their functions are separate. The eye cannot see itself or its vision. Nor can we hear our vision, or touch our hearing. The reflection, comparison, and co-ordination of sensations require a common, interior sense in the sensorium, and a simple, immaterial principle as an actuating form. By virtue of this form sensation is reduced to unity, there is a compenetration of sensations and movements which are referred to one principle and produce an individual life. The sensitive animal by sensation thus returns partly upon himself, and by imagination and memory retains and in a measure reproduces the impressions of sensation. If the animal is merely sentient, he stops with the cognition of sensible phenomena. He returns on his sensations only, by virtue of the simple, immaterial principle united with his organization.

But the rational soul returns on itself by a perfect reflection. It touches the whole and every part with its whole, in one simple act. It returns upon its reasonings, immediate perceptions, sensations, volitions, upon all its acts and upon itself as the subject and actor, in a way which is partially illustrated by the perfect coincidence of several lines in one line, and several points in one point. Its complete exemption from all extension and materiality is thus manifest, and of course it is a necessary consequence from this that it does not think, will, or reflect by an organ. It is not the brain which thinks, but the mind; and the brain, with the organs, only subserves and ministers to it in thinking. It is therefore a substance, self-subsisting, and not intrinsically dependent on the body for its intelligent operation and for its existence. Its object is incorporeal, its ideas are incorporeal, its operation is incorporeal, and it has, therefore, incorporeal essence, life, and existence. We repeat also, once more, that it is an image of God and participates in his intelligence, understanding and measuring every kind of being by the eternal reasons whose seat is in the divine intellect. Its archetype is therefore God in his specific ratio of being, by which he is most perfect. And as God is a spirit, the soul which is in the highest grade of being and possesses formally a perfection which is in God formally as his highest perfection, must also be a spirit.

The immortality of the soul is an immediate and necessary consequence from its nature as a self-subsisting spiritual substance. Death is a separation between the matter of the living being and its vital principle, by which the corpse is left deprived of intrinsic self-moving power, and abandoned to extrinsic natural agencies. If the vital principle depends for its ope-

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ration and existence completely on its material compart, it becomes extinct when the body becomes unfit to be informed by its vital influx. The human soul does not depend on the body for its existence, its highest life, and its proper specific operation. The corruption of the body has no tendency to deprive it of anything except a mode of existence, an inferior kind of life, and those operations which have an intrinsic dependence on the concourse of bodily organs. It is capable of a continued rational existence and operation, because it has the nature and powers of pure spirits in its essence, it is self-subsisting and active, a real substance, and not a mere constituent of a substance. It is an *entelecheia* which does not require a material term of actuation, but which includes its own term in its spiritual essence, and has no composition except that of spiritual essence and existence. Its existence is its being received from God by the creative act. It can cease to exist only when God reverses the creative act, withholds the divine influx, and lets it perish by annihilation. No created power can destroy it, no internal disintegration can change it or resolve it into more simple elements, no number of operations can exhaust its vitality. Aristotle calls it "incorruptible and eternal." It is eternal in the sense of having begun at the instant of its creation an endless existence, because it is free from all material composition and dependence on organic structure and therefore incorruptible. There is no destruction in the universe except that of corruption and disintegration of composites. God creates but does not annihilate. All things created tend to perpetuity and imitate, according to their grade of being, the eternity of the Creator. The matter of the corporeal universe is everlasting. Its changes and motions are a series of states and acts in which its potentiality is educed into actuality by a perpetual process in the line of being, and not by a retrogression toward nothing. Living things which are corruptible perpetuate their species. They do this, says Aristotle, "in order that, in so far as they can, they may partake of the eternal and the divine: for this all things desire, and for the sake of it they do whatever they do naturally. Since, therefore, they cannot partake of the eternal and divine by a continuous existence, because no corruptible thing can remain constant in its numerical unity, they partake of them the best they can, one more, another less, each one continuing not in the same nature individually, but in a like nature, which is not numerically but specifically the same."* That which is incorruptible, Aristotle everywhere teaches, as do all sound philosophers, cannot perish, and there is consequently an indestructible basis in matter for all its various and changing forms, whatever the true theory of the ultimate constitution of matter may be. The perishable nature of the principle of brute-life is asserted and argued solely on the ground that it is not a substance which God immediately creates, but, though a simple and immaterial form, an incomplete entity, educed from the potentiality of matter and existing in it without self-subsistence. The human soul is a spirit, incorruptible, and not amenable to the laws of matter or subject to the action of material forces. The effort at perpetuity, the striving after a par-

* *On the Soul*, lib. ii. c. 4.

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ticipation of the perennial divine being, is not, therefore, restricted to a mere continuation of the species, but is realized in individual endless life.

This is the pure, metaphysical demonstration that the soul is deathless, derived from its very nature as a spirit.

But there are other proofs which corroborate this one and give greater intensity to the rational certitude derived from pure philosophy that the soul was created immortal and destined to an everlasting perpetuity of being.

In the first place, since the universe itself is indestructible, except by the infinite power which created it, and not only is it contrary to fact that God ever does destroy what he has made, but contrary to reason that he should do so, those beings who are highest in the universe, and for whom everything was made, must be immortal. Rational souls belong to the highest grade of being. Each one is better, and more worthy of preservation, than all the stars. Therefore, they will be preserved.

Again, the object of the intellect is necessary and eternal truth, and the object of desire is the universal good. They are beyond the limitations of space and time. The faculties which are turned towards the intelligible and the desirable which is identical with it have an attitude and propensity toward the infinite. It is in the infinite, therefore, that their reason of being, their final cause, and their ultimate end must be found, and towards this all their motions must be directed.

That which is capable of perfection, and has a natural appetite for this perfection, is not injured and destroyed by the same causes which directly and naturally tend to give and increase this perfection. The principle of life has no death-giving influx. The soul does not corrupt or kill the body, by diminishing or withdrawing vital force, much less by exerting a positively deadly influence. Thought, understanding, knowledge, do not weaken and destroy the intellect. They strengthen and vitalize it in proportion to their quantity and intensity and duration. Volition, and specifically the exercise of free volition or free choice, does not weaken but strengthens the will. Acts and habits of virtue increase by repetition and continuity. Intellectual and moral life grow stronger as they endure, and the vital impulse, the desire and enjoyment of the intelligible and moral object of knowledge and volition, are never exhausted by the widening and prolongation of their sphere of action. The mind aspires after universal knowledge and the heart after everlasting love. There is nothing in nature which is in vain. This aspiration is not in vain. And, moreover, nature proceeds from divine reason and goodness. It is harmonious and well-proportioned. There is no harmony or proportion in it, no wisdom manifested, no goodness exhibited, unless rational beings are immortal.

Nature does not deceive, because the author of nature is Eternal Truth. But the natural reason and expectation of mankind in all ages has awaited a future life. The best, the most noble, the most heroic of mankind, by millions, have lived, labored, fought and suffered, made sacrifices and have died, in the hope of immortality, encouraged by the expectation of future and everlasting happiness. It is

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impossible that this should be an illusion.

Finally, we recur once more to the archetypal ideas in God, where we find the eternal reasons which measure our minds and all things. The creation is an imitation of God's essence, in so far as it is imitable; a participation of his being, in so far as it can be participated. The highest grade of being bears the formal image of God by the participated light of intelligence and the faculty of rational volition which accompanies reason. The intelligent creature imitates and participates in the most excellent act which is the divine life, the pure, absolute *Entelecheia*, which is eternal by essence. It is, therefore, as Aristotle says, *aidios*, eternal, in the full sense of the idea as conceivable and possible in a finite being. That is, it has a beginning but no ending; it has not the total and simultaneous possession in perfection of interminable life, but a continuous and never-ending progression in a line of life which is never terminated, a revolution around God in an orbit whose curve is not re-entering. This is known to human reason by its participation in the eternal reasons which are in the intellect of God, and by which he created the world in wisdom. Our mental spectroscope shows that this thought and purpose is in God, and has been in God from eternity, and that he is the author of our rational conviction that the soul is immortal. The very same argument proves that the soul was created to participate in the desirable good and felicity of God, as well as in his intelligence and duration of existence, in a mode proportioned to its nature.

The one great difficulty which presents itself in apparent opposition to this conclusion is the corruptible condition of human nature by reason of the union of the soul with an animal and mortal body, and the universal fact of death, which extinguishes each separate human life and the collective life of each generation in turn. It might also be proved, from what is known scientifically of the structure of the earth and the sun, that the laws of nature, if they continue to operate unchanged, must eventually put an end to the life of the whole human species. If the soul is a self-subsistent substance, an intelligent spirit, separate in existence and operation from an organic body, why is it united to a body, and to a body which is mortal? Aristotle says: "It is a drudgery to be joined with the body and unable to escape from it, and, moreover, something to be shunned, since it is better for the intellect not to be with the body, as it is commonly said and appears to many consonant with reason." *

If it is not better for the soul to be with than to be without the body, it ought not in reason to have been united with the body. If it is better, and the human species has its sufficient reason of being, body belongs to the human essence, is an integral part of man, necessary to his perfection, and therefore ought to be incorruptible and immortal.

Moreover, the inchoate state of a rational, endless, and happy life ought to contain in germ its own

* Ἐπίπονον δέ καὶ τὸ μεμίχθαι τῷ σώματι μὴ δυνάμενον ἀπολυθῆναι, καὶ προσὸν φευκτόν, εἴπερ βέλτιον τῷ νῷ μὴ μετὰ σώματος εἶναι, καθάπερ εἰωθέ τε λεγεσθαι καὶ πολλοῖς συνδοκεῖ.—Laboriosum est etiam conjunctum esse cum corpore, neque absolvi ab eo posse, et insuper fugiendum, quippe quum melius sit intellectui non esse cum corpore, quemadmodum et dici solet et complures consentiunt (*De Anima*, lib. i. c. iii. art. 19).

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perfection, and develop the same under constant laws, according to the analogy of other and inferior parts of the universe. But is the life of man on earth worth living, taken as a whole, and worth continuing in an endless duration?

Ancient philosophers endeavored to solve the problem of man and his mortal life, but with very poor success. Modern rationalists renew the effort, some with a tendency toward optimism, others with the opposite tendency toward pessimism. Pure reason, if the light of faith is shut out, may invent plausible conjectures, or even argue out some probable theories. It cannot furnish an adequate and satisfactory doctrine. There are notable shortcomings in all purely natural science; and in philosophy, as well as in the other branches of human knowledge. Most of those who hold with firm assent and with inward complacency the belief in immortality hold it as a religious doctrine, or by virtue of a philosophy derived in part from the tradition of religious faith. Those professed theists or rationalists whose life is conformed to the higher rules of natural reason, and in whose breasts pure and noble sentiments and affections hold sway, regard life and every bond of pure and rational love uniting them to their kind, as sacred. They esteem intellectual and moral life, and the union of love with those who are worthy of love, as an inestimable privilege, and long for their perpetuation after death. Let their metaphysical convictions be more or less clear and strong, they are sensible of a longing and a demand in human nature for immortality which cannot be defrauded by nature or its Author. Separation, and the extinction of the earthly life, are to them unbearable, except as they are sustained by the hope of immortality. Love of wisdom, love of the good, the beautiful, and the lovable, and the love of those persons who are justly dear, seeks to eternize itself. Mr. Buckle declared that his love for his mother convinced him that the souls in which such a love can exist must be immortal. The late Mr. Bayard Taylor is credibly reported to have said that although he did not know how to demonstrate immortality, he knew its truth, and could much better understand the infinite than the finite. Persons of a pure and pious disposition and great intensity of natural affection, who seem to themselves to waver in their belief of a future life, especially when they are in life-long, inconsolable sorrow over the parting from the persons whom they loved the most deeply and tenderly, do not necessarily doubt with a real and positive doubt seated in their reason. They may lack clear and consistent knowledge of the divine truth, and long for clearer evidence, while they still possess an inward certitude and an unwavering belief in their minds to which in their hearts they fully consent. Their wavering is the tremulousness of the light which is in them, which is totally different from the darkness of positive doubt and unbelief.

The common belief of mankind in the future and separate existence of the soul is a well-known fact. Among the people who have been brought up in Christian civilization, the depth and intensity of their belief in the dignity and excellence given to human nature by the rational soul is shown by their horror for homicide. An instance of the intensity of this feeling in regard to the sacredness of human

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life and of the body, on account of the soul, occurred recently near New York, and is so striking as to be worth citing as a most curious illustration. A pretty and interesting little boy, who was appointed to take part with his school-fellows in a dramatic entertainment that same evening, while playing near a tame bear was suddenly seized and killed by the bear. This was tragical enough, and the grief and sympathy which followed such a sudden and sad death were natural and what might be expected to arise in every similar circumstance. But the striking and curious illustration of the point we are considering, furnished by this particular instance, is found in an accessory incident. The bystanders were especially horrified at seeing the bear quietly lick his paws imbrued in the blood of the boy. This was emphasized in the newspaper account of the sad event, and the fact mentioned with evident satisfaction that *the bear had been killed.* Nothing could be less rational than to condemn and detest the poor bear for following his natural instincts. But the horror at bloodshedding and at bloodthirstiness in a rational being is so strong, that it overleaps the bounds of reason and personifies the brute, whose savageness is an image of that which is so criminal in a man. The sacredness of human blood, of human life, of the human body, in the common estimation, is most vividly exemplified in this instance. And this sense of sacredness is founded in the sense of that worth in man which is the primary reason for believing that he is immortal.

It is for the same reason that the most extraordinary care and respect are evinced toward the bodies of the dead. The universal and intense anxiety to find and identify the bodies of the soldiers who fell in our late civil war, the vast outlay of time, labor, and money devoted to this purpose, the rage which was excited by reports of insulting treatment of corpses on the battle-field, the indignation awakened by any supposed negligence of due rites of sepulture by the commanders, and the affecting care lavished on the decoration of the cemeteries where this army of the dead reposes—all these are an overwhelming testimony of popular belief and the common sentiment of the human heart.

The deification of heroes among the ancient pagans, the veneration of Christian heroes after death among Christians, the emotion called forth by the funeral obsequies of the great and of the good, are all manifestations of the common sentiment of mankind that the soul survives the body. In a description of the funeral rites of a bishop lately deceased contained in a secular newspaper, the writer has inserted the following sentence, in which he expresses the sentiment awakened in all hearts not insensible, by similar demonstrations: "Emerson says that the religions of the world are the ejaculations of a few imaginative men. That scene in the cathedral, so solemn, so rich in everything that attracts the senses, so overwhelming with its force of the most momentous truth of philosophy or fact—death —so full of calm, of serenity, of peace, was the effect of an ejaculation. It represented the conviction of nine-tenths of the enlightened portion of mankind that the human soul is immortal." *

* "Ceremonies at the Funeral of Bishop Foley," Chicago *Tribune*, February 22, 1879.

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Those who are the most glorious in their death and after their death among men leave a testimony after them in which this common sentiment of mankind is concentrated and intensified. In them humanity raised to its highest power speaks with the force of universal reason personified and manifested in visible majesty. Socrates drank the hemlock calmly, as if he actually saw the eternity before him. Those who do not reverence St. Paul the inspired prophet and commissioned legate of God, must honor Paul the philosopher and hero. "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished my course: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which God the just judge shall give me in that day." No rational man can neglect to give weight to such a testimony, without violating one of the fundamental rules of all rational philosophy. Much less can he shut his eyes to the divine tragedy enacted on the cross, or his ears to the words of the august Sufferer who among all men is emphatically THE MAN, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

If reason and philosophy come short of an adequate solution of the enigmas of human life and the destination of the human species, this is no just cause for abdicating reason altogether. Suicidal despair in philosophy is a mere insanity. The eternal truths, the existence of the most perfect Being, the spiritual and immortal nature of the human soul, are certain. Difficulties arising from ignorance and limitation before the intellect to puzzle and baffle it in its effort to search out the beginning and the end of universal reality, and to understand the harmonies of all spheres of existence and knowledge, cannot affect this certainty. It is utterly irrational to deny or doubt what is knowable and known because it is surrounded by the infinite region which to the human intellect is naturally unknowable or in its present condition unknown. There is a secret in human destiny known to God, and which must be made known by God to men, or remain impervious to the human intellect. The eternal reasons according to which the human intellect measures nature are inadequate to measure man and his destiny. So long as he is considered in his relations to the purely natural order, his reason of being and the end toward which he is tending are enveloped in obscurity, his condition and history defy all effort to bring them into harmony with divine reasons and a just order, and the human race presents the appearance of a planet which is wandering from its orbit. This is an indication that humanity is under a higher and supernatural law. Astronomers long ago guessed that the order of the solar system did not stop within its own bounds, that it was not isolated and still, within the limits of its own orbital revolutions around the centre. They conjectured also that the fixed stars were not still.

It is known now, that sun and stars are moving with great rapidity, that our solar system is a part of a more extended system of movement. The stars behind us are drawing together, those in front are opening and separating, like objects on a road from which we are retreating or towards which we are advancing. So it is in the order of rational philosophy. There is a closing up when we look backward on rational principles which

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indicates that we cannot remain stationary or move backward. There is no opening except as we look forward toward a region remote from mere human calculation with the data of our short span of existence, whose spaces and relations are immeasurable by our mind and its imperfect instruments. The secret of God by us undiscoverable, the higher knowledge, to us, without revelation, unknowable, was disclosed to man in the beginning of his history; it has come down by a tradition of wisdom above all philosophy, and has always been possessed by the most favored and elect portion of mankind, the ancestors of Christ and the apostles, the spiritual progenitors of the whole race of Christians. The reminiscence of it was never anywhere wholly lost. The Greek philosophers all refer to this ancient and to them dim tradition as coming from the age and the source of light. Plato vaguely and anxiously hints at a hope of some new and divine illumination in the future. Cicero's hesitating and reserved tone in the affirmation of philosophical truth manifests the need and the longing of the human mind for clearer, more divine, and more complete answers to the questionings of the curious intellect. The aspirations and attainments of human nature show its capacity and attitude for the maximum of good in the aspect of the intelligible and the desirable, its shortcomings on all sides show the unattainability of this *summum bonum*, without supernatural revelation and grace. St. Paul's declaration that "by the Law is the knowledge of sin," *i.e.*, of a defect which separates man, in respect to his highest relation, from God, is a universal truth. All natural knowledge of nature and its laws, all purely human philosophy, ends with the sense and acknowledgment of an irremediable deficiency, and is a smothered, half-suppressed moan of human nature crying out for its Redeemer.

THE BLACK AGE.

We mean the tenth century, for of all the middle ages it is considered the darkest even by excellent Catholic writers. It gets this character in history from a negative—namely, the comparative lack of writers who lived in it; and from a positive—namely, Luitprand,* a Lombard historian of Spanish origin, who was especially hostile to the popes from being attached to the court and the cause of the German emperor, Otho I., who, like his successors in the middle ages, sought to control the Papacy temporally and spiritually. Is it fair to draw a conclusion hostile to the tenth century from such a negative and such a positive? The anti-papal prejudices of Luitprand disqualify him as a reliable witness in the case, since his transparent purpose, as every reader of him may perceive, is to defame the condition of the church in Rome, bring contempt on the popes, who

* Luitprand wrote *Liber de Rebus gestis Ottonis Magni Imperatoris*, *Relatio de Legatione Constantinopolitana*, and *Antapodosis*, a history of Europe. He was bishop of Cremona, and is himself one of the lights of the tenth century.

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were unfriendly to the ambition of Otho, and extol the deeds of his sovereign, of whom he was an abject courtier.

Flodoard, a contemporary historian, who wrote a life of the Roman pontiffs, is a much better authority. The tone of his work is calm and impartial, as becomes a writer of history, while every page of it shows industry, research, and learning. Luitprand declaims while Flodoard narrates facts. Those who would have a correct knowledge of the so-called "black age" should read Flodoard as well as Luitprand. Yet the latter author seems to have swayed the judgment of even such writers as Baronius, who calls the tenth an "iron age," and Bellarmine, who says it was the most ignorant of the ages.* We protest against the inference of these authors. We propose to defend the accused century from their charges, and to show that it is not a black spot in history, as they would lead us to believe. That there were scandals in it we admit, as there have been at all times in the church; but we deny that Luitprand's statements concerning the popes of this age are true, and maintain that his whole history should be discounted with more than the usual grain of allowance for prejudice, bigotry, and partisanship. It can be shown that although the tenth cannot compare with the eleventh century in brilliancy, still that the arts and sciences flourished in it, and especially at Rome, in spite of many drawbacks. Luitprand's authority weighed too much with both Bellarmine and Baronius. If our purpose were merely to defend the Papacy from the inference which its enemies draw from the scandals of that age, we should merely quote the passage of Tertullian in which he writes: "What, then, if a bishop or a deacon should fall away from the rule, must we admit that heresy has won a victory over truth? Do we test the faith by persons, or persons by the faith?"* and dismiss the subject. The church certainly did not lose her fecundity in this century, since it was during it that the Gospel was preached to the Normans, Sclavs, Bohemians, Poles, Hungarians, and Muscovites. Fecundity and sanctity in the church are correlative terms. The ninth century, the heir of three hundred years of Irish † missionary labor on the continent of Europe, combined with the ancient Roman Christianity of the Benedictine cloisters—the ninth century, still resplendent with the traditions of Charlemagne and Alcuin, did not sink into gloomy night when the tenth was born. There were still countless monasteries in Italy and Gaul, in which the monks were busy, like bees in the hive, copying ancient manuscripts, teaching the surrounding populations—gently but surely extracting the honey of classic literature from the records of the past, while they deprived it of its poison and its sting by the lessons of Christianity. It is a historical impossibility that sudden night should succeed to a brilliant day, or that a brilliant day should suddenly arise after a gloomy night. Decay in history is as slow as growth. And consequently, since the ninth century, the parent of the tenth, was brilliant, as all admit, its rays must have illumined the tenth, though they

* *De Controversiis Fidei de R. Pontif.*, l. iv. c 12.

* *De Præscriptionibus*, c. iii.

† Ozanam, in his *Civilisation Chrétienne chez les Francs*, shows that Irish monks evangelized semi-barbarian Europe from the sixth to the ninth century.

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may not have shone so brightly; and since the eleventh, the child of the tenth, was confessedly an age of learning and literary vitality, it must have derived its vigor from the paternal source. Many a man is considered great simply because there has been a historian to record his deeds. History written by a skilled pen often ennobles and immortalizes commonplace actions and events, while without a record the noblest deeds are often shorn of half their splendor. May not this fact account for the seeming darkness of the tenth century? There were few historians of its events, consequently their character has been underrated. But whenever did silence prove the non-existence of a fact? When we read of the Tiber in the classic writings of a Roman poet or historian we imagine it to be a large and majestic river, while the fact is that it is insignificant compared with many an unrecorded stream whose glories have never been sung by bard or immortalized by a writer of annals. Silence in this case proves nothing.

Sufficient facts, however, are recorded to show that, besides the logical inference drawn from the antecedent and consequent ages, the tenth was not so black as it has been painted. It began with the reign of a pope—Benedict IV., a Roman—whose piety and benevolence are praised in the highest terms by Flodoard, and ended with Gerbert, the celebrated mathematician, who took the name of Sylvester II. Thus the so-called "black age" began with a saint and ended with a scholar. Nor can we find that any of the scandals alleged against the intermediary pontiffs rest upon any better authority than that of the notorious romancer and anti-papal partisan, Luitprand.* The reform of the Benedictine monasteries inaugurated by St. Berno, the first abbot of Cluny, A.D. 910, speaks well for the character of the regular clergy. In the year 927 seven large monasteries had accepted his rigorous sway. His successor, the learned St. Odo, continued the good work, until the reform became general, so that in a short time two thousand monasteries in Europe had accepted it in all its severity. Two abbots in Gaul, Einold and St. John, labored in the same good cause; so that in spite of the demoralization consequent upon the struggles of the German and Italian factions and the disorders engendered by the continual private wars of the feudal nobles, counts, marquises, and dukes, against one another, the monks maintained the purity of their institutions.

In judging this age from an Anglo-Saxon stand-point it should not be forgotten that in it lived the good King Edward, son of Alfred the Great, Athelstan, Edmund, Edred, and St. Edward, all remarkable for their piety, learning, and zeal in purifying the church. It was the age, also, of St. Odo and St. Dunstan, Archbishops of Canterbury, whose synodical letters still exist to attest that learning as well as piety adorned the episcopacy of the tenth century. The age is also celebrated as having been the first in which we have an instance of the canonization of a saint by the Roman pontiffs with solemn rite. This happened in the case of St. Udalric, who was canonized by Pope John XV. in a Roman synod held in the year 993; although the cus-

* Muratori, in his *Annali d'Italia*, ad annum 914, says that Luitprand got some of his statements concerning the popes from a life of Theodora, which the learned critic calls "*Un infame romanzo.*"

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tom of canonizing saints without this solemn rite was usual with the popes from the earliest period. * The fact that more care was taken to prevent abuse or error in such an important matter speaks well for the prudence and critical spirit of the Papacy in this age. A spirit of criticism and discrimination always characterizes enlightenment.

There are many facts which go to show that education, both religious and secular, was not neglected in the much-maligned "black age." In the beginning of this century we find that certain canons were appointed in Pisa to teach theology and canon law. A bull of Benedict IV. proves this. It is probable that a similar custom existed in other dioceses. Certainly at Ravenna towards the end of the tenth century there lived a certain Vilgard, surnamed "The Grammarian," who taught school in that city, and gave out with great pride that "Virgil, Horace, and Juvenal had appeared to him in a dream and promised him immortality." † Thus we see that classic lore was not dead. We have also a catalogue, made in this century, of the library of the monastery of Bobbio, founded by the monks of St. Columbanus. It contains an excellent list not only of sacred authors, but even of the best profane historians, orators, poets, and grammarians, copied by the daily labor of those self-sacrificing men to whom we are indebted for the preservation of ancient literature. Raterius of Verona, speaking of Rome in this century, says that nowhere else could one be so well instructed in the sciences. This author was himself one of the great lights of the age. He was born in the diocese of Liege about the year 896, entered the monastery of Laubes when a boy, and studied with great success both the Greek and Latin authors (which were commonly taught in his country). He went to Italy with Ilduin, Bishop-elect of Liege, who afterwards became Bishop of Verona, and from it was transferred to the archbishopric of Milan; and then Raterius succeeded him as Bishop of Verona. The learned Belgian fell into disgrace with Hugo, King of Italy, who exiled him to France, where he taught literature for a long time. His works are divided into three parts. The first, besides six books of *Preloquia* in which he treats of the duties of man, contains many essays on canon law, sacred history, and apologies for his conduct in dealing with his diocesans and the king; the second contains his letters and many theological tracts; the third is made up of his sermons to the people. He shows great scholarship on every page, not only in sacred but also in profane literature. His style, however, is harsh, as is the style of most of the authors of the middle ages. They were ages when men sought after solid learning and not after the beauties of style. In our days we have the graces of style studied to excess, while our learning is superficial and our erudition very often slip-shod. It will hardly be disputed by those who make a special study of the so-called dark ages that although education was not as general as it now is, because the art of printing was not known, yet that the learned classes of that period were far in advance of the moderns in profound knowledge

* Those who doubt this should consult the ablest book ever written on the subject, Benedict XIV.'s *De Servorum Dei Beatificatione et Canonizatione*

† Tiraboschi, *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, tom. iii. p. 192.

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and genuine erudition. Works written in the middle ages have never been equalled since; witness the poems of Dante and the theological and philosophical works of Thomas Aquinas.

Atto of Vercelli was another great writer of the "black age." He was probably of Lombard origin. He was made bishop of Vercelli A.D. 924, and lived till about the year 960, when he was succeeded by Ingone. His works were numerous and learned. One called the *Capitular* is divided into a hundred chapters, and contains the acts and decrees of various councils held by him for the regulation of his diocese. In this work we find many decrees ordering his priests *to establish public schools for the instruction of youth.* Another of his works is called *Ecclesiastical Oppressions*, in which we have an interesting account of the grievances and vexations of the church in those times. He also wrote a commentary on St. Paul's Epistles, and two sermons, one on the Ascension, the other a panegyric of St. Eusebius, Bishop of Vercelli.*

These two bishops may be fairly taken to show that learning still flourished in the tenth century, and that schools were established for the education of the people in other dioceses as well as in theirs. The church was always faithful to this early tradition regarding the establishment of schools for the people.

Nor were there poets wanting in this age of comparative darkness. Theodolfus, Bishop of Orleans, had the reputation of being a second Ovid among his contemporaries; Paulinus, the Patriarch of Aquileia, was also a cultivator of the muse; and their poetry was read with delight in the first part of the tenth century. That Greek literature was still cultivated is shown by a panegyric of King Berenger, the title of which is in Greek; and from the writings of Luitprand himself, who scatters Greek passages over his pages, no doubt to show his knowledge of the tongue.

Two anonymous historians, called respectively, from the places of their nativity, "The Salernitan" and "The Beneventan," flourished at this time. The former continued the excellent history of the Lombards, by Paul the Deacon, up to the year 980; while the latter gives us a faithful chronicle of the years 996, 997, and 998. We have already spoken of Luitprand, who, although a writer of great prejudices, was a man of real learning. As for mathematics and philosophy, we may fairly ask how could Pope Sylvester II., formerly Archbishop of Rheims, have become so celebrated as a mathematician, unless there were professors to teach him or books of the science from which to study?

Other writers of note flourished in the tenth century. Ælfric, Archbishop of Canterbury, wrote a Saxon grammar, an Anglo-Saxon lexicon, and a Saxon version of the Old and New Testament. Yet this was the age of the "chained Bible"! Œcumenius, a Greek writer, wrote an exposition of the Acts of the Apostles and a commentary on the Pauline and Catholic epistles. Witikind, a monk of the Abbey of Corbie, in Saxony, wrote a history of the Saxons in three books, not to speak of many other writers on sacred and profane subjects. In view of these facts we can with justice say

* Father d'Achery's *Spicilegium*, vol. i., edit. Paris, 1723, contains most of Atto's works.

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of the "black age" what is so well expressed by the learned Pagi:* "This century had indeed few historians, but it did not yield to the preceding ages in learning, when emperors and kings favored literature. Nor should it be called an age of ignorance and obscurantism for any other cause than that of the paucity of its writers when compared with the multitude who flourished in the antecedent and subsequent periods. That it had more writers than were known in the time of Bellarmine is now evident to any one who peruses a modern catalogue of ecclesiastical authors. It was illumined by many bishops and abbots, monks and religious of both sexes, of every rank and condition, remarkable alike for their holiness and their learning." We may say, therefore, that the tenth was the most silent of the middle ages; but it is not logical on that account to say that it was illiterate, or to infer from its silence that it was inferior to the other centuries.

PLAIN CHANT IN ITS RELATION TO THE LITURGY.

[*Concluded.*]

X. TONALITY OF THE LITURGICAL CHANT.

WHOEVER has carefully followed our explanations concerning the rhythm, and from what has been said has obtained an idea of the essence of natural music, as well as of the significance of the chant in the offices of the church, will in consequence be obliged to defend, as a necessary and essential condition, the *diatonic tonality*. There subsists, in fact, between the rhythm and tonality a connection and mutual relation. The rhythm once established, the tonality is determined; the duration and accent of the tone once ascertained, the character of the tone-intervals is evident. In other words, the free, natural rhythm of the chant requires a free and natural tonality, while the artificial, measured rhythm adopts with a decided preference the measured division of the intervals into half and quarter tones.

But, to proceed methodically, let us first ask the question: What do we understand by tonality, and what is the tonality of the Gregorian chant?

When we speak of tonality we mean the proportion according to which the tones of a scale ascend and the relation in which the tones stand to each other, or, in other words, we understand by the tonality the intervals between the tones.

Of the various tonalities which the history of music exhibits only two are worth considering, because they are the only ones that have been retained in use, and because a contest for precedence is now going on between them in the field of church music. These are the so-called *diatonic* and *chromatic* tonali-

* *Critica in Annales Baronii ad annum* 900.

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ties. The diatonic—from *διατονικός*, extending through—is so called because in it the tones ascend according to relations naturally given, and without introducing strange intervals, so that in one octave there are never more than two natural half-tones—Si–Ut and Mi–Fa or E–F and B–C—and a whole tone is never forced in between two halves, nor do two half-tones ever follow each other in immediate succession. The chromatic tonality, on the other hand, admits other intervals besides these natural ones of five whole and two half tones. This is done by sharping and flatting the natural tones; and because at first the sharp and the flat were represented by various colors, the variegated appearance of the scale gave it the name of chromatic (*χρωματικός*)—*i.e.*, the colored tonality.

Now, these two kinds of tonality correspond so fully to the two kinds of music and rhythm we have so carefully distinguished that we may at once call the diatonic the natural and the chromatic the artificial tonality. This is justified both by the peculiarities of each scale and by authority. Natural music can only have a natural tonality, which, resting upon natural laws, has nothing artificial or conventional about it, but is, like speech and natural rhythm, a gift to men from the Creator. This natural tonality, or, to speak more specifically, the natural diatonic scale, consists, as we have said, of five whole and two half tones in the following order:

1 1 ½ 1 1 1 ½
Ut Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Ut, or
1 1 ½ 1 1 1 ½
C D E F G A B C

That this scale is natural and is derived from the ear can be easily shown experimentally. Take a person with a good ear for music but without musical education, and let him begin and sing up from a low note. He will keep exactly to the intervals of the diatonic scale, and, having reached the eighth note, will, if he goes higher, complete the whole octave again; but he will never sing the chromatic scale, which, by the way, is no easy task even for one who knows the conventional intervals between the tones. Thus we see that the diatonic scale has its sanction in the natural ear, the "aurium admirabile judicium" so often quoted. The ear rests contented with it, showing it to be in conformity with the natural musical sense, while the chromatic scale (C-♯C-D-♯D-E-F-♯F-G-♯G-A-♯A-B-C) makes anything but an agreeable impression upon the ear and mind. Now, that which impresses the natural, unprejudiced organ of sense as agreeable and in conformity with nature must undoubtedly be natural.

This argument from the nature of things may be further confirmed by authority, since all those masters of song whose opinion is of weight, and whose judgment has not been warped by the influence of artificial music, reach the same conclusion. In the course of this chapter a number of these authorities will be cited. Here we will only admit one passage, from an anonymous author of an excellent treatise entitled *L'arbre couvert de fleurs dont les calices renfermant les principes de l'art musicale.* The passage is as follows: "Natural song is based upon eight melodic tones, which the voice forms in a manner altogether natural, and between the first and last of which there is a constant ratio.

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Besides these eight tones no other can be elicited by the voice in a natural manner—that is, without effort. The voice always returns periodically to the same intervals. When the octave is reached the cycle is completed and a perfect interval formed, from which a new cycle begins." We may add to this passage a remark that suggests itself to us. It can easily be proved, and will scarcely be gainsaid, that, like the liturgical chant, the genuine songs of the people (*Volksgesänge*) of almost all nations are thoroughly diatonic—an argument which is no more weakened by the circumstance that other tonalities are sometimes found than the existence of a poetical literature destroys the fact of the greater prevalence of prose. In fact, it is precisely the variety of the conventional tonalities among different nations, coupled with the invariableness of the diatonic, which gives a further and infallible testimony to the naturalness and universality of the latter and to the artificiality of the former.

We will not here give any place to the assertion that the diatonic scale contains only the rude elements of music which the chromatic first improves and develops. We shall establish in the following chapter, when treating of the modes, that the chromatic is rather a degeneracy than a higher development of the diatonic, and in a certain sense is far more wanting in musical worth. To the reasons already given for our division of the tonality into a natural and an artificial one, let us add the most important point of all, which entirely precludes the reproach of proceeding arbitrarily. It is this: that this division rests upon the fixed, intrinsic, and essential laws of music. In order to prove this fact we are obliged to have recourse to the primitive elements of music—*i.e.*, to the physical laws of sound.

It is well known that sound is caused by the vibration of elastic bodies. If the sound is not of too short a duration and is of a uniform character, it is called a tone. The height or depth of a tone depends upon the rapidity with which the sounding body vibrates. These vibrations can be easily observed on a stretched cord. The greater the tension—supposing, of course, a uniform length and thickness of cord—the quicker is the vibration of the cord and the higher the tone that is the result, and *vice versa*. The number of vibrations corresponding to a given tone is accurately computed by means of an instrument called the sirene. Another instrument, called the monochord, furnishes the simplest and easiest method of obtaining the proportion of the number of vibrations of each tone of a scale, whether diatonic or chromatic, to the fundamental tone and to each other. We shall now exhibit, as serviceable for our purpose, two principal results of the physical investigations on this subject.

1. If we assume a single vibration for the fundamental tone of the diatonic scale, the tones will bear the following proportion to each other:

Ut	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	U
C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
1	9-8	5-4	4-3	3-2	5-3	15-8	2

If, in order to avoid fractions, we ascribe twenty-four vibrations to the fundamental tone, the number of vibrations for each tone will be as follows:

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Ut	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Ut
C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
24	27	30	32	36	40	45	48

2. If we wish to raise or lower a given tone by one semitone the number of vibrations must be multiplied or divided by 16-15.

From these laws let us draw an argument in favor of our essential distinction between the diatonic and chromatic scales. A glance at the numbers given above shows us that from one tone to another in the diatonic scale there is not precisely the same progress or the same interval, but a greatly varying proportion. But in the chromatic scale, on the contrary, from one semitone to another there is a constantly uniform progress and always the same interval obtained by the multiplication or division of the given number of vibrations by 16-15. While, therefore, the diatonic scale rests upon mathematical laws implanted by nature in the voice and ear, and exhibits that freedom and unevenness which is the mark of naturalness, the chromatic scale is based upon laws which, though also mathematical, are yet conventional—*i.e.*, artificially established—and which, like everything artificial, impart to the original laws of nature, upon which they rest, the character of constraint and uniformity. The diatonic scale is evidently the older and more venerable, the chromatic the later and inferior. The former no one would have discovered, no mathematician could have calculated, had it not been given to men, along with the voice and ear, immediately by the Creator; but this once given, it was easy enough to get up the latter by the application of a fixed conventional law. So, also, the physicists, in the computation of the tone-relations and the vibrations, have presupposed the tones as given and then calculated the vibration from them; they have not constructed the diatonic scale upon the basis of the laws of vibration, but have abstracted these very laws from this scale already in existence. On the other hand, in the case of the chromatic scale and the still more complicated ones which admit fourth and eighth tones, the musicians have first established the conventional laws, and then constructed the scales according to them.

From this development of the question every one can see the justice of designating the diatonic as the natural, original, universal scale, based upon the natural musical capacity of man; and the chromatic, on the other hand, as an artificial scale, of more recent origin, known only to certain peoples, and based upon conventional laws. And who cannot discover here the intrinsic relation between the diatonic natural music, the natural rhythm, and plain chant on the one hand, and between the chromatic measured music, the artificial rhythm, and the *cantus figuratus* on the other? It is plainly the same principle which, in the rhythm as well as in the tonality, has superadded art to nature, or, to speak more expressly, artificial to natural music—namely, the principle of measure and conventional laws, which is opposed to freedom and the laws of nature. We must here again remark, however, that we are not in any way finding fault with artificial music as such. We only desire that each kind of music should be estimated at its due worth, and above all that full justice should be done to natural music, which has been so long misunderstood.

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The diatonic or natural tonality having been thus shown to be essentially different from the chromatic, and independent in its laws, it must retain its full and exclusive privileges in every piece of natural music, and especially in the liturgical chant. Whenever in such a piece a departure is made from natural music, it thereby ceases to be natural without becoming artificial; it is disfigured and perverted into a degenerate and unnatural position, as we only too often have occasion to complain.

We shall now devote a few words to our opponents on this question, with the full conviction that our arguments will thus acquire a new confirmation. The diatonic scale knows only two kinds of half-tones: 1, the natural half-tones from Mi to Fa and from Si to Ut; and, 2, the B *moll—i.e.*, the semitone from La to Si flat. This flatting of the Si is only admitted to avoid what is called the *tritone*, which is displeasing to the ear. In the modern notation it is indicated by the flat sign, ♭, but in old times it was observed by itself, or according to certain rules. We do not need to treat of it any further here, as every choralist knows the rules for the B moll sufficiently well. But some modern choralists do not hesitate to introduce besides into the liturgical chant the chromatic semitones and the sharp. They give, as the grounds for their opinion and practice, the agreeableness of the sound, a tradition which they say is long established, and the judgment of competent critics.

This last support is a weak one, owing to the fact that at least equal authorities can be brought on the other side. Among the defenders of the diatonic tonality we reckon Benz, Janssen, Schubiger, Bilseke, and Mettenleiter. They all appeal on the one hand to the testimony of such weighty authorities as Martini and Gerbert, and on the other to the practice of the Papal Chapel, and quite justly acknowledge that the tones lose their purity if they are not strictly diatonic, and that the admission of the chromatic half-tones necessitates more or less a change to the modern modes of major and minor. If a few, like Birkler, would permit the chromatic intervals when the chant is accompanied by the organ, for our part, without committing ourselves to a judgment as to what kind of organ accompaniment is best suited to the chant—a problem as yet unsolved—we must adhere to that very different opinion which regards the melody as the principal thing, and the accompaniments a something so altogether subservient and subordinate that principles as well as the tonality ought never to be sacrificed to it. We may remark, moreover, that all the modern defenders of the diatonic tonality regard it from a purely *musical* stand-point. We are confident that their correct views will ripen into a full, sure, and firm conviction, only when they have considered the question also from the point of view which we have set forth in our chapter on the rhythm and execution of the chant. In the light of those principles all the objections that have been made against the diatonic tonality will vanish like mist, and it will be seen that this tonality, taken in connection with the proper rhythm and execution, alone enables us to sing the chant in an intelligent, dignified, and edifying manner.

With regard to the long-established tradition, the second weapon of attack against our principle, it

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is well to bear in mind that this tradition reaches back only to the time when the elements of figured music began to be mixed up with the chant, or when they had already in many ways disfigured it, if, indeed, the chromatic tonality was not the very means of bringing this about. In proof we may cite here an appropriate passage from the estimable work of P. Anselm Schubiger, entitled *The Singing-School of St. Gall from the Eighth to the Twelfth Century:* "The tonality of all the Gregorian chants at the time of Romanus, and as far back as documentary evidence on this subject extends, was exclusively diatonic, in the scale of which two whole tones alternate with one half, and which alone is in keeping with the eight old ecclesiastical modes—namely, the four authentic and the four plagal modes. It certainly cannot be denied that among the old chants, especially among the oldest sequences, some examples are to be found of the same piece written in two different modes. But such passages are none the less diatonic. They are to be considered to some extent as a transposition, and in the scale that is introduced we have the same feature of two and three whole tones alternating with one half-tone. But the accordance of the old musical authors, as also of the oldest translatable compositions, furnishes us with irrefragable proof that the chromatic and enharmonic tonalities were altogether excluded from the Roman ecclesiastical chant." The author then proceeds to prove his statements: "Even as early as the time of Charlemagne Albinus speaks of the four authentic and four plagal modes, and calls these their customary names (nomina usitata). Aurelianus Reomensis writes that at his time the antiphons, responses, offertories, and communions of both the Roman and Greek liturgies were composed in the eight ancient modes. Hucbald, in his work on the ecclesiastical chant, gives the distances of the tones from each other according to the diatonic scale alone, and says that this suffices for the purposes of his work. His manifold and easily translated examples show no trace of a chromatic or enharmonic tonality, but are all written in the diatonic. Regino of Prüm divides music into natural and artificial, and counts the ecclesiastical chant as belonging to the first kind. While artificial music admits semitones, natural music allows only those that come in the scale ('in naturali musica omnes octo toni nullum recipiunt semitonium, nec diesin, nec apotomen, etc.') Odo of Cluny speaks still more plainly: 'The kind of music of which we have been treating—the diatonic, namely—according to the opinion of the most experienced musicians and the most holy men, on account of its more correct, more *pleasing*, and more natural method, is shown to be perfect; since St. Gregory, whose precepts the church in all things most faithfully observes, composed his Antiphonary in this kind of music and gave it to the church, and he himself instructed his own scholars therein.'"

The second ground upon which the employment of the chromatic semitones is defended—their agreeableness and the avoidance of harsh sounds—has already been refuted by the last citation from St. Odo. We may add, however, that those pieces of chant which actually contain harsh sounds are defective compositions, in which we possess very little that has come down

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from antiquity. Let any one examine only the Graduales of the *Proprium de tempore*, and see how astonishingly easy is their movement, how exceedingly delicate their composition. If a seemingly harsh passage occasionally occurs, it is sure to be an isolated and insignificant exception. I say, advisedly, a *seemingly* harsh passage, for very often such apparent harshness is the result of a defective rhythm and execution, and the remedy is: *Tollatur abusus, ut maneat usus!* But to seek to make up for the want of the correct execution by the introduction of chromatic intervals is only to substitute one error for another. By this the liturgical chant is not merely weakened but essentially destroyed. Passages which, on account of a bad rendering, appear harsh, in a good execution are generally seen to be remarkable for their strength, and are frequently even of wonderful delicacy.

Before closing this chapter we cannot refrain from casting a glance of investigation into the pre-Gregorian times, in order to discover the judgment of Christian antiquity upon the diatonic and its contradictory, the chromatic, music. It would carry us too far were we to bring before the reader the great cloud of witnesses who speak in favor of diatonic music, among whom are SS. Cyprian, Basil, Athanasius, Augustine, Ambrose, and the like. Of St. Ambrose we may say that it is pretty generally accepted that he based his method of singing upon the ancient Grecian system, without regard to its later corruptions, and that among the Grecian modes he adopted only four, the Dorian, Phrygian, Æolian, and Mixo-Lydian, which admit only the diatonic scale and exclude any employment of a half-tone foreign to this scale. We shall confine ourselves, then, to a very few citations. Clement of Alexandria, in the fourth chapter of the second book of his *Pædagogus*, writes: "Sunt enim admittendæ modestæ et pudicæ harmoniæ: contra a forti et nervosa nostra cogitatione vere molles et enervæ harmoniæ amandæ quam longissime, quæ improbo flexuum vocis artificio ad deliratam et ignavam vitæ agendæ rationem deducunt. Graves autem et quæ ad temperantiam pertinent modulationes, ebriebati ac proterviæ nuncium remittunt. Chromaticæ igitur harmoniæ impudenti in vino proterviæ, floribusque redimitæ et meretriciæ musicæ sunt reliquendæ"—"Temperate and chaste harmonies are to be admitted, but our strong and vigorous judgment must censure as much as possible those weak and effeminate harmonies which through pernicious arts in the modulation of the voice train to effeminacy and scurrility. But grave and sober melodies banish intemperance and wantonness. The *chromatic harmonies* are therefore to be abandoned to immodest revels and to flowery and meretricious music." In the sixth book of the *Stromata*, c. xi., the same father says: "Est autem supervacanea respuenda, quæ frangit animos et varie afficit, ut quæ sit aliquando lugubris, aliquando vero impudica et incitans ad libidinem, aliquando autem lymphata et insana"—"We must reject that superfluous music which enervates men's souls and produces various impressions, now mournful and then licentious and voluptuous, and then frenzied and frantic." St. Jerome, the ascetic zealot for the purity of the church's doctrine and the church's worship, commenting upon Eph. v. 19, lifts

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up his warning voice in these words:

"Audiant hæc adolescentuli; audiant hi, quibus psallendi in ecclesia officium est, Deo non voce, sed corde cantandum; nec in tragœdorum modum guttur et fauces dulci medicamine colliniendas, ut in ecclesia theatrales moduli audiantur et cantica, sed in timore, in opere, in scientia scripturarum"—"Let the young men hear these words; let those whose office it is to chant the psalms in the church take heed that they must sing unto God not merely with the voice but with the heart; not after the manner of players anointing their throats with a sweet preparation in order that the tones and strains of the theatre may be heard in the church, but singing in the fear of the Lord, in practical piety, in the knowledge of the Scriptures." Finally, not to make too many citations, St. Basil speaks thus in a homily on the 125th Psalm: "Est autem divina et musica harmonia, non quæ verba quædam complectitur aures demulcentia, sed coërcentia et mitigantia malignos spiritus, qui obnoxias injuriis animas infestant"—"Divine harmony is not that which flatters the ear, but that which holds in check the malicious spirits who annoy and hurt our souls."

But the same Holy Ghost who for more than a thousand years has ruled the church with watchful care, not only nourishing with his holy breath the sacrificial flame of the altar, but also preserving in its purity the sacrificial chant, to-day also manifests his mysterious inspiration in those ordinances which issue from those who hold authority in the church, concerning the music that best befits the Christian temple and its tremendous sacrifice. We shall only quote here a passage from the most recent Provincial Synod of Cologne, cap. xx. de cantu ecclesiastico: "Statuimus ergo et mandamus, ut cantus ille Gregorianus suo restituatur juri ac magis magisque colatur, et ut, qui in componendis novis melodiis occupantur, non tam chromaticis modulationibus, quam scalis sive tonis Gregorianis utentes et modis diatonicis, molle et lascivum quodcumque excludant"—"We decree and command that the Gregorian chant be restored to its rights and cultivated with ever-increasing zeal, and that those who compose new melodies exclude everything effeminate and voluptuous by the use, instead of chromatic modulations, of the Gregorian scales or tones and the diatonic modes." We must here again express our conviction that, by the aid of tradition and the logical deductions from the principles of natural and liturgical music, the conclusion is necessarily reached that genuine plain chant is an impossibility without a strict adherence to the diatonic tonality; and yet that this can be fully understood only after having both heard and sung for a long time a correctly-executed diatonic chant.

XI. THE MODES OF THE LITURGICAL CHANT.

In beginning to give a few suggestions about the modality or the tones of the chant, before bringing our treatise to an end, we are first of all obliged to exclude those parts of this extensive subject which might tempt us to overstep the limits of the present work, which, as we have often remarked, is concerned only with the most general principles. We cannot,

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therefore, treat of the physical basis of the modes, nor enter into the dreary historical disputes about the origin and number of the modes, as to whether or not they are derived from the old Grecian modes, or whether their number is eight, twelve, or fourteen—matters of but little importance towards furthering the revival of the chant. Nor can we treat systematically each particular mode, of the intervals, dominants, finals, the range of the melody, the cadences, etc., all of which belongs to a grammar or history of the chant. Another extensive subject that we shall have to omit relates to the different kinds of chant, varying, according to the greater or lesser simplicity of the melody, from the simple recitation *in directum* of the final tone of the prayers to the complicated melodic chant of the Graduals, Versicles, etc. Finally, we are obliged to pass by in this chapter a subject that is commonly taken up when treating of the modes—namely, the Psalmody, or the psalm-tones, with the rules about the intonation, mediation, and termination. We shall therefore simply confine ourselves to sketching briefly the theory of the modes, in so far as this may be serviceable and indispensable for the illustration of our principles, and to drawing a comparison between the diatonic and chromatic modalities, in order to form an estimate of their relative musical value.

What, then, do we understand by modality or modes? What are the modes of the chant and what those of modern music? What is the relative musical worth of these two modalities? With the answers to these questions we shall conclude our work.

Modality in its widest signification may be defined as the *modus essendi* of music, characteristically expressed by certain modes or tones. In the tonality the musical elements are given us by the succession of the tones and intervals, but this succession is still unlimited in extent. In the modality it is portioned out according to fixed laws, and made applicable for the expression of definite ideas in a musical form. This is accomplished by means of the modes, which in their most general sense may be defined as "divisions of the scale of a definite extent, distinguished from other series of tones by certain characteristic marks." Without tonality music would be inconceivable, but it is modality which gives to a piece of music a physiognomy and character of its own, which distinguishes it from other pieces. The tonality is the matter and the modality the substantial form, and both taken together make up the constituent elements of music. From their intrinsic connection with each other it follows that the character of one is determined by that of the other. The diatonic tonality, therefore, requires diatonic modes, while the chromatic consequently makes chromatic the few modes it possesses.

This preliminary question answered, we now pass on to the modes of plain chant. There are in the chant eight distinct modes, based upon the nature of the diatonic tonality, and received by the authorities of all times. The scale, properly speaking, consists of only seven tones, the eighth being the beginning of a new octave. Nevertheless the number of the modes is not seven, as one might infer from this, but neither more nor less than eight. The reason for this is that, on account of what is called the

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chorda mobilis, the intervals in the octaves which are constructed upon the last three tones of the diatonic octave correspond with those of the octaves built upon the first three, so that it is only the Sol-octave which is quite different from each of the others, as we may see by the following:

1. { Re Mi⌒Fa Sol La ♭Si Ut Re
   { La Si⌒Ut Re Mi⌒Fa Sol La

2. { Mi⌒Fa Sol La ♭Si Ut Re Mi
   { Si⌒Ut Re Mi⌒Fa Sol La Si

3. { Fa Sol La ♭Si Ut Re Mi⌒Fa
   { Ut Re Mi⌒Fa Sol La Si⌒Ut

4. Sol La Si⌒Ut Re Mi⌒Fa Sol

Therefore instead of seven we have only four octaves essentially differing from one another, forming what are called the four *authentic* modes, with Re, Mi, Fa, Sol as their finals. They are as follows:

Re Mi⌒Fa Sol La Si⌒Ut Re (Dorian).
Mi⌒Fa Sol La Si⌒Ut Re Mi (Phrygian).
Fa Sol La Si⌒Ut Re Mi⌒Fa (Æolian).
Sol La Si⌒Ut Re Mi⌒Fa Sol (Mixo-Lydian).

Thus we obtain four of the modes of plain chant, taking root quite naturally in the diatonic scale. But how are we to find the other four, called *plagal* modes, which fill up the number of eight modes? They cannot be constructed simply by changing the fundamental tone, for we would then still have the same four modes with a difference only of key or pitch, which is not an essential difference in music. Nor can other intervals be formed by the introduction of the flat and sharp, for the four tones in question must be diatonic. The explanation is simply the following:

Every octave consists of a fifth and a fourth. The lowest note of the fifth is always the final, but the fourth which completes the octave can be placed either above or below the fifth, so that the final may be either at the beginning or in the middle of the octave. By thus dividing the octave, and varying the position of the fifth and fourth, the character of the mode is plainly changed, though the final remains the same. Thus either the final is the lowest note, its octave the highest, and the fifth note in the middle of the scale, or the final is in the middle, the fifth note the highest, and the fourth, instead of completing the upper part of the octave, is placed below the final. We have here the basis for the formation of the so-called *plagal* or subordinate modes, which, taken together with the four authentic, make up the eight modes of plain chant. They are all diatonic, they have, as is clearly seen, the same intervals, the same range, the same finals as their authentics, and yet in their application they differ essentially from them, so that, for instance, we can tell at sight whether a composition is written in an authentic or a plagal mode.

These two ways of dividing the octave are called respectively the harmonic and arithmetical divisions. The authentic modes have the harmonic division, so called because the fifth note is the natural harmonic mean between the first note and its octave; the plagal tones have the arithmetical division, so called because the fourth is placed below the fifth in the numerical

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order. Nothing is more unfounded than the representation that this way of dividing the octave has been a source of confusion in the chant. Whatever confusion has been introduced in the course of time has been rather the result of the extravagances in which the composers of the last centuries thought fit to indulge, now overstepping the range of the octave, so that the plagal modes could no longer be distinguished from their authentics; now, though still retaining the dominant in its place and thus preserving at least the unity and character of the mode, yet perverting its nature by a departure from the old traditional figures and cadences, and thus producing a colorless mixture of several modes. Add to this the introduction of the chromatic half-tones and measured notes, and the confusion was supreme.

In order to make more plain the theory we have set forth, we subjoin a table showing the succession of the tones, the position of the natural half-tones, the dominants and the finals, which table will also assist our further explanations:

				Finals.	½			Dom.	½	
First mode auth.				RE	Mi⌒Fa	Sol	La	Si⌒Ut	Re	
					Dom.					
Second mode plag.	La	Si⌒Ut		RE	Mi⌒Fa	Sol	La			
							Dom.			
Third mode auth.				Mi⌒Fa	Sol	La	Si⌒Ut	Re	Mi	
						Dom.				
Fourth mode plag.	Si⌒Ut	Re		Mi⌒Fa	Sol	La	Si			
							Dom.			
Fifth mode auth.				FA	Sol	La	Si⌒Ut	Re	Mi⌒Fa	
						Dom.				
Sixth mode plag.	Ut	Re	Mi⌒Fa	Sol	La	Si⌒Ut				
							Dom.			
Seventh mode auth.				SOL	La	Si⌒Ut	Re	Mi⌒Fa	Sol	
						Dom.				
Eighth mode plag.	Re	Mi⌒Fa		SOL	La	Si⌒Ut	Re			

So much for the character and number of the ecclesiastical modes. We shall now briefly show that these eight modes have been received by the authorities of all times. And, first, it is certain, on the most indubitable testimony, that St. Gregory was in possession of these eight modes of the chant. It is not so easily proved, though highly probable, that St. Ambrose made use of the four authentic modes only, and that the introduction of the plagals was reserved for St. Gregory. Certainly he could find a sufficient reason for this increase of the number of the modes partly in the fact that the four authentics did not give enough variety to the chant, and partly because the Ambrosian method of singing seemed to have assimilated the germs of elements contrary to the spirit of the liturgical chant, such as rhythmic metre and a measure for the note. Yet, granted that the *eight* modes were received by St. Gregory, or even before his time, it does not follow therefrom that the great regenerator of the chant either found already in existence or adopted more than eight. Neither the music older than St. Gregory, nor that composed by him, nor yet the nature of the holy chant itself in the least requires a greater number. Rather this number received by St. Gregory was

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considered, as it were, sacred and inviolable. St. Odo tells us in his book *De Musica* that St. Gregory received his music from above, and that therefore it is sanctioned not alone by human but by divine authority: "Sanctissimus Gregorius, cujus præcepta in omnibus studiosissime sancta observat ecclesia, hoc genere compositum mirabiliter antiphonarium ecclesiæ tradidit suisque discipulis proprio labore insinuavit. Cum nunquam legatur, eum secundum carnalem scientiam hujus artis studium percepisse: quem certissime constat omnem plenitudinem scientiæ *divinitus* percepisse. Unde constat, quod hoc genus musicæ, dum *divinitus* Sancto Gregorio datur, non solum humana, sed etiam divina auctoritate fulcitur."

In the eighth century Flaccus Alcuin declares that every musician ought to know that in music there are eight tones (modes): "Octo tonos in musica consistere, musicus scire debet." In the ninth and tenth centuries we have the same testimony from Aurelian, Notker, and Regino of Prüm. The latter says: "Inveniuntur in naturali musica quatuor principales toni et ex eorum fontibus quatuor"—"In natural music are found four principal tones and four derived from these." Hucbald, the great master of the chant in the same age, describes the formation of the eight modes upon the four finals, upon one of which every melody must end, and declares it culpable in a church singer to be ignorant of the properties and distinguishing marks of these modes: "Quatuor sonorum virtus octo modorum potestatem creat. Necesse est, ut quidquid rite canitur in uno ipsorum quatuor sonorum finiatur. In octo tonos melodiam dividimus, quorum differentias et proprietates ecclesiasticum cantorem culpabile est ignorare." Later on we have testimony to the same effect from St. Odo, Berno, Hermannus Contractus, St. William, Theoger, Aribo, Engelbert, and many others. The last-named says expressly that the musical tones (modes) are neither more nor less than eight: "Sciendum ergo, quod *octo* sunt toni musici, nec plures nec pauciores." The distinction between the authentic and plagal modes is quite unequivocally put forth and insisted on by these old authors. Thus Hucbald correctly distinguishes the authentic mode from its plagal by the position of the final: "Ab eodem sono (finali) ut sit major tonus aut minor mensuram accipit." So also Berno: "Si ultra diapente aliquid superius ascendit, nec inferius diatessaron habet, cantus ille authentici erit; si inferius diatessaron habuerit, subjugalis erit"—"If the melody rises higher than the fifth and does not have the fourth below, it will belong to an authentic mode; if it has the fourth below, it will belong to an inferior (or plagal) mode."

Yet even then these rules were not always strictly observed. Some compositions went beyond the given range, and were therefore styled degenerate and illegitimate ("degeneres," "nothi potius quam legitimi"), pieces belonging to "mixed modes," and were only preserved on account of their age and beauty. But such compositions of several modes were always considered "superfluous."

We shall conclude our series of authorities with Guido. He says, in the seventh chapter of his *Micrologus*, that there are only seven different notes, because in the next octave the same tones are repeat-

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ed; whence he concludes that it is enough to explain these seven upon which the different modes are based. The first mode, starting from Re to La, has below the first note a whole tone, and above it first a whole, then a half, and then two whole tones. The second mode, beginning from Si or Mi, has two whole tones below the first note, and above it a half and two whole tones. The third mode, starting from Ut or Fa, has below the first note a half and then two whole tones, but above it two whole tones and then a semitone. The fourth mode descends one whole tone and rises two whole tones and a semitone from Sol.

We may add here in explanation that the modes are characterized and distinguished from each other by the *final*, the *dominant*, and the *cadences*. The final is the last note of the cadences, especially of the concluding cadence, upon which the voice rests, and upon which the piece is ended, and regularly also its particular divisions—the distinctions or phrases—as well. The dominant is the principal note, about which the other notes are grouped, and to which the voice in recitation constantly returns. The dominant as well as the cadence—the concluding figure of the piece and of its divisions—are most prominent in the psalmody, the dominant being different in every mode.

Now, finally, let us ask, What are the modes of chromatic music? We shall be brief, because we might reasonably pass this by as already quite well known. We answer, therefore: In modern music there are only two modes, the major and the minor. With the exception of the difference of pitch (which, as we have said before, constitutes essentially no difference at all), all major as well as all minor scales are identical with each other, because they have precisely the same intervals in the same succession. In every major scale the order is two whole tones and one semitone, and then three whole tones and one semitone. In every minor scale (according to what is still the most common method) in ascending we have one whole tone, one semitone, four whole tones, and one semitone; in descending, four whole tones, one semitone, and one whole tone. This brings us to our last question:

How do the chromatic compare with the diatonic modes? It must now be conceded that chromatic music, with its two modes only, must be inferior in real musical merit to the diatonic with its eight modes, which, in the succession of intervals, in the finals, dominants, and cadences, are all essentially different from one another, and thus present the most beautiful contrasts, the richest variety. Yet this comparison is not sufficiently marked, and a closer examination of this question is necessary, partly for the perfect justification of our position, and partly in order not to lay ourselves open to the objection that, while prizing the musical treasures which were the delight of the middle age, we undervalue the works of the great masters, such as Palestrina, Allegri, Orazio Benevoli, Carissimi, Scarlatti, Durante, Pergolese, Cherubini, Mozart, Haydn, Bach, Beethoven, etc.

As the history of music teaches, and as we have repeatedly pointed out in this work, the chromatic tonality was formed in the course of time from the diatonic by the aid of artificial laws, the diatonic modes dwindled down to the major

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and minor scales, and upon this foundation, together with the introduction of the artificial elements of harmony and measured notes and rhythm, modern music was constructed. While the artistic creations of modern music possess artificial harmony, measured notes, and a measured rhythm, they are lacking in that variety of interval which is the characteristic of the chant. If in the chant we look in vain for the much-vaunted artistic developments and the elaborate harmonies of modern music, it has the advantage of a free and independent rhythm, of the rich fulness of soul-entrancing musical life, of all the wonderful beauty and variety of the modulations and tone-combinations as displayed in the diatonic modes. Who can find fault with us for looking upon the chant from this point of view as nobler and richer, and upon modern music as more deficient in musical merit? Who can blame us if we secure for the holy music of the altar the mother's place of honor, and raise her above the daughter who is indebted to her for her richest beauties, but who has put off the robes of the sacrifice and of the temple to don the garments of the world? For chromatic music has in truth borrowed all its musical worth from the diatonic, and then has artificially decked out its acquisitions, that they might figure upon the stage of art, now in this, now in that richly ornamented and glittering costume. The diatonic music has, however, lost nothing by what it has given to the other, but, despising the artificial elements and chromatic modulations that are so foreign to its nature, it keeps on its way in noble and sublime simplicity, not serving the profane, but consecrating all its treasures to the glory of the Holy One. That chromatic music, in spite of its having only two modes, is able by changing the keys to form the diatonic tone-combinations cannot and shall not be denied. But as a matter of fact it is not done, partly because the natural melodies lose their freedom by the constraint of harmony and measure, partly because they are not serviceable for profane music simply because they are holy. These sublime strains are at home only in the sanctuary, and the same is the case with them as with the rhythm—the creations of profane art could apply all the rules of grammar or of rhetoric, but they could never draw down to their lower region the accent of religion and of faith. This is why, as a general thing, it has as little occurred to the great masters to introduce the figures of the chant into their compositions as it would to one of us to go out and take a walk in a cope or a chasuble.

The musical richness of the chant, and on the other side the relative meagreness of figured music, will be obvious if we take a composition of each kind, and, after stripping the figured piece of its accessories, harmony, time, etc., place its unmasked melody, its naked theme, in comparison with the choral melody. It will not be necessary to point out the surprising contrast. Or, for example, what is left of even the best-composed Masses, if we take away the orchestra and the accompanying voices, but an unmeaning succession of tones? How different in the chant, where every composition, even the simplest, is imposing in the richness and variety of its movements, and all the more imposing if it be unhindered by the accompaniment in its natural or, if you will, its supernatural progress.

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A comparison with the opera shows a still more startling contrast. Take away from an operatic aria the instrumental accompaniment, the lights and the scenery, the costumes and the action of the performers, and the music becomes almost expressionless, which would not be the case if the effect were produced by the words or the music itself. Yet only let the simple *Pater Noster* be sung, without accompaniment, and we are sure to be affected and disposed to prayer. This is what we call wealth, the other relative poverty in musical worth. Thus on one side we leave undiminished the great fame and merit of the masters of modern music, while on the other the incomparably higher genius and creative power of the authors of the holy chant remain indisputable.

We shall in conclusion seek to make our position still more plain by drawing two analogies. The first that offers itself to us is the comparison we have already made with language. Poetry, owing to the diversity of its metres, to rhyme, in short, to all that properly belongs to it, seems to possess more variety than prose, yet the latter unites and encloses within itself all those elements, and freely makes use of them in accordance with the requirements of the meaning. And so the chromatic figured music apparently displays more variety than the diatonic chant, yet the chant includes all the elements of the other, and freely employs them, not according to conventional rules, but as the meaning of the words demands. Our second comparison we shall borrow from the region of light and color. As a picture traced by the magic power of a master-hand upon the canvas or in fresco, with its glowing figures full of expression, with the charm of its well-arranged colors, with its surpassing beauty of harmony, brings the invaluable treasure of its meaning as to time, place, persons, and circumstances in sublime though silent eloquence before the soul of him who looks thereon, and exercises a lasting, mysterious influence upon his mind and feelings, so the musical pictures of plain chant, in their melodies so full of dignity and character, in their union of the utmost grace with the holiest fervor, in their quiet development of the simplest yet the noblest resources, unfold before the spirit and heart of man the whole fulness of the text with its inexpressible heavenly mysteries, and lay hold upon the soul with a peaceful yet irresistible power. And as, on the other hand, dissolving views, the product not of the artist's genius but of the camera-obscura, by their magical changing, by the incessant shifting of various colors, by their restless appearance and vanishing, attract the eye indeed, but produce but a fleeting and temporary impression upon the spirit and mind of the beholder, so also figured music, by its minor tones, by its resolutions, by the distribution of its resources, and the interchange of harmony and melody, captivates and holds spellbound the soul of the listener, but it does not fasten upon the troubled hearts of men with that deep energy, that peaceful power of making them better and holier.

From all this we have again the conclusion that the tendency of modern or chromatic music is to flatter the senses by the outward form, often with entire forgetfulness of the thought, while plain chant aims at giving musical expression to the ideal meaning in

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the unrestrained form of rich melodies. This fact explains the circumstance that figured music exhibits various styles, not musically but only formally and conventionally distinct, such as the ecclesiastical style, the *alla capella* style, the theatrical style, etc., just as the appearance of the stage is changed by different scenery; while in the chant there is but one style, amply sufficient for all that is required of it, and needing no change of dress in order to figure in every *rôle*.

But while we do not hesitate to acknowledge to the full all that has been done by the chromatic tonality in the department of secular music, let no one, on the other hand, blame us if we more earnestly and firmly claim that in the worship of the church of God we may have left to us the diatonic pure and intact, and that we may not be asked to undervalue its singular merits and go begging at the doors of profane music.

XII. CONCLUSION.

In laying down our pen and giving publicity to the result of our studies we are possessed by a twofold feeling, of hesitancy and of confidence. Of hesitancy, because we are aware that in this work we have undertaken an attack upon deeply-rooted and widely-cherished opinions—opinions which are supported by the authority of men of distinguished knowledge and eminent talent, to whom in many respects we look up with reverence. Yet, owing to the decided mistrust to which merely subjective opinions are always open, we have not put forward in these pages a single principle which has not been abundantly supported by quotations from famous authorities, nor have we had anything else in view than to establish the venerable, well-nigh forgotten conceptions and rules of antiquity, not to create new principles.

We cherish the hope that the friendly reader is now in a condition to regard the holy chant in that light and from that point of view in which it appears to us, a guardian of the holy liturgy by our very vocation. He will have readily drawn for himself the conclusion to which we have been tending, and we may now be permitted to give expression to it with frankness.

The question is not of a relative improvement or a moderate compromise, nor yet of a partial acceptance or rejection at pleasure—the issue must be an entire transformation in church music.

The holy liturgical chant must be restored to its place of importance in the church's worship, the Holy Sacrifice again be crowned with its shining aureola, and chiefly by the agency of those whose hands have been consecrated to offer it. The choir must again draw near to the altar, and from the awful place of sacrifice and from the priesthood must receive its impulse, that shall cause it to resound and re-echo a thousand times its strains of benediction and of peace in the broad nave of the church and in the hearts of the pious throng. There must be an end to that deplorable estrangement which has been brought about between the priesthood imparting benedictions and the people who receive them, and which isolates the sacrificing priest at the altar while the congregation are taking an unworthy pleasure in worldly music; for this state of things has

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blunted in the people the appreciation of the mysteries of the faith and of religion, and has given them over to a sensuous revelling in mingled religious feelings, or to an apathetic indifference towards the divine service. There must be an abrogation of the privilege which the orchestra has usurped of disturbing the holy action, now shortening, now lengthening it out by the introduction of strange and unseemly passages, stripping it of its unity, significance, and dignity, and leaving the officiating priest unsupported. In a word, our churches must again be in all respects what they should be, places devoted exclusively to the homage of the Most High; and this homage must in all its parts again be offered in the way in which the Lord has shown that he desires it by the mouth of his holy church, as the fathers practised it in the ages when faith was fullest and love most glowing, and as the Christian people, joining their voices, always hailed it as the divine instrument for their edification and sanctification. And what from the very first gleam of settled conviction has stood vividly before our mind, that the reader will now have deduced for himself as an irrefragable conclusion—namely, that an almost complete change in church music, and a thorough revolution in the relation of the choir to the altar, must be effected.

But for this revolution we are now no longer unprepared. This is for us the bright star of hope, casting into the future a friendly light. Ten years ago it would perhaps have been not only a fruitless but even a hazardous undertaking to give open expression to such penetrating truths, such authoritative claims. But it is no longer so to-day, when so many powerful voices are lifted up for the revival of the ecclesiastical and liturgical spirit; when bishops, both at synods and in their separate utterances, commend in such a positive manner the most earnest attention to the liturgy and the holy chant; when there is everywhere manifested a desire for closer conformity to the principles and traditions of the Roman Church; when the Christian people, engaged in a more energetic warfare with falsehood, need the keener weapon of a more fervent ecclesiastical life, and, weary of the stale and worldly performances in their churches, long for more wholesome food, and thirst for purer drink as it gushes alone from that perennial spring of divine grace—the holy liturgy.

For this desirable revolution, we repeat, we are not unprepared, because it has been already in great part effected in other departments, in philosophy, in art, in the religious life. To sceptical rationalism in philosophy has succeeded the positiveness which comes from faith and serious study, and where this has not been thoroughly brought about the opposing elements are engaged in earnest conflict, from which good results are to be expected. In the department of art capricious extravagance and bad taste have yielded to the readoption of old traditions and a worthier taste; in architecture and church decoration a purer style once more prevails, and our churches are adorned with new statues and pictures artistically fashioned by masters of the revived school of sacred art. Finally, in the religious life the all-levelling principle of humanity and toleration has given way to firmness of conviction and clearness of princi-

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ples; the distinction between truth and error is more sharply drawn, hatred of heresy, yet charity towards those in error, increased. Who could close his eyes to such indications? Who does not recognize in these phenomena the dawn of a new ecclesiastical era? To us, in truth, they are the sure forerunners of a better future for the church's song as well. They awaken thoughts of those blessed days when, according to the beautiful description of St. Ambrose, this chant was like the majestic roaring of the ocean's billows; when the hymns of the saints, the strains of the psalms, broke like the stormy surf against the lofty vaulted arches; when young men and maidens, old men and children, united their swelling voices in one common, joyful song of praise to God.

In submitting, full of such hopes, these pages to the good-will of the reader, we cherish the wish that he may exercise a kindly indulgence towards the author, and tender him a friendly hand in hearty co-operation. We would be extremely gratified, and more than rewarded for our pains, if men of talent, impelled by our poor suggestions, should direct their attention and interest to this highly important subject from the point of view herein laid down. That success will come at last, and the end we have in view be happily attained, we believe with all the more confidence since we recognize in the tendencies of the reaction that has already begun the guidance of the Holy Ghost, whose work it shall also be to set the seal of the divine sanction upon the revival of the holy chant.

JUNE.

"June! dear June! Now God be praised for June."
—J. R. Lowell.

"And yet in vain,
Poet, your verse: extol her as you will,
One perfect rose her praises shall distil
More than all song, though Sappho led the strain.
Forbear, then, since, for any tribute fit,
Her own rare lips alone can utter it."
—Caroline A. Mason.

Each year she comes whom poets call "Dear June,"
With face e'er young, and voice of griefless tune,
Bright'ning the waysides with her roses' glow,
Filling the woods with song where hides below
Not any note of pain to trace sad line
On her smooth brow, crownèd with youth divine,
Whence eyes look forth wherein no shadow lies
Of any thought less glad than Paradise—
Soft, trustful eyes that look in ours to give
Wealth of pure soul that but in joy doth live.
Each year she comes as one that grows not old,
Whose unstained robes unchanging heart enfold.

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Upon her daisy-fields, that stretch to meet
The glitter of blue bays, her strong, white feet
Fall with the melody of western wind
That no dark thunder-clouds lurk low behind;
While, from her broidered raiment's every fold,
The wild-grape's subtle incense is unrolled.
Wide open are her hands that gifts may fall
With grace of one that, loving, giveth all,
Fears not that any cloudy day shall come
When sun shall shine not, or sweet birds grow dumb.
She never hath known loss; how shall her heart
Fear with its generous wealth in love to part?

And we, that list each year her winning speech—
Music of ripples on low, sandy beach—
That gaze into the depths of her clear eyes,
Trusting each thought that in their shadow lies;
We, unto whom her roses' wayside blush
Seems witchery strange as that quick-passing flush
That, as day dieth, melteth into air
Titanic strength of rocks high-heaped and bare;
To whom snow-peaks scarce fairer vision seem
Than her blue seas where wind-pressed vessels gleam;
To whom a world of stars naught richer yields
Than the white radiance of her daisy-fields—

We seek in our fond hearts some ne'er-heard phrase
Wherewith to speak our dear queen's fitting praise,
And lips grow dumb though heart be eloquent.
Our little treasure of love's speech soon spent,
Our murmuring lips but echoes old repeat
Of some true poet's clinging accents sweet
Whose mouth June kissed ere he had sung her grace,
Left on his page the print of her young face,
Guided his pen with her pink finger-tips,
So perfecting the blessing of her lips.

And sweet June mocks us not that incomplete
And, unto outward seeming, all unmeet
The stammering homage of our words' poor praise;
Her thoughtful eyes in ours, soft smiling, gaze.
Perchance for our joy's sorrow might she weep,
Did any thought of tears her dear eyes keep.
She reads, "We love her," written in her heart,
So, pushing her white daisies wide apart,
She places on our lips a red June rose
That unto none but her each heart disclose
What she hath waked, lest idle words do wrong
To love that lieth deeper e'en than song.

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A KNIGHT'S WOOING.

A STORY OF RUSSIAN POLAND.

IT was one of those magnificent northern nights when the moon shines and reigns with all her splendor in a heaven of such blue as we never see in these western latitudes; when space becomes illimitable and earth holds her breath in the tingling silence. On such a night Hedwige Barowitska was keeping watch with her maid in the old castle of Zabor, situated some twenty versts from Kamienetz.

"It must have been a false alarm, Vinka," said the young countess. "It is now two hours past midnight, and no messenger has come. Let us go to bed."

"I knew we should lose our night's rest for nothing; but you never listen to me, panna,"* said Vinka, and she stuck her needles into her knitting and gathered up her work, while Hedwige put aside her book and rose to leave the room. Suddenly both started, instinctively clutching one another and listening with white faces, as a long, dismal sound, like the howl of a wild beast with a human moan in it, smote their ears, first far off, then nearer, and at last almost close to the castle walls.

Hedwige was the first to recover herself. "What fools we are!" she exclaimed, laughing. "It is only a wolf."

"When folks are half-dazed with want of sleep small blame to them for mistaking a wolf for Cossack," said Vinka sulkily. "Who knows if one does not bode the other? What brings the wolf down on us at this time of year, when the snow has not been a week on the ground? Be you sure, panna, the Cossacks are not far of; they are beating the forests, and the wolves have fled before them. Besides, it is a warning: when a wolf comes before his natural time, and gives that long howl under the windows of the house, it is the holy souls that send him."

"Then the holy souls will take care of us," said the young countess, but in a tone which betrayed as much contempt for her maid's superstition as trust in the vigilance of the blessed dead.

She was very beautiful, this young Polish maiden, but it was a beauty of marble and metal; her clear, ivory skin and chiselled features were too statuesque, and her large blue eyes had a flash of steel in them that was more dazzling than sympathetic. She looked a born heroine, and though the peasantry on her widowed mother's estates called her an angel, it would have better expressed her character and their mutual relations had they called her a queen. She was a creature born to rule, and to rule nobly; but she lacked that tender, womanly softness which by common assent is supposed to represent the angelic attribute in woman. If the country rose in arms, Hedwige Barowitska would have led her people against the foe or defended their last stronghold from the battlements like another Maid of Saragossa; but the village girls did not come to her with their love troubles.

* My young lady.

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The noblest amongst the chivalry of her native land had courted her, but they failed to make an entrance into her well-guarded heart, and one by one threw up the siege, declaring there was no heart to take.

As she and her maid stepped from the library into the noble gallery on which it opened, the moonlight streamed in upon them from the unshuttered windows with dazzling effulgence. Marbles and pictures, bronzes and panoplies, stood out as brilliantly distinct as in daylight, and the polished oaken floor shone like a sheet of steel.

Hedwige advanced to an oriel window and looked out into the night. The snow gleamed with blinding whiteness in the moonlight. One wing of the castle was in shadow—a black mass reflected in deeper darkness on the ground—but the other side shone in silvery brightness; every line in the clock-tower, every arch and moulding, every grinning gargoyle and delicate bit of tracery, was picked out distinctly in ebony and silver. Hedwige, as she stood in her mourning dress, bathed in the crystal light of the moon, resembled some spirit from its own mysterious caverns. She was paler than her wont, for that remark of Vinka's had made a deeper impression on her than her pride would own, and she could not banish the terrors it had conjured up.

Witold Ranolzki was on his way to her with tidings, of life and death, perhaps, concerning one dear to them all; but at the promised hour of his arrival there had come, instead of him, this howl of the hungry wolf. Where was the monster now? Not far off assuredly; his howl had sounded close to the castle; he was most likely prowling within the park. Riveted by the lovely glamour of the night, Hedwige stood gazing into it, watching the shadows that slept upon the snow, noting the blue sheen of the window-panes in the clock-tower, the trees that stretched up their white arms breathless to the stars. Nothing stirred, not even a shadow, but—was it fancy, or did she see something moving in the gloom under the left wing? No, it was not fancy. Something moved, advancing softly, stealthily, pressing the snow with a sleek, firm tread, to the foot of the terrace. It was the wolf. Fascinated with horror, Hedwige watched him until he paused just opposite to her, and then, as if obeying a law of nature, lifted his head to the oriel window where, with fast-beating pulses, she stood looking down at him. The hungry eyes glared red as balls of fire in the shadow, while the moonlight washed the lank body of the brute in a soft blue flood. He did not move for some minutes, and Hedwige stood breathless, her blue eyes dilated with terror, staring down at him. Did he see her? Would he stay there till she moved, or would he come up the steps of the terrace and howl at her? There was an exulting sense of safety in the gaze with which she met his glare, although the sense of close vicinity to the monster made her blood run cold. The red balls rolled and flamed in his upturned head, as if their devouring fire would have pierced through the massive walls. Suddenly the long ears pricked up and wavered; the hideous head turned back, listening; the brute lifted one paw, and held it suspended a moment, then, with another howl, he bounded away to the park.

"What can he have heard to set off like that?" thought Hedwige;

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and she turned away and went on to her room, where sleepy Vinka was out of patience waiting.

"Panna," cried the maid with sudden energy, and forgetting her ill-temper in a rush of unselfish fear—"panna, if it should be the messenger that he heard?"

"Go! run for the men! Quick! Tell them it is for life and death! Fly, Vinka, fly!"

Vinka snatched up a light and flew, as with wings, to the distant part of the castle where the men-servants, some fifteen in number, slept. Hedwige threw a large furred cloak about her and sped back to the gallery. The armory was at the other end of it, and there were firearms ready loaded there. She hurried to it, and selecting a small revolver from a variety of pistols that hung, wheel-like, against the wall, she flew back to the window where a few minutes ago she had been gazing in poetic meditation. It was a western window, that swept the park and the distant high-road that came winding down through the forest on the mountain beyond.

Drawing the furred hood over her head, the young countess opened the casement and met the keen night air. All was steeped in midnight hush. Nothing stirred except the stars palpitating in the deep blue sky. And yet the wolf had heard a sound? It might be that Witold was wrestling with him in mortal combat close by, and yet too far for help. The snow-clad trees, clustering in broad masses all through the park to the very foot of the forest, offered safe opportunities for such an encounter; the wolf lying in ambush might spring upon his prey before there was time for Witold to seize his pistols. But hark! That was certainly the sound of a horse's gallop that she heard. Were the men never coming! Hedwige rushed out to the staircase, determined to go out alone and see if she could not help; but suddenly she remembered that the great door was bolted and barred, and that she could no more have lifted those heavy bars and bolts than she could have lifted the castle on her shoulders. She uttered a cry of despair and rushed back to the gallery. As she did so a report of firearms came crashing through the open window, once, twice, three times. Then all was silence, and Hedwige clung to the wainscoting and listened with a beating heart. Presently a horseman was to be seen galloping towards the castle, and at the same moment she heard the men hurrying down to the hall; but before they reached it a howl of rage came echoing through the starlight. The wolf was close upon the rider; another stride and his fangs were in the horse's flanks. The terrified animal flung up his forefeet and fought the air for a moment, then with a loud cry fell. The wolf drew out his fangs and turned to attack the rider, who had fired his last shot and stood, revolver in hand, ready to sell his life as dearly as he could. The brute, who was wounded and maddened with pain, sprang forward, but as he did so a bullet came whizzing through the air and struck him in the head. With one last, long howl he rolled over and lay dead upon the snow.

The men now came flying down the terrace and across the park, some with torches, some with firearms.

Prince Witold, who had been flung violently down by the wolf in that last spring, raised himself from

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the ground, shook the snow from his pelisse, and made sure that he was not a dead man.

"Heaven be praised! you are safe, Prince," cried several in chorus.

"Yes, thank Heaven, and then you, my good friends! That shot was a timely one. Which of you fired it?"

"None of us, Prince," replied the old majordomo. "It went off as we opened the castle door."

"Then it was one of your fellows who took aim from within. You must find him and bring him to me."

"It was the Countess Hedwige who fired it, Prince. She was watching, and sent to wake us up."

Witold looked quickly up at the castle, and saw a hooded figure in the western window; he recognized it instinctively, and, dropping on one knee, pulled off his sable cap and bowed low to his deliverer.

It was a striking scene—the dead body of the wolf stretched upon the snow, the wounded horse close by, the men with their flaring torches, the young man kneeling in knightly fashion to the lady of his love, and the whole group transfigured by the mystic glamour of the moonlight into some weird vision.

Hedwige returned no salutation to the knightly homage, but a light laugh that rang out in the silver silence assured Witold it was not resented. He rose and walked quickly on to the castle, while the air resounded with the cheers of the men.

Hedwige received him in the library. She was as white as marble, and apparently as cold; nothing could have been more stately than her greeting of the man for whose life she had trembled in every fibre and saved by an almost heroic impulse.

Witold raised reverently to his lips the small white hand which, in spite of all womanly shrinkings, had delivered him from a loathsome death.

"I owe you my life, cousin," he said; "but it was yours already, to save or cast away as you thought fit. I know what it must have cost you to fire that shot. Tell me that it was your heart gave you courage to do it?"

"I will tell you nothing but the truth. My conscience would have nerved my hand to do the same for any fellow-creature whose life depended on the effort. It is true I am a coward at playing with firearms, but I am a daughter of the Jagellons, and our race have never known cowardice in the face of danger. You might have remembered that."

Though playfully spoken, the words held the bitterest taunt those proud lips could have uttered. He remembered it only too well, this blood of the Jagellons, which made a gulf between their beautiful descendant and himself, the grandson of a Russian trader. He and Hedwige were cousins by his father's side, but this vein of purple blood did not wash out the stain of his mother's birth and nationality, and Witold felt this too keenly to heed that indirect reminder of the blot.

"What news do you bring of Père Alexander?" she said, sitting down and pointing familiarly to a seat for him.

"Forgive me, cousin; after riding thirty-six hours, and escaping by the skin from the clutch of the Cossacks, and finally from the fangs of a wolf, a man may be pardoned for a momentary lapse of presence of mind. To proceed at once to

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the subject of my unseasonable visit, Père Alexander is alive. After hiding in the forest for three weeks he was discovered by a peasant, who informed the pope, who immediately denounced him to the district authorities. Père Alexander was taken to Kamienetz, tried, or at any rate convicted, and condemned to imprisonment for life."

"For life! O my God!"

She clasped her hands and her large blue eyes filled with tears. Witold Ranolzki bethought him that, let fate do her worst, Père Alexander was still a man to be envied.

"You have this from good authority? There is no possibility of a mistake?" she said entreatingly.

"None. I carried my inquiries as far as they could go, and there is not the shadow of a doubt as to the identity and the facts. He is at this moment undergoing sentence in the Fortress at Kamienetz."

"In that terrible Fortress—and for life! Well, it cannot be for long. Death will soon release him. But how long, O Lord! how long?"

She hid her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

"He is alive, cousin; the Fortress is not death. He may be set free; take courage in that hope," said Witold.

"What hope? That those cruel fiends will find pity in their hearts for an old man who can neither bribe nor trick them? I might as well have hoped that the wolf would have drawn his fangs out of your flesh just now."

"Hope is inventive; *we* may find means of bribing and circumventing his jailers, though he himself can do nothing," replied Witold.

"O Witold! do you mean this? Have you any grounds for bidding me hope, or is it only that you wish to comfort me?"

"It would be sorry comfort to raise false hopes that would but mock your grief. Will you never learn to trust me, Hedwige? But forgive me. I meant to tell you that I have a scheme in my head; it is full of difficulties, but not impracticable. Père Alexander himself thinks so, and you know he is no dreamer. He can only help us by his prayers; but the prayer of an apostle has opened prison doors before."

"He thinks? Then he knows? You have seen him?"

"Yes; and he sent you a message. Have you a knife or a pair of scissors at hand?"

Witold turned back the breast of his coat and glanced round the table. Hedwige took up the silver châtelaine that dangled from her belt, and, opening the tiny scissors, deftly cut the lining where he pointed to her.

"Here are my credentials, since I cannot be taken on parole," he said, handing her a thin letter which he drew from its hiding-place.

Hedwige opened it with trembling fingers, and read in Père Alexander's well-known handwriting the following lines:

"MY CHILD: It is a great joy to me in my prison to receive tidings of you and your dear mother, and to send you with my blessing the assurance of my undying affection. You have rejoiced with me in that I have been counted worthy to taste even a little drop of the cup of my divine Master. You have grieved because of the sorrow of my flock, poor lambs bereft of their shepherd and exposed to the fury of the wolves. But be of good heart, my daughter. Sorrow endureth for a night, and joy cometh in the morning. It may please our good Lord to give us all once more

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the joy of meeting here below. Words fail me to speak of my noble son Witold, of his devoted courage in braving so many perils and enduring such sacrifices for my sake. I can but bless him, and pray that his reward may be great in proportion to my love and his.

"With affectionate greetings to your admirable mother, I am, my child, your father in Christ,

"ALEXANDER WALARINSKI."

Hedwige, when she had read the letter, looked up at Witold, and now read in his features the true meaning of their pallor and haggard look.

"Dear Witold! how can we ever thank you?" she said, holding out her hand, which the young man, after the chivalrous fashion of his country, raised to his lips.

"I am more than repaid," he murmured; "I am your debtor."

Yet it was not so much, after all, for the devotion of a lifetime, for a worship which had been faithful to its object as the stars to their course, and pure as ever fired Crusader's breast for his liege lady. Hedwige's heart smote her as she looked at him, and saw in imagination, too terribly whetted by experience, all that he had gone through to give her this last proof of love. And he held himself her debtor because she had deigned to thank him! What is there in these marble women to kindle such flames in hearts of men?

Vinka came in upon the conference, and broke the spell by asking if the prince was not hungry, and whether he would have refreshment brought to him here or go down to the dining-room.

"How I have disgraced myself to-night!" exclaimed Hedwige, laughing; "first I demean myself like an Amazon and kill a wild beast, and then I sin against all the laws of hospitality as never hostess did before! Send up the supper here. I will serve Prince Witold myself."

And so, in spite of the young man's entreaties and protestations, she insisted on doing.

"You are a hero to-night, so you must let me worship you. You know my weakness for heroes?"

She spoke in a tone of graceful banter; but it sounded cruel to the man who loved her, who would have bartered away all his earthly possessions to hear her speak those words in earnest. But even when her heart was touched Hedwige seemed incapable of owning a soft or tender emotion towards him. Was this coldness genuine, or was it a feint? Witold could not tell; but the mere sound of her voice wrought on him with the potency of a magician's spell. He felt in a kind of dreamy rapture while she stood beside him, pouring the rich wine into the silver flagon and holding it to him to quaff, as if he had been, as in truth he was, a knight going forth to do battle for the lady of his love.

"Will not the countess have been disturbed by all the noise we made?" he inquired, anxious to turn away her attention from himself to some more congenial subject.

"Alas! no. Her sad infirmity preserves her from all disturbance. It will be a glad surprise for her to see you to-morrow morning."

"I shall not be here; I must return to Kamienetz in time to report myself by mid-day to the governor. Nay," seeing Hedwige was going to protest, "remember the slightest imprudence now may ruin everything. I am on parole; I must ride back in an hour's time."

"You know best. I shall not hinder you," replied the young girl; and resuming her air of mar-

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ble calmness, she sat down, her hands clasped on her knees, meditative and silent, while her guest did ample justice to the viands bountifully set before him. He was a hero, and his appetite, like his temperament, was heroic, starvation forming no element either in his heroism or his love.

"May I not know something of this scheme for our father's deliverance?" said Hedwige after a long pause.

"There is little to tell so far. I have made a breach in the wall by gaining access to the jailer, and through him to Père Alexander. But while he remains in the fort there is nothing to be done. We must first get him changed to Kronstadt."

"And how is that to be done? There is not the faintest probability of his being removed there."

"There are difficulties in the way, but I shall overcome them. The jailer is well disposed, and I have made it worth his while to be faithful to me."

"That means that you have already made tremendous sacrifices, and have pledged yourself to further ones which may compromise your own and your brother's fortunes."

"Gently, fair cousin. I have so far compromised nothing but the family jewel-case, which I have pilfered of a few trinkets for the jailer's wife."

The few trinkets meant a necklace of diamonds that represented the dower of a princess, and a promise of the eardrops and coronet on the successful escape of the prisoner.

"Cousin, the time flies fast in your presence, but I must not let the charm lure me to my ruin," said Witold; and washing down his copious meal with a last bumper of Burgundy, he rose and prepared to equip himself for the road.

She rang, and ordered the stoutest hunter in the stables to be brought round without delay.

"You have told me little, cousin," she said, as Witold was about to depart, "but I conjecture much from your silence, and I augur all things from your daring and the generosity of your heart."

"I thank you for trusting me, fair cousin. You shall not repent it. Farewell."

He raised her hand to his lips again, pressing them longer than was needed for mere courtesy, and then left her.

She waited till he was in the hall, and then went out to the gallery, and stood in that oriel window which had been her watch-tower twice to-night, and waited to see him mount and ride away.

The light of the moon had waned, but the stars were shining brightly. The men had dragged away the body of the wolf, and stood by, scaring the starlight with the red glare of their resin torches, that threw lurid shadows on the snow.

Witold did not know that Hedwige was watching him, but instinctively, as he turned away, he looked up at the window where she stood, invisible, but present to the eyes of her lover's memory. He was a lover to feel proud of, Hedwige acknowledged, as she saw him vault lightly into the saddle and ride away with the air of one bound on a noble mission and fitted to accomplish it.

Alexander Walarinski had made one of a band of five young noblemen, chosen from the flower of Polish chivalry, who in the year

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1830 took arms for the deliverance of their country. They fought like heroes. Two met a glorious death on the field of battle, and the others, when the insurrection was over, went one morning to the old cathedral of St. John's at Warsaw, and, kneeling before the shrine of the Mother of Sorrows, dedicated themselves henceforth to the service of their country by sacrifice and prayer. They laid their swords upon the altar and went forth to become priests.

One went on the mission to Siberia and died there. The other was convicted of treason for saving the life of a young political criminal who fled to his presbytery for protection. He was condemned to work in the gold-washings of Irkoutsk; for five years he bore it, standing in ice-cold water to the waist, his shoulders blistered by the burning sun and cut open by the lash of the overseer. Then death came and set him free. The only survivor of the band was Père Alexander. He was close on seventy, and it was a mystery to all who knew him that he should have lived to such an age; for no man had been more reckless of his life than he, both in driving his body by austerities and hard work and in defying the authorities up to their very teeth. Yet the law which he systematically broke with open contempt had never laid a finger on him. The authorities knew that to touch Père Alexander would have been to rouse every man, woman, and child in the district to rebellion; and as he was known to be as strongly opposed to rebellion as he was dauntless in the face of danger and uncompromising in his principles as a priest and a Pole, they felt it was safer to tolerate his stiff-necked independence than to lock him up. So for nearly fifty years he had taught and preached and ministered to his flock and warded off many a blow from them; he had also kept down many a rebellious upheaving, which the government knew, and paid back in self-interested toleration to the patriot priest. But there came a day when his priestly influence became his greatest danger and his greatest crime. The ukase had gone forth ordering Catholic priests to be replaced by Greek priests whenever a vacancy occurred, and when the vacancies were slow to come they were to be created. This was easily done. The parish priest disappeared one morning on business; his return was delayed, and then it was announced that he was named to another parish and a new priest was appointed in his stead. The Greek minister arrived with his schismatical doctrine and ministrations. In most cases the stricken flock recognized the wolf in the sheep's clothing and held aloof; but it sometimes happened, owing partly to their simplicity and ignorance, and partly to the devilish cunning of the false priest, aided by the systematic lies of the authorities, that they were deluded by his well-counterfeited orthodoxy. He gained their confidence; little by little their faith was undermined, their perception of right and wrong weakened, at last utterly confused, and then the work of lies became complete. Vacancies of this description had been thus created and filled up in nearly all the villages round X——, where Père Alexander dwelt, but the trick had not succeeded in a single instance. The peasants were proof alike against blandishments, threats, and cruelty. They showed a kind of apostolic instinct in detecting the

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fraud, and resisted it with the spirit of confessors. They stoutly refused to assist at the sacrifice or participate in the sacraments provided for them by the schismatic priest. In all this they were supported and encouraged by Père Alexander, who multiplied himself to be with them far and near, late and early. He marched from village to village, indifferent to wind and weather, fatigue and hunger, like the old soldier that he was; thinking only of how he could help the afflicted people and circumvent or defy their treacherous persecutors; confessing and saying Mass, preaching and instructing, communicating his own fiery spirit to the much-suffering flocks, and inciting them to be worthy of the martyr's crown.

The government knew all this, and bore it—bore it till the forbearance seemed to the people a sort of miracle. Yet it was not prompted by pity or respect for the aged confessor, but simply from fear that if they took violent means to stop him—and nothing short of violence would do it—they would bring worse troubles on themselves. Still, this open defiance constituted too great an outrage on the authorities to be indefinitely tolerated. It was a power fatal to their power. His very presence was in itself the last bulwark of his persecuted religion in the country. There was not now another Catholic priest remaining within a radius of four hundred miles, and if he could be got rid of the last vestige of the pestilent vermin would be swept away. How to do it was the question.

Count Barowitzki was another opposing force with whom, in self-defence, the government felt it necessary to reckon. He was socially as great a power with the people as Père Alexander was spiritually. To lay a finger on him would have been to set a match to the fires of rebellion, always smouldering in the persecuted land, and which, once lighted, spread with such terrible rapidity. The priest was close on threescore and ten—he must soon die; but the count was a man in the prime of life, and had a good quarter of a century before him yet.

But men reckon without those unseen forces which come unexpectedly to cut the knots of destiny and mock our puny schemings and short-sighted calculations. The count caught a fever and died of it. Père Alexander assisted his friend through the dark and narrow pass, pronounced the final absolution upon his grave, and the next day received a letter which obliged him to go to Kamienetz on business.

He did not return, and was never seen or heard of again. That was now six months ago, and his desolate flock had long since given up all hope. It was said at first that he was hiding in the forest; that he had been warned to fly, and had done so without telling any of his friends, in order that no one might run any risks in trying to save him. But this conjecture was proved to be false. The peasants beat the forest for miles and miles, and found no trace of the missing priest. The first true tidings that had been received of him were those just brought by Prince Witold to Hedwige. They were as bad as could be, short of his death. But Witold, spurred on by love, as much as by reverence and loyalty towards the man whose name had been a war-cry to his people, and whose life shone for half a century like a light upon the

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darksome waters, had already made possible the work of his deliverance.

Kamienetz was about fifty miles from Zabor; Witold reached it in time to report himself punctually at the governor's before noon. It was a ride for life, for if he failed to make his appearance the consequences would have been immediate arrest and imprisonment, and, once within the Fortress, no man can tell what may follow. Over the gates of that awful abode may with truth be written those saddest words ever uttered by human voice: "Voi che entrate, lasciate qui ogni speranza."

But so far he was safe; he was still free to go whither he listed, to walk abroad, to breathe the sunshine. His absorbing object must now be to turn this liberty to account in behalf of Père Alexander. For the moment, however, he had but one thought, and this was to get home and to fling himself on his bed. He had not slept for two nights, and he had been on horseback over forty hours, with no respite but that brief halt at Zabor.

Witold was not a hero every day. He loved a merry life, a life of ease and pleasure; he loved the chase, the song, the brimming bowl, the glance of lovely woman; he hated trouble and waste of energy. But he had, withal, that capacity for heroism which is the birthright of every Polish gentleman, and which, at the first blast of the trumpet-call of duty, wakes up in sacrifice and action. He had been fatally compromised in the insurrection of 1860, and had only escaped death through the intervention of that Muscovite connection which he despised, but which had stood him in good need more than once. It was now his sheet-anchor in the perilous undertaking in hand.

The next day he drove, after his early breakfast, to a large house not far from the governor's palace. "Is your master at home?" he inquired of the porter.

"Yes, prince."

And Witold was shown into a room opening on the hall, and which the master of the house called his study. It would have been difficult to surmise what kind of studies were carried on there, for there was not a book to be seen, nor any trace of writing materials, nor artistic appliances, nor scientific instruments. The walls were covered with panoplies, coats of mail, hauberks, weapons of every form and period, while heads of tigers, jackals, and other wild beasts made an appropriate variety of ornament. Side by side with these suggestive trophies were the usual sacred images in gold and jewelled frames. Divans ran round the room, and there were tables littered with cards, glasses, bottles, teacups, etc., while an ominous smell of brandy pervaded the apartment. In the midst of this novel sort of study, close by the great stove, sat the master of the place, an old man, clad in a loose dressing-gown, with a greasy velvet cap covering his bald head. A long, tawny beard gave a certain gravity to his face, which otherwise betrayed little else than cunning and the habit of copious libations.

"Well, scapegrace nephew, what brings you here to-day?"

"To see you, my uncle."

"Humph! And now that you have seen me, what have you got to say?"

"That it rejoices me to see you looking so well."

"That proves that you are either

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blind or a hypocrite. I am abominably ill. Why should I suffer as if the foul fiends were devouring me? I have worked hard all my life, and I have always saved my money."

"I am grieved to hear this, my dear uncle."

"You lie! you are not grieved. You are glad, because you count on my inheritance. But you may be disappointed. Why should I not marry? Tell me that!"

"There are a thousand reasons why you should, my uncle," replied Witold, with that imperturbable good-humor which was his chief offence and his chief attraction in the old Muscovite's eyes. "It would cheer you up to have a pretty young wife, and the wedding would be very jolly for us all. But let it be quickly done, or else I may be too late for the fun."

"Too late, eh?" said the old man, bristling up like a hound at the blast of the horn—"too late? What new devilment are you at? Had I not trouble and expense enough getting you out of that last mess? Do you expect me to reduce myself to beggary in my last days?"

"My dear uncle, I have no idea of anything so wicked. I merely urge you to make haste about getting married, so that I may not miss the merry-making. I should like, before I am borne on the wings of holy Russia to Nerchintz, to make acquaintance with my beautiful young aunt. I shall fall madly in love with her, but I shall devour my passion in silence and die of it."

"Incorrigible rascal!" chuckled the old man, with a twinkle in his eye. "What is this new trouble you are in?"

"Our best friend, the man who has christened and married and buried us all for the last fifty years, is in prison."

"Alexander Walarinski! He ought to have been in prison long ago. Where is he?"

"Here in the Fortress."

The old man gave a long whistle.

"My uncle, we must get him out immediately."

"What! do you want to drag me into another infernal mess, to take my last rouble from me? I will not lift a finger to save that insolent fanatic from his just fate. I would go a long way to see him hanged."

"Well, my uncle, I will do the work of deliverance alone. I thought you would gladly have helped to save the life of the man who soothed your beloved sister's last hours, and to whose care she commended her children. I also was foolish enough to enjoy the prospect of seeing those proud aristocrats who have ignored my mother's family compelled to eat the dust at your feet. But this is all vanity, and you have a soul above it. Let us speak no more of it. Tell me about my future aunt. Let her have dark eyes, my uncle. We are overrun with blondes; the race will be improved by the introduction of a brunette into the family."

"Incorrigible dog! How dare you mock me to my face?" said the old man. "Why do I not turn you out of my house?"

"Because you love me, my uncle. In spite of my iniquities, nay, because of them, I am dear to you."

"Dear to me! You have cost me dear enough, if that is what you mean. I have not yet recovered that last bleeding. Those bureaucrats are ravenous wolves.

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They never have enough. While they are gulping down gold as fast as they can swallow it their insatiable maw is crying for more! more!"

"They are a race of jackals, my uncle."

"And you would drive their fangs into me again! You would drain me of my last rouble! And for whom, forsooth?"

"My uncle, forgive me. I thought of that death-bed, where I saw you sobbing, where I heard you blessing the man you now curse. I thought of the insults you have suffered, and it seemed to me I had found you a noble opportunity for revenge, and for making them your debtors for evermore. I was mistaken. Forgive me."

Macchiavelli could not have played his cards better. The one soft point in Paul Ruboff's nature had been his love for this sister; she had become a Catholic, and died in the arms of the valiant soldier-priest, who had guided her through every trouble and seen her safe into port at last. The one vulnerable point in his character was his desire to be recognized by the proud Polish family into which his sister had married.

"I have no care to buy so costly a revenge; I despise them all, the proud-stomached aristocrats! A pitiful lot, always in debt, for ever running their heads into the noose. I could buy out the whole tribe and not miss it. A stiff-necked, beggarly crew!"

"You are hard on your own kindred."

"Perhaps so, my nephew; but I am a practical man. I confess, nevertheless, it would rejoice me to bring them to eat dirt at my feet, as that proud fellow Barowitzki did when I got his brother commuted from the mines."

"Yes, my uncle; but you must not let your heart run you into imprudence. You must not compromise yourself with the authorities. They might, moreover, resent your interference; people never know what their influence is worth until they try to use it."

"I am not afraid of that," said Ruboff, his vanity kindling. "Prince T—— [the governor of the city] owes me a good round sum, and he is hard set to pay me the interest regularly."

"Prince T—— is brother-in-law of the governor of Kronstadt, is he not?" inquired Witold.

"What has that to do with it?"

"It might have been of use. I want to get Père Alexander transferred to Kronstadt."

"To Kronstadt! Why not to the moon?"

"That would be safer; but unfortunately I have no influence in the moon."

"And you expect to use my influence to get this fellow to Kronstadt? You are mistaken. I will not move a finger in it!" And he struck the table near him till the cups and glasses rang again.

"My uncle, I understood you to say so. But I mean to achieve the perilous feat alone. The gods are on the side of desperate men. Farewell, my uncle. If any harm befalls me I commend Boleslas to your care. You always loved the boy. He is his mother's image, and he is proud of your affection for him."

Witold stood up and held out his hand. He looked anything but desperate, and yet he seemed fitted for deeds of daring: tall, strong, iron-sinewed, his air commanding, his eye alight with the fire of youth,

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with youth's reckless love of danger. The old man fancied he detected a softer light in it now, kindled, perhaps, by the remembrance of his mother and by the emotion inseparable from a solemn farewell. The youth knew that it was no idle vaunt when he spoke of peril and calmly foreboded the issue. He was mad, stark mad, like all his father's people; still, he was his mother's child, and Paul Ruboff had never loved any one but that mother.

"Witold, son of Ladislas," he said, looking curiously up at the broad-chested Polish gentleman, "thou art a fool."

"My uncle, you speak the truth," said Witold, laughing.

"But I also am a fool."

"Nay, my uncle—"

"I am a fool, I tell thee, boy; and there is no hope for me, for an old fool is the worst of all. Sit down and answer my questions. Why must this other old fool be got to Kronstadt?"

"Because, once there, I have a scheme for effecting his escape."

"Ah?"

"One of the jailers of the Fortress owes me his life and the life of his daughter, an only child, whom I watch over. He would risk a good deal to serve me."

"Humph! He will open the prison door to Walarinski for your sake?"

"I think so; that is, he will connive at my plan. I have meditated upon this plan long. Listen—"

"Chut! I will listen to nothing!" And he struck the table beside him till the glasses jumped and an empty bottle rolled off. "I am an old man, and I have many sins to answer for, but I will not die with the guilt of treason on my soul—"

"But, my uncle, to save an innocent man—"

"I will not conspire against the will of our father, the czar. Be silent! I will hear nothing. This much I will do for my sister's son: I will ask Prince T—— to have Walarinski sent on to Kronstadt. Good heavens! it will cost me—Holy St. Nicholas! what a fool I am. In my old age to squander my hard-earned roubles on a rascally Pole!"

He threw up both hands, caught his head, and angrily twisted his greasy cap first this way, then that, and groaned as he thought of his darling roubles.

"My uncle, you are an angel!" said Witold.

"You lie! I am a fool!"

"You are the truest noble among us."

"I despise your nobles!"

"You will have to tolerate their esteem, their admiration, their gratitude."

"I despise them. But thou art thy mother's son. Go!"

It was scarcely an hour after daybreak, that hour of dim white light peculiar to the northern dawn, when a strange-looking coach might be seen travelling on the road from Kamienetz to L——. It was like an enormous coffin set on wheels; the wheels were low, the coach was long, painted black, and with no windows to speak of, only a round hole, protected by an iron grating, close under the roof—a conveyance that looked more like a hearse to trundle the dead than a vehicle to serve the living. It was, in fact, the travelling prison in which those social dead, the condemned, are taken to their destination within the empire. If their doom extends beyond it they leave

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the luxury of this rolling cell for the kibitka or continue their journey on foot.

The coffin-like vehicle was drawn by four horses and accompanied by an escort of soldiers. It bounded along like a whirlwind, blowing the snow before it; a little driver, almost a child, seated in a high saddle on the right leader, kept whipping his horses with all his little might, until suddenly coach and cavalcade pulled up at the post-house of a village. The hour was early, yet many people were already astir. True, the arrival of the travelling prison is always announced beforehand, in order that fresh relays may be ready; but, besides the people of the post-house, there were peasants coming and going, and a movement about the place that was hardly to have been expected at such an early hour.

The soldiers alighted and went in to their breakfast; the small postilion tumbled out of his saddle and followed them, while hostlers hurried out and began to unyoke the jaded team. In a moment the quiet roadside was a scene of busy confusion and loud talk. People came round the travelling tomb and looked up at the grating wistfully; but no wan face such as they were used to see appeared there. It might have been carrying a corpse, so devoid of living tenants did it seem. Presently a merry fellow struck up a dumka on his korbana, and the gazers deserted the coach and gathered round him at the inn door. Every one went away except one tall peasant girl, whose face was nearly quite concealed by a fur hood drawn close round it. She waited a moment, glancing nervously around her, and then, looking up to the grating, she said in a low, eager voice:

"Father!"

"My child!"

"Close behind the cairn, to the right, there is a man who is dying; they have brought him here to get absolution. See, they are coming."

As the group of two peasants bearing the dying man approached, a tipsy peasant opportunely came rolling across the road, and, staggering in amongst the hostlers, began swearing at them; they answered him in kind, blows followed quickly, and then the Jew postmaster came out and belabored them all round with his stick, till in a second everything was confusion, and everybody was screaming and vociferating.

While the mêlée was at its height the two bearers approached the prison, laid down their stretcher, and drew near to witness the fray. The dying man, with the sweat of death upon his brow, but fully conscious, turned his eyes with an expression of contrite supplication towards the grating, and murmured in a broken but audible voice:

"Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa."

A face appeared at the window, a pair of sunken eyes, still full of fire, met his, a hand was uplifted, and the words "*Ego te absolvo*" fell on the dying man's ear like the heavenly message that they were.

His eyes were fixed on the face of the priest, whose hand continued uplifted, repeating the blessing and the absolution, mingled with brief, strong words of hope and faith. The peasant girl, standing under the hedge, watched the scene, while her lips moved rapidly in prayer. Five minutes passed. The bearers went back to lift their burden. The fray was at an end.

"Whom have you there?" inquired the postmaster, approaching.

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"Our brother; we are taking him to our old home to be nursed; he is dying."

They bent down to lift the stretcher, but drew back with startled faces.

"*He is dead!*" said the Jew in awe-stricken tones; and all the people, moved by pity and curiosity, drew near to look.

"Yes, he is dead!" they repeated.

A low cry of joy, as it sounded, rose up from some one—perhaps from the hooded figure, whose eyes were lifted to the grating, where through blinding tears she could see a bronzed face, paler than it used to be, but still full of energy, with the bristling gray hair shorn and in its place the hideous convict cap. The convict's lips were moving rapidly, and the hand was raised, repeating benedictions over the dead confessor.

All the people stood back respectfully as the brothers, who bore their affliction with surprising equanimity, raised the stretcher, now become a bier, and went on their way, the stately young figure following at a distance.

"Whom have you within?" inquired the postmaster of one of the soldiers, pointing to the coach.

"A Polish priest."

"Bound for—?"

"Siberia."

Mysteries lie around us in the dark. The wicked pass upon their way exulting; but the glare of the tyrant's chariot lamps comes like a heavenly beam upon the victim, and shows him the cup which the angel is holding out.

Siberia! If the word fell on Hedwige's ear, it was a stab that might have been spared. The man spoke at random, answering from conjecture rather than acknowledge his ignorance. In the land of tyranny every man aims at being a trusted agent. It did not much matter, he thought, whether the convict was condemned to the great prison land or to the narrower tomb of Kronstadt. Kronstadt, with its dungeons sunk beneath the sea, was good measure even for a Polish priest, and left little cause for envy to those who were told off to the icy arms of Siberia—unless, mayhap, the prisoner was sentenced to the mines; even then, indeed, the choice was difficult.

If Hedwige heard the answer she took no heed of it, but hurried on to Kronstadt as soon as her departure became possible.

She was to be the guest there of a Mme. Rakomoff, a distant cousin of Paul Ruboff's. Mme. Rakomoff was a widow of about forty; her husband had held a post of some importance in the customs, and this had given her during his lifetime an importance which she spoke of now as "my former brilliant position," and to the rags of this position she clung with leech-like tenacity. Like most women of her class, she affected fine manners, talked of the court as if it were her native element and the society of Kronstadt a land of exile. She was a harmless soul, and good-natured except when her vanity was touched or her loyalty suspected, in either which case she would have been as cruel as a Nero. She had a heart of stone for any one who rebelled against the czar, especially if the rebel were a Pole. Still, the proud Polish nobles, who, through their mésalliance with a Ruboff, had been drawn within the circle of her remote belongings, were a subject of pride

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to Mme. Rakomoff, though they had never noticed her.

Witold Ranolzki found her out, detected her weak points, and played upon them with that skill which wrought upon Paul Ruboff. He gradually brought the widow to send an invitation to the young Countess Hedwige to come and visit her. But when the letter was gone, and Witold added as a condition of the visit that it should be kept a secret, the scheme nearly fell through. What! Mme. Rakomoff was to spend countless roubles in entertaining a great lady, her cousin to boot, and she was to get no glory out of it? She was to hide her splendid candlestick under the bed? And why? What mystery was there to hide? Either the countess was ashamed of being the guest of Ivan Rakomoff's widow or she was plotting mischief. It taxed Witold's diplomatic skill to the utmost to pacify the vain little woman, but he conquered at last, by dint of flattery so broadly tendered that he laughed openly at himself as he administered it.

"She is no conspirator, I swear to you, my cousin," he declared; and Mme. Rakomoff purred like a stroked cat to hear herself so addressed by Prince Ranolzki. "She is a tender-hearted girl, bent on a mission of mercy. Will you not take my word as a kinsman?"

"Assuredly, prince, if—"

"Nay, why this ceremony between cousins? Call me Witold, I pray you."

"Dear Witold, since you assure me—" And the widow, chuckling with gratified vanity, gave in.

The dreary state room was made ready for Hedwige, the tapestries were uncovered, the silver-embroidered counterpane was spread, and Mme. Rakomoff, in a flutter of delicious excitement, awaited the arrival of her guest.

But when Hedwige appeared the gushing hostess felt at once that there would be neither sympathy nor companionship between them; her fussy affectation was cowed by the simplicity and proud reserve of the Polish girl. It was as if a queen had alighted under her roof and put an extinguisher on her brass candlestick. It had taken as much persuasion to induce Hedwige to accept the Muscovite's hospitality as to compel the latter to consent to the conditions, and, now that she had come, she stood aloof, courteous, unexacting, and mistrustful. Witold had made all ready for the bold venture. The jailer had been won; many others were bought, blinded, or circumvented.

While these preliminaries were going on Père Alexander languished at Kronstadt in one of the tombs beneath the sea—a slimy den where no ray of light penetrated, whose walls were thick with foul live creatures that crawled over him, hissing in the darkness, stinging and devouring him; where no sound ever broke the death-like silence except the heavy wash of the wave against the dungeon wall, or now and then the moans and shrieks of fellow-captives in surrounding cells. Some of them were raving maniacs, others only cried out under the lash or the screw or some other device of cruelty; for their jailers, brutalized by their diabolical employment, made a sport of the agonies of their wretched victims, and added illegal tortures to their miserable lot. No beam of sun or stars pierced the dense gloom of those horrible abodes, where man, become a demon, works his wicked will upon

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his fellow-men unseen. Only the light of faith may enter there to illuminate the saddest of earthly dooms, and bid the sufferer look beyond this life for the justice that has no witness here below. God said: "Let there be light, and there was light." In Russia, the land of slaves and tyrants, one man says, "Let there be darkness!" and forthwith the light goes out, and men are plunged into the darkness of the shadow of death.

Here, in our own free land, the sun of liberty is shining; we are wronged, and we take our grievance to the law, and the rulers themselves are ruled and no man fears injustice; Sabbath bells are ringing, children's laughter comes echoing across the fields where the freeman drives the plough through the smoking furrow; but yonder, in Kronstadt, captives, many of whom are blameless, heroic men, are calling to us from their tombs beneath the sea; calling for help to their free brothers, who do not hear; calling for pity to God, who does not answer.

Witold arrived early one morning to see Hedwige and give her the final directions. Everything was ready for the rescue that night.

"And the watch—you are sure of him?" she inquired.

"His pay depends on the success of the enterprise."

"And the boatman—you have no misgivings of him?"

"His head is staked on the issue, and the game is worth the candle to him. He will be waiting for you under the north tower. He will give you the watchword, 'Czenstochowa!' You will answer, 'Ora pro nobis!' As the clock strikes two the watch within will be relieved, and in a few minutes a window in the north tower will open, and Père Alexander will let himself down by a rope-ladder. You will get into the boat and the man will row you to the stone stair. Remember you keep close under the wall; then, all three, you will leap across the bar, and, taking to the water, swim out to the *Britannia*. You will know her by a red light shining at her stern; this is the signal. Swim round her to the off side; the boat will be waiting there to pick you up."

"Why must the boatman come with us?" asked Hedwige. "It may be foolish, but the idea of having a Russian hireling for companion in our flight frightens me."

"He is a tool and an accomplice, and you cannot do without him. He must swim with you or else remain in his boat to be detected when daylight comes; he would be at once taken up and put to the torture till he accounted for his presence there. There is no alternative but to let him swim with you to the ship. And it must all be done with the utmost rapidity. I can count upon the watch, but there are lynx-eyes stationed in the harbor, and if one of them spied the boat or any unusual movement, the alarm would be given and pursuit would be immediate. Happily the nights are dark, and we are not likely to have a moon to-night. My only fear is for Père Alexander. Will he be equal to the effort?"

"He used to be an excellent swimmer. I have heard my father tell of his feats in early days."

"But he was young then."

"He is young now. I have no misgivings about him."

"And for yourself, my cousin—have you calculated the risks? They are tremendous: the sea is fearfully cold; the distance will

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strain your strength to the very utmost. The dangers are great and manifold."

"I have the blood of the Jagellons in my veins."

"True; but you are a woman and not inured to hardship."

"Women who come of a race of heroes can bear hardship better than others. I know this night's work will try my metal, but I have put my trust in God. Moreover, I am alone now. If I die I leave no mother to mourn me."

"Bid me come and share the danger with you, cousin."

"You are not free to obey me if I did. A prisoner on parole is bound by the chains of honor."

"Does a man feel bound to the wolf who drops him a moment from his fangs?"

"Your uncle has made great sacrifices for us already. If you break your word and fly he will answer for it with his life."

"I forgot! I forgot that he existed," said Witold, turning from her with visible agitation. "Hedwige! Hedwige!" he cried, coming back, and his fine features were convulsed with passionate feeling, "why are you so cruel? Bid me at least hope that later, when these terrible times are passed away, and we can meet in security and peace—"

"These are not times to talk of hopes," she said, interrupting him; but the rebuke in her blue eyes as they met his was more sad than stern.

"I know it; they are times for action. But hope lends energy to action. Forgive me, my cousin, but we are parting, perhaps for ever, and I fain would have had one gentle word from your lips to remember when I shall have nothing else to live for."

"You are my dear cousin, my best friend, my brother," said Hedwige, with a tear in her voice; and she held out her hand to him.

"Is this our last good-by?" he asked.

"It must be so if you leave this afternoon."

"I might be in time by leaving this evening; I need only reach Kamienetz by noon on Thursday."

"It would be folly to risk it. Let us say good-by now. God guard you, cousin!"

He raised her hand to his lips, and turned from her without speaking.

She heard the great door close upon him, and then the proud girl clasped her hands with a wail and sobbed as if her heart would break.

The morning passed, and the afternoon. Happily, Mme. Rakomoff was in bed, resting herself for the coming fatigues of a ball that she was to attend that night, so Hedwige was free and alone all day. She spent hours pacing up and down the gaudy crimson drawing-room, her arms crossed, her head erect, and a strange light of triumphant energy on her pale, low brow. As she swept to and fro in her dark, clinging draperies she looked a true daughter of her heroic namesake who gave Christianity to Poland in exchange for the Jagellons' crown, a creature born for high achievement and assured of victory.

Mme. Rakomoff, having rested since eleven o'clock the previous night, rose at eight, and at ten made her appearance, equipped for the fray. She came rustling in, sparkling with jewels and self-complacency, and expecting to excite the young Polish girl's admiration and envy by her magnificence. Hedwige was still wandering up and down

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the room with that restless motion which betokens inward agitation too strong for physical repose. She met her hostess with a cheerful smile, and, with true feminine instinct, gave the praise expected of her.

"What glorious emeralds, madame!" she exclaimed in genuine admiration of the large green gems that shone on the widow's neck and in her hair.

Mme. Rakomoff laughed, and declared that these were nothing compared to what she had upstairs. She said good-night to her guest, and was turning away when Hedwige, moved by some secret yearning of her young heart for a touch of sympathy, as well as by a feeling of gratitude to the woman who had sheltered and trusted her, and whom she would never look upon again, put her arms round Mme. Rakomoff's neck and kissed her.

"Good-night, my cousin; you have been very good to me," she said.

Mme. Rakomoff returned the caress with some surprise, but cordially, and rode away in a flutter of happy excitement. Hedwige then went to her room. The night wore on; the hours went slowly as a passing bell. When it struck one she dressed herself in a peasant costume made of light material, and throwing a large, hooded cloak, lined with fur, round her, stole softly down the stairs. The lamps were burning, but the porter was not in the hall; Mme. Rakomoff was not expected till four o'clock, so every one was resting. The door had been left unbarred. Hedwige opened it with velvet fingers, and closed it as if her heart were in the lock. She then stepped out into the street, and walked on as rapidly as she dared. The night was inky dark, but she made her way unmolested across the city through the deserted streets. No one was abroad on foot; only a few carriages were bearing revellers home from a feast. As she approached the Fortress her heart beat in hot thumps against her side. If the watch should have been changed, or if he should turn traitor? She sent up a prayer and walked on. She passed the gates unchallenged, whether unseen or not she could not say; then, creeping with cat-like steps through the gloom, she crossed the great quadrangle and on through courts within courts, all dark and untenanted, and at last she reached the trysting-place under the north tower. The little boat was riding lightly on the water, moored to the bank.

"Our Lady of Czenstochowa!" murmured the boatman.

"Ora pro nobis!" answered Hedwige in the same low tone.

The man did not rise or motion her to enter the boat, but sat perfectly still, his arms crossed, his sheepskin cap pulled low over his face. She dared not ask a question, but stood there in the darkness, looking out over the sea, dotted with a wilderness of vessels, great and small, all dimly visible like spectral ships blotting the blackness of the night. Where was the *Britannia*? Witold said she would know it by a red light in the stern; but she strained her eyes in vain for the beacon. If it should fail? It was an awful fate that she was tempting. As she stood there shuddering in the lonely darkness, all the perils and possibilities of the issue rose up before her like a horrible vision. Mysterious sounds seemed to echo from the depths of the subterranes

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beneath her. Was it the moans of the wretched captives, or might not those dread abodes be haunted by spirits from the other world?—the ghosts of those who had lingered there, first goaded to madness and then starved and tortured to death. The cold flap of the water at her feet sounded portentous and supernatural; it struck terror into her soul, and made her heart die within her. Was escape yet possible? She looked round her, cowering with fear. The great donjon keep reared itself above her far up into the night—a stone giant lifted out of the sea by strong, hideous monsters who dwelt in the depths below. Were they grinning at her from the cyclopean battlements, dimly visible near the stars?

But what miserable cowardice was this! Hedwige made the sign of the cross and sent up her heart in a cry for strength. She had come here trusting in One mightier than the giants of the deep, more powerful than all the powers of darkness; she would trust him still; he was merciful and faithful, and she was his child. Terror had made the time seem long, but in reality she had not been waiting ten minutes when the clock of the Fortress struck two. A hundred dials from the city answered it. They were still clanging when a window opened in the tower; a rope-ladder was let down, and presently a large, heavy form was dimly discernible descending slowly. Hedwige did not dare watch it, but hid her face in her hands, praying with all her might. Presently she heard some one close beside her, and looked up.

"Father!"

"God be praised, my child!"

They had spoken in a whisper, but the boatman hissed out an angry *hush!* and signed to them to take their places beside him. They did so quickly, and then the boat shot out over the flood, keeping close in the deep shadow of the wall. A few minutes brought them near the stone stair which marked the line that no boat dare pass.

Thank Heaven! they were safe so far. But just at this moment the moon sailed out from beneath a bank of cloud and swept the darkness from the sea. Ghosts started up from the shadows and glided along the rigging, signalling silently from ship to ship; ghouls leaped out from the loopholes of the donjon keep, goblins perched upon buttress and battlement; the vessels stood out like a phantom fleet in the offing, that was white in the silver illumination. The sentinel boats gleamed in horrible distinctness on the nearer waters. They lay as silent as logs; the sentinels were most likely asleep, but the lightest noise upon the waters would arouse them. And where was the red beacon that was to guide them after their perilous plunge? There was no sign of it anywhere A cry rose to Hedwige's lips, but happily did not pass them, for at the same moment the red light became visible in the stern of the *Britannia*.

"Quick, take to the water!" said the boatman in a hoarse whisper.

"You first, father; it will give me courage," said Hedwige in low, hurried tones.

Père Alexander made the sign of the cross, commended his soul to his Maker, and plunged into the water. The noise of his fall sounded preternaturally loud. Hedwige's heart stood still. But no sign came from the watch-boats to show that they had heard anything

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Père Alexander, after disappearing for a moment, rose to the surface and struck out with the ease of a practised swimmer.

Hedwige turned to the boatman and motioned him to follow, but as she did so the clear beam of the moon fell upon his face, and she repressed a scream.

"*Witold!*"

"Hush! Jump in!"

"You first."

"I cannot."

"You must!"

"I cannot. I only came because the boatman failed at the last. Quick, for Heaven's sake!"

"I will not move until you do. It is madness to hesitate. Witold, if you love me—"

"Dearest, begone! Every moment is precious. If the watch should hear us!"

"Jump in, and I will follow."

"I cannot—"

"But why? In Heaven's name—"

There was a second's hesitation before he answered:

"*I cannot swim.*"

"O Witold, Witold!" She flung herself on his breast. "Then I will stay with you. Let us die together!"

He clasped her for one moment in a passionate embrace; then, lifting her in his strong arms as lightly as if she had been an infant, he flung her from him into the heaving flood.

The shock took her breath away, for the water was cold as ice, and he thought she had fainted; but love of life quickly asserted itself and lent an almost superhuman strength to the delicate young limbs.

The red light was shining steadily ahead, and he saw that Hedwige had it in sight. No sign or stir came from the sentinel-boats; but as she passed within a few yards of one of them Witold fell upon his knees and followed her with a prayer as pure as ever heart of man sent up for the woman he loved.

He followed her track upon the water until she disappeared behind the *Britannia*, and then he knew that she was safe.

Père Alexander was already on board, and kindly hands were ministering to him. The captain's wife, an English lady, was waiting to receive Hedwige, but, with an exclamation of anguish, she hurried to the ship's side.

The boat lay half in shadow and half in the silver light; she saw Witold standing there, and she knew that his eyes were straining for some sign from her. She pulled out her little handkerchief, dripping from the sea, and shook it above her head. He saw it and waved his hand in answer. Then Hedwige fell upon her knees, crying like a child. The captain's wife put her arms round her, and the girl let herself be led down to the cabin, while the sailors looked on, their honest hearts full of chivalrous compassion for the beautiful young lady and the lover who had rescued her at the sacrifice of his life.

All was activity now on board the *Britannia*, for she was to sail by daybreak. The anchor was hauled up, the canvas was unfurled, and before the last star had faded from the sky the good ship stood out to sea bearing Hedwige and Père Alexander to the free shores of England.

Not long after this memorable night the governor of Kamienetz was dismissed because, so the rumor ran, he had connived at the flight of a Polish nobleman, who had escaped to France disguised as the valet of a rich Russian trader.

The name of the Russian was Paul Ruboff.

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"SCIENCE AND SENTIMENT."*

THE first public meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Alumni of New York was held in this city, April 19, at Chickering Hall. The object of the association was to bring together the college graduates in this city, so given to trade, and renew the influence which the Phi Beta Kappa had exerted in the colleges, and the audience was refined and cultivated in character.

Dr. Noah Porter, President of Yale College, was chosen to give the address of this anniversary, which we find reported in the columns of the *Tribune*.

The subject which Dr. Porter treated is one that engages the serious attention of the active, intelligent minds of our day. His treatment of it was scholarly and his line of argument was philosophical, while the general tone of his address was practical and popular.

We are always gratified in seeing our distinguished scholars coming to the front and discussing those serious and great questions which occupy, agitate, and even try that class of men who have not received their souls in vain. It is, indeed, a part of the duty of this class to endeavor to bring to light the truths which are necessary to the satisfactory solution of these problems, and to aim at producing certain, strong, and healthy convictions in the minds of the community. While appreciating highly as we do Dr. Porter's efforts, and trusting that his example will stimulate others, equally as well equipped, to enter into the same field, we cannot avoid at the same time giving expression to certain thoughts which have arisen in our mind while attentively reading his interesting address.

The title of President Porter's address is "Science and Sentiment." The two are in the first place put in contrast to each other as natural enemies, following which they are shown to be indispensable friends, and then that sentiment is the moving force of science, and, finally, the claims of sentiment are established as interpreted by science robed in common sense.

Dr. Porter, after having explained how "sentiment is the moving force of science," proceeds to show that "sentiment is to be regulated by science," and under the heading, "The appeal always to the intellect," he says:

> "In such cases it is not the claim of sentiment as such, still less of sentiment as pure feeling, which decides the question, but of sentiment as recognized and interpreted by science. The appeal is not taken from the intellect to the feelings, which would open the flood-gates to fanaticism and passion; nor is it from one feeling to another, which would call on the blind to lead the blind; nor is it to transfer one subject-matter to the court of the intellect and another to the court of the feelings—which would introduce endless questions about jurisdiction, and make the courts a laughing-stock by injunctions and counter-injunctions—but it is an appeal to the intellect, in robes of science, too, as grounding its judgments upon the data furnished by the presence and demands of sentiment in the nature of man."

Now, what serious thinking minds are anxious to be informed about is what are the ultimate

* Dr. Porter's address to the Alumni of the Phi Beta Kappa of New York.

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grounds on which the sentiment makes this "appeal to the intellect"? Grant "the presence and demands of sentiment in the nature of man," what is the force and validity of its presence and demands? Can sentiment stand up and face intellect, and say: "I am here on as legitimate and firm a basis as you are, and can also prove in the court of reason that my claims to attention are as well grounded as yours"? It would seem so by the assertions of the distinguished author of this address, and his unquestionable ability and the character of his audience lead us to anticipate, in answer to this question, satisfactory evidence and a triumphant decision in favor of the rights of sentiment.

"Science," he tells us, "should often recognize in sentiment an important element and datum of proof. If science is called into existence by sentiment, and sentiment furnishes and shapes the ends of science, and sentiment is controlled by science, then science may reasonably recognize sentiment as having an important place in the economy of nature.

"For example, in all those sciences which have to do with human interests, as in all the subdivisions of political and social philosophy, it may be assumed as a sound maxim that any principle which can be clearly proved to be inconsistent with the elevation and enjoyment of the greatest number of human beings is to be regarded as untrue. In other words, those teachings of political economy which can be shown to be the most humane give *prima facie* evidence that they are true. Those systems that favor individual ownership of property, a measure of copartnership in capital and cooperation in labor, general education, the alleviation of drudgery, reasonable amusements, the refinement of the public tastes, bring a strong recommendation in their favor on strictly scientific grounds. These grounds rest upon the axiom that all the arrangements of nature contemplate the gratification of the better and nobler sentiments of individual men. All social and political organizations find the reason of their being in this as an assumed and attainable end.

"Nature would be a monster did she not arrange for the common good, and Nature would be a bungler if she did not provide that whatever makes one man happier and better should be consistent with the well-being of all the rest."

We accept this appeal to the "nobler sentiments" as good argument as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough to meet the scientists who hold, as the address informs us, the following:

"For what, pray, has sentiment to do with science, when sentiment itself, according to the 'conquered stand-point,' is nothing but a transient tremor of a brain-cell—a rosy blush suffusing for an instant the surface of super-refined molecules—a rose-leaf hanging slightly on the stem evolved from a material germ, as frail as it is beautiful—

"'Or like the snow upon the river,
A moment white, then gone for ever'?"

Nor does it strengthen his case in their eyes by appealing to "a theory of life," which he makes:

"If this is true of institutions and social economies, it must also be true of a theory of life. Whatever theory shocks the modesty or the moderation of nature does violence to that fellow-feeling which makes the whole world kin, gives spur or rein to the appetites which we have in common with the brutes. Whatever tends to degrade or debase our manhood, whatever ministers to bad neighborhood between men or communities, or inflames envious or selfish passion, is for these reasons rightly held to be false on purely scientific grounds. It is the dictate of a rigidly scientific spirit to reject such a theory altogether until it forces conviction by absolute demonstration."

The last sentence seems to suppose the possibility of demonstrating a theory of life such as modern socialists and communists wildly dream of. We submit that so far Dr.

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Porter does not show a strong grasp of the radical points of his subject, hence his language is a little hazy; his statements are somewhat weak, and he fails to give full satisfaction. For if the sentiments of our nature are as valid as its cognitions, why stop at simply saying so? Why not carry the war into Africa, and remove any doubt on the minds of his hearers by proving it? Is it not a culpable weakness to even suppose that perhaps, after all, it is possible they may be demonstrated to be all moonshine?

But it may be that, as the learned professor advances in his subject, his clearness, force, and mental courage will increase, and by what follows this appears to be the fact:

"Science finds in man," he tells us, "the desire for immortality, and finds it to be a persistent and irrepressible force. It craves existence for those whom we love as truly as for our individual selves. This desire is a constant and ever-recurring fact, a phenomenon of enormous significance, a force of terrific energy if we estimate it by its power of work. It may not be legitimate to reason: We are unwilling to cease to exist, then we shall not cease to exist; but it is perfectly rational to conclude that Nature must put a lie on all her analogies and indications if she has not provided a fact which shall answer to this desire when viewed in its place among the springs of human action."

This is well and strongly put, but it is spoiled by the clause, "It may not be legitimate to reason." Why put this dead fly into the ointment? Has Dr. Porter himself a lurking doubt as to the ability of reason to demonstrate the immortality of the soul? If not, then why make this supposition to his audience? These are not the times when men who stand high in the estimation of the community may use hesitating language on the great truths which underlie all religion, or state them, as it were, hypothetically.

Let us do no injustice to Dr. Porter; perhaps it was but tenderness on his part towards what he supposed might be the state of mind of some of his cultivated audience, and, like a wise strategist, he is cautiously leading them on to the recognition of the legitimate claims of sentiment and to stronger convictions. In the following statement we have reason to believe that some such motive has guided him in the use of his words:

"If a man," he says, "is scientific in proportion as he is sensitive to the most subtle intimations and analogies within a limited field of observation and experiment, he is as truly scientific when he is equally sensitive to the indications that fly into his face in another. That the field of science ought to recognize the sentiments of the soul among the phenomena of nature will not be denied, however often the fact is overlooked. The feeling of reverence or worship for the more than finite is another phenomenon which science has at last conceded deserves its notice. It fails to do justice to this sentiment, however, if it does not find its counterpart in that living God for whom the heart thinks and longs."

Precisely so; the case is well stated, and as this occasion has been thought appropriate to bring before a scholarly audience the claims of sentiment face to face with those of science, who is better fitted than Dr. Porter to bring home to science by plain facts the proof of its injustice, and by the truths of reason and the force of sound logic to compel science to do justice to sentiment, and to "find its counterpart in that living God for whom the heart thinks and longs"? But it would be idle to imagine that the fact of pitting

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one against the other, and stating the claims of each, settles the question.

Is there, then, no authoritative principle recognized by both parties, by which it can be clearly shown and turned to account that the faculty of feeling, or sentiment, is as valid in what it duly attests as the faculty of cognition, or knowing? That is the question. Dr. Porter says:

"Thus far in our argument we have treated the so-called sentiments or sentimentalisms as though they were emotions only, having no positively intellectual element, and as only indirectly having claims to the notice of science. We have argued that even so regarded they are important as data for scientific inferences, and have, so to speak, authority over the conclusions of the intellect. We proceed to exhibit them in another aspect."

Evidently the speaker is conscious that his thesis requires of him to go deeper into his subject than he has thus far ventured. Hence his presentation of it in a new aspect:

"Much of what passes," he says, "for sentiment has a positive intellectual element. Many of the so-called sentiments signify strong convictions warmed into ardent enthusiasm and held with passionate earnestness. The intellectual element may not be obtrusive. The truths on which these convictions rest may be seen so clearly and reasoned so readily that the presence and activity of the intellect can scarcely be observed. The feelings may flash so quickly into flame, and glow with such intense earnestness, that even the subject of them scarcely knows that he thinks at all. It should never be forgotten that emotion in man rests on belief; that feeling of every sort is the legitimate product of what is taken to be true. The proverb which reads, 'Wherever there is smoke there is fire,' may be expanded thus: Wherever there is fire there is fuel, and this may still further be applied: Wherever there is the fire of emotion there is a firm belief of truth."

This is approaching nearer to the vital point, but we should have understood him better if he had said: "Much of what passes for sentiment has a positive *objective* element." For we are not sure what he means by an "intellectual element." He seems to identify it with the subject, or the knowledge of the subject, of its feelings, and hence resolves all feelings into a purely subjective experience, which is pure nonsense. This impression is confirmed by his remarks on the proverb which he quotes. For the logic of the proverb seems to us to be this: "Wherever there is smoke there is fire." Wherever there is fire there is fuel, and wherever there is the fire of emotion there is the fuel of truth. We protest against the weakening clause, "there is a firm belief." We insist that if you put this qualifier in the sentence for emotion, then put it also in the sentence on knowing. "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." And now the doubt begins to creep over our mind whether Professor Porter himself really believes that there is an objective element in any of the emotions of the soul.

But no; he grows bolder, and in the following paragraph he faces science and says:

"Science, so far as it dishonors sentiment, exposes its own narrowness and brings into question its own right to exist and to give law to man. That philosopher who reasons that sentiment has no rights over the scientific intellect because its phenomena and their effects can neither be observed by the senses, pictured by the imagination, nor verified by experiment, may seem to be consistent in dismissing sentiment, in all its forms of faith and duty, as having no possible relations that he can define to what he accepts as scientific truth. It would be well that he should ask himself whether on his own principles he

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does not bring into question the authority of those intellectual processes through which all the results of science have been achieved, and by faith in which all the devotees of science must stand. It were a pity that, seeking to clear out of its way all impertinent intruders and make for itself a clear and open field, it should cut off its legs."

It would seem that the boldness he assumed in the above paragraph had excited his fears, and he hastens to retrace his steps by a most damaging admission to his entire thesis:

"But we may not linger," he says, "on this treacherous ground. Let us return from this metaphysical quagmire and gain a firm footing, so that we may gather the results of our argument in a few brief definitions."

So, according to Dr. Porter, it is "treacherous ground" to seek to find the basis of sentiment, and in this pursuit there is the danger of landing one's self in the bogs of a "metaphysical quagmire." If this be so, then what Mr. Emerson sings is true:

"Alas! the sprite that haunts us
Deceives our rash desire;
It whispers of the glorious gods,
And leaves us in the mire."

This is rather a sad picture, and we are not surprised at the admission contained in the sentence which closes this remarkable address:

"In a truly scientific theory of the universe we recognize common sense, with its intuitions that command conviction and defy analysis; science, with its verified phenomena and demonstrated reasonings; and faith, with its inspiring analogies, that are the precursors of an ampler knowledge and a purer emotion, of a sphere in which science and sentiment never even seem to conflict, but are always at one."

Are we, then, to accept these statements as the ultimate grounds of the defence of sentiment, and stop here, and admit that all beyond what the president of Yale College has given us in his address on the question of the origin of our sentiments is "metaphysical quagmire," and that what he calls "the intuitions of common sense defy analysis"? This answer may not be the sounding for retreat, but it looks to us very much like giving up the contest and leaving the best of the field in the possession of "science."

Instead of stopping here with scientists, agnostics, positivists, and the school of German subjectivists, it is just at this stage of the argument that the issue with them, in our opinion, should be joined. And it is at this precise point we do join issue with them.

It is an admitted fact of common experience that there are longings and yearnings and strivings after an excellence and a good, even in savage bosoms, which the soul sees, and which the intelligence apprehends more or less clearly, but which it cannot fully comprehend. Whether these "nobler sentiments" belong to man's natural state, or are partly due to a special divine influence acting on the soul, we are not now interested in determining. It suffices for our present purpose that these are acknowledged by all parties as indisputable psychological facts.

This admitted, we proceed to inquire: From whence come, or what is the origin and force of, these great longings of the soul, these earnest desires of the heart, these "nobler sentiments"? Their origin and basis can be no other than that which in the last analysis is common to all the operations of the soul, for man is a unit and always acts as a unit in all his relations. This being so, we are

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then forced to advance in our investigation a step farther, and are bound to ask the ultimate question: From whence, then, do all knowledge and desire proceed? or what are the constituent elements of all our knowledge or operations of the soul? All the operations of the soul, we reply, proceed primarily from the relation of ourselves with something not ourselves.

If we analyze any one of the primal operations of the soul, it matters not which, we shall find that all knowledge is born of the knower and the thing known, the lover and the object loved, and their relation. Hence all life, which is the sum of our knowing and loving, is born of the thinker and lover, man, and his relations with the object thought and loved.

These three elements, the thinker, and the thing thought, and their relation, are the essential conditions of all knowledge, of all sentiment, of all life, of every process of the soul. Eliminate either one of these constituents, and the mind remains a blank. For it is evident something to be known and loved must exist. No one can know what does not exist. No one can love what he does not know. Nothing can come from nothing. It is equally clear that whatever exists cannot be known or loved unless it comes in some relation or contact with our intelligence or sensibility. Hence to think or to love at all, which is equivalent to exist at all, there must be something not ourselves, and in some sort in contact with ourselves. Were the soul by possibility left alone to itself, it would be powerless to start the least act of any one of its faculties; it would be altogether unproductive.

If, therefore, the faculty of thinking or feeling is awakened into action in the slightest degree, it is due to the presence of something, whatever that may be, independent of itself and in contact with its faculties. Hence every operation of the soul is inseparable from something not ourselves, and so far as this something exists it must be true, and so far as this something is true it must be good. It is impossible, therefore, for any one of the faculties of the soul to come into operation without the presence of something real, true, and good.

Even in the wildest and most extravagant productions of the imagination, the elements out of which these are formed are real and existing things. Take, for example, the centaur, a fabulous being, half-man and half-horse. Now, man exists, and so does the horse exist, but each separately, and what the imagination does is to join these two separate existences together into one. The imagination does not create things, but only recasts the already acquired knowledge of things into new combinations.

Three things are therefore necessary to every process of the soul, whatever may be its character: the soul itself with the consciousness of its acts, the object, and their contact with each other.

But the mere contact of these two factors would not necessarily produce action, unless there were in each something which is common to both of their natures. For only so far as things have something in common with man's nature are they to him intelligible and desirable, and exert an influence over him. Totally dissimilar things have no relation whatever with each other, are not cogitable, are unknowable and ever will be unknowable—*simile simili*

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cognoscitur. "Wherefore it must be clearly held that everything whatsoever that we know begets at the same time in us the knowledge of itself; for knowledge is brought forth from both, from the knower and the thing known."*

"Nothing hath got so farre
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest starre:
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Finde their acquaintance there."

It is, therefore, the object, or this something not ourselves, which determines the character of the operation of the soul. For the sight of the ocean, or of a bright, starry heaven, or of an assembly of human beings, gives birth to different thoughts or emotions in the soul. Why is this? We remained the same in viewing each, but the objects were changed, and these being of a different character, we were consequently differently affected. For it is the objects present to us which inform and shape our thoughts and sentiments, and not we them.

To sum up: Without, in the first instance, the presence of an object there can be no thought, no sentiment, no movement of the will, and every operation of the soul is determined by the character of its object; these are necessary truths of reason, and constitute the primal law, in every sphere of existences, of all action, all growth, all life.

Accordingly, then, the aspirations, or "nobler sentiments," of the soul could not have come into existence unless something real was present and connatural with the soul. Consequently the contents of what are called and appealed to by our distinguished author as the "nobler sentiments" are the indisputable witnesses of the intelligent and sensitive soul testifying to the presence of a reality which is above itself, and which gives birth in its very depths to an insatiable thirst after ampler knowledge, a desire for an unbounded happiness, and dreams of an unearthly and indescribable beauty. These "nobler sentiments," these "intuitions of common sense," which, as we see, clearly admit of analysis, are the dawning rays of that Divine Sun which have penetrated the soul, constitute the essence of all religion, and whose meridian splendor, if the windows of the soul are not shut against them, will imparadise it for ever in beatific bliss.

It is here, then, on this primary and irrefragable basis of reason, we take our stand, refute the errors of agnosticism, positivism, scientism, transcendentalism, and all the errors of the schools of modern subjective philosophy, and maintain on the terra firma of a sound metaphysical basis the great truths which underlie religion and society and all their great and grand institutions.

What we deeply regret is that a certain class of public champions of religion, of Christianity, seem not to be aware of the value and force of their weapons, and skirmish with a sort of timidity when they should join in battle with its enemies, and in the midst of the fight ask for a truce when there is a fair opportunity of giving a deadly home-thrust to error.

For example, when Strauss affirms that "to this extent Feuerbach was right: when he declares the origin of religion, nay, the essence of religion, to be a wish. Had man no wish he would have no God. What man would have liked to be, but was not, he made

* St Augustine, *De Trinitate*, b. ix. c. xii.

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his god; what he would like to have, but could not get for himself, his god was to get for him "—on reading such a passage we feel inclined to ask: Did it never occur to these German philosophers to inquire, But whence is this "wish"? Did it never cross the minds of these deep casuists to ask, Why does "man like to be what he is not"? And why does he "like to have what he cannot get for himself"? Who or what has put these things into man's head and heart? Surely such questions are the proper subjects for the students of mental philosophy.

Had Strauss or Feuerbach gone into these studies, and honestly investigated the origin of this "wish" and whence these "likings," and followed sound logic, they might have, and probably would have, reached the essence of all true religion. Yet these men professed to be philosophers, and wrote in their way much about religion; and why did they not accomplish this simple task? These problems are not so difficult. Let us endeavor to fill up this important gap.

What, then, is a wish? A wish is the consciousness of a capacity which is not filled and is therefore not satisfied. But there can be no consciousness where there is no act, and there can be no act where there is no object. A wish, consequently, is the product of something present to the soul which is not itself, be that something what it may.

Now, this fact is an all-important point gained, for it frees the mind at once from all pure subjectivism, the source of nearly all, if not all, the intellectual errors of the century.

For what we think or feel exists, not because we think or feel it, but it exists independently of our faculty of thinking or sentiment or of ourselves. The thing we think or feel existed before, and will exist after, we have thought or felt it, all the same. The subject and the object are two independent factors in every act or process of the soul. For the power to think, to feel, or to act creates of itself nothing; hence what does not exist is not thinkable. Pure subjectivism begins by excluding God, humanity, and nature, and attempts to fasten its thoughts exclusively on the thinker, affirming that the thinker is the only reality, when it owes the knowledge of the thinker to his relation with those very realities which it denies! It attempts the impossible and lands in the absurd. Hence the possibility of a wish with no objective element as an integral part of its composition is a contradiction to the law of all knowledge, is the extinction of all intelligence, and turns the universe into a huge lie.

Were we, then, to reverse the statement of Feuerbach, Strauss, *et id omne genus*, "Had man no wish he would have no God," and say, Were there no God man would have no wish, we would not only come nearer to the truth, but hit the truth precisely.

God exists, therefore I think God; this is a sound, correct, and an irrefutable statement of truth. I think God, therefore God exists; this is a *non-sequitur*. God does not, therefore, exist because I think him, but I therefore think God because he exists; this is the order of real thought and good logic.

The first makes my thinking God depend on the existence of God, the second makes God's existence depend on my thinking him! In

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the former statement all the faculties of the soul are placed in harmony with the dictates of reason, with the common instincts of men, with the voice of the entire human race, and in conformity with the reality of all things; the latter stultifies the faculties of the soul, contradicts the dictates of reason, repudiates our common instincts, and says of the reality of this universe:

"There is nothing, but all things seem,
And we see the shadows of the dream."

Kant was the first among the modern German thinkers to enter upon this dreary road, and his journey ended in scepticism. Fichte, his disciple, advanced further on the road and reached pure subjectivism. Hegel continued their course and reached the absurd, and with Feuerbach, Strauss, Schopenhauer, and Hartmann the road has ended in the slough of despair called Pessimism. The ancient "fool said in his heart, There is no God!" but in him error had not reached its ultimate evolution. In the modern fool the disease has reached his head and disturbed his brain, and in his delirium he exclaims: "Homo sibi deus"—"I am God!"

But here it may be said, You have shown that "the wish" is the product of something real, objective, and independent of the soul, but you have not shown what that something is?

True; and we now proceed to the second step in the analysis of "the wish" in the following manner:

This wish, we are told, consists in "what man would have liked to be, but was not," "what he would like to have, but could not get for himself." Now, as the object determines the character of the act of the soul, it follows that man's wish to be what he is not, and to have what he had not, and could not get for himself, must be awakened in the soul by the presence of an object greater and more excellent than himself, and more desirable than anything he has got. For no one is so devoid of common sense as to wish to be less than what he is, or to have less good than he has got. It is not possible in the nature of man so to wish or to desire. This wish, therefore, is an "inward impulsion" for an increased greatness, for a more perfect happiness, an "ideal excellence in all directions."

Now, what is this somewhat or something present to the soul, and not itself, which awakens in it the insatiable wish to be like it—that is, to be transformed into it; and in so being, possess, or rather be possessed by it, and in this way attain its highest perfection and supreme happiness?

Here let the light of reason speak, here let the common voice of the human race over the whole world be heard, and they join together with the language of sound philosophy, and unhesitatingly proclaim that this something present to the soul, independent and above them, this is no other than the living God! O vain sophists! it is God's blissful presence which has awakened in the soul the apprehension of his divine perfections, and it is these which have given birth to "the wish" and all its "nobler sentiments," and herein lies the true origin and essence of all religion!

God, then, who is at the bottom of "the wish," and its sire, is the origin and essence of all religion, and the apprehension and knowledge of God rests on the fast foundation

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of the essential law of our rational nature; and so long as man remains man, so long as he retains a rational element in his nature, so long will religion make its claims upon him, and its claims will be imperative.

This demonstration, of which we have given an inadequate outline, is the work of mental philosophy, and if it would accomplish its task it must fearlessly advance beyond its present stopping-place, and, with a stronger and deeper grasp of the first truths within its own province, grapple with the problems which now occupy the thoughts of serious-minded men, otherwise it will fail to meet the intellectual, religious, and moral needs of our age. We think we see, and see clearly, that the road is open for philosophy to accomplish its great mission in the simple fact that the analysis of any one of the primary operations of the soul contains in germ the complete refutation of one and all of the false theories of modern subjective philosophical speculations, especially those of Germany and France. In this simple analysis, so plain, so true, and so fruitful, will be found, if men could be led to seek it, the antidote to that poison of scepticism which has blighted the highest intellectual activity and smothered the noblest aspirations of the soul of the most gifted men of our century, and which has driven them to turn their genius to the anatomy of the hindmost bone of the hind-head of the carp, and to the serious study of prehistoric cockroaches. When it is understood, appreciated, and fully turned to account that no act of the soul is possible without an objective element which determines its character, then that reign of darkness, of unbelief, from which few active minds in our day have escaped, will be dispelled as the fog vanishes before the influence of the rising sun. Then, and perhaps not till then, will the way be opened for the divine light of Christianity to re-enter into the souls of men, and with its creative spirit restore the inward man to peace and joy and might, and through the instrumentality of man renew the whole face of the earth.

OLD IRISH CHURCHES.

PERIODS of transition have been generally the most interesting on record, presenting as they do those contrasts which give a sort of coloring or shading to events and form what may be termed the picturesque of history. Among the most notable of these transitions was that of old society from paganism to Christianity in various countries; and one of them has tempted us to offer a few observations on that subject, *apropos* of a book recently published by M. Gaston Boissier, and entitled *La Religion Romaine, d'Auguste aux Antonins*, though this author does not dwell much on the locality to which we would make special reference.

That locality is a part of Ireland, including those islets named the "Three Aras" (like the mother island herself, which always and most anciently bore the title of

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Aire or *Eire*), and situated at the entrance of what was once Lough Lurgan, and is now known as the Bay of Galway. These islets take the first shock of the Atlantic billows rolling in with the full force of the American winds.

> "Lonely they stand,
> Like some old Druid pillars, by the sea,
> Worn by the foam-flakes and the arrowy salts
> Blown blighting from the surge."

They were called Ara Mor (the great island), Inis Meadom (the middle island), and Inis Oirthir (the most easterly island), and have been for ages remarkable for the rude architecture, in the ancient style of pagan masonry, that lies along their weather-beaten cliffs, headlands, and sheltered nooks, in a scattered and broken condition. They who first thought of setting up their architecture in such places must certainly have been a people driven away and into the ocean by those who, in the early centuries of our era, felt the force of some strong influence bearing on them from the east; and the traditional records of that period assure us that they were pagans recoiling from the advance of Christianity. They were, in fact, those whom the Irish annalists and poets called the Firbolgs, who were beaten by the Tuatha de Danans in the battle of Moytura—a field on the isthmus between Lough Mask and Lough Corrib—and driven from the mainland of Connaught into the isles of the sea. Here they resided for ages, claiming kindred with the Firbolgs of other western islands off the coasts of Ireland and Scotland, making a savage livelihood after the manner of their piratical cousins, the Picts and Scots, and housing themselves, like other troglodytes, in *crannoges* and *aherlas*, for which they found plenty of material on that stony-hearted soil. They also built *cromlechs* and towers after the ancestral pagan fashion.

But the Firbolgs lived in a period of transition. The Christian missionaries were in the rest of Ireland, and in time found their way to the islets of Ara, where everything underwent what may be called "a sea-change." The monks or teachers—for *muinac* is the old Irish original of monk—dealt humanely with those pagans, imitated their simple style of building, and even turned the old *aherlas* into Christian churches, retaining the name *aherla*, and giving it, in time, the improved and poetical shape of *oriel*. They also seem to have adopted the old fashion of the round tower; and Petrie seems to argue very correctly when he maintains that many of those towers had an ecclesiastical origin in Ireland. In its first diffusion Christianity had respect to the traditions and customary reverences of the human race, guided in this by the sentiments of St. Paul, St. Gregory, and a number of others, who succeeded all the better in their mission for their tenderness towards their misguided fellow-beings. As regards the progress of Christianity in Ireland, no great change was ever brought about in a more gentle way. The Firbolgs seem to have been won by the gentleness of St. Patrick, St. Columba, St. Adamnan, and the rest, and never ill-used any of them. It must be said for the Irish that in all ages they have exhibited a very kindly and intellectual respect for those civilizing sister-agencies of religion and literature.

But to return to our islets. The great island of Ara, which is about nine miles long, with an average of

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about four in breadth, contains the ruins of fourteen temples and a mass of fragments which seem to be the remains of others. The walls of those rude edifices are without mortar—in the style of the old Asiatic *hoglas*, which in Greece were called *kyclop*, or *cyclop*—and their doors are very low, like those of the first Pelasgian and Egyptian fanes. The chief of these structures is called the Cell of St. Benan, on the highest part of the island. It is a relic of the fifth or sixth century, and quite a curiosity for its size, being only eleven feet long by seven broad, with but one window, in the east wall. The old stone roof is gone; and the *cloghan*, or house, of the priest that stood beside it is in ruins. Hard by is another stone structure called a *cashel*, and round it are a great many little stone huts in which the old monks had their lodging.

A little way from St. Benan's Cell is a fort built in Cromwell's time from the ruins of the round tower of St. Eney, and of seven little chapels that had stood about it. The stump of the tower is still visible. There is a little temple called Teglach Enda on the beach near the place; and this is called the *aherla* of St. Eney, long considered the most sacred spot in all the Ara group; for that saint brought with him, they said, a hundred monks from Rome and settled them at Killeany. The little village of Kilronan has also its ruins —those of Teampul Assurey and St. Kieran—together with the grave of the saint and a holy well. Hard by is the "Church of the Four Saints," one of whom was Fursey, founder of the French abbey of Lagny on the Marne; and at a little distance are the ruins of the *Teampul Mac Duach*, the best specimen of Christian architecture on the islet, being thirty-seven feet long by nineteen feet wide.

The record of these solitary ruins may seem trivial. But they have an authentic history, and that is vouched for by Dr. Malachias O'Kealy, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam in 1640, whose testimony is preserved in Colgan's *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, p. 714, as follows:

"The parish church (of the first island) commonly called Kill-Enda lies in the county of Galway and half-barony of Aran; and in it *St. Endeus*, or *Enna*, is venerated as patron on 21st of March. 2. The church called *Teglach-Enda*, to which is annexed a sepulchre of St. Endeus, with one hundred and twenty-seven other sepulchres wherein none but saints were ever buried. 3. The church called *Kill-Enda*, or the great church of Enda. 4. The church called *Teampul Mic Ceanon*. 5. The church called St. Mary. 6. The Teampul Benain. 7. The church of *Mainistir Connachtach*, or Connaught Monastery, on the ruins of which was built the chapel of St. Kieran. 8. The church called *Kill-na-manach—i.e.*, the Cell of the Monks. 9. The church called *Teampul Assurnuide*, a church held in especial veneration. 10. The church called *Teampul na ceathrair aluinn—i.e.*, Church of the Four Saints, Fursey, Brendan, Conall, and Berchan. 11. The *Teampul Mac Duach*, which is a beautiful church. 11. The handsome parochial church called *Teampul Breccain*, in which St. Breccain's feast is celebrated on the 22d of May. 13. Another church near St. Breccain's, called *Teampul a Fuill*."

So much for the church ruins on that largest of the three islets, Ara Mor. There are others of a secular and pagan sort, and very notable. On the western or weather side of the isle are the ruins of the Firbolg fortress Dun Angus, lying on the edge of a precipitous cliff over 300 feet above the sea. It has three enclosing walls, built of

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uncemented stones, and its enclosure is 150 feet long by 140 in breadth. It was once, no doubt, a strong defence against the piratical races of the stormy western isles. On that same western edge of Ara Mor stand the broken outlines of another formidable fort, called Dhu Cahir, occupying its own precipitous cliff, and shut in on the land side by a huge wall over 200 feet long and 16 feet thick; the surges presenting a terrible barrier on every other side. Within its enclosure are the ruins of a crowd of *clochans*, or huts, the quarters of the garrison, probably. On the northeast coast is another savage stone keep, Dun Onagh, three hundred feet in diameter. And there was yet another *arx*, Dun Oghil, a precipice on which now stands the well-known lighthouse of the islet.

Having traced the stony records of Ara Mor, we turn southward to Inis Meadom (middle island), and are first aware of the Fort of Conchovar, a grand oval structure, two hundred and thirty feet one way and one hundred and sixteen the other, within a massive wall twenty feet in height, and situated on a cliff above the ocean. In its neighborhood, and under its protection against the Picts of the Clyde or the corsairs of Armorica and Biscay, stood the church of St. Cananogh, an old cell with massive walls and a stone roof; and in the neighborhood may be seen the remains of two other churches, one named from the Virgin Mary and the other called *Seacht Micaire.*

On the third of this Aran group is visible, or traceable, a vast hold of the Firbolg times, within which was erected a strong mediæval fortress of the O'Brien chieftains, who had a sort of custom-house at the place, and obliged all vessels passing up to Lough Lurgan through the *bealac*, or strait, to pay toll. Near this place stands the *Teampul Chomain*, or the church of St. Kevin, a beautiful little relic of old times, presenting several architectural improvements of the twelfth century; and in the vicinity are visible the remains of the small church of St. Gobanat, a female saint of the first ages, still remembered in the calendar of the Celtic antiquarians, and perhaps in the Irish hamlets of Kerry and Galway. Her day is the 14th of February—that which we call St. Valentine's day.

After this brief pilgrimage through the islets of Galwegian Ara the reader may be rationally astonished by the number of churches and shrines once crowded within the narrow spaces of the three Aras. One would suppose a single church would be sufficient for each of those stony and savage-looking little skerries with their scanty population. And yet they were very probably more crowded than we are apt to fancy. Their land was sterile; but they had the water, and that was always a grand source of human aliment and civilization. The oldest races of the world—as in Switzerland—multiplied from their little villages fixed on piles above their lakes, and cities grew from such lacustrine beginnings. "Amsterdam was built up with herring-bones," according to the old Dutch proverb; and it is very certain that the oldest city on our own continent of America had a similar origin. The city of Mexico grew out of the *Pfahlbauten* of the Lake Tezcuco. The people of those Ara islets gathered their floating harvests from the waters, in the shape of "lings, cods, hawk-

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fish"—the enumeration is that of Roderic O'Flaherty, who in 1684 wrote a history of his native Jar-Connaught—"turbots, plaices, hadogs, whitings, gurnards, makerels, herrings, pilchards," and a corresponding variety of shell-fish of all sorts. The islanders would be in no great want of the means of living; and for the rest, their rude buildings were necessities of the times they lived in. The greater part of them had the character of *muinstreachs*, or schools, to which students and lovers of literature would come to escape the predatory disturbances of the tribes inhabiting the mainland of Ireland, especially after Christianity had given an additional protection to those venerated localities. Those little *oriels* of the saints were also colleges and oratories where the *muineachs*, or monks ("learners") pursued their studies for the purpose of becoming priests or poets—the two names having nearly the same signification in those remote ages of Ireland. It is also interesting to note that the students of those rude monasteries were also named *aolaide* ("men of science," scholars), and that this name was generally written *culdee* in later ages. The Irish culdees—professors alike of sacred and secular literature—were honored all over Europe as well as in the Celtic archipelago, and they seem to have been, if not the originators, at least the great lights and helpers, of the school which was termed "scholastic" in the middle ages. It will be remembered that Vergil belonged to that school or order of scientists—the man who in the eighth century anticipated the telluric and astronomic doctrine which subsequently made Kopernik of Thorn so celebrated. And it is not less interesting to note that the ancient Irish name of *aolaide*, or culdee, was reproduced in the middle ages to represent the various societies of craftsmen and men of trades which then existed in society—the *guilds*. These guilds were features of ancient society in Ireland, as they were, in fact, all over Europe. M. Boissier has devoted some of his space to such societies as they existed in Italy from the earliest times before the beginning of our era. It may be gathered from the old records of Rome that craftsmen of all sorts had their guilds or clubs for purposes of instruction, initiation, and mutual support. They had also their feast days, their repasts in common, and their "suppers," as they termed them, which were considered the grandest as well as the most genial features of their societies.

The early church history of the Celtic west presents a great many traces of that old fashion of the culdees, or guilds, giving a very curious interest—and perhaps something of a contemporary interest—to that immemorial theme of human thought and progress. People in general are under a mistake with respect to the records of the church, regarding them as rather dull and unattractive to the reader. But there is no necessity why they should be so. The early movements of the Christian teachers were blended with the movements and feelings of secular society, and are as much a part of history as the picturesque wars, emigrations, and the changeful turmoil of men that are usually so interesting to the general reader.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

ALARMISTS might readily imagine that the whole framework of European society is breaking up. There is neither peace on earth nor goodwill among men. There is an ostensible peace among the nations, and international jealousies are scarcely at such a fever-heat as they were a year ago, or perhaps at any given period within the present century. The chief reason of this is that the nations are fully occupied with their internal disorders and financial distress. From England, Germany, Italy, from all the nations with the exception of France, comes the same story of actual suffering among the laboring and industrial classes, and of a still gloomier outlook in the future. In England there has been one series of gigantic strikes throughout the year; yet bad as "business" has been there, it has been and is confessedly worse in Germany. England is still the financial centre of the world, and a country undoubtedly of vast wealth and resources; yet it has been compelled this winter to open public subscriptions for the relief and support of its poor in important manufacturing centres, such as Sheffield, while the docks in Liverpool were closed in consequence of strikes. On the continent of Europe the disease has stricken deeper, and the strifes there are not confined to workman and employer, but extend to rulers and ruled. The sense of respect for authority of any kind is daily diminishing among the people, and attempts on the lives of heads of states are becoming common occurrences. We do not here propose inquiring into the cause of this; we only notice the fact. The cause has been investigated often enough in this magazine. Those who are anxious to refresh their memories need go no farther than the *Syllabus*, in which the disorders that afflict modern society, government, and thought are clearly exposed. The "monarchs and statesmen" who, according to Lord Beaconsfield, govern Europe rejected the *Syllabus* and clung to the errors it condemned. Those who regard themselves as the leaders of modern thought followed the monarchs and statesmen. But the errors were there although they refused to see them, and the voice of the church is the voice of divine authority, even though modern thought refuses to accept it as such. Our Lord Jesus Christ, who founded the church to perpetuate and propagate his teachings and to be an infallible guide to men, said: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." If those words are true and real and living, monarchs and statesmen, as well as their subjects, must accept them in all their fulness, must accept his church, must model their lives on his, must rule their daily actions by his teachings. If he is true and the church is his voice, the solemn decisions of the church are inspired and sanctioned by him. But the rulers have rejected his church and rejected him. They are now reaping their reward. Whether we believe the church or not, the much-derided *Syllabus* pointed out the very germs of the poison that is now working so fiercely in the

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veins of human society and vitiating all that is noble and good in it. Even those who rejected the *Syllabus*, frightened at the evils that have since afflicted and now threaten mankind, are beginning to tacitly acknowledge its truth. The universal respect with which the first Encyclical Letter of our Holy Father, Leo XIII., was received by those for whom it was chiefly intended, and who are not of the fold, shows this. And what was that letter but an extension and amplification of some of the leading points of the *Syllabus?* Rulers strive in vain to strengthen their hands by bayonets and terror. Who provide them with the bayonets but the people? The people are growing weary of forging their own chains, and the rulers who refuse to recognize this fact will sooner or later experience a rude awakening. The rule of blood and iron cannot last for any length of time in days when monarchs are necessarily brought so very near their subjects, when everything is called in question, when monarchs and statesmen make it their business to deny divine authority save so far as it is embodied in their own persons, which after all are composed of common enough clay. A change of base must be effected. If men would rule at all they must rule by justice and equity—for the welfare of the people, not for their personal aggrandizement. They must strengthen their arms, not by cannon and terrorism, but by the love of their subjects, based on good deeds, a sense of public security, of personal liberty, and of such happiness as is afforded to honest men in this world. There is no power to guide men to right thinking and right doing like the church of God, which must be free to do its work among men. That which the rulers have so long regarded as their greatest enemy must be called in to resume its gentle and blessed sway, if they would turn aside the torrent of revolt against all that is right and good and sound which is now sweeping around the thrones and deluging the world.

The Russian government is at last beginning to feel the force of ideas that have long been fermenting in the body politic and social of its people. The ebullition is of the violent order that long repression is sure to engender. In no state to-day claiming to be civilized is the monarch so absolutely the head of the government as in Russia. He is, in fact, the government. There is no such thing as a Russian parliament; the Russian people has no sure and adequate representation in the government. The czar is the first, the middle, and the end of all affairs of state.

It is against this system that Russian intelligence and Russian ignorance alike have long revolted; for all alike feel the blind force of despotism. Such concessions as the reigning czar has made to the drift of the feelings of the age—the emancipation of the serfs, for instance—have affected neither the system nor the temper of his government. All the thought, all the intelligence, all the feeling of Europe and of the civilized world is opposed to the Russian system. No Russian can read a foreign book or newspaper of any kind whatever without feeling how terribly he is behind others in the sense of all that makes manhood: freedom of thought and of utterance; inviolability of the person; the strong sense that he is not a mere

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chattel in the hands of an irresponsible power. Other governments may, and sometimes do, invade these rights in one shape or another; but sooner or later they either recognize their mistake and retrace their steps or come to grief. But from the days of Peter the Great downwards Russia, while making great material and some intellectual advances, has, in its system and form of government, practically stood still—a Western power under an Eastern despotism. But the very fact of material and intellectual advance among the people necessitates a corresponding advance and yielding from absolute usages on the part of the government. The constant contact with other peoples, the constant influx of new ideas, generates the desire to be like them in what they have of great and of good. Unless the czar invented a purely Romanoff religion, worship, and literature, and brought his people to accept that as their gospel of life in this world and of hope hereafter, he could not expect to withstand the ever-increasing torrent of western ideas. An absolute ruler, of course, may be very good and very wise and a great lover of his people; and as long as he is that his subjects may submit, though they secretly chafe under his rule. But he will not live for ever; they cannot trust him always; and they cannot trust his successor. Subjects have rights, so many and so sacred that they cannot be entrusted to the will or the whim of a single person. Such is the bitter experience of all history. Men need many and great safeguards against the encroachments of rulers. These safeguards have been persistently refused in Russia, and it is for these that the terrible conspiracy now raging there is striking in an apparently blind, aimless, and desperate manner.

For years past it was known in a vague way that there were strange knots of men and women banded together secretly in Russia to accomplish men knew not what. As recently as a year ago the outside world knew little or nothing of the Nihilists. Suddenly a girl in broad day shot at a Russian official and missed him. She was brought to trial. She told a story of harrowing cruelty to political prisoners, of the hopelessness of any redress, and that the only means of bringing their wrongs before the world was the one she adopted—an attempt at assassination. Her guilt was undeniable, yet the jury acquitted her. The government immediately prohibited the trial by jury of such prisoners. The attempt of Vera Zassulitch was the beginning of a long and far more successful series of attacks on officials of all kinds. Though the prisons were filled to overflowing with suspected persons, the actual criminals in most cases escaped with an ease that was remarkable. The conspirators grew bolder, and issued their pamphlets and edicts in a constant shower and in the most high-handed manner. One official after another fell, and still the assassins escaped. Persons of every rank and of both sexes, in all departments of life and service, were arrested. Both police and army were suspected of being tainted. At last an attempt was made on the emperor's life by Sobolieff, an ex-schoolmaster, who who has since affirmed on oath that he was told off to kill the emperor, and that, though through dread of the threats hanging over him he shot at the czar, he purposely missed him. From the circumstances

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of the case the man's account would seem to be true; for nothing short of the direct intervention of Providence could under ordinary circumstances have saved the emperor's life. Since then Russia has been placed under military law, and no such thing as civil life in the ordinary sense exists there. The country offers a deplorable spectacle of terrorism from above and terrorism from below. The attempts of assassins can win no sympathy from men of honest feelings. But if the ukase of the emperor proclaiming military law be true, the wholesale measures adopted altogether exceed the requirements of the case. The ukase expressly states that the conspiracy is the work of a small but desperate band of men; and in consequence all Russia is placed in a state of siege, the life and liberty of every man and woman being placed at the absolute disposal of the military governors appointed over the various provinces, while the most odious and repulsive restrictions are set upon the conduct of daily life. The prisons are glutted, and Russia is practically converted into one vast prison. Life under present conditions is not worth living there. The Nihilists may be stamped out for the time being, but such a cure is not radical. They have done their work already. They have brought before the eyes of all the world the iniquitous system under which Russia is governed, and the general apathy of the people shows plainly enough to which side leans the sympathy of the masses. It is plain now that neither the war with Turkey nor the diplomatic issue at Berlin has increased the popularity of the czar or strengthened his government. To the wild and desperate appeals for reform he opposes a tyranny that cannot fail, in the eyes of outsiders, to nullify to a great degree the genuine sense of alarm and outrage at the attempt made on his life. Russia refuses to stand still any longer; to shed its blood and lavish its money in very costly enterprises for the relief of peoples and the erection of new states with constitutional safeguards and liberties to which Russia herself has for ever been a stranger; and the czar will find that Russia is greater than he.

The present government of France seems resolved on showing that names make little difference where the spirit is the same, and that a French republic can be every whit as intolerant and tyrannical as a Russian imperialism. Jules Ferry's educational bill is the most recent and startling instance in point. Its aim, however its author may strive to disguise it, is very plain and thoroughly understood by the general public. It purposes banishing Catholic teachers and Catholic teaching from the schools, *lycées*, colleges, and universities of France. All educational establishments are to be secularized. The privilege of granting degrees, which was conceded by the state in 1875, is to be withdrawn from the Catholic universities, five of which were founded since that date, and on the strength, of course, of the concession. For the rest, as the projected law is now framed, no member of a religious congregation is to be permitted to give instruction, either in public or private, unless the congregation of which he is a member be especially authorized to teach. This measure will, if carried through, at once disarrange the whole system of education in France, in which the Catholic congregations of va-

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rious kinds, male and female, play a very large and important part, and, as has been shown by every variety of test that can be applied, play it with the greatest credit to themselves, the very best results to their pupils, and to the advantage of the state. There is no question on this score. Official statistics, such as have been set forth in these columns, with regard to the congregational schools in Paris,* establish the superiority of the schools under Catholic control. Yet it is now proposed to remove this large body of educators, whose efficiency is proved and acknowledged, to either break up their establishments or transfer them to purely secular and state teachers, and to allow religion, Catholic or any other, to have no part at all in the education of French children. Evade, disclaim, explain away as he may, such is the object of Jules Ferry's bill, and the government is with him in the resolve to force it through. According to it the education of France is to be thoroughly irreligious by order of the government, and so irreligious that Catholic teachers are not even to have a chance of imparting religious instruction either in the schools or in private.

As the London *Times* tersely puts it, "this means war to the knife" between the state and the Catholic Church, and it is some satisfaction here to record that the expression of English public opinion, so far as we have had the opportunity of seeing it in the London *Times*, *Spectator*, *Saturday Review*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and other journals, is one of utter and unequivocal condemnation of so iniquitous a scheme. Their religious prejudices, strong as they are, are not of such strength as to cause these journals to lose their heads or deprive them of their native sound sense. They see very clearly that the monopolization of education by the state in a government which, though it has some Protestant members in its cabinet, is practically and avowedly infidel is an assault on the very foundations of Christian morality and consequently of sound government.

Zeal for "culture" and education in "the modern spirit" is Jules Ferry's ostensible plea for this vast projected change in the French system of education. In distributing the prizes of the provincial learned societies at the Sorbonne, April 19, he described the societies thus: "Non-political, as belonging to the party of free research, with which a republican government would always be on good terms, for scientific or literary progress promoted the education of the democracy. By culture alone were powerful democracies maintained."

The cant that these men use! "*Free* research!" French children and students are to be free henceforth in everything save to learn that there is a God above them, who created this world and set them in it, with certain duties to him and to each other, for this is the sum of religion; but in this particular department of necessary human knowledge research is not to be "free," "progress" is absolutely prohibited, and "culture" made a crime. This intelligent advocate of "free research" and "culture" went on to describe French democracy vaguely as "the accumulated sum of past culture, industry ordeals, and as bent on liberty

* See "The Proposed Expulsion of the Teaching Orders from the Public Schools of Paris," THE CATHOLIC WORLD, April, 1879.

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and national liberty. He distrusted the pretended liberty which sought to split French youth into two parts, which, though of the same race and origin, would have different ideas both on the past and the future of France, and, though speaking one language, would end by not understanding each other. He rejected this liberty as the precursor of servitude and despotism; consequently, despite clamor and insults, sophisms and petitions, the government would persist in reclaiming the rights of the state with regard to education. They would maintain the supremacy of the state; they did not aim at monopoly, but at control and guarantees, and they were confident of their eventual success; for in France there was always success when they relied on constant national tradition and on the aspirations of the modern spirit."

What the French democracy may be remains yet to be seen. Sounding phrases will affect it in nowise. We hope the democracy *is* "bent on liberty and national liberty." If so, it will speedily reject M. Ferry's bill. It is plain enough from his own words that M. Ferry is in love with liberty so long as it is on his side; but altogether against it when it favors those rascals, the Catholics. And there the matter stands at present.

Did M. Ferry complain that Catholic teaching was inadequate, and that government teaching was better, the question would rest on an altogether different ground. He would then have been relieved of the harsh resource of closing the Catholic schools. The question, however, on this point is decided against him beforehand. French parents, often without any special claim to piety, prefer to send their children to the congregational schools for the simple reason that they get there better care, training, and education. If the government schools were superior, the others would soon find themselves empty, and there would be no need of restrictive measures under the absurd claim of love of liberty and culture. The fact is the bill is utterly indefensible on whatever ground it is viewed. Competition is good and healthy; without it education is deprived of its constant spur. The state monopoly of education which M. Ferry disavows, but which is really the object of his bill, puts an end to all such competition.

The author of the bill, being hard pressed for its justification, searches about among old legal enactments for precedents. There are no lawful precedents for wrong acts. France has millions of Catholics, and they will have Catholic education. The French hierarchy, the clergy, the Catholic laity are uniting in petitioning the government to refuse its sanction to this bill. Judging by the present temper of the government, their petitions are likely to be unavailing. And what then? Is Catholic education to cease in France?

What then? Why, there will be nothing left then but for the Catholics of France to brave the government and open their schools and colleges in face of its outrageous mandate, as Lacordaire and his companions did in 1820. Men in all lands who have any respect for civil and religious liberty will support them. They have a noble opportunity. Let them seize it unhesitatingly. Let the government work its will, the world will soon see on which side is law, order, freedom, and morality. The

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shackling of education is impossible in these days. It may succeed for a time, but cannot last; least of all can it succeed in a land claiming to be free. We exhort our brethren in France to be brave; to open their schools in the eyes of day in every town in France; to teach in them with the orders, or persons devoted to that purpose by the wisdom, love of learning, and providence of the church in all ages. If closed by the government in one place, let them open in another, always boldly and unhesitatingly. It will cost something for the time being, but the moral sense and support of the world will be with them, and victory must be theirs. The burden of tyranny and oppression is all on one side in this contest for civil and religious liberty.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOUTH AMERICA, January 3, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

DEAR SIR: A friend in Natchez has just sent me the October and November numbers of your magazine. In reading the review on Mazzella's Treatise on Grace, No. 163, I resolved to write a few observations to you, even if they will reach you out of time, since I received the magazines quite late, and, besides, our mail facilities are quite scarce. The reviewer of Mazzella insinuates that the doctrine of his author "is only that which is most received and best established" even in questions which are open and free to admit of diverging opinions, since the author, after paying special regard to the system of the Thomists, follows the one of Molina, which is amply defended; and the admiration of the reviewer for the prudence of Mazzella when using his "strongest arguments" is unbounded. Now, I think it very questionable that Molinism is accepted more than Thomism; should it be so, it would be owing only to certain papers which *manufacture* public opinion so as to remain always with the best litigant. About 1860 I learned from Salzano's *Ecclesiastical History* that Thomism was preferable to Molinism; as I knew the man, I accepted his conclusion, but failed to study his reasons. Since, however, your reviewer is quite jubilant over the philosophy of Mazzella, because "philosophy is at the bottom of all theology, and right philosophical views are necessary for a coherent view in theology," I take courage in deprecating these unlimited praises of Molinism in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, because it has tried to follow (in my humble judgment) a better philosophic system than the one of Molinists.

A true Molinist will make an "honorable exception" to the scholastic axiom, *omne quod est in potentia non reducitur in actum nisi per id quod est actu;* yet it affects the highest logic of the writings of St. Thomas. On this principle and scholastic axiom the Thomists build their system. With this principle and their matter and form, causality and potentiality, cause and effect, first and second act, *actus compositus* and *divisus* (the *reduplicative*), that God is almighty, hence his causing should not be measured by the limited power man has of causing, etc., etc., they conclude that "God *moves* the will of man in a way corresponding to man's nature—viz., without impairing man's liberty." This conclusion is obscure, and the Thomists grant it; but did not Balmes wish for "more light" about space, time, extension? Or else do all know the essence of light or electricity? No Thomist will pretend to explain a mystery, but he tries to give only a coherent view in theology based on right philosophical ground; in this he succeeds better than any Molinist.

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The reviewer, to make more efficient his praises of Molinism, alludes to the encomiums lavished on Mazzella by the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and styles it "a periodical of unquestioned authority in these matters." Such a broad assertion is an unbecoming flattery! The Italian periodical, in its No. 681, gives a second review to Mazzella (which every one should have expected!), thus summed up at page 329: "We gave ourselves with an immense love to the study of the Thomistic philosophy, and more than twenty-five years ago we unfurled high its banner, courageously braving the aberrations of public opinion. It appears to us, then, that we have some right to be believed when we say that the more we studied the more we became convinced that *predet rmination* has nothing to do with St. Thomas." These lines would ill fit a Liberatore, who always *conversed otherwise;* they are impersonal, and one must deal with their meaning alone. It is true that the Jesuits have done a good deal for the scholastic philosophy—everlasting honor and glory be to them for this their good deed!—however, the secular clergy of Naples, headed by San Severino, should be allowed a fair share of the honors. But it is *not* true that predetermination has nothing to do with St. Thomas, since his philosophical principles lead to it, firstly; and, secondly, the system and the very word *predetermination* are to be found in *Quidlib.* xii. art. iv. vol. 9, page 621, column 2, Fianadori's edition, 1859. The authority of the *Civiltà Cattolica* is not quite so dogmatically unquestionable "in these matters," and the reviewer could and should have known that his broad "puff" to it might be found *aliunde* a servile flattery. While we are at the whimsical question of names, I remember that in the spring of 1862 a quite young Dominican priest in Rome showed to Liberatore, in a pamphlet of three hundred pages, that his, Liberatore's, solution of a great metaphysical problem "was wanting in truth and opposed to St. Thomas." Here was no question of words. But Liberatore knew better than open a fight on philosophical ground with scholastic principles; he answered not. Secchi, however, came to the rescue, forcing a side show to get people to laugh at the pretentious young priest, who "about Molinism had used all the old arguments of the school." The young Dominican, though taken at a disadvantage by Secchi, showed "game"; he had to acknowledge Secchi's superiority about meteorology, the sun-spots, the deviation of the pendulum, the variation of the needle, etc., etc., but, coming to principles, he handled Secchi rather roughly, and threw him into Cartesianism head foremost, and the main question remained where it was. In 1876 Zigliara published by the types of Propaganda a *Summa Philosophica*. In its third vol., page 393, Liberatore's argument is again honored with *nego suppositum* and the exposition of the supposition; but Liberatore speaks not.

My question with you is not what system you should have, much less I wish you to enlighten public opinion if your interest compel you to echo it, but only to remonstrate with you for the injured interests of our students; the unlimited partiality for a system in your influential pages is dangerous to them. *Addiscentem oportet credere;* authority goes a good way with students.

Should you find herein aught offensive, please ascribe it to my ignorance alone, because we Catholics in these parts feel a kind of "family pride" in the press over which you preside. Nor do I intend to belittle the Jesuits' school, whereat I am proud to have got a B.D., and to them personally, as to other teachers, I owe gratitude; only I thought that you had lost sight of the "Americans love fair play," and therefore wrote to you accordingly.

With most cordial best wishes, and compliments of the season, I remain,

Your obedient servant,

NICHOLAS MIALEZ.

We publish the piquant letter of our South American friend at the earliest date after its reception which we have found convenient. We assure the writer that we are not offended at his freedom of expression. We are, moreover, naturally quite flattered at discovering how much interest is taken in our humble efforts at so great a distance. We will not attempt a discussion with our learned friend on the merits of the question of

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physical premotion. Those who have had the direction of THE CATHOLIC WORLD have given a preference to Molinism because it so happens that they personally hold it to be more probable than any other theory. They are, however, not quite so exclusive as the writer of the letter supposes. The text-book used in the Paulist seminary is not Molinistic in its treatment of the doctrine of grace, but decidedly of another tone. Bonal is the author who is first put into the hands of the Paulist students by their dogmatic professor, and one of the authors whom he prefers and recommends to his pupils is Billuart. If our friend reads regularly THE CATHOLIC WORLD he will also perceive that it has admitted to its columns a series of essays now in course of publication which are written in the contrary sense to Molinism. It is our opinion that Molinism is really the system which is by far the most commonly held among the clergy of the United States, Great Britain, France, and other countries where the English and French languages are spoken. We will not assert positively the same of Italy, Germany, and Spain, though we believe it may be said with truth, in a general sense, that the adherents of the older Dominican school are everywhere in the minority, although we acknowledge that this minority is most respectable and includes a number of men distinguished as philosophers and theologians.

As for the authority of the *Civiltà Cattolica* or any other periodical, it is of course perfectly well understood in *North* America that it is not a dogmatic authority, but a moral weight and influence, arising from the learning and the power of reason manifested by the writers in the same, to which any of these lay claim, or which is accorded to them by persons who have a good share of common sense.

The merits of San Severino and other eminent writers of the Neapolitan clergy and laity are frequently recognized and lauded by the *Civiltà*, and by Father Liberatore himself, who is one of the most courteous of writers, toward adversaries as well as friends, and, we suspect, was rather moved by compassion than fear when he chose to leave the young friend of our correspondent unmolested in the enjoyment of his innocent pastime of "pitching Father Secchi into the middle of Cartesianism." Let our friend make his mind easy about our theological students. They are quite as much disposed to form their own opinions as he could wish, and if they are disciples of Liberatore in philosophy and Mazzella in theology, it is because these eminent writers have a certain art of convincing the mind by their reasoning on the most important questions, though in some others of minor consequence they may come short, which is not always found in writers on philosophical or theological topics. We conclude by wishing our reverend friend a happy Easter in return for his happy New Year, though it may be as long after Easter when he receives our greeting as it was after New Year's when his own reached our hyperborean region.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

COUNTER-POINTS IN CANON LAW: a Reply to the Pamphlet *Points in Canon Law* and to the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* of October, 1878. By Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D. Newark: J. J. O'Connor & Co. 1879.

Dr. Smith deserves a great deal of credit for this reply to the criticisms made upon him. We may say that it has really been a piece of good fortune for him to be attacked; for it has given him an opportunity to show not only a knowledge of the subjects to which he has devoted himself that could not otherwise have been displayed, but also a singular degree of good temper under very considerable provocation. To answer calmly and charitably a pamphlet written in the style of that which opened this controversy shows him to be possessed of a rare degree of self-control.

We expected great ability to be shown in the defence which it was announced that Dr. Smith would make; but we must confess we did not expect that he would be so successful as he has been in maintaining his positions.

On the first point—namely, the form of confirmation of the Baltimore decrees—Dr. Smith makes out a specially strong case, strengthened, of course, by the necessity, in itself sufficiently obvious, but proved by him on excellent authority (p. 19), resting on his adversaries, of taking the burden of proof on themselves. To put it on him would be as unfair as to accuse him of a factious spirit, or even of acting like one having such a spirit, in refusing to accept an obligation not clearly established. It must be remembered throughout that Dr. Smith is not writing a spiritual book; he is treating of questions of positive law, which must be treated according to strict legal principles. Minimizing in such things is no indication whatever of a spirit of disobedience, as is sufficiently evident from the example of the saints themselves. It would be equally unfair, and also something of an imputation on the wisdom of the church, to make it seem as though a confirmation *in forma communi* was of no use, and that Dr. Smith, by taking that view of the confirmation actually given, was depriving the council of all practical value.

On the question of the "*jura stolæ*," on which he has also given very strong and convincing arguments, a remark similar to that above may well be made. The question is here simply, not what the practical conduct should be of a priest who wishes to conform to the spirit of the Gospel, but what is actually the law of God and of the church on the subject. It seems to consist properly of two. The first is, whether a priest can be condemned as guilty of simony who should demand, after the performance of an ecclesiastical function, the stipend which law or laudable custom has assigned to it. It does not need to be proved that such a demand might in many, or even in the great majority of, cases savor of avarice or give scandal; it may often be inexpedient, and even sinful, all things being considered, to claim one's just rights; the question is whether the "*jus stolæ*" be really a "*jus*" or strict right, and how far that right extends. If it be an obligation *per modum stipendii*, duly placed on the consciences of the people, it is evidently a right on the part of the priest. And if it be a right, it is evidently not simoniacal, or in any way *per se* sinful, to ask for it. The second question is whether the proper authorities, to whom the execution of the law of the church has been committed, can compel by external penalties the giving of this right. It seems perfectly plain that they do not act *illegitimately* in doing so; it is almost equally plain that cases may arise in which it will be no sin of any kind on their part, and in fact that it may sometimes even be required by the duties of their office.

With regard to the question of the publication of the decree "*Tametsi*," and the consequent establishment of the impediment of clandestinity in this country, we have already, in a preceding notice, sufficiently expressed our views in opposition to the sweeping statements of the original Pamphlet. We have nothing to add to Dr. Smith's able refutation of its

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assertions—assertions that may, without violating charity, be considered sensational rather than sound, and to rest in their most important part on an interpretation of a document which may be admitted as theoretically a probable one, but practically otherwise, being insufficient to establish any obligation in the face of probable opinions to the contrary, to say nothing of custom not condemned by the church. But it would be evidently unfair to accuse the author of the *Elements*, either in the first volume of his work, as he himself remarks, or in his present answer, of insufficient treatment of a subject on which he has not as yet properly entered; as much so as to find fault with him for not incorporating all the diocesan laws of the United States into his treatise, as the Pamphlet seems to consider him bound to do in its remarks on Paschal Communion.

In no part of the present reply of Dr. Smith is his learning and accuracy of thought more conspicuous than in his chapter on the "Irremovability of Parish Priests." The question is here precisely whether a parish priest canonically constituted is by the general law of the church removable *ad nutum*, or in perpetual possession, subject only to dismissal for grave causes "in jure expressas." That there are parish priests, even in great numbers, who are removable, does not prove that removability is now the law of the church, any more than the fact that the abstinence on Saturday is now a thing almost of the past shows that it is not even now the general law of the church, in the strict and technical sense. Whether the authorities and arguments brought forward on the side of irremovability are conclusive or not is a question which is, of course, open to discussion; but one thing seems certain, that if it can be proved that at any time whatever it has been the law of the church, it must still be considered to be so, unless changed by positive enactment proceeding from the Head of the church, or by general custom tacitly sanctioned by him under the proper conditions. The allowing of removability in one country or another proves nothing, unless it can be shown that the allowance was made as an interpretation of the law, not as a dispensation or relaxation from it, which last Dr. Smith very clearly shows to have been the case in the reply of Pope Gregory XVI. in 1845.

With regard to the question of the removability of our own pastors, though it has, of course, taken an entirely new shape since the instruction of last year was received from the Propaganda, it is still an important one for Dr. Smith's justification. He shows that pastors who are removable *ad nutum* cannot, according to good authorities, be removed in certain cases without cause, and that these cases may be shown to exist and the removal declared invalid by the legitimate superior, though meanwhile the removal must, for the sake of discipline, be practically considered as valid.

So far his position seems to us unexceptionable. But he goes further, if we mistake not, and considers it at least probable that all kinds of delegated jurisdiction are subject to the same declaration of invalidity in their removal without cause. It is of jurisdiction in the Sacrament of Penance that he specially speaks, and here, it seems to us, his argument is wanting in its usual conclusiveness. For he adduces the opinion of Coninck, Suarez, and others quoted by St. Alphonsus, and considered probable by others, and apparently by St. Alphonsus himself, to the effect that *approbation* cannot be always validly withdrawn without cause, and extends the same to delegated jurisdiction, on the ground that the two are necessarily united for practical purposes. But this is a theoretical question, not a practical one; and it does not follow that jurisdiction cannot be withdrawn because the approbation would be useless without it, for that might well remain, inoperative, it is true, but really existing, and not requiring to be renewed when jurisdiction was again given. So the withdrawal of jurisdiction without cause would not be contrary to the opinion of the theologians named. In fact, a similar case to this exists in the withdrawal of episcopal approbation from some regular confessor, his jurisdiction, even outside of his order, remaining meanwhile untouched and not needing to be renewed with the approbation, though in the meantime it is practically inoperative as regards the people.

It seems to us that the argument could only be made *a pari*; but there is certainly a greater reason against the withdrawal of approbation than that of juris-

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diction without any cause furnished by the subject; for approbation is an act of judgment on his qualities, whereas jurisdiction, especially if it be merely local, may well be conferred on him or taken away for reasons not concerning him at all. A subordinate has a real right to approbation as long as he continues worthy of it, but not necessarily to jurisdiction, at least as it seems to us.

This is really the only criticism which we have to make on Dr. Smith's reply. We regard his views on the "*Imprimatur*" as tenable, though perhaps here he may seem to carry principles of interpretation rather to an extreme. But here again it is a question, not of what course he would recommend to others, or himself observe, but of what the real state of the law must be considered to be, and of how far a strict obligation can really be laid on the conscience. The church has in matters like this, especially where censures were involved, given all the liberty possible; and it is the true province of a writer on canon law to make all possible examinations of the text of any law seeming to have a wide bearing, to see if it will not admit of a more benignant interpretation. Here is certainly an opportunity for him to be guided by the spirit of the Gospel, in not laying on men's shoulders burdens heavier than they can, or at any rate will, bear.

In conclusion, we heartily congratulate Dr. Smith on his triumphant vindication of himself, and think that the controversy into which he has been drawn will serve still further to increase his deserved reputation as a canonist, promote the sale of his work, and attract interest to that portion of it yet to come.

THEOLOGIÆ DOGMATICÆ COMPENDIUM. H. Hurter, S.J. Second edition. Innspruck, 1878. New York: Pustet.

On the first appearance of Father Hurter's *Compendium*, in 1876, *La Revue des Sciences Ecclésiastiques* praised it in the following terms: "We do not hesitate to express the conviction that this work is a very great improvement upon the ordinary text-books. It is, indeed, a compendium, but it is a complete one, including everything essential, and meeting satisfactorily all that we need to have in a compendium. The author has displayed a remarkable precision of expression and philosophical depth, together with a secure exposition of doctrine, and a general intellectual culture which is only too often wanting in the compilers of our theological school-books. He is no mere theologian, but a scholar in the strictest sense of the word, and this quality is nowadays more indispensable than it has ever been in a theological writer. We regard this work as supplying a need that several other authors have attempted to satisfy, but have failed of success in their effort: the need of a dogmatic course for beginners and more advanced students, easy to be grasped and yet truly scientific, holding firmly, on the one hand, to tradition, and on the other making suitably available the results and new discoveries of the sciences, a product of really scientific labors of such a kind as not to frighten away our young people from scientific research."

We can endorse this most favorable judgment without much reservation. Among the noteworthy excellencies of its particular parts, we would designate especially the clear exposition of the natural and supernatural orders, of original sin, and of the distinction between the submission due to that authority of the church which is infallible, and that doctrinal authority in the church which is legitimate though not sanctioned by a guarantee of absolute infallibility. We are particularly pleased, moreover, that the author has withheld his approbation from the obsolete and scientifically untenable theory, which we are always sorry to see advocated by any learned theologian, that the universe was created outright, a few thousand years ago, in six days of twenty-four hours' duration. Exegetically, we do not think there are any conclusive reasons for this interpretation, there is no decisive reason for it from authority, and we regard adhesion to it as placing a great and most unnecessary obstacle in the way of a rational defence of the inspired truth and divine authority of the Holy Scriptures. In the exposition of that most difficult topic, the formal object of faith in its relation with the rational motives of credibility, we think that the author has been too succinct and incomplete, although he has given his own opinion clearly and distinctly enough to satisfy those who have not paid attention to the reasons which militate against it and in favor of the opinion of Suarez and Father Mazzella. We abstain from any minute

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criticism of Father Hurter's *Theology*, and content ourselves with a general expression of our opinion, that for advanced students, and for the use of the clergy, it is the best and most satisfactory compendium which we have had the opportunity of examining. Of course it does not compete with works of the order of Cardinal Franzelin's *Treatises* and the Woodstock *Curse*. It is primarily intended as a text-book, and is therefore intentionally compendious. Text-books must be judged, not only by a standard of value which measures their relative excellence as succinct and complete compendiums of systematic theology, but also by their aptitude to the minds of students and the practical use of the class-room. In this regard we consider the older manuals prepared before the Council of the Vatican as no longer available, whatever their intrinsic merits may be. It seems to us quite unreasonable to continue the use of Liebermann, Bouvier, or even Perrone or Kenrick, if we can have a perfectly satisfactory substitute for any one of these or similar manuals, prepared since the definitions of the last council were promulgated. In a comparison of class-books for practical use, we put aside, therefore, all consideration of any as eligible, except those which are recent. In this view Hurter and Bonal are, to our thinking, the two principal competitors for the palm.

For Germany, very likely Hurter may be the best extant text-book. We are inclined to think that for general use in seminaries Bonal is, in some respects, preferable. For the most capable students, each one of these distinguished authors supplements the other in such a way, that the two together would furnish an elementary system of dogmatic theology, on which the most complete and solid foundation would be laid for more extensive study at a future period. Bonal is easier, shorter, simpler than Hurter. There is a less copious erudition displayed in his pages. Yet, he has an uncommon art of going to the depths of a topic, gathering the essence and succulence of patristic, scholastic, and Scriptural doctrine, getting at the intrinsic reasons of things, and presenting the result with that brevity, comprehensiveness, and distinctness of language which is best adapted to the intelligence of beginners. There is more work left for the professor, in expanding and supplementing the simple and elementary thesis presented by the author, but if the professor is competent, his pupils will better understand his *vivâ voce* explanations than those which are found in the pages of a book. If any one wishes to apply an easy test to the correctness of our statement, let him examine Bonal's treatise *de SSmâ Trinitate*.

Unless new competitors of equal or superior merit appear in the field, we venture to predict that both Hurter and Bonal will obtain a wide popularity like that enjoyed for so long by the illustrious Perrone in dogma, and Gury in morals. We venture to recommend to all those whose duty it is to determine what text-books shall be used in the seminaries of the United States, to examine these two. In conclusion, we beg of Mr. Pustet to abrogate the vexatious European custom of putting a paper night-gown on his books, and to give them a decent suit of binding. Hurter's *Theology* is admirably printed, but our copy is tumbling to pieces already, and we must have the trouble of sending it to the binder. It will doubtless be much more inconvenient to the students who may have to purchase the work, and to priests living in the country, to get their volumes bound before they can use them, than it is for us. Besides, it costs each one more to pay for binding a book than the additional price would be which a publisher could reasonably demand for a bound book. By all means let us have bound copies of books that are worth binding, especially when they are sent to an editor for notice.

SONGS AND SONNETS. By Maurice F. Egan.

It is impossible to read any of Mr. Egan's verses, a few of which are here reproduced for private circulation, without feeling at once that he has the true poetic tone and touch. There is a rare grace and tenderness in all he does, and a classic sweetness that reminds one of Keats. He is unequal, however, and that is the very best sign in a young poet, or writer of any kind. The man who attains to a fixed level and runs in a steady groove, never moving higher or falling lower, or stepping for a moment out of his beaten track, even if it be to

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make a mistake, is not likely to be spurred into great things. Mr. Egan is very fond of Theocritus, so we give his sonnet to that poet:

"Daphnis is mute, and hidden nymphs complain,
And mourning mingles with their fountains' song;
Shepherds contend no more, as all day long
They watch their sheep on the wide cypress-plain;
The master-voice is silent, songs are vain;
Blithe Pan is dead, and tales of ancient wrong,
Done by the gods when gods and men were strong,
Chanted to waxèd pipes, no prize can gain:
O sweetest singer of the olden days,
In dusty books your idyls rare seem dead;
The gods are gone, but poets never die;
Though men may turn their ears to newer lays,
Sicilian nightingales enrapturèd
Caught all your songs, and nightly thrill the sky."

And here is a sweet extract from the "Song of Cyclops to Galatea," a paraphrase from Theocritus:

"Last night I dreamed that I, a monster finned,
Swam in the sea and saw you singing there;
I gave you lilies, and refreshing wind,
Laden with odors of all flowers rare;
I gave you apples, as I kissed your hand,
And reddest poppies from my richest land.

"Oh! brave the restless billows of your world:
They toss and tremble; see my cypress-grove,
And bending laurels, and the tendrils curled
Of honeyed grapes, and a fresh running trove
In vine-crowned Ætna, of pure running rills!
O Galatea, kill the scorn that kills!"

We hope, however, that Mr. Egan will soon desert Theocritus for higher company, nor linger too long among the "waxen lilacs," and "tall reeds," and "maidenhair," and "fauns and dryads," and "lowly dandelions," and "clover and cowslip-cups," and "carmine peaches" of which he is very fond. There are men and women in the world worthy of a song. Souls are better than daisies and all the adornments of the idyllic property-shop. The spirit of paganism and mere nature-worship is apt to creep into young blood and deaden it to higher impulses. Surely the fierce days we live in ought to draw to themselves the poets' fire; yet many with gifts of great promise turn aside from to-day and waste themselves in out-of-the-way nooks, seeking for Mr. Matthew Arnold's "sweetness and light," which is only another name for a milk-and-water moral and mental regimen. Setting out to be discoverers, or builders, or architects of something, they fall early into bad company, and, if they do not sink in the mire, rise to the height of bric-à-brac and stay there. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, whose volume, *The Poet and his Master*, was recently noticed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, is one of the younger poets whose verses give promise of high things, if he only find them and pursue them. Mr. Egan is another. But if he would rise he must shed his Theocritan shell as speedily as possible.

FAITH AND RATIONALISM. With Short Supplementary Essays on Related Topics. By George P. Fisher, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College. New York: Scribner. 1879.

This is a quite small and unpretending volume, which grew out of a lecture that Dr. Fisher delivered at Princeton. It has more thought in it than some very bulky works, and the author makes a number of good points. In the outset the author describes himself as "one who can claim to represent no party or school in theology, but who feels himself drawn with an increasing conviction to the catholic truth which has been the life of Christian piety in all ages of the church." Accordingly he quotes from or refers to St. Augustine, St. Bonaventura, Hugh of St. Victor, Cardinal Newman, as well as from Luther, Bacon, Butler, and Schleiermacher. One of the leading ideas which he presents, and which he has before now most ably vindicated, is the historical basis of religion, and the evidence of the truth of Christianity which its very existence presents.

Another line of thought leads into the consideration of the grounds of firm conviction and belief of the great and high truths of natural and revealed religion which are contained in implicit reason, and of the relation of the will, moral dispositions, sentiments, and states of the affective nature to the intellect and their influence upon its apprehensions and judgments. It is just here that the question lies of the reasonableness and certitude of assent to matters which have not been and often cannot be the object of thorough study and scientific knowledge, as in the case of the simple and unlearned. This is an intricate and most interesting subject. Dr. Fisher is in very close agreement with Cardinal Newman in his way of viewing it, and acknowledges his obligations to him in the most frank and generous manner: "By the various writings of this author,

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on the foundations of religion, I have been stimulated and instructed in ways that do not always admit of specific acknowledgment" (p. 31). This is a new illustration of the extent and magnetic force of Newman's influence on the mind of the present generation. We have often tried to discover the secret of it, and we think we have found it in the *Grammar of Assent*. It lies in the vivid apprehension of a great many implicit thoughts and sentiments which are working in a multitude of minds, together with a remarkable power of giving them explicit form in a charming style. There is a religious, a Christian, a Catholic movement in the century, as well as an opposite movement. Among the thinking, reading class of the English-speaking world, Newman is the leader of the religious movement, because he interprets to them their thoughts in their own mother-tongue. He deals largely in history and facts of experience, and he gives an explanation of their sense, their meaning, their relation to God's providence and man's salvation, from principles of faith and in harmony with sound reason and the dictates of the unperverted natural conscience. The current of Dr. Fisher's thoughts, in the present little volume, runs generally in the same direction. It is to be hoped that the religious current, which is deeper, swifter, and wider than the sceptical, materialistic, atheistical current, will in the coming age absorb and overmaster all opposing influences and obstacles, and turn all the powers of real knowledge and genuine science into their legitimate direction to serve Christianity. The greater number of the tolerably well-disposed people are tired of individualism and of theories hatched by restless, ambitious innovators. They wish to fall back on the common, universal beliefs of the human race, and on the universal beliefs of Christendom. Even the *Index* and Mr. Frothingham confess that individualism and the exclusive use of private judgment have failed, and that common, unifying principles only are organic and constructive and controlling. Mr. Frothingham has dismissed his congregation and gone to Europe to prepare for constructing a new church, with a new faith, for a positive renovation of mankind, on his return. Unless he should succeed better than we anticipate he will, or something far superior to the religion of Christ be established by a "consensus of the competent," we shall adhere to our belief in Jesus Christ and the church he founded, and continue to regard the unchangeable religion which is coeval with the beginning of the world as the one destined to last until the end of the same. We are happy to find that Dr. Fisher is of the same mind, and we trust he may continue to discover and make known more and more of the real nature and divine truth of historical Christianity as the regenerating power for the present and the future as well as the past ages of the world. This is a road which leads to certainty and agreement among those who hold the same first principles of natural and revealed theology, all summed up in the belief of the real divinity and humanity of the One who called himself the *Principium qui et loquor vobis. Opinionum enim commenta delet dies; naturæ judicia confirmat.*

THREE CATHOLIC REFORMERS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. By Mary H. Allies. London: Burns & Oates. 1878. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

It is by just such books as this that "Rome's recruits" in England have been won to the fold. The *Oratorian Lives of the Saints* made a profound impression upon the English mind by their revelation of a saintship so much in accord with the proverbial common sense of the people that the deepest effects of divine grace appeared, as they indeed are, the very flowering of our human nature. The rigid sanctimoniousness of the Puritan, and that pietistic effeminacy which Goethe sketches so masterly (*Die Schöne Seele*), have been the only ideals of holiness held up to Protestantism. The burst of splendid heroism in the knightly saints of Spain, so beautifully drawn out in this book; the contemplative life, which shelters under its loving wing so many holy and learned men; the passionate love of the poor which warms even this age of "gold"; the profound self-forgetfulness and abasement which made Napoleon I. say of Pius VII., "Bah! this is the first gentleman of Europe; he thinks not of himself"; and that supreme *caritas*, a word the fulness of whose meaning only the saints know, are sympathetically described by one who bears the honored name of him who has traced the *Formation of Christendom*.

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The general theme of the book, whose unity of idea is admirably kept, is that the church is ever able to reform her children, provided they maintain the oneness of the faith. The student of history knows, for example, that the fifteenth century was signally afflicted with the disputes of anti-popes; the laxity which the spread of Hussism fostered in Northern Europe making still broader the road for the Reformation and the incursions of the Turks. Gibbon and Sismondi have ascribed to the Papacy the deliverance of modern society from these several pests. But they never thought that there stands at every pope's side a *saint*, an angel clothed in human flesh, who, in the rough garb of a poor old begging friar, or the finished toilet of a "first gentleman of Europe," is marvellously filled with the gifts of the Holy Ghost.

St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Bernardine of Siena, and St. John Capistran would of themselves have redeemed a century of centuries. What the author says of St. Vincent's day applies strikingly to our own:

"He lived in times of strong passions, *which had acted somewhat like a heresy in blinding the minds of men* to the truth. His weapons were therefore twofold: there was the vocation to combat the passions, and the human learning as the natural arm against ignorance."

St. Vincent Ferrer was, by excellence, the greatest orator of the middle ages, and he was so precisely because he did not know it. St. Bernard (*in vita S. Malachi*) gives the oratorical palm to St. Malachy, although Bernard himself roused all Europe to the most difficult of the Crusades. What we have of the writings of the *Doctor Mellifluus* indicates the supreme realization of that "sweetness and light" for which Matthew Arnold and John Ruskin are seeking and imploring in modern literature. Ranzano has a few of St. Vincent's sermons (evidently badly reported, as an editor would say), and they strike one as rather poor and commonplace, until one begins to realize that the man who cried out, "My beloved ones," would have gladly died for one soul; and that "O God!" meant to him a union with Jesus which, we fondly hope, is reserved for us when the Beatific Vision dawns upon our sight.

The best characterization of the church is St. Augustine's, "Ever ancient, ever new"; for the church, according to St. Paul, is the Body of Christ, her Love and Beauty, of which Augustine wrote those immortal words. It is gratifying to observe how unerringly Miss Allies applies this great thought to the treatment of the saints, who reappear in the firmament of the church like stars whose light is never quenched, though the time of their conjunctures with the Sun may be deferred for ages. We cannot close this notice without a tribute to the classic elegance of the style, which is a refreshment in itself.

GRANTS OF LAND AND GIFTS OF MONEY TO CATHOLIC AND NON-CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS IN NEW YORK COMPARED. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1879.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has here reproduced in pamphlet form the two articles on the charitable institutions of New York and the donations to them in land and money which appeared in the April and May numbers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. They form a complete and absolute refutation of all the calumnies that have ever appeared or ever could appear concerning the Catholic charitable institutions of New York. The Protestant press and pulpit and platform are for ever ringing the changes on these wicked calumnies and outrageous charges, and are not likely to abandon their favorite amusement for many years to come. It is very important, therefore, that the truth, as here quietly and fully stated, should be made known and spread abroad over the country. Catholics should have this matter at their fingers' ends. This cheap little pamphlet will for all future time be an effectual extinguisher on any eloquent gentleman who, like the unfortunate Mr. Clarence Cook in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is foolish enough to bring forward charges of this nature without first ascertaining whether they are true, and, secondly, whether in bringing them forward he is really not digging a pit for himself. Over and above this, the pamphlet forms a condensed and complete history of the charities of New York, and is thus of use and interest to all sorts of readers.

ERRATUM.—In the note preliminary to the canto from Dante's "Purgatorio," in the present number, for *Sir* Frederick Pollock read *Baron* Pollock, and for Mr. Haselfoot read Mr. Haselfoot.

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LITERARY BULLETIN.

THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY CO. have just issued an important pamphlet containing the two articles "On Public Charities" which appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The title of the pamphlet is: **Grants of Land and Gifts of Money to Catholic and non-Catholic Institutions in New York compared: Which Church does the State and City Support?** This places these valuable articles in a shape in which they can be distributed by the thousand at a very small outlay. THE PRICE FOR 100 COPIES IS ONLY $6. The editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, who, by the way, was the first to order a large number of copies, thus notices this pamphlet in his paper:

"Two very remarkable articles have appeared, one in the April, the second in the May, numbers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, monthly magazine of this city. They are the results of a great deal of labor and of necessary expense in getting records from a multitude of books in the public departments of the city. The hand of an expert is shown in gathering the materials; and the form in which they are presented exhibits a very high order of journalistic talent. In the forty pages there is not a half-ounce of rhetoric. The exact narration of ascertained and undeniable *facts* is set forth in order, and with the coolest and clearest precision.

"Were there the same kind of public spirit in regard to the propagation and defence of their church among Catholics that exists among our Puritan neighbors in propagating their errors, many thousands of copies extra, of these two numbers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, would have been bought by well-to-do Catholics, and distributed broadcast for the sake of these two articles. In that way publishers of periodicals would be *encouraged* to make larger outlays for special objects, with the feeling that their exertions were appreciated. We know too well that this need not be looked for. No matter how important are documents continually published by us, and not without considerable extra expense—documents that *ought* to be distributed on every hand—it is much if a hundred or so extra copies of the *Freeman* are bought for distribution to acquaintances of our friends and habitual readers.

"The Catholic Publication Society Co. has republished from THE CATHOLIC WORLD these two articles, making a pamphlet of over forty pages. We think every Catholic that has a counting-house, or a large mercantile establishment, should have some hundreds of copies of this pamphlet to put in the hands of prejudiced or unprejudiced alike—to silence the former, and to wake the latter to a feeling of the *wrong* done to Catholics in the distribution of public aid. This pamphlet shows that Catholics do *most* of the work to relieve the city of those that otherwise would be a public burden, and that they receive least. The price of single copies is 10 cents; by the hundred, $6. We hope our suggestion for its wide distribution, by earnest Catholics, will be acted on."

Father O'Brien's book on **Holy Mass** has just been published, and is praised by all who have read it. The *Freeman's Journal* says:

"We have here a volume of four hundred pages filled with very desirable information, much of which is generally inaccessible, and other parts to be found scattered in many books. It is a most desirable volume for clergy, and for the laity of cultivation and intelligence. The parts and ceremonies of the Mass are described in a manner altogether novel and interesting. There is a great

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deal of erudition expended on a comparison of the rites of the Eastern Church, as compared with the Western; but the whole is given in a style to arrest and hold the reader's attention. The book ought to have a large sale. It is issued by the Catholic Publication Society Co."

And the Chicago *Times:*

"The Mass appears to the visitor in Roman Catholic churches a perplexing ceremony, whose symbolism and whose object are alike incomprehensible. Each portion of the ceremony has a history; each portion is symbolic; and there is a unity throughout which can be appreciated only after the whole is understood. Much of the Episcopalian liturgy is taken directly from the same sources, whose antiquity will render this volume valuable to the devotee who loves ecclesiastical pomp, and to the student who is interested in the historical. The learning which has enabled the author to draw upon so many and such various sources of information is as comprehensive as it is rare. It contains many curious facts not suggested by the title; the chapter on bells, that on berrettas, cardinals' hats, crosses, mental ceremonies, the Koran, relics, etc., being very interesting for the general reader. The book is finely printed and illustrated."

The *Catholic News* of Springfield, Ill., says:

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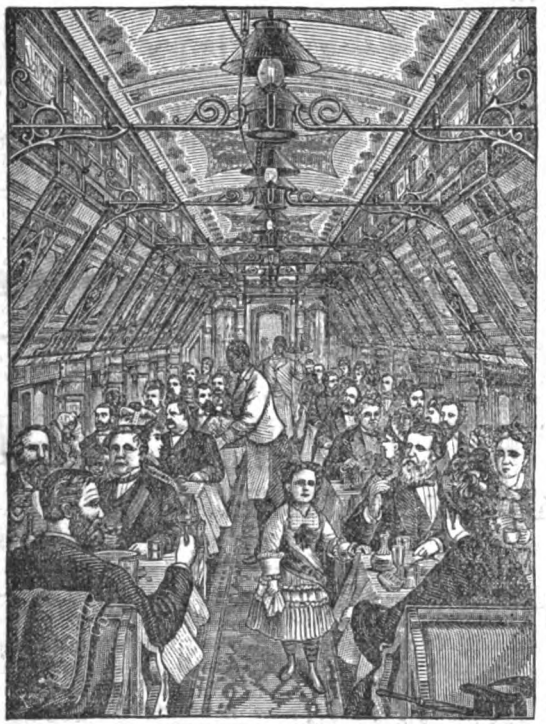

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JULY, 1879.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.*

We propose in the following pages to treat of the original elements of the Catholic Church in the United States, her relations with the republic, the causes of her growth, and her future prospects.

The discovery of the western continent was eminently a religious enterprise. Columbus had in vain sought aid for his great undertaking from his native city, Genoa, from Portugal, England, Venice, and the court of Spain; and it was after these fruitless applications that Juan Perez, the prior of La Rabida, took up his cause and pleaded it with so much earnestness and ability in a letter to Queen Isabella that she at once sent for Columbus and offered to pledge her jewels to obtain funds for the expedition. The motive which animated Columbus, in common with the Franciscan prior and Isabella the Catholic, was the burning desire to carry the blessings of the Christian faith to the inhabitants of a new continent, and it was the inspiration of this idea which brought a new world to light.

This inspiration has never died out; if the Spanish and French missionaries did not accompany the first discoverers, they followed speedily in their tracks, and the work of the conversion of the aborigines was earnestly begun. In a short time they traversed the whole northern continent from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to California, and from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson's Bay. Sometimes missionaries were slain, but the fearless soldiers of the cross continued unceasingly their work of converting the natives and bringing them into the fold of Christ. Though the pages of history which narrate the self-sacrificing labors of the missionaries to the Indians are among the brightest in the annals of the church, still the whole number of Catholic Indians will not appear as a large item in the sum of her members in the United States. One of the reasons for this is that the heroic efforts made for their conversion and civilization have been in a great measure thwarted by the inhuman pol-

* Bancroft's *History of the United States.*

"The Catholic Peril in America." By Francis E. Abbott. *The Fortnightly Review*, March, 1876.

The Papacy and the Civil Power. By R. W. Thompson.

Future of the Republic. By Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Democracy in Europe: a History. By Sir Thomas Erskine May.

Romanism and High Schools. By the Rev. Joseph Cook. A lecture delivered in Tremont Temple, Boston, March 17, 1879.

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icy pursued towards the Indians. Yet, when we come to consider the actual elements which blend together in forming the Catholic Church in the republic of the United States, her faithful children of the forests ought not to be left out of the count. According to the report of the Bureau of Indian Affairs for 1875 the whole number of Indians under the government of the United States is about 279,333, and it is estimated, on good authority, that of these 106,000 are Catholics.

The raising of the red men to the height of the Christian faith was but one of the fruits of the discovery of the new continent; another was to offer an asylum to all who in other lands were persecuted and oppressed on account of their religious convictions. Among the first to seek this relief from oppression on the virgin soil of the New World were the English Catholic colonists under Lord Baltimore. To their honor it is to be said that, both by the original design of the proprietary, Lord Baltimore, and by the legislative enactments of the freemen of the province, there reigned, while their rule lasted in Maryland, a perfect equality among all Christian denominations, and to all were secured the same rights and privileges, civil and religious. This act on the part of the colonists of Maryland was in harmony with the dictates of right reason and the authentic teachings of faith; for all attempts to bring by coercion men who differ in their religious convictions to uniformity in the profession of religious belief, if successful, would logically put an end to all rational religion. Compulsion never gave birth to faith, which is "not by any means a blind assent of the mind," * but essentially an intelligent and voluntary act. Convinced of this, as Catholics, the idea of religious tolerance flowed naturally and consistently in the minds of the first settlers on the shores of the Potomac. It was a noble act on their part to proclaim that within the province and jurisdiction of Maryland no Christian man should be molested in worshipping God according to the dictates of his conscience, and whoever supposes that the Syllabus teaches anything to the contrary seriously mistakes its meaning. Honor, then, to the pilgrim fathers of St. Mary! who, when the other settlements had a state-supported church and were intolerant to all others, asked for themselves no favor, but offered equal rights to all; thus excluding the secular authority of the state from interfering in matters of religion—a principle for which the popes, in their struggles with the secular powers for the rights of the church, have always contended, and for which they still have to contend. Let, then, those Catholic Anglo-Americans have their due share of praise for the religious toleration of which they were the first to give an example—an example, furthermore, which had a formative influence in shaping the republic and its free institutions. For the principle of the incompetency of the state to enact laws controlling matters purely religious is the keystone of the arch of American liberties, and Catholics of all climes can point to it with special delight. This noble course of the Catholics of Maryland, however, was little appreciated, and they were hindered in their progress and trampled upon when those to whom they had so generously offered a refuge from persecution had attained to power in the province;

* Vatican Council, De Fide, ch. iii.

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nevertheless, they kept their faith, and were by far the largest part of the body of the Catholic Church up to the time when the great tide of immigration set in towards the shores of the United States, and their descendants still form a prominent and influential portion of the Catholic community.

The next original element was that furnished by France. The soil of the United States was at an early period watered by the blood of the French missionaries to the Indian tribes. In 1775 an accession to the church came through the expulsion by the Puritans of Massachusetts of a colony of French Catholics from Acadia, on the Bay of Fundy. In spite of the solemn engagements of the capitulation, that they should not be disturbed, they were driven from their peaceful homes, and about seven thousand were scattered among the British colonies. These are the Acadians whose sad tale has been told by Longfellow in the beautiful poem of *Evangeline*. The influence exerted by the flower of the French army and nobility who entered the service of the infant republic at a time when, but for their aid, its cause would likely have been lost, in removing prejudices from the minds of colonists against the Catholic religion, and compelling them to show at least a decent respect for the religious convictions of their Catholic allies, is not lightly to be estimated. Then the storm of the French Revolution drove to the shores of the United States, between the years 1791 and 1799, a body of apostolic clergymen whose labors reanimated the zeal of Catholics, caused conversions to the faith, organized new parishes, founded seminaries and colleges, and created bishoprics. It would be difficult to estimate the influence which these French missionaries exercised throughout the country by their exemplary lives, their learning, their virtues, and their qualities as men. Among them was a Maréchal, a Cheverus, a Bruté, a Flaget, and a Dubois. Twenty-three French priests came at that period to aid the young church in the United States; six were made bishops, and of these Maréchal became the third archbishop of Baltimore. Cheverus was the first bishop of Boston, and was recalled to France and made archbishop of Bordeaux and cardinal.

To these are to be added several thousand Catholics, among whom were some hundred colored people who came from San Domingo and other West Indian islands in 1793 to escape the effects of the French Revolution and the negro insurrection. These French Catholics added faith, piety, wealth to the infant church, and their posterity, constant to their religion, rank among the distinguished citizens of the republic. Their number was also considerably increased by the territories acquired or admitted to the Union, which were mostly inhabited by French Catholics. Louisiana was acquired in 1803, and had at that time about thirty-two thousand inhabitants, nearly all of whom were Catholics. Besides these were other settlements, peopled by the descendants mostly of French-Canadians, at St. Louis, Detroit, Vincennes, which have grown since into places of importance, and still retain the deep imprint of the French race.

Moreover, the immigration of the French from Canada to the United States has been slowly on the increase, and in recent years has grown rapidly in volume. On in-

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quiry made of a dignitary of one of the principal dioceses of Canada, we were told that the number of French-Canadians who had emigrated to the United States during a period of thirty years should be estimated at five hundred thousand. The presence of this Canadian element is a marked feature in all the dioceses bordering on Canada, which contain a considerable number of parishes composed entirely of French-Canadians. Thus it will be seen that the Catholic French element was an active and important one, both in regard to character and numbers, in the formation of the Catholic Church in the New World.

The Catholics from Ireland will not be found so numerous as those from England and France among the early settlers of North America. The Irish settlers, however considerable their aggregate number may have been, were not concentrated in any one locality like the Spanish, French, or English. A number of Catholic Irishmen, however, or their descendants, one of whom was Charles Carroll, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, took an active part in the struggle for independence. The first commodore, the father of the American navy, was John Barry, born in Ireland, a faithful Catholic, a true American, and an able seaman. But before the great exodus Ireland had given to America prelates distinguished for their faith, virtue, learning, eloquence, and apostolic zeal—prelates such as Bishop England, Archbishops Kenrick and Hughes. No man did more in his day than Bishop England to make the Catholic Church respected. Love for the free institutions of his adopted country was with him a vital principle, and often prompted his eloquence. Bishop England as a pulpit orator was unrivalled, and may be called the Chrysostom of the American Church. The first bishop and archbishop of the church in the United States, John Carroll, and the first in North America to be invested with the dignity of the cardinalate, the Archbishop of New York, John McCloskey, were Irishmen by descent.

But the famine of 1846–1847 gave the impetus to a mighty stream of immigration which did not cease in volume until it supplied millions of faithful children to the young church in America and rapidly extended her borders. The number of immigrants from Ireland who arrived at the port of New York during the thirty years ending in 1876 was 2,001,727.

There will not be found in the Catholic Church in the United States a people, as a class, more devoted, sincere, and better instructed in their religion than the Germans. The number of their churches, schools, seminaries, hospitals, orphan asylums will compare advantageously, from an intellectual no less than a material point of view, with those of any other portion of the Catholic population. None are better supplied with priests for their people and teachers for their children than the Germans. The religious orders flourish among them, and are represented by the Benedictines, with several abbots; the Capuchins, and other branches of the order of St. Francis; the Jesuits, Redemptorists, and other religious congregations both of men and of women, especially such as are devoted to teaching. In the hierarchy there is one German archbishop, and a considerable number of the bishops are German

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by birth or descent. The Catholic German element had been almost insignificant until the period including the last thirty years; for although Catholics are considerably in the majority in South Germany, immigration to the United States in the past was mostly from the Protestant states. According to the latest and most accurate computation of German Catholics in the United States, they number 1,237,563 souls.

Conversions to the Catholic faith during the early part of the century were few and isolated instances; but within the last twenty-five years they have become more numerous. Speaking on this subject, a French writer who visited, twelve or more years ago, the United States, says: "It is difficult to apply a statistical table to the study of the question of conversions. The different Protestant sects furnish very unequal contingents to the little army of souls daily returning to the true faith; and it is a curious fact that the two sects which furnish the most are the Episcopalians, who in their forms and traditions approach nearest to the Catholic Church, and the Unitarians, who go to the very opposite extreme, and appear to push their philosophical and rationalistic principles almost beyond the pale of Christianity. These two sects generally comprise the most enlightened and intellectual people of North America." *

This observation is exact and has a profound reason for its basis. The human mind is uneasy until it has reached unity and grasps universal truth. And this is arrived at by two diverse but equally legitimate ways. Those who are born in sectarianism, as soon as they allow their reason to act on their faith learn that they have but fragments of Christian truth; and by tracing these to their logical connection with other truths contained in divine revelation they gain by degrees the knowledge of the whole body of revealed truth. Having reached this stage of preparation, there breaks upon their mental vision the divine character and mission of the Catholic Church. This once seen, to enter her fold becomes a test both of their intellectual consistency and of the sincerity of their faith in Christianity. This is the road which leads Episcopalians and others who still retain firmly one or more of the revealed truths of Christianity to the Catholic Church. The second class fall back upon the essential truths of natural reason. This basis recovered, the rejection of sectarianism logically follows, for the denial of any one truth of divine revelation involves of necessity a contradiction of human reason. Indignant at this, they ask rightly for a religion which is consonant with the dictates of reason and finds its foundation in the human breast. Americans who have repudiated Protestantism on the grounds of reason—and they are not a few—have made the discovery that the exposition of Christianity by the Catholic Church agrees with the dictates of reason, and that it takes in its scope all the faculties of human nature. This is the Unitarian road, which is destined, in our opinion, to become the great American highway to the Catholic Church.

There is scarcely an American family, distinguished either by its ancestry, or by its social position, or by its wealth, which to-day has not one or more representatives

* E. Rameau, *Le Correspondant*, 1865.

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among the converts to the Catholic Church. In some parts of the country there are congregations almost altogether made up of converts. Converts will be found among the archbishops, bishops, and clergy, and a fair share also belong to the different learned professions or hold positions of similar respectability. Statistics which bear upon this point vary. In some dioceses the number of converts among the confirmed is as high as twelve per cent., in others it is about seven per cent., and in others again not more than five, while elsewhere probably the proportion is smaller. To the foregoing source of Catholic increase is to be added the accession of Florida by purchase in 1819, containing a population of about 18,000; also the acquisition of Texas in 1845, and California and New Mexico in 1848, having about 160,000 inhabitants. These people were for the most part of Spanish-American blood, and nearly all Catholics. Finally, if we add from a rough guess 25,000 to 30,000 colored people, we have all the original elements which the power of the Catholic faith has blended together in one, forming the organization and strength of the Catholic Church in the republic of the United States.

The connection between the republic and the Catholic Church, if satisfactorily treated, requires that the fundamental principles of the republic should be clearly stated, and their relation with Protestantism first be disposed of. This is what we now attempt.

The republic of the United States is the result of the gathered political wisdom and experience of past ages, shaped by a recognition of man's natural rights and a trust in his innate capacity for self-government beyond what had found expression in the prevailing political systems of Europe. The fundamental articles of the American political creed and the formative principles of the republic are embodied in the Declaration of Independence, whence they passed gradually into the constitutions of the several States and into the Constitution of the United States, and have step by step worked their way more or less perfectly into the general and special laws of the country. These articles consist principally in the declaration "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

These declarations can be looked upon only by superficial thinkers as "glittering generalities," whereas some are divine and fundamental, and all are practical verities, having a ground both in reason and revelation. They are divine, inasmuch as they declare the rights of the Creator in his creature; they are fundamental, for without the enjoyment of the natural rights which they proclaim man is not a man, but a slave or a chattel; they are practical, for man is, or ought to be, under his Creator, the master of his own destiny and free from any dominion not founded in divine right. The Creator invested man with these rights in order that he might fulfil the duties inseparably attached to them. For these rights put man in the possession of himself, and leave him free to reach the end for which his Crea-

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tor called him into existence. He, therefore, who denies or violates these rights offends God, acts the tyrant, and is an enemy of mankind. And if there be any superior merit in the republican polity of the United States, it consists chiefly in this: that while it adds nothing and can add nothing to man's natural rights, it expresses more clearly, guards more securely, and protects more effectually these rights; so that man, under its popular institutions, enjoys greater liberty in working out his true destiny.

Since Christianity claims to be God's revelation of the great end for which he created man, it follows that those rights without which he cannot reach that end must find their sanction, expressed or implied, in all true interpretations of its doctrines.

That the interpretations of Christianity by the so-called Reformation, especially by its leaders, neither sanctioned nor even implied the natural rights of man, the peculiar articles of its creed and its history plainly show.

When the Puritan Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock they brought with them a fixed religious creed, whose primary article was "the total depravity" of human nature, and, as a consequence, the loss of free-will; from which premise it was held that man, in his unregenerate state, is not able to do any good, but is inclined to all evil. This fundamental dogma, applied to the political order, excludes unregenerate men from all part in the organization of the state, as well as from all participation in the rights and privileges of citizenship. Such, too, is the historical fact; political citizenship in the province of the Puritans, where they trimmed the state to suit their creed, was exclusively granted to members of the orthodox church. "All civil power," says the Presbyterian Dr. Hodge, "was confined to the members of the church, no person being either eligible to office or entitled to the right of suffrage who was not in full communion of some church."* The natural man had no rights. To be a freeman you must be a Puritan. The men who came in the *Mayflower* did not hold the principles which gave birth to religious toleration or political liberty in the New World. And so far were their annals from the "grand historic lines of the country" that it was as late as 1834 when Massachusetts granted full religious liberty, while even to-day a Catholic is ineligible to office in the State of New Hampshire because of his religion. Hence there can scarcely be an assertion farther from the truth than that made by Ranke and D'Aubigné, and repeated by Bancroft and men of less or more note, that republican liberty is due to Protestantism, and due to Protestantism under its most repulsive form—that which was given to it by John Calvin.

An appeal to the New World, where the original Protestant colonies were free to form a political government in accordance with their peculiar religious belief, gives no countenance to this peremptory assertion. It is, moreover, made in face of the historic testimony of the Old World, for nowhere in Europe has Protestantism been favorable to popular rights, or called into existence what by any honest interpretation can be termed a republic. This statement can be easily verified.

During its three centuries of existence a republican form of gov-

* *Princeton Review*, 1863.

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ernment has nowhere under Protestant ascendency made its appearance. One will look in vain in Germany, the cradle of Protestantism, for a popular government. The same is true of Prussia, England, Scotland, Sweden, and Holland, for the Dutch Republic was founded upon the ancient constitutions of the provinces, and not upon popular rights. It was a republic only in name, and, such as it was, its life was very short. M. Guizot, in his *Life of John Calvin*, reveals the cause for this, and rightly discriminates between the influence of Calvinism on churches and the influence of Calvinism on liberty when he says: "Calvin's *Institutes* were the source of the strength and vitality of the Reformed churches in these countries," but at the same time he acknowledges that "their claims were incompatible with the progress of liberty" (Guizot's *Life of John Calvin*, ch. v.) "Calvin did not believe in man's free-will," says the same author, "and he treated it with severity and a kind of contempt. Calvin believed and asserted that he had more right over other men's opinions and actions than he ought to have claimed, and he did not show sufficient respect for their rights" (*ibid.*) He knows little of the origin of liberty in America or elsewhere who honors in any sense John Calvin as its author.

If Protestants have contributed to human freedom, it was not as Protestants; the motives which prompted them did not spring from their religious creed, for that was a foe to human rights and the grave of liberty. The servitude of the human will in consequence of original sin, as taught by both Martin Luther and John Calvin, cut off, root and branch, personal, political, civil, intellectual, moral, and religious liberty. Protestantism as a religious system was an insult to all ideas of freedom. Hence it was not due to any principle of liberty of the original Protestant colonists that religious toleration was made a part of the organic law of the republic, but to the fact that the Protestant sects were not able to agree, and that there was no one of them sufficiently powerful to press its exclusive claim and get its peculiarities incorporated into the Constitution.

In no place where Protestantism prevailed among a people as their religion has it given birth to a republic, and nowhere in the nineteenth century does there exist a republic in a Protestant land. The so-called Reformation, following out its own principles, failed altogether to reconcile Christianity with popular rights. Its spirit and doctrines, derived from an exaggerated idea of the sovereignty of God and the utter nullity of man, are in accordance with the Oriental mind and suitable to an Asiatic despotism, and it deserves credit for civil and religious liberty nowhere. As for the Puritans in particular, one of their descendants covers the whole ground when he says: "I believe we are descended from the Puritans, who nobly fled from a land of despotism to a land of freedom, where they could not only enjoy their own religion but prevent everybody else from enjoying his."

Protestantism in its political aspect might be defined as a theocratic corporation composed exclusively of regenerate men of orthodox faith, having for its premise the religious dogma concerning the "total corruption of human nature"

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in consequence of Adam's fall, as taught by its leaders, Martin Luther and John Calvin. One may repel this conclusion, but it will be at the expense of intellectual consistency and historical testimony.

So long as the New England settlements were content to remain English colonies it was possible for them to hold their peculiar religious tenets and maintain their exclusive religio-political organization; but when they joined with the other colonies, and appealed to the equality by birth of all men and the inalienable rights of man to justify their separation from Great Britain, the Puritans then and there, in sanctioning these declarations, entered upon a road which necessarily terminated in a radical and total change of the peculiar articles of their religious creed. For the proclamation of man's natural rights involved the overthrow of the whole theological structure built by the reformed theologians upon the corner-stone of man's "total depravity." The Puritans, in signing the Declaration of Independence, signed their own death-warrant.

A comparison between the two will show this. The political system of the Puritans was founded on an exaggerated supernaturalism; the political system implied in the truths contained in the Declaration of Independence supposed a mere naturalism. The former held human nature to be totally corrupt; the latter supposes human nature as essentially good. The one maintained that man, by Adam's fall, forfeited all his natural rights; the other declared that the rights of man by nature are inalienable. The first granted political suffrage exclusively to the elect; the second based the right of suffrage on universal manhood. The Puritans relied altogether on the strength of divine grace; the American republican trusted in the inborn capacity of human nature. The two parties started from opposite poles in regard to man's rights and the value of human nature. The Declaration of Independence was the antithesis of Martin Luther's work on the *Slave-will* and John Calvin's *Institutes*, looked at from their political side.

That Calvinism excludes republicanism in politics has been shown; and that republicanism excludes Calvinism in religion we will now endeavor to prove.

The process of this exclusion was a simple one. The natural influence of the practical working of the American political system, based on universal suffrage, is an incitement to the intelligence and conscience of the people under the conviction that the choice of the ballot-box will be in the main on the side of good government. Frequent elections and the popular agitations attending them awaken aspirations, excite debate and action, and under this stimulating influence the people are soon led to trust human reason and to become conscious of the possession of free-will; and it was quite natural that, as these repressed powers grew in strength by action, their leaders should assert, and rather defiantly at first, the rights of man, be forward as champions of human liberty, and indulge in some pretty "tall talk" about the dignity of man and the nobility of human nature. Nor can it be a matter of surprise that rousing appeals were made to men who, under the depressing influence of a religious creed, would have lost their manhood, if that were possible: "to

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act out yourself," "obey your instincts," "assert your manhood," "be a man"! The extravagant efforts to magnify man were the natural rebound from the opposite extreme of excessive abasement.

Universal suffrage is the most efficient school to awaken general intelligence, to teach a people their rights, and to arouse in their bosoms the sense of their manhood. For what is a vote? It is the recognition of man's intelligence and liberty and responsibility, the qualities which constitute his manhood. What is a vote? It is the admission that man, as man, is, or ought to be, considered a factor in a tolerably perfect political society; that he has the right to shape, and in bounden duty ought to shape so far as his ability extends, the course of the destiny of his country. A vote is a practical means by which every man can exercise his right and fulfil his duty by making his voice heard in the councils of the nation. It is the practical application of the truth that "all men are born equal"—that is, "all men have an equal right to life," to "liberty," and to the "pursuit of happiness," and, armed with a ballot, a man has the power of maintaining and protecting these rights. Every vote rightly understood means at least all that has been here stated. The force of these truths, by virtue of their application, effaced from the minds of the offspring of the Puritans in less than two generations the "injurious impositions of their early catechetical instructions." It is speaking within the boundaries of moderation to say that scarcely one descendant of the Puritans in fifty, perhaps not one in five hundred—shall we say one in a thousand? perhaps not one in ten thousand—will be found who would willingly make, without serious reservations, an act of faith in the five points of Calvinism. So thorough has been this reaction that a good part of the New England people now hold that to be Christianity which their forefathers would have condemned as the total negation of Christianity. This is not to be wondered at when you consider that every time a freeman goes to the polls and deposits his vote in the ballot-box he virtually condemns the dogmas of Protestantism and practically repudiates the Reformation. The persistent action of the ballot-box of the republic outweighed the persuasive force of the Puritan pulpit.

A writer in an English periodical, commenting on this religious phase of the New England mind resulting from their rejection of the doctrine of "total depravity," remarks: "It is now a part of the Boston creed that a man born in that city has no need to be born again."

The people may not draw promptly the conclusions which flow from their premises, for they act rather from implicit than explicit reflections; but in the long run they reach the explicit logical conclusion from these premises. The early Puritans, in conforming their politics to their religion, founded a theocracy; their descendants, in conforming their religion to their political principles, founded Unitarianism. "I trust," wrote Mr. Jefferson in 1822, "there is not a young man now born in the United States who will not die an Unitarian."*

This truth, then, if we mistake not, has been clearly shown: that every religious dogma has a special bearing on political society, and this

* Parton's *Life of Jefferson*, p. 711.

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bearing is what constitutes its political principle; and every political principle has a religious bearing, and this bearing involves a religious dogma which is its premise. And, as a corollary from the above, it may be rightly said that Protestant religious dogmas are foreign to republicanism and lead to a theocracy in politics; and that republicanism in politics is foreign to Protestantism and leads to Unitarianism in religion. But Unitarianism is naturalism, and no close observer of the current of religious thought of the American people will deny that under the genius of republicanism its main drift is in that direction.

This much being said, the way is now clear to treat more satisfactorily of the relation between the republic and the Catholic Church.

There exists a necessary bond and correlation between the truths contained in the Declaration of Independence and the revealed truths of Christianity, since the truths of the natural order serve as indispensable supports to the body of revealed truths of faith. Deny to man reason, and religion can have no more meaning to men than to a brute or a machine. Deny the certitude of reason, and there would be no foundation for certitude in supernatural faith. Deny the innate freedom of the will, and the basis for all morality would be undermined, and the fountain-head of personal, political, and religious liberty would be dried up. Deny to man the gifts of reason and free-will, and the natural rights of man which flow from these gifts are the wild fancies of a dreamer, and a republic founded upon them becomes the baseless fabric of a vision.

The following declarations will throw more light on the value of human nature, and of the bearing of the truths of reason upon the supernatural truths of faith, and make our road still easier. Reason is the organ of truth, and acts upon the truth which lies within its domain with infallible certitude. The action of reason precedes faith, and can admit the claims of no authority which does not appeal with entire trust to its jurisdiction for its verification, and can accept of none that does not accord and blend with its dictates. Man is by nature in possession of his free-will; therefore freedom is a birthright, and he holds it in trust from his Creator and is responsible for its right use. Human nature, as it now exists, is essentially good, and man naturally seeks and desires his Creator as the source of his happiness. Man has lost none of his original faculties and has forfeited none of his natural rights by Adam's fall, and therefore is by nature in possession of his natural rights, and it is rightly said: "Among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." "God has created all men equal" in regard to these rights, and therefore no one man has the natural right to govern another man; and all political authority in individuals is justly said to be derived from the consent of the collective people who are governed. The people, under God, associated in a body politic, are the source of the sovereign political power in the civil state. The light of reason is the light of God in the soul, and the natural rights of man are conferred by God directly upon man; and therefore a religion which does not affirm the value of human reason and defend the natural

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rights of man is baseless, and by no manner of means revealed by his Creator, but is a delusion or an imposition and worthy of no respect. With the light of these statements, the truths of which are in conformity with her authoritative teaching, the connection of the Catholic Church with the American republic can easily be understood, and at the same time the light which they shed lays bare to the view of all men the real motives which actuate Catholics in their devotion to popular rights, and places above all suspicion the sincerity of their love for popular institutions.

The American people in the Declaration of Independence avowed unequivocally their belief in the value of human nature, made a solemn act of loyalty to human reason, grounded their popular government on a solid foundation, and opened the door which leads directly to the truth. These truths which it asserted were not the fruits of philosophical speculations, but evident truths of human reason; and the rights which it affirmed were not the declamations of political dreamers, but rights inseparable from man's rational nature. Nor were these truths and these rights proclaimed to the world for the first time on the 4th of July, 1776, by the Continental Congress of the colonies; for they are as old as human nature, and will be found among the traditions of all races of civilized men. They are not lifeless abstractions but living truths, concreted more or less in all political governments, in their institutions and laws. Freedom is no tender sapling, but a hardy tree and of slow growth, whose roots are grounded in and entwined around the very elements of human nature, and under the shelter of its stout branches man has reached, through many struggles, his existing state of manhood.

The War of Independence was a struggle for man's sacred rights and liberties, and in support of these rights and liberties the colonists, as British subjects, cited the Magna Charta outlined by Cardinal Langton and his compeers, and won by them from King John in the meadow of Runnymede. Upon these inherent and acknowledged rights of man, and upon the conclusion which they derived from them that no taxation without representation ought to be permitted, as a practical maxim of government and safeguard of these rights which they had received as a legacy from our common Catholic ancestors, the war for independence began, was fought, was won; the republic was erected, and stands unchanged and immovable. Had the far-seeing Count de Maistre been as well acquainted with the history of the American colonies as he was with the history of his own country or that of England, he would not have hazarded the statement, advanced in his *Considerations on France*, that "he did not believe that the United States would last" or that "the city of Washington would accomplish the object for which it was projected." All the conditions which he considered as essential to form a nation, and the vital principles necessary to produce a constitution, were existing and gave birth to the republic. The republic came forth from these into existence as naturally as the flower expands from the bud. The illustrious count's unbelief was in contradiction to his own political doctrines no less than to the truths of his Catholic faith. He whose

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intellectual vision is open to the light of first principles and their main bearings, and is not altogether a stranger to true history, knows full well that the Catholic Church has battled her whole lifetime for those rights of man and that liberty which confer the greatest glory on the American republic.

That the pages of history testify to the close relationship existing between popular governments and the Catholic faith is shown by the fact that all republics since the Christian era have sprung into existence under the influence of the Catholic Church, were founded in the ages of faith and by a Catholic people. The republic of San Marino has existed in an entirely Catholic population in the heart of Italy one thousand years or more; and that of Andorra, on the borders of Spain and France, has stood the same number of years, and neither shows any signs of approaching dissolution. But these republics are small in numbers and in extent of territory? Grant it; yet they are large enough and have existed long enough to illustrate the principle that republicanism is congenial with the Catholic religion and at home in a Catholic population. Then, again, we have the Italian republics in Catholic ages—those of Venice, Pisa, Genoa, Milan, Florence, Padua, Bologna. In fact, there were no less than two hundred republics spread over the fair land of Italy. The principal Italian cities may be regarded as model republics. Some were founded in the ninth, others in the tenth or eleventh, century, and lasted several hundred years. Venice stood one thousand years and more. The Swiss republic was founded in mediæval times, and counts among its heroes and martyrs of political liberty William Tell, Arnold von Winkelried, and Andrew Hofer, all faithful sons of the Catholic Church. The republics in South America, though rather quarrelsome, are at least the growth of a population altogether Catholic. How else can we explain that the love of liberty and popular institutions should spring up spontaneously and exclusively on Catholic soil, unless it be that republicanism and the Catholic Church have one common root?

From this point of view it is a matter of no surprise that Catholics were the first to proclaim religious freedom among the original colonists, and were also among the first and stanchest patriots in the war for independence. None will be found among the signers of the Declaration of Independence whose position in society and wealth were equal to those of Charles Carroll, the intelligent, sincere, and fervent Catholic layman. The priest who became the first bishop and first archbishop in the hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States was the intimate friend of Benjamin Franklin, and, an associate with him, invited by Congress to engage the Canadians to be neutral if they were not ready to join their efforts for independence. Washington, with his characteristic impartiality, publicly acknowledged at the close of the war the patriotic part which Catholics as a class had taken in the great struggle for liberty. No one can appreciate the depth of conviction and the strength of affection of Catholics for republican institutions unless he sees, as they do, the same order of truths which serve as the foundation of his religious belief underlying, as their support, the free institutions of his country. The

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doctrines of the Catholic Church alone give to popular rights, and governments founded thereupon, an intellectual basis, and furnish their vital principle. What a Catholic believes as a member of the Catholic Church he believes as a citizen of the republic. His religion consecrates his political convictions, and this consecration imparts a twofold strength to his patriotism.

What a Catholic believes as a citizen of the republic he believes as a member of the Catholic Church; and as the natural supports and strengthens the supernatural, this accounts for the universally acknowledged fact that no Catholics are more sincere in their religious belief, more loyal to the authority of the church, more generous in her support, than the Catholic republican citizens of the United States. Catholicity in religion sanctions republicanism in politics, and republicanism in politics favors Catholicity in religion.

Their relationship is so intimate and vital that no attack can be made against the church which is not equally a blow against the republic. The animus of the so-called Native-American party was hostility to the Catholic Church, and its principles were in direct contradiction to the American bill of rights, and its policy was a flagrant violation of that religious, civil, and political liberty guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States.

The question of education affords another illustration. Catholics favor education, none more than they, and they take the strongest grounds against ignorance, for they look upon ignorance, when voluntary, as being frequently something worse than a misfortune; they even condemn it in many cases as a sin. They are prepared, if their rights be respected, to give their children all the elementary, scientific, and moral education of which they are capable, and even more than the state will ever ask. As an evidence of their spirit and devotion to education witness their schools, academies, and colleges dotted all over the land. No denomination of Christians, no class of American citizens, can stand alongside of Catholics when it is a question of earnestness and self-sacrifice for education. But "No," say the votaries of the common-school system to Catholics; "we insist that you shall educate your children according to our specially-devised state system, and that, too, under compulsory force; and, what is more, you shall be taxed by the state for its support."

Catholics say in reply that it is no necessary part of the function of the state to teach and educate children. The education of children is rather a parental than a political duty. Besides, to ascribe this function to the state is anti-American; for the genius of our political system dictates that the state should abstain from all interference in matters which can be accomplished by individual enterprise or voluntary associations. It is clear that the chief aim of the advocates of the present public-school system in the United States is less the desire for general diffusion of knowledge than the advancement of a pet theory of education; and they insist upon its exclusive adoption because they imagine that its spirit and tendency are against the spread and progress of the Catholic faith. Thus they subordinate education to a sectarian prejudice. These feelings of hostility to the Catholic Church actu-

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ate a considerable number of the advocates of this un-American system of what is claimed to be purely secular but really is infidel education, and to such a degree that they are blind to the fact that it is equally destructive to every form of the Christian faith; that it leaves, because of its practical inefficiency, thousands of children in ignorance; that it does violence to the religious convictions of a large body of citizens of the republic; that it tramples upon the sacred rights of parents, and endangers the state itself by perverting its action from its legitimate function. "Heat not a furnace so hot that it doth singe yourself" is good advice. The so-called American public-school system is a cunningly-devised scheme, under the show of zeal for popular education, for forcing the state, in violation of American principles of liberty, to impose an unjust and heavy tax on its citizens, with the intent of injuring the Catholic Church, while in the meantime it is sapping in the minds of the American youth the foundations of all religion and driving them into infidelity.

There are other questions, agitated only by an inconsiderable portion of the American people, and equally foreign to the genius and normal action of the republic. Some would change the Constitution of the United States, and, under the plea of Christianizing it, make it sectarian; while others, under the garb of liberty, would make the state at least pagan, if not atheistic. Had these partisans their way, the one would make the church the state, and the other would make the state the church. Catholics are content with the organic law of the republic as it stands, because it is as it ought to be. They say to both leagues, "Protestant" and "Liberal": "Hands off from the palladium of American rights and freedom! Let there be an open field; there is no ground for fear that truth will be worsted in a fair encounter." "Truth," in the inspired words of Holy Writ, "is mighty above all things, and will prevail."

But we are told quite recently by a well-known and distinguished author, in a lecture on the "Future of the Republic," that "The Catholic Church exasperates common sense." Common sense? "Common sense" is the decision of unperverted reason, and its voice has been given counting nineteen centuries in favor of the Catholic Church, and this record has not been reversed. It was not common sense that dictated the ill-tempered sentence quoted; it bears the unmistakable ear-marks of the grim spirit of the old Puritans. The presence of the Catholic Church always did exasperate the Puritans, and acted upon their irritable nerves as her exorcisms act on evil spirits. Error always feels ill at ease when confronted by the opposite truth. This was so with the heathen, and in their exasperation they forced Catholic virgins into houses of infamy in the vain expectation of their fall. The times are changed and no longer suffer such an outrage, but in revenge this writer couples the holy church with "trance-mediums" and "rebel paradoxes." He says: "The Catholic Church, trance-mediums, and rebel paradoxes exasperate common sense." This utterance of the oracle of transcendentalism is a singular survival of the Puritan and heathen spirit, and as such it may be left to the investigations of students of atavism. To them also

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may be left the explanation of how, under their spell, an otherwise acute and polished writer witlessly commits a blunder against common sense and civility. "To what base uses we may return!" O Seer of Concord! it's your nerves, and you need physic.

> "Dull Sphinx, Jove keep thy fine wits!
> Thy sight is growing blear;
> Rue, myrrh, and cumin for the Sphinx,
> Her muddy eyes to clear."

Error forces truth to appear and become known; hence every new attack, every new agitation, and every newly invented calumny against the Catholic Church brings out into clearer light her divine character, removes prejudices from the minds of her adversaries, promotes conversion, and adds to her strength.

Let it, then, be clearly understood that what we maintain is that the common aim of all legitimate political government is the security of man's natural rights; that the American republic is most distinctly founded on this common basis; that the Catholic interpretation of Christianity emphatically sanctions its declaration of these rights, and as the natural and supernatural spring from one and the same divine source, "and God cannot deny himself, nor one truth ever contradict another,"* it follows that the republic and the Catholic Church can never in their normal action, if intelligence reigns, clash, but, by a necessary law of their existence, mutually aid, advance, and complete each other. A citizen of the American republic who understands himself is all the more loyal to the republic because he is a Catholic, and all the better Catholic because he is loyal to the republic. For the doctrines of the Catholic Church alone furnish him with the principles which enable him to make a synthesis between republicanism and Christianity.

We give below a table to show the gradual increase of the Catholic Church, so far as the data was attainable, from the time of the Declaration of Independence to the year 1878 inclusive. As for the number of Catholics, we have taken what may be considered an average estimate:

YEAR.	1776.	1790.	1800.	1810.	1820.	1830.	1840.	1850.	1860.	1878.
Archbishops	..	..	..	1	1	1	1	6	7	11
Bishops	..	1	2	5	6	9	16	27	42	57
Dioceses	..	1	1	5	6	11	16	27	43	60
Apostolic Vicariates	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	8
Priests	25	34	50	70	150	232	482	1,800	2,235	5,650
Churches	..	..	..	80	110	230	454	1,100	2,385	5,720
Stations and chapels	..	..	..	..	..	..	358	505	1,128	1,800
Ecclesiastical institutions	..	..	..	2	3	9	13	29	30	33
Colleges	..	..	2	3	5	6	9	17	34	77
Female academies	..	..	1	3	..	20	47	91	212	525
Catholic population	25,000	30,000	100,000	150,000	300,000	600,000	1,500,000	3,500,000	4,500,000	7,000,000
Total population	3,000,000	3,200,000	5,300,000	7,800,000	9,600,000	13,000,000	17,000,000	23,200,000	31,500,000	40,000,000
Fractional part of whole population	1/120	1/107	1/53	1/52	1/32	1/22	1/11	1/7	1/7	1/6

* Vatican Council, De fide et ratione.

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The increase of Catholics in the United States has been due almost altogether to immigration; and when immigration diminishes will not her progress cease? The number of immigrants may fall short of what it has been, but still, for good reasons, it will continue to be large. Recently, on account of the financial crisis, it nearly stopped; but as this is now sensibly passing away the tide of immigration is again rising. This will continue; for the liberty which is enjoyed under popular institutions, and the material advantages which the country offers to settlers, especially in its cheap and fertile lands, are inducements that will suffice of themselves to attract large numbers to its shores. The millions of immigrants settled in the republic as their home and their country act as an attractive force to their relatives, friends, and former countrymen. The desire to escape the almost insupportable burden of military service by forced conscriptions, occasioned by frequent wars and by the dangers from rival nationalities continually looming with threatening aspect on the political horizon, will drive large numbers in the prime and vigor of manhood to a country that has no standing army to speak of, and whose geographical position renders it free from all threatening dangers to its peace. Last and not least of the causes bearing on this point are religious persecutions. These send large numbers, thanks especially to Prince Bismarck, to the land of religious toleration. For these and other causes, from Ireland, Germany, and other countries of Europe will flow a continuous stream of immigrants to the United States. And as three-fifths of Europe retain the Catholic faith (omitting to count the promise of a greater increase from its Catholic population for which there are special reasons), the Catholic Church in the United States may rely on having, relatively at least, her share in the future immigrants.

But the increase of Catholics in the United States is not solely due to immigration; there is another cause, a moral and a potent one, which accelerates her growth. It has been noticed, by several authors who have written works on the population of the United States and on kindred subjects, that the natural increase of the foreign element of our population is much greater in proportion than that of the home-born element. This will be best seen by following the statistics of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, the former the largest State in New England and the latter the smallest, in population, and where registration reports have been carefully kept. Taking the population of American origin in these States as a class, their deaths exceed their birth-rate. Dr. Allen, of Lowell, who is an authority on this subject, speaking of Massachusetts, says: "It is very questionable whether there is much increase by numbers in the class of Americans." "Take," he observes, "the towns containing none or scarce any foreign populations, where in 1846 and 1865 not a single foreign birth is reported (there are thirty such towns in Massachusetts), and the whole number of deaths in these towns for 1864 and 1865 exceed each year the births." The registration report of Massachusetts for 1870 says: "The character of our population is undergoing a great change. Surely, and not slowly, a mixed stock of Irish, German, and Cana-

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dians is taking the place of the pure English stock which has possessed Massachusetts for more than two centuries." To pick and to choose and to reject among the truths known to be revealed by God is properly called heresy, and it is evident that such a state of mind is incompatible with either intellectual or moral rectitude, and therefore all heresy, by its very nature, leads inevitably to self-extinction with its fanatical adherents.

But there is an increase of population in the State of Massachusetts, and whence does this come? "Wherever an increase has taken place," observes the same writer, "it is found on examination to be made up largely of the foreign element, either from emigration or by great number of births. It is a fact now pretty well established that the foreign class will have, on an average, about three times as many children as an equal number of the American." In Rhode Island the census report of 1875 shows "that its native American population by parentage has increased only 12.89 per cent. in ten years past, while the foreign population by parentage has increased 80.11 per cent. in the same time. If this increase should continue at the same rate in the future, the population of Rhode Island will be in June, 1877: American 138,195, and foreign 143,307; and in 1885, American 152,087, and foreign 222,466." "Old Massachusetts," remarks another writer on the subject, "has passed away, and a new Massachusetts is taking its place." But these comparative birth-rates apply with equal force to other Eastern States; and if things follow their actual course, and right names are applied to things, New England presently will have to be called New Ireland.

The ratio of the Catholic population in all the New England States, compared with the non-Catholic, is considered at present to be about one-fourth. As Catholics are taught and believe that the bonds of wedlock are perpetually binding in conscience by a divine law, and the duties of parentage are sacred, they have no temptation to be freed from the restraints of the one or relieved from the duties of the other; or if such temptations arise they are quickly repressed by the influence of religious motives. Sad experience will teach statesmen that there is no other way of protecting the state from sure decay than in conforming its legislation to Christian morals as taught by the Catholic Church only. If the Catholic Church in the United States were left to the law of natural increase alone, this, it is evident, would suffice for her continuous progress relatively to the population of the country.

No vessel sails without backwater, and this is true of the bark of the church. Her counter-current has been in the number of her children who have strayed from her fold on account of the insufficiency of priests, churches, and the means for their religious instruction; and, again, the increased death-rate of the children of foreign parentage, occasioned for the most part by reason of poverty. As to the first drawback, the number of priests, churches, schools, these are in the larger settled States approaching to the needs of the faithful. The vocations to the priesthood in the most settled dioceses, we are informed, suffice for their wants. Seminaries are increasing; many of them are fine

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buildings, and that of the diocese of Philadelphia, if equalled anywhere in Catholic countries, is not surpassed. The recent decrease in immigration has given the church a breathing-spell, and she is putting forth her strength and coping with these difficulties, as the table in reference to these points on page 18 shows. As to the second, the relative poverty of Catholics, this, with their energy, industry, and spirit of enterprise, is rapidly disappearing. "From whatever branch of industry," says a Protestant writer,* "the Irish adopt they succeed in driving off native American competitors, and they are equally successful in establishing and maintaining in all departments under their control an enhanced rate of compensation. They have swept our factories almost clear of native help. They have nearly the monopoly of boot and shoe making, the most important and lucrative industry of Massachusetts. They are planting their colonies in many of the best towns and cities; and when they once get a foothold in a neighborhood there springs up forthwith a populous Hibernia. They are fast taking to themselves the lion's share of the actual earnings of productive industry. They are sending immense sums to Ireland; the rapidly-growing capitals of our savings-banks belong in very great part to them; they have very heavy deposits in the hands of their priests; and their ecclesiastical property is enormous, especially in our Western cities and on the Pacific coast, where the church (generally under Irish auspices) has anticipated other purchasers, and obtained at the outset corner-lots and other real estate yielding the most ample revenue, so that the Romish Church often holds more property than all Protestant denominations." But it is not only in branches of industry that Catholics have become prominent; there will be found among the distinguished merchants, bankers, judges, legislators, inventors, officers of the regular army, professors in colleges, literary and scientific men, members of the Catholic Church, and in all these classes Catholics are gaining, proportionately, representatives of their faith.

This prosperity and elevation have also their effect upon the material advancement of the church. The Catholic cathedrals, both as to size and style of architecture, are the most conspicuous structures in the largest cities in the United States, such as Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Buffalo, Newark, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Albany, Rochester, Columbus, Mobile, Portland. Preparations are being made for the construction of cathedrals, or cathedrals are actually being built, in other populous cities—in Brooklyn, St. Louis, Providence, and Hartford. That of New York, which is on the point of completion, has, as becomes the metropolis of the Union, no rival in size, in costliness of material, and in architectural character on the continent of America. The wealth of the Catholic Church has more than kept pace with the increase of the country's wealth, as is shown by the following statement: "In 1850 the total property valuation of the United States, according to the census report of that year, was $7,135,780,228; in 1860 it was $16,159,616,068; in 1870 it was $30,668,518,507. That is to say, the aggregate wealth of the

* Andrew P. Peabody, D.D.

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country increased about 125 per cent. from 1850 to 1860, and about 86 per cent. from 1860 to 1870.

"The total property valuation of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States in 1850 was $9,256,758; in 1860 it was $26,774,119; in 1870 it was $60,985,565. That is to say, the aggregate wealth of the Catholic Church increased about 189 per cent. from 1850 to 1860, and about 128 per cent. from 1860 to 1870. While, therefore, in the first of these two decades, the wealth of the whole country gained 125 per cent., the wealth of the Catholic Church gained 189 per cent.; and while in the second decade the wealth of the whole country gained 86 per cent., the wealth of the Catholic Church gained 128 per cent."

The Catholic Church in the republic finds her strength in relying for her material support upon the piety of the faithful, and the spirit and generosity with which all classes of her children respond to this test of the sincerity of their faith is an example which has a meaning at this moment for the whole Christian world. Socially and politically Catholics are slowly taking the rank to which their education, virtue, wealth, and numbers entitle them among the prominent forces of the republic, and the light which their religion throws upon its vital principles and its Constitution will make them conspicuous as intelligent and patriotic citizens.

The future of the United States belongs, under God, to that religion which, by its conscious possession of truth and by the indwelling Spirit of divine love, shall succeed in bringing the American people to unity in their religious belief and action, as they are actually one in the political sense. It would be the utter despair of reason to suppose that truth cannot be known with certitude, and it is the virtual denial of God to question his readiness to fill the hearts of all men with his love. The thought that the existing wranglings in religion are to go on and increase for ever can only enter base minds and satisfy vulgar souls.

Admitting, then, all that has been said as true, it may be added that as the faith of the greater part of Catholics who come here from abroad rests on a traditional and historical basis almost exclusively; conceding that this traditional faith will be firm enough to keep its hold upon the immigrants and retain them in the fold of the church until death—granting all this, the question starts up forcibly here: But will not the Catholic faith, under the influence of republicanism, lose its hold in one or two, or at most in three, generations on their children?

It is too obvious to admit of denial that a people born and educated under the influence of popular institutions will tend to exalt reason, and emphasize the positive instincts of human nature, and be apt to look upon the intrinsic reason of things as the only criterion of truth. It is equally clear that the Catholic Church, if she is to keep within her fold those who have received her baptism, and to captivate an intelligent and energetic people like the Americans, will have to receive their challenge and be ready to answer satisfactorily the problems of reason; meet fully the demands of the needs of their spiritual nature; bless and sanctify the imagination and senses and all man's God-given instincts. And while answering the most ener-

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getic and sublime intelligence at the bar of reason, she will have to know how to retain her sweet and gentle hold on the tenderest affections of the child.

This task will not be an arduous one; for, as has been shown, the authoritative teachings of the Catholic Church maintain the natural order as the basis of the supernatural, and, in the minds of many of the class of which we speak, Catholicity is still identified with Calvinism. Hence they do themselves the injustice to believe that in rejecting Calvinism they have also rejected Christianity altogether. They are not aware that the truths on which they based their rejection of Calvinism are affirmed by Catholicity. What they did in their repudiation of Calvinism—and Calvinism is nothing else but the logical basis of the dogmas of Protestantism—was only a repetition of the anathemas of the fathers of the Council of Trent, and their action at bottom was founded mainly on the same reasons. They have abjured Protestantism, and never can be led to go back to what they know to be hostile to the genius of their country, contrary to the dictates of reason, and repugnant to their holiest affections. Its promised heaven has lost for them all attractions; its hell no longer excites any fear in their bosoms; and its ministers openly confess that, as a religious system, Protestantism fails to exercise any authority over the minds, or to exert any influence on the conduct, of the majority of the American people. It demands from them a crippling of their nature and a sacrifice of its rights which, once its thraldom has been broken, nothing can restore. These minds have impeached Protestantism on Catholic grounds, and when they have been led to see that, their prejudices against Christianity will be removed and they will be willing to complete their task.

They cannot rest content where they are, for the human mind was made by its Creator for truth, and in the absence of truth it ceases to live. When it refuses its assent to truth it is either because the truth has been travestied and made to appear as false, or because it is seen through a colored medium. For the intellect is powerless to reject the truth when seen as the truth. It is not in the search after truth, but in the tranquil possession of truth and appropriation of it by contemplation, that man finds the fullest and purest joy. Man craves to know the enigma of life, and until this is known his intelligence cannot be wholly content with the investigation of bugs, or baffled by a word which contains a sound and nothing more—the "unknowable."

Moreover, the American mind in one aspect is unlike the European, in that infidelity, scepticism, materialism, and atheism cannot find a lodgment in it for any length of time. Their minds, like the native soil of their country, have something virginal, and furnish no nourishment for these poisonous weeds, which, failing to take root, soon wither. There is a profound reason for this, and it will bear explanation. The reason may be found here: the denial of any one truth, carried out to its logical consequences, involves the denial of all truth. The so-called Reformers of the sixteenth century began by denying the supernatural origin of the divine institution of the church, and by force of logical sequence proceeded to the denial of its divine authority, and thus by progression to the denial of all su-

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pernatural truth; thence the denial descended to philosophy, to politics, to the entire natural order of truth, and finally to the denial of Him from whom proceeds all truth, ending in its logical termination—atheism. The dominant intellectual tendency of Europe has, during these last three centuries, followed the law of negative sequence of error to its ultimate logical conclusion.

On the other hand, the affirmation of any one truth, logically followed out, leads to the knowledge and affirmation of all truth. The American republic began afresh in the last century by the declaration of certain evident truths of reason. The law of its progression consists in tracing these truths out to their logical connection with all other truths, and finally coming to the knowledge of all truth, both in the natural and supernatural order, ending in the affirmation of universal truth and the union with the source of all truth—God. The dominant tendency of the American people is towards the law of the positive sequence of truth. The course of Europe was that of negation; the course of the United States was that of affirmation. The first was destructive, the second was constructive. The one was degrading, the other was elevating. That bred dissension, this created union. Europe, under the lead of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century, turned its back on Catholicity and entered upon the downward road that ends in death; the republic of the United States, in affirming man's natural rights, started in the eighteenth century with its face to Catholicity, and is in the ascending way of life to God.

From this point of view the Declaration of American Independence has a higher meaning, and it may be said to be the turning-point in history from a negation to an affirmation of truth: interpreting democracy not as a downward but as an upward movement, and placing political society anew on the road to the fulfilment of its divine destiny.

Christianity, like republicanism, has in the last analysis nothing else to rely upon for its reception and success than reason and conscience and the innate powers of human nature, graciously aided as they always are; and let it once be shown that the Catholic interpretation of Christianity is consonant with the dictates of human reason, in accordance with man's normal feelings, favorable to the highest conceptions of man's dignity, and that it presents to his intelligence a destiny which awakens the uttermost action and devotion of all his powers, and you have opened the door to the American people for the reception of the complete evidence of the claims of the Catholic Church, and prepared the way for the universal acceptance of her divine character.

The study of Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Brahma, Buddha, Confucius, Plato, Cicero, Aristotle, Marcus Aurelius, and other seers and sages of the human race, and the admiration excited by the wisdom and virtues of the most illustrious pagans, is a healthful exercise for such minds as have not been altogether emancipated from a creed which taught that the heathen were God-forsaken, and insisted that their virtues should be "looked upon as so many vices." It may be said: What Plato did not know of the ancients was little worth knowing. Yet Justin the Philoso-

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pher, who was a devout student of Plato's writings and disciple of the doctrine of this prince of philosophers, on his becoming a Christian said: "I abandon Plato, not that his doctrine is contrary to truth, but because it is insufficient and fragmentary." This, too, will be the final verdict of all earnest and honest seekers after truth among the ancient sages and philosophers; and if they have the courage to conquer their prejudices and the earnestness to pursue their studies and make an impartial investigation of the Christian religion in the light of the Catholic interpretation of its doctrines, their intellectual eyes will be opened to see that in Christianity are all the fragmentary truths which they found, after diligent and laborious search, scattered among the ancients, reintegrated in their general principles. For Catholicity affirms the convictions and traditions of the whole human race, and all the truths of every system of religion or philosophy are contained in her absolute synthesis. Catholicity means universal truth, after the knowledge of which all noble souls aspire naturally. One of the distinctive and essential marks of true religion is this: it grasps concretely whatever truth has been held always and everywhere and by all men. All truth is catholic.

There is a general conviction abroad that the people's share in the government of a nation ought to be enlarged. It must be admitted that the American republic has contributed not a little to form and support this conviction. But the principles of the republic are not like those of an Utopia in the air; they are fixedly rooted in the ground of reason and revealed truth. If the framers of the republic set aside certain privileges and institutions inherited from pagan, barbaric, or feudal times, it was not to break with the past, but because these things were unserviceable to a people with the spirit and in the circumstances of the colonists. Besides, they were no less inharmonious with the more rational ideas of equity due to Christian influences; and by their omission the founders of the republic providentially advanced political government, at least for a people situated as the American people were.

When the nature of the American republic is better understood, and the exposition of Christianity is shaped in the light of its universal principles so as to suit the peculiarities of the American mind, the Catholic Church will not only keep her baptized American children in her fold, but will at the same time remove the prejudices existing in the minds of a large class of non-Catholics, and the dangers apprehended from the influence of republicanism will be turned into fresh evidences of the church's divine character.

To sum up: He who does not see the hand of Divine Providence leading to the discovery of the western continent, and directing its settlement and subsequent events towards a more complete application to political society of the universal truths affirmed alike by human reason and Christianity, will fail to interpret rightly and adequately the history of the United States. It is also true that he who sees Heaven's hand in these events, and fails to see that Christ organized a body of men to guard and teach these universal truths to mankind, with the promise of his presence to the end of the world, will

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fail to interpret rightly and adequately the history of the Catholic Church, and is like a man who sees the light but has his back turned to the sun. But he who sees all this will not fail to see that the republic and the Catholic Church, under the same divine guidance, are working together in the United States, forming the various races of men and nationalities into a homogeneous people, and by their united action giving a bright promise of a broader and higher development of man than has been heretofore accomplished.

PEARL.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA, AUTHOR OF "IZA'S STORY," "A SALON IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE," "ARE YOU MY WIFE?" ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

DIPLOMACY ALL ROUND.

PEARL, in spite of her promise, did not sleep much that night. Neither did Mrs. Monteagle. She was up at cock-crow, and drove the servants wild, scolding and fidgetting, and wanting her tea an hour before the natural time. She had taken energetic steps last night, and made it pretty certain that the duel should not take place at once, if, indeed, the two men had intended to meet, which, after all, was pure conjecture so far. But Captain Léopold was coming to breakfast with her, and she would find out the truth, let him try to hide it as he might. She expected him at twelve. At half-past eleven the bell rang and Mme. Léopold walked in. Mrs. Monteagle saw at a glance that there was war in the air.

"Chère madame, I am come to take counsel with you. Your judgment is so good you will advise me better than any one. I am anxious about our dear Pearl."

"Ha! What's amiss with her? I thought she was looking very well last night."

"It is precisely about last night that I want to speak to you. First, I must tell you that the marriage of my Blanche is nearly arranged. The young people are charmed with one another; *he* is quite enchanted, and to-morrow evening they are to meet and dance together at the Austrian Embassy."

"Well, it is a good thing that is off your mind," said Mrs. Monteagle; "but what has Blanche's marriage to do with Pearl Redacre?"

"You took her to the theatre last night, and my son spent the evening in your box. Chère madame, was that wise, was it a right thing to do? I speak to you with the feelings of a mother."

"About what? About my taking Pearl to the play? I can't see what your feelings as a mother have to do with that, my good lady."

"How literal you are!" And Mme. Léopold pretended to laugh. "I mean was it right to let my son stay there talking to Pearl all that time?"

"Did you expect me to order

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him away? What a good joke! Really, you must excuse me, but I am not your son's nurse, and I should say he was big enough boy to take care of himself."

"I have no anxiety on my son's account," said Mme. Léopold, provoked out of her sweetness by Mrs. Monteagle's good-humored chuckling; "my concern is for Pearl. I am responsible for her to a certain extent, as it was I who placed her with Mme. Mère."

"So far you have no reason to regret it. No harm has come to the child yet; but of course one can't tell what may happen from one day to another. I have been foreseeing mischief to her all along. It was against my will that she went there."

"Nay, madame, my son has committed many follies, but he is incapable of so grievous an indiscretion as that!" said Mme. Léopold, bridling.

"I wish you would not be so enigmatical," said Mrs. Monteagle. "You have learned to read cipher, I suppose, at the Foreign Office, but I have not. I can only read plain writing, and I don't take crooked roads, as you diplomatic folks think it clever to do; I take the straight one."

"The straight road is generally the shortest in the end."

"Yes, there is less traffic on it at any rate. Suppose you take it now, and tell me in plain words what you want me to understand? Or shall I tell you? Your son has fallen in love with Pearl Redacre, and he wants to marry her, and you want to prevent it."

"Marry her! Ah! mon Dieu—"

She started to her feet, and then dropped back into her chair, white, horror-stricken. "Marry her!" she repeated. "Never! My son is not capable of such an inconvenance; he has too much self-respect, and he knows his duty to me; he is not capable of breaking my heart."

Mrs. Monteagle was too indignant to answer. She looked at the infuriated mother, contempt and disgust written on every line of her face.

"If cette petite has been laying a trap for my son she shall be foiled," continued Mme. Léopold. "I will stop it and expose her as she deserves. She shall be turned out of my mother-in-law's house on the quarter of an hour. I will telegraph to Mrs. Redacre that her daughter has been dismissed, and that she had better come and fetch her home. That girl will end badly; she is a born *intriguante!*"

This was too much.

"That will do, madame," said Mrs. Monteagle. "You have been very explicit; I have nothing more to complain of in that respect. And now I will be equally frank with you. First let me put one question: Disparity of fortune is the only obstacle you see to a marriage between your son and the daughter of Colonel Redacre, is it not?"

"Disparity! That is a mild way of putting it. A girl who hasn't a penny!"

"Who hasn't a penny, then. But the want of pennies is her only defect; you admit that?"

"It is a defect that nothing can atone for."

"But it is the only one? You can't deny that, for not many months ago you were as eager for this marriage as you are now opposed to it."

"Everything is changed since then."

"Nothing is changed, except that Miss Redacre has lost her

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fortune. Now let me set your mind at rest on the point. She will not marry your son. He is attached to her, and, to his credit be it said, he would overlook the obstacle which in your eyes is insurmountable, and marry her without a penny; but she will not accept him. She does not love him, and she has told him so. I am sorry for your son, for he has proved that he has a heart and that he is a gentleman; but I heartily congratulate Miss Redacre on escaping the reception she would have met with from his family. Your son, however, will not bring the disgrace upon you of marrying a charming, accomplished young gentlewoman without a *dot;* he is free to go to Algiers and bring you back an African Jewess for a daughter-in-law."

"My son has made her an offer of his hand, and she has refused it! Refused to marry him!" said Mme. Léopold, absolutely aghast at this information.

"It is an extraordinary fact, but it is true. I refer you to Captain Léopold himself for confirmation of it."

But Mme. Léopold needed no confirmation. Mrs. Monteagle was a terrible woman, but she never told lies; her word was gospel to those who knew her, and there was the impress of truth, simple and unexaggerated, on every word she had just said.

"I am bewildered," said the Frenchwoman. "I know not what to think. I feel as if I were in a nightmare."

"Wake up from it," said Mrs. Monteagle, still too much in earnest to chuckle. "You are not on the edge of a precipice; there is no mad bull running after you and your son; you are both safe from Miss Redacre."

Mme. Léopold rose to go. "I wish I had known sooner how matters stood," she said. "I would have been spared a good deal of anxiety—on Pearl's account. I have always had a great regard for her, and it was real pain to me to think that she should do anything unworthy of it. But her conduct under this trying ordeal proves that she has great nobility of soul. It was heroic of her to refuse my son!"

"Oh! dear, no. It was nothing of the sort," retorted Mrs. Monteagle. "She refused him simply because she doesn't care for him; the heroism would have been to have accepted him."

Mme. Léopold smiled, and, with an imperceptible shrug of her fat shoulders, "I confess that *that* interpretation of heroism is beyond my apprehension; but I fully appreciate the self-respect and delicacy that actuated Pearl. At the same time one must remember how very mortifying it would have been for her to enter a family like ours in her present condition, destitute as she is of even the means of providing herself with a trousseau!"

"We would have managed to give her decent clothes," said Mrs. Monteagle. "We might have contrived even to give her a few diamonds; I happen to have some trinkets at my own disposal that would not have been a disgrace to Mme. la Baronne Léopold. Ha! ha! But there is no need to discuss that now. There is an end of the matter, and your mind is at rest, I hope, as regards Miss Redacre?"

"She has a rare friend in you," said Mme. Léopold.

"When I like people, I like them," was the sententious rejoinder. "And now will you oblige me by looking on all that we have

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said on the subject as confidential? Your son would not care to have the affair belled about, neither would Pearl."

"Just so, chère madame; then let it rest between us," replied Mme. Léopold, who felt small—so small that Mrs. Monteagle began to pity her.

"I am expecting Captain Léopold to déjeuner," she said, as a ring sounded; "I dare say this is he."

Léon's mother composed her countenance with a facility that spoke volumes for her diplomatic aptitudes and her ability to steer safely through the dangerous waters of the Foreign Office. She had a pleasant greeting for her son, and took leave of Mrs. Monteagle as if they had been interchanging the tenderest effusions of friendship during the last half-hour.

While Pearl had been thus under discussion she herself was busy reading a letter from Polly. This is what Polly said:

"BROOM HOLLOW, May —.

"DEAR OLD PEARL: I wish you would not be so long without writing. Mamma gets into the blues when we are a week without a letter, and papa fidgets till Balaklava and he quarrel, and you may remember the delightful state of things which follows in this family when the peace is troubled between those two heroes.

"Pearl, I have a great piece of news for you. I am engaged to be married to Percy Danvers. I wonder whether you are much surprised, as I want you to be? I'm afraid you guessed from the first what was going to happen. He says you did, and that you didn't like him. Of course I protest that is only a fancy of his—about your not liking him. Don't imagine from this that I am in the seventh heaven of adoration, and that I expect everybody to think my Percy the most adorable of men. I suppose I am a little in love. I try to believe I am, and I partly succeed, for I am very happy and content, and I expect to be a great deal more so when I am married; but that is not to be for some time. Our engagement is a secret just yet; so don't breathe a word about it to any one, not even Mrs. Monteagle. And still I don't know if it would not be better to tell her, and secure her help in something that is of great importance. I don't wish Percy to know that you are in a situation, and if he goes to Paris, and that Mrs. Monteagle is not warned, the chances are she will let the murder out the first time she sees him. He thinks you are on a visit to her all this time. He knew you were in the beginning, and as nobody thought it necessary to enlighten him on the point, he still thinks you are staying at his aunt's. There is no harm in leaving him under that impression. You are always with her on Sunday, and we see him at lunch here that day, so I can with a clear conscience speak of you as with Mrs. Monteagle, for you are sure to be there when I am saying it. I know you will exclaim against this as deceptive, but I am not so squeamish as you, and I see no reason why I should risk my earthly happiness and prospects for the sake of a quibble. Percy is devotedly in love with me, but he is a thorough man of the world, and with his principles—prejudices you would call them, I suppose—it is natural he should have a horror of his sister-in-law's being in the position of an upper servant, and amongst people where it is sure to get known. If you really love me, Pearl, now is the time to prove it by giving up your absurd craze and coming home. Percy need never hear of this ridiculous episode of your stay in Paris; it would be forgotten by the time he returned there. People forget everything, I notice. We can't be married for a year—it is a question of property that he has to settle—unless his uncle dies before then, in which case we could be married at once.

"Papa was saying only this morning at breakfast that he wondered how you were getting on, and whether it was possible you would stay away much longer. He can't make you out at all. No more can I. Mamma is the only one who takes your part; but I don't believe she approves of your behavior a bit more than the rest of us. It seems Captain Darvallon is gone back to Paris. So Percy told me yesterday. I hope you

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won't confide my secret to him. He would consider it his duty at once to inform Percy of your noble defiance of your family and society, and thus show his contempt for worldliness, and for persons who made themselves the accomplices of worldly-minded people.

"The country is looking lovely. This is a heavenly day; the scent of the syringa and the lilacs is overpowering as I write by the open window, and there is a nightingale singing away in the sycamore tree to that pink rose by the gate. You never heard anything so delicious in your life; all the other birds have shut up to listen to him. Even Fritz is listening; I wish you could see him sitting on his tail, looking straight up at the sycamore, and pricking his ears, with a little twitch of his head, as if the trills tickled him. He has been in trouble lately, poor Fritz! Wolf (the new gamekeeper's dog) and he don't hit it off, and they have been having words lately whenever we met on the road; but the day before yesterday they met, and 'twas not in a crowd, but 'by moonlight alone, love,' and there was evidently a terrible row, for Fritz came home late at night, more dead than alive, with a piece of his back torn off, and half his tail gone, and his head all bloody. Jacob Mills put him into a bath of warm water, and we all assisted at the ceremony of the washing of his wounds. It was very affecting, for he kept licking Jacob's hand and making the most pitiful eyes at us all out of his tub. The new calf is tumbling about the lawn on its rickety legs, and making moans for its mother that would move the heart of a stone. There is a brood of fifteen new chickens this morning, and the interesting family are doing well in a basket before the kitchen fire.

"Now I have told you all the news. Come home—come home—come home! Your affectionate sister,

"POLLY."

Mrs. Monteagle and Captain Léopold ate their breakfast while Pearl digested this letter. Léon ate with a very good appetite. And yet he had been very much disturbed by last night's episode, and it had rather added to his irritation than calmed him to learn that morning that Darvallon had been despatched at an hour's notice on a mission to Vienna—some confidential message which the emperor thought fit to send by him instead of entrusting it to the ordinary channel. It was a relief to him to vent his feelings in complaint and surprise to Mrs. Monteagle, who was very sympathetic, and full of wonder and conjecture about the strange proceeding. She forbore introducing the subject of Pearl, waiting for Léon to do so; but he had his own reasons for avoiding it for the present.

"Do you know who is here?" he said, when they were fairly under way with the pâté de foie gras. "Kingspring! He arrived by the mail last night, himself and his friend Danvers."

"The wicked pair, not to have come at once to see me!" said Mrs. Monteagle.

"They will be here presently, no doubt. Indeed, Kingspring informed me, with that *franchise brutale* that he prides himself on, that it was not for my beaux yeux he was in such a hurry to come to me; he wanted me to get invitations for himself and Danvers for the ball at the Metternichs' to-night."

"It is rather late, is it not?"

"My father will manage it; they are coming to dine with me at the club, and we will go from that to the Foreign Office and start in his excellency's train."

"I am glad Mr. Kingspring is so far consoled for his loss as to be in a mood to care for balls," said Mrs. Monteagle.

"The ball is perhaps part of the consolatory system that enables him to bear up. One must take the blessings that Providence gives us, and be thankful," said Léon. "At this moment, madame, I am deeply sensible of the blessing which is bestowed upon me in this

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excellent déjeuner. I never ate anything better than this salade à la crême. I know you will be glad to see me return to it."

Mrs. Monteagle was not glad. She was hospitable; it was a satisfaction to her to see the dishes cleared off and the wine flow freely from the decanters. She was not one of those who watch the jelly go round, and shudder when the first spoon is put into it, and who feel relieved when you answer "No, thank you," to their invitation to another glass of wine. She was the last person to grudge anybody their food at her table, and yet it made her positively angry to see how unimpaired Léon's appetite was by last night's catastrophe. Was it possible that any man who had an aching heart could attack his food with such gusto? And if his heart did not ache, his love for Pearl had been a contemptible caprice that never deserved a spark of the interest Mrs. Monteagle had wasted on it.

"Fanchette is proud of her salade à la crême," remarked the vexed hostess. "I shall tell her you have paid it a compliment. It is a favorite dish of mine; but I am not in good appetite this morning. I can never eat when I am worried."

"Madame, that is bad philosophy; one should eat double when one is worried."

"If one could it might be better; but if one can't? Has anxiety or emotion never spoiled your appetite?"

"When I was young I have experienced that weakness; but I have outlived it."

"What nonsense you talk! How old are you?"

"Alas! madame, I am thirty."

"Goodness me! Thirty! You are hardly a boy yet."

"Nay, madame, I am a man. There lies the difference. Up to twenty one dreams; from twenty to thirty one loves; after thirty one dines."

Léon heaved a sigh and helped himself to Sauterne.

Mrs. Monteagle could not but laugh, and yet she was puzzled and vexed.

"One dines," continued Léon, "and sometimes one dines too well, and then one experiences that remorse of the stomach called indigestion. Was it not a compatriot of yours who defined remorse as an indigestion of the conscience?"

"No compatriot of mine ever said such a thing; if anybody said it before you it was a Frenchman. It is just like you French to make a jest of sacred things."

"Nay, madame, you do us wrong; we have the deepest respect for the digestive organs. Voltaire said that perfect happiness consisted in a bad heart and a good digestion."

"It was like the wicked old cynic to say that; but I should not have expected any man in his right mind to quote it. I wonder whether you have a bad heart or no heart at all?"

"You have a bad opinion of us, I know, madame," said Léon, deliberately draining his glass of Sauterne; "but it is a mistake. We are frivolous, we talk lightly of sacred things, of the stomach, of love; but it is often only a mask to hide our emotions. When a man feels that his heart is getting the better of him, he rebels and turns round upon the tyrant, and strikes at him, and tries to carry off defeat as if it had been a victory. Our vanity sometimes makes us appear worse than we are."

There was an undertone of feel-

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ing in this persiflage, Mrs. Monteagle thought. She was at a loss what to make of him; but be it as it might, she was thankful that Pearl did not love him and was not going to marry him.

The ball at the Austrian Embassy was expected to be very brilliant; the emperor and empress were going, and the cream of the empire was to be there to meet them. But this was not what preoccupied Blanche Léopold most when she was "combining" her dress for the occasion. This evening she was to meet the man who was to be her husband; all the essentials were arranged, and it only remained for the two human beings, whose happiness had been contracted for by their respective family lawyers, to come together, and look into each other's eyes, and hear one another's voices before they joined their destinies for good or ill. The die was not yet cast, but the hour was at hand, and Blanche, with all her prosaic education, and despite the worldly maxims, traditions, and principles on which she had been fed, was a young girl, and the girlhood in her vindicated itself to-night. She was fluttered as she came and went in her pretty blue room, dressing for the ball.

The beautiful white dress, to which she and her mother had given much thought, was tossed out on the bed, its delicate flowers nestling in soft folds, peeping from under transparent loops and flounces—"une toilette comme on en rève," Adèle, her femme de chambre, said. Blanche stood looking at it, and then turned to look at herself in the long mirror opposite, and her heart misgave her. Had she done wisely in choosing those flowers? Would not blue have suited her complexion better than this pink May? Her hair was dressed, and the garland of May was very effective in the soft brown curls, so wonderfully twisted and coiled; but would not those azure myosotis that she hesitated about have shown off the creamy whiteness of her skin better? It was an anxious moment; but Blanche was too practical to wrinkle her brow with regrets over the irreparable. She held out her foot for Adèle to draw on the dainty satin slipper with the sprig of pink May on its toe, and then she threw off her dressing-gown, and stood up to be clothed in the toilette comme on en rève. But just as Adèle was about to fling it over her head Mme. Léopold, half-dressed, burst into the room with a letter in her hand.

"I want to speak to mademoiselle. Wait in my room a moment," she said, and the maid went out and closed the door.

"What is it, mamma?"

"My child, kneel down and make an act of thanksgiving: the Marquis de Cholcourt asks you in marriage."

"Oh!"

Blanche clasped her hands and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Here it is: a letter from Darvallon to your father, saying M. de Cholcourt has charged him to make the demand."

"Est-ce possible!" murmured Blanche, her hands locked together on her knees, and her eyes fixed in happy bewilderment on her mother's face.

"My child, the bon Dieu is very good to us!" said Mme. Léopold, embracing her with emotion.

Blanche could not speak; she held her face to take her mother's kiss, and listened to her rapturous

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congratulations as if she were in a dream. Could it be all real? Marquise de Cholcourt, with the noblest fortune going, one of the proudest names, a queen in the Faubourg—all this was to be hers? The ideal that she had beheld from afar, floating on the misty hilltops of imagination, was a reality within her grasp!

"What answer has papa sent?" she said at last, when her power of speech returned.

"I have not seen him yet; he is engaged, but he sent me in the letter at once. My child, you don't think he can hesitate—that there can be any answer but one to such an offer?"

"Oh! of course not, mamma."

"Then what is it?"

"I am thinking what we are to do about the other. I suppose there is no use in our going to this ball now?"

"It will be awkward. And, as you say, there is no longer any object in our going."

Blanche thought for a moment, and then, looking up, "After all," she said, "one never knows what may happen. I think we had better go."

"Chérie! you are a wise little woman. Then let us go."

And they finished dressing and went to the ball. M. Léopold was detained so long that they could not wait for him, but set off together, leaving the minister to follow when he could with Léon and his two English friends.

Blanche walked on air. The echoing music, the scent of the flowers, the festal splendor of light, the brilliant crowd—she glided through it all like one in a dream, intoxicated with the sense of coming triumph, borne on the waves of Strauss' melodious rhythm, as if the music were a live thing, a strong west wind chasing her before it, and constraining her feet to keep time to its exulting harmonies. All this delirious gayety seemed like the natural outcome of the shock; all the world was gone a-dancing and a-merrymaking since it heard that she, Blanche Léopold, was to be Marquise de Cholcourt. Then Blanche remembered that the great news was still a secret; no one present knew of it but herself. The vicomte came up and was presented, and petitioned for the honor of a dance, and she granted it with studied dignity, but feeling kindly towards the poor deluded young man, who had so little idea of his defeat.

It seemed a long time till M. Léopold and his train arrived. Blanche was impatient to speak to her father. It was so wonderful, this great news that lifted her to the seventh heaven, that she was nervous and eager for fuller confirmation of it. But the minister had no leisure at an hour like this for paternal *épanchements;* he was surrounded at once by his colleagues, by courtiers and ambassadors, and Blanche was fain to control her impatience and wait for a more fitting time to question him.

Mr. Kingspring and Percy Danvers found her out soon, and she danced with them in turns.

"I have been staying down in the country near your old friends the Redacres," said Mr. Danvers during the pause of a quadrille. "They charged me with a heavy budget of messages to Mme. Léopold and you. They talk of you all often."

"I wish they had not gone away," said Blanche. "We miss them dreadfully. How they must bore

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themselves down there after being accustomed to Paris!"

"They don't seem to find it dull, there are so many things that one gets interested in in the country. The colonel is wonderful; I am sometimes amazed to see how contented he is."

"And Balaklava?" said Blanche, laughing.

"It has taken to the change of climate very cheerfully on the whole."

"And Polly? I can't conceive Polly being happy in such a dull life, seeing nothing and going nowhere. Does she not look miserable?"

"Not the least. She is in great beauty and apparently in excellent spirits."

Mr. Danvers said this with an emphasis that made Blanche look at him; but his handsome countenance betrayed nothing.

"I hope to see her sister tomorrow," he continued. "I called at my aunt's this afternoon, but they were neither of them at home."

"Neither of whom?"

"My aunt and Miss Redacre."

"But Pearl is no longer at Mrs. Monteagle's. Did they not tell you?"

"No; I understood she was still on a visit at my aunt's. She was there last Sunday. Where is she now?"

"At my grandmother's," said Blanche.

"Oh! Is she going to remain long away?"

"My grandmother is in Paris at present. But Pearl will soon be going to the country with her."

"I wonder they said nothing about that to me. I thought Miss Redacre would have been thinking of going home now; they are complaining very much of her long absence. I was in hopes that I might have met her here to-night. Is she here?"

"Oh! no; she never goes out of an evening," said Blanche, who now understood that the Redacres had been intentionally silent about Pearl's position in Paris. She was not going to inform Percy Danvers of it. Why should she? It was only natural that Pearl's family should not have confided a fact so mortifying to a recent acquaintance who might never find it out. But Mr. Danvers took a provoking interest in Pearl, it seemed, and would not let the subject drop.

"She is not in delicate health, is she?" he inquired, looking straight at Blanche, who began to feel confused, not having her mother's diplomatic talent for "making a countenance."

"No; she is in very good health, but she does not care for going out. Pearl never did care for that sort of thing as much as Polly. Is not that my brother? Whom is he dancing with, I wonder?" Of course Mr. Danvers could not enlighten her on the point. The quadrille was over, and he conducted her back to her mother. Mother and daughter were soon conversing in animated whispers, Mme. Léopold's soft face expanding in a smile of malicious satisfaction.

"It is just like their intriguing, underhand way; I shall not be a party to such deceit. They may tell lies, if they choose, but I will not be made an accomplice in them."

"There is no need for us to tell lies," pleaded Blanche. "I will only tell bonne maman to avoid saying anything to compromise Pearl; there is no harm in that."

"Compromise her! She will do that for herself," said Mme. Léo-

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pold. "He says they want her to go home? The best thing she could do. But don't you meddle in the affair; it is no concern of ours."

Blanche did not insist further; but she was sorry for Pearl, and just now she was so happy herself that she wanted every one else to be happy. It had struck her, moreover, that Mr. Danvers' manner had something suspicious in it when he spoke of Polly. She wished her mother were not so unsympathetic about it. It was odd that she should be; but Blanche could never quite make out what her mother felt towards the Redacres, she changed her tone so often about them.

Léon and his two English friends joined the ladies, and the conversation became general.

"Look at De Kerbec expounding the political difficulties of Europe to the Turkish minister," said Mr. Kingspring.

"Et le Capitaine Jack, est-il ici?" said Léon, looking round for M. le Kerbec's jewelled commander.

"She is not here; it would have made a revolution in the Faubourg if she had come to meet the emperor and empress."

"Who is le Capitaine Jack?" inquired Mr. Danvers; whereupon everybody began to laugh.

"It is a sobriquet which these naughty gentlemen have given to a most excellent woman," said Mme. Léopold, smiling a bland rebuke at Mr. Kingspring and Léon.

"Nay, ma mère, don't steal Redacre's thunder; it was he who gave her the nickname, and it stuck."

"Did Colonel Redacre never speak to you of Captain Jack?" said Mme. Léopold.

But before Mr. Danvers could answer, Blanche, who did not want the Redacres brought on the tapis, called out:

"Here comes M. de Kerbec himself. He will give us the last news from Turkey."

"And who is M. le Kerbec?" inquired Mr. Danvers.

"Le mari du Capitaine Jack," said Léon.

"C'est un homme très comme-il-faut," said Mme. Léopold.

"Ah! ma mère, voilà qui est sanglant. I never would have said anything so bad of poor De Kerbec as that," protested Léon.

"Yes," said Mr. Kingspring, "he had better go and hang himself. De Kerbec is a poor creature, but I should not have said he was as bad as that."

While this persiflage was going on the object of it advanced with his hat under his arm, and with that air of happy self-importance which he always wore when his wife was absent. Mme. Léopold took advantage of the new current which M. de Kerbec brought to the group to turn to Mr. Danvers and enter into conversation with him. Blanche could not catch all they were saying, for Mr. Danvers was on the other side of her mother; but an occasional lull in the music enabled her to hear snatches of the conversation, and made her aware that Mme. Léopold had lost no time in clearing herself from any suspicion of connivance at the duplicity of the Redacre family.

"Poor child! it is very brave of her, is it not? She feels the humiliation dreadfully, but it would be wiser as well as worthier if her mother and sister confessed the truth instead of making a mystery of it. Besides, there is no use trying to hide it. Polly, I believe, thinks of going out as music-teacher, or something of that sort, by and by. She would make a fortune singing at concerts. Will you

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give me your arm into the gallery? The heat is rather too much for me here."

Percy Danvers gave her his arm and conducted, or rather suffered her to conduct him to wherever she wanted to go. The moment he could make his escape he did so, seizing Mr. Kingspring on his way.

"My dear fellow, what is all this about?" he said, as they emerged into the balmy starlight and walked on arm-in-arm.

"I thought you knew it," said Mr. Kingspring when he heard of the shock his friend had just received.

"How the deuce should I know it? You never said a word about it; no more did they. It places me in a horrible predicament, can't you see?"

"No, that I can't, for the life of me."

"Why, I have proposed to her sister?"

"Well? And she has accepted you, and I have congratulated you on that fact; and I tell you again now that I think you are the luckiest dog alive, and the most to be envied of any man living, except it might be—"

"Who?"

"The man who had been accepted by Pearl Redacre."

"That's it, is it? Then there is no use discussing the case with you; it is a foregone conclusion. All the same it's deucedly awkward for me. I'm very fond of the girl; she's a splendid creature, and it would go hard with me to give her up; but it's too bad to have been taken in like this. You ought to have told me how things were."

"What had I to do with it? You would have told me to mind my own business, if I had come to you with a warning not to fall in love with the prettiest girl in England; you were quite able to look after yourself. Besides, the Redacres are very old friends of mine, and there was no reason why I should have informed you of their private affairs. But, looking at the matter as it stands, I can't see what there is in the discovery of Pearl's conduct to prevent you marrying her sister; and if you back out of your engagement on account of it, you're—not the man I have always taken you for."

Percy Danvers felt Mr. Kingspring's arm slacken its grip of his, and there was a ring in his friend's voice that was not consolatory.

"It doesn't follow that I am going to back out of it because I have come upon a very unpleasant fact in connection with it," he said. "I have a right to feel amazed at being kept in the dark about what Pearl was doing; they should have trusted me. It is the deception that I can't get over."

This was putting the grievance on higher ground, and Mr. Kingspring at once conceded that Danvers had just cause of complaint here.

"I own it surprises me that Redacre should have let things go so far without mentioning it," he said.

"Between me and Polly, you mean? Oh! Redacre knows nothing about that, except what he may have guessed; we agreed to say nothing to any one until I have made all this other business straight with Sir Archiduke. It might involve me in endless disagreeables with him just now, you see."

"So the matter is entirely between Polly and you?"

"Yes. That makes it more delicate for me. It would be easier if

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I could have it out with a man. But I can't say what I feel about it to her. And yet she is the only one I have a right to reproach. My dear fellow, I am horribly put out by this business. If she deceives me like this beforehand how will it be afterwards? How can I ever trust her?"

"Pshaw! nonsense! You are talking like an ass, Danvers. It was the most natural thing in the world the girl should have kept it dark from you that her sister was a governess. Remember she is in love with you; everything is fair in love."

"That's just where I'm hit. I don't believe she is in love with me; if she were she would have trusted me. And if she does not love me, what sort of a life are she and I going to have of it together?"

They were at the door of the hotel now, and Danvers stood for a moment; the gaslight was shining down on him, and Mr. Kingspring could see that he was agitated.

"Kingspring," he said, "I don't know what to do. I am very fond of her. It would cut me up awfully to give her up; but would not that be better for both of us than to repent when it was too late? I'm not sure if I ought not to write to her to-morrow and break it off."

"If you do that," said Mr. Kingspring, "you are the greatest scoundrel alive."

This was their last "good-night," as the two men walked in together and parted under the porte cochère.

Percy Danvers had not opened his mind wholly to Mr. Kingspring. He had not told him of certain insinuations that Mme. Léopold had whispered in his ear concerning Pearl—not a word that he could lay hold of as an accusation, but remarks that pointed to self-evident conclusions: It was so spirited, whatever the *real* motive was; of course people would talk, the world was so sceptical; no one believed a girl of Pearl's birth and education would run away from home to earn money for her parents; they would insist that there was an attraction at the other end; she, Mme. Léopold, stoutly denied this, and never would admit—if only for her dear friend Mrs. Redacre's sake—that Pearl was capable of conduct so bold and unmaidenly as to cross the seas to set her cap at any man; of course the dear girl was to be pitied, for one is not always mistress of one's heart, and Pearl had been brought up with romantic notions about love, and so on; but all this was strictly confidential; Mr. Danvers was not to breathe a word to any one, above all to Mrs. Monteagle, lest she should mention it to Léon; there was no knowing what might come of *that*, for Léon was so chivalrous, so delicate, and had such a brotherly regard for Pearl, that it would make him furious to hear her name coupled —Mr. Danvers understood; madame spoke to him, knowing he was a friend of the Redacre family, and for their sakes he should use his influence to get Pearl called home . . .

It was bad enough to find out that his intended sister-in-law was earning her bread — somebody's bread — as a paid companion amongst people so prominently before the world as these Léopolds now were, that the idea of keeping it a secret was out of the question; you might as well have posted it up on the parish cross. But this was not all. Pearl was talked

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about as having flung herself into the adventure out of love for Captain Léopold, who evidently did not mean to requite the sacrifice, though he was a gentleman, and refrained from amusing himself or his friends at her expense. It certainly was not an inviting prospect to enter a family where sentiment took such forms as this, making one sister a dissembler and a hypocrite with the man she was going to marry, and prompting the other to wild and unmaidenly escapades. If Percy Danvers had been properly in love perhaps he would have seen all this differently; but it may be that, in spite of his declaration to the contrary, his state of feeling had not yet gone beyond what is flippantly defined as spooney.

He was sufficiently disturbed, however, not to be able to sleep comfortably that night, and before the day broke he had made up his mind to go back to England at once, without seeing Mrs. Monteagle or Pearl, and, if possible, without again alluding to the subject with Mr. Kingspring. It was clear he could get no sympathy in that quarter, and he would rather bear his friend's contempt and reproaches than justify himself by exposing all his motives, and thereby inflict pain on the man who loved Pearl—loved her hopelessly, chivalrously, looking neither for return nor reward.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HOLY MARIES OF THE CAMARGUE.

Benedicta Villa Maris,
Quam thesauris tam præclaris,
Rex dotavit gloriæ.

—ANCIENT LITURGY.

MISTRAL, the Provençal poet, in his charming pastoral of *Mirèio*, makes young Vincén, the basket-maker, while mending crates at Master Ramon's on the Crau for harvesting the olives and almonds, tell the beautiful Mireille, the farmer's only child, among other marvels he has seen in his wandering, gipsy-like life, of the Great Saints of the Camargue—the shrine of the Three Maries on the sea-shore, where there is such divine music, where all the people of the country around bring their sick to be cured, and the blind come to receive their sight. "Ah! damoisello," he cries, "should misfortune ever befall you,

Courrés, courrés i Santo! aures leu de soulas!

—run, run to these Saints; there you will find solace!" And when the hour of sorrow comes to the young heiress, who has been wooed among the mulberry-trees only to find the marriage forbidden by her parents, she remembers the counsel and flies across the burning desert of the Crau beneath the hot June sun, carrying Vincén in her inflamed heart—across the salt marshes of the Camargue, where there is

"Ni d'aubre, ni d'oumbro, ni d'amo,

—no tree, or shade, or living soul—

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till the fiery sun pierces her brain as with arrows, and lays her death-stricken on the scorching sands. Already she has caught sight of the white church of the Great Saints on the far-off billowy sea, looming up like a vessel making for the shore. She is only able to crawl along till she reaches its threshold. At the upper end of the church are three altars, three chapels, built, one above the other, out of blocks of live rock. In the underground chapel is St. Sara, venerated by the brown Bohemians. Higher up the second contains God's altar. Resting on its pillars, the mortuary chapel of the Holy Maries lifts its arches to heaven with its relics—sacred legacy—from which grace flows down like rain. Four keys fasten the shrine—the covered shrine of cypress-wood. Once in a hundred years it is opened. Happy, happy he who can see and touch it when it is uncovered! Serene weather his bark will have; a fortunate star to guide it. His trees will bud and give forth baskets of fruit. . . . His soul, for believing, will have eternal riches!

Mireille crawls over the sacred threshold. There she falls on the pavement and cries:

"O Holy Maries, who can change the bitterest tears into smiles, . . . I love him as the brook loves to run, as the bird loves to fly! . . . And they would have me put out the fire I cherish. But it will not die. They would have me uproot the blossoming almond-tree! O Holy Maries, who can change one's tears into flowers, quick, listen to my grief!"

And while thus lying, thus praying, with her large black eyes wide spread, the heavens open, and along the pathway strewn with stars she sees three women, divinely beautiful, descend in shining mantle whiter than the snow on the mountains: one, whose brow of light can only be compared to the silvery star that guides the herdsman's way in the gloom of night, holds against her breast a vase of alabaster closely pressed; the second modest moves with palm-branch in her hand, her fair tresses floating at the wind's will; the third, still young, lets her mantle, white and pure, fall a little over her dark face, out of which her black eyes like diamonds shine.

"Comfort, Mireille," they say. "We are the Three Maries of Judea. We are the patron saints of Baux. . . . Your prayer afflicts us. You would drink, foolish one, at the fountain of love before death. Where have you seen such joy on earth? Man forgets that death alone gives life by opening the way to the true Love. O Mireille! if you could see how full of suffering is the world below, how vain and foolish your love of the creature, your fear of the grave, you would, poor lamb! cry for pardon and death. The sown wheat must decay before it shoots. That is the law. We, too, had our share of the bitter cup before we were given these rays of glory."

And then the Three Saints of the Sea tell the history of their coming to this desert shore while the people of Judea were still mourning for the carpenter's Son of Galilee—Him of the long blond hair—how they were cast into a boat with Lazarus, over whom Jesus had wept; Mary, who had sat at his feet; Martha, who had served him; Sidonius, who had been born blind; St. Maximin and St. Trophime, who belonged to the seventy-two disciples, etc., and set afloat without sail, or oar, or rudder, according to the old prose:

"Sine remo, sine luce,
Sine velo, sine duce,
Fluctibus expositi.

"Sed Maria maris stella
Naufragantes in procella
Dirigit cum Filio."

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Thus happily guided, they came to the mouth of the Rhone and landed at the ancient Pagus Pelagi, where is now the village of the Saintes Maries, and here formed an altar out of the earth, at which they offered a sacrifice of thanksgiving, and sang hymns never before heard on these shores. It was this ship-load of saints that brought all Provence and Languedoc to the true faith. The Maries, with Sara, their attendant, chose to remain on the lonely island where they were cast, that they might end their days in the sweetness of the contemplative life. Beside their cabin sprang up a fountain of sweet water from the brackish soil, and close by they built an oratory in honor of Our Lady, in which they deposited the head of St. James and three of the Holy Innocents they had brought with them. Here they lived, reverenced by the people around, and when they died, one after the other, their tombs were guarded with jealous care, their cabin was converted into a chapel, and the village in time assumed their name.

The curious village of the Saintes Maries is at the very southern extremity of the Camargue, about twenty-five miles from Arles. Before it is the Mediterranean Sea, and behind is a desert of appalling sterility. As far as the eye can see there is nothing but sand-beds, pools, and marshes that give out poisonous exhalations fatal to strangers, and a source of fevers to the Saintins, as the people are called. The Camargue is the delta of the Rhone, formed by a division of the river near Arles, the stream flowing to the westward being known as the Petit Rhône. It is believed to be the largest of the ancient Sticados, or Stœchades, where the Phoceans of Marseilles are said to have founded a colony and, according to Strabo, built a temple to Diana, perhaps still standing when the Judean Maries established themselves here, as her image was at Arles that fell from its pedestal at the mere name of Christ when St. Trophime arrived. Geologists have tried to do away with the ancient tradition concerning these holy women by asserting that the place where the village now stands was under water in their day; but though the delta in some parts is gradually encroaching on the sea, this portion is now thought to be very much as it was at the beginning of the Christian era. Some ancient inscriptions have been found proving it was inhabited in the time of the Romans.

The Saintes Maries is at certain seasons quite inaccessible except by boat or on horseback, but in a dry time may be easily visited from Arles in a carriage. At such seasons the mail is carried in a small diligence, which we took advantage of, leaving Arles at six o'clock in the morning. The road is good at first, and the land cultivated, and there are poplars, willows, and clumps of live-oaks. But in proportion as the Alps of Dauphiné fade away behind the horizon widens, the trees diminish in number and size, low bushes at length cover the vast plain, pools and marshes appear, a forest of pale, slender reeds rustles drily in the hot sun, the soil, impregnated with sea-water, is crusted over with salt, looking like a hoar-frost on the low, sun-bleached herbage and lifeless-looking marine plants, such as saltwort, glasswort, etc. Now and then there is a tamarisk-tree, or a lofty umbrella-pine, tall and stately as a palm, lifting its island

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of verdure into the clear heavens, giving a still more Oriental look to the strange, weird landscape. The whole region assumes an aspect of incomparable sadness. The paleness of the vegetation, the faint yellows, greens, and browns, and the subtle hues of the ash-colored wastes are dreary to the last degree. And yet there is a singular charm about the island with its monotony of plain and sky, its neutral tints, the gray sands and gleaming salt crust on the flats, the broad horizon that gives a sense of infinitude, the long flights of wild fowl on their way to their favorite haunts or hovering over the sullen pools, the strange insects that dart to and fro among the tall, spear-like reeds, and the awful silence that broods over the whole scene. You begin to perceive the flavor of the sea, and soon come in sight of it. The mirage blends earth and sky and sea together in a dreamy atmosphere, so that the vast plain, under the blaze of the sun, seems to rise and fall, and wave to and fro, like the flashing billows of the Mediterranean. What peace and sense of freedom come over you in the boundless space of this great solitude! The nomadic life seems natural here as in the Oriental deserts, and the interior of the island, in fact, is only peopled by gipsies and herdsmen, who lead a wild, almost lawless, life. Hunters and sportsmen, too, come here in the season. And it is a very paradise for the naturalist who, Egyptian-like, adores coleopterous insects, whose name is legion.

On these marshes are flocks of sea-birds, cranes, wild ducks, the albatross, the mystic pelican, several species of the heron remarkable for height and variety of color, and the ibis, revered by ancient Egypt. Great flocks of sea-gulls wheel lazily through the air, or float about like soft cloudlets, or soar away with stately grace, displaying the stainless purity of their pearly wings against the sapphire heavens. There are superb flamingoes, also, with their wings of flame, from which they derive their name. They flock here in November especially, and may be seen in a long row, looking like a line of soldiers, on the borders of the pools seeking their prey, while others, like sentinels, keep watch. Their bodies, covered with white plumage, are supported by long legs terminating in palmated feet and surmounted by a long, slender neck, at the end of which is an enormous beak. At a warning from their sentinels they start up, spread broad their red and black wings, and betake themselves elsewhere with sad, monotonous cries. It is difficult to approach them except in cold weather, when they are killed in great numbers. The flesh is used for food, and is regarded by many as an exquisite dish, but it has a wild flavor and is rather tough. The tongue is the most delicious part, and considered worthy of the palate of kings. It was a favorite dish at the table of Heliogabalus, but then it was prepared according to the directions of Apicius. These birds do not invariably migrate in winter, but sometimes even breed here. They make a cone of sand with a hollow on the top, in which they deposit their eggs; and here they sit, their long legs hanging down the side of the hillock.

There are herds of wild bulls and cows and horses on the Camargue, that roam about with unrestrained freedom and add to the uncivilized aspect of the island. They are not pleasant to encounter.

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Only the herdsmen are able to capture and subdue them, and it is curious to see these fearless men, with their long, three-pronged forks like a trident, on the bare back of the wild horses, galloping across the plains, spearing the cattle on before them.

The horses of the Camargue are said to be of Arabian origin, descended from those introduced by the Crusaders, or, as others will have it, brought here by the Phoceans. They are mostly white, and are small and slender, but vigorous, swift, graceful in their movements, and, though they subsist on very little, are capable of enduring great fatigue. They might be regenerated and made valuable, for they are intelligent and not difficult to train; but they live in a wild state, grazing in herds among the marshes, spending the whole year in the open air, for the most part receiving no care, and scarcely used except for treading out the huge sheaves of grain in the threshing-floors. Véran, one of Mireille's suitors, has a hundred white mares in the great salt marshes, feeding on the rank sedges, with unshorn manes that flow in the wind. They might be taken for some of the brazen-footed horses escaped from the car of Neptune with manes of flowing gold:

> "For when the sea moans and scowls,
> When ships part their cables,
> The horses of the Camargue neigh for joy,
> And smack like whipcord
> Their long, hanging tails,
> And paw the ground,
> And feel within their flesh
> The trident of the terrible god
> Who raises the tempest and the flood,
> And stirs from top to bottom the depths of the sea."

The wild bulls of the Camargue are often taken to the Arènes at Nîmes and various other places on the local festivities, for bull-fights, that are kept up more or less in the south of France. Their hair is black and shining, their horns long and slender, their limbs muscular and active. One of the most curious sights in the Camargue is the *ferrade*, or the process of branding the cattle so they may be recognized by their owners. The herdsmen the day before go out on the plains, armed with their long forks, and, cautiously encircling the wary beasts, drive them into the branding-field. At an early hour in the morning this space is surrounded by carts and all kinds of country vehicles, full of spectators, for the occasion is one of great festivity and as exciting as a bull-fight. At one end of the ring is a large brasier where the branding-irons are heating. One by one the young bulls are forced by means of the long pike to enter the enclosure. A bold herdsman seizes him by the horns, another by the tail, and a third thrusts a pole between his legs to overthrow him. The *toucadou*, or brander, runs with the hot iron and applies it to the thigh of the animal, which utters a frightful roar, and, being released, dashes furiously at his captors. They dexterously evade him, and he rushes forward through the opening made for him and disappears in a cloud of dust. Several hundred a day are thus marked, but not without great risk, on the part of the herdsmen, though they are brave as they are fierce. Their life, though full of danger and fatigue, has a wild, gipsy-like charm about it, and they have something of the nature of their wild bulls, born and brought up as they are among them. This was the case with Ourrias, another suitor of Mireille's—a mighty brander, who is represented as like his oxen in shape and movements, in the savageness of his eye and

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the blackness of his skin. He has a scar between his eyes, got in wrestling with a wild bull at a great branding not yet forgotten in the Camargue. He comes to the *Mas*, or farm-house, on his swift white horse, armed with his long goad, to pay court to Mireille, the loveliest maiden in the Crau. He finds her at a cool spring, her sleeves and skirts tucked up, washing the earthen curd-jars.

"Saints of God! how beautiful she is,
Dabbling the clear water with her little feet!"

"Mireille," says the black brander, "if you would come to Sylva-Réal, within the sound of the sea, you would not have this trouble, for there the black cows run wild and free, and are never milked. The women lead pleasant lives. . . . Under the pines you may sit for ever."

"Sooner," cries Mireille, "will your pronged spear put forth flowers, and these hills grow soft as wax, sooner shall I go by water to the town of Baux."

Ourrias gallops away in fierce ire. He could fight the rocks on the Crau. He could assail the sun in its course. In this mood he meets young Vincén, and on him vents his rage. They fly at each other like two wild bulls of the Camargue. The earth trembles beneath the shock. The stones fly. You would take them for Hercules and one of the Ligurians, or two heroes of the *grand Oumero*. When the mighty Ourrias falls beneath the subtle blows of the infuriated basket-maker, it is like the crashing of a tower. A deep hush falls over the whole land. But he regains his trident, and, basely using it against young Vincén, leaves him on the ground, he believes as a feast for the wolves.

Towards noon, looking across the great salt pool of Valcaïres, we caught sight of battlemented walls, as of some old castle. It was the church of the Holy Maries. Before long we came to the village. It is inhabited by fishermen, wreckers, and herdsmen, amounting to about a thousand souls. But the men are generally absent on the sea or in the fens. There are no trees, or gardens, or regular streets; nothing but whitewashed cottages huddled around the time-stained church, with a burning sun overhead, and only some low sand-dunes and a broad beach to separate it from the sea. It is almost cut off from the rest of the world. The sand-banks prevent the near approach of any vessels, and its only intercourse with other places is by the post from Arles and a telegraph office at the mouth of the Petit Rhône.

The church of the Saintes Maries has the aspect of a citadel, and is one of the most striking examples of the old fortified churches to be seen at Narbonne, Agde, Maguelone, and all along the shore of the Mediterranean. They date from the Carlovingian epoch, and were intended not only as strongholds of prayer, but as fortresses for the defence of the coast, exposed in those days to frequent attacks from the Moors and corsairs. The general shape is rectangular, with strong buttresses, arched machicolations, and battlements around the top. That of the Saintes Maries has turrets at the corners, loopholes in the lofty, massive walls, a flat roof paved with stones, with ramparts around it, and once contained everything necessary to sustain a siege. There is no attempt at decoration. Any play of the fancy would be out of keeping. All is severe and stern as a military hold. In time of danger the women and

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children and the sick used to be shut up in the nave to pray, while the men on the top fought behind the battlements for the defence of the place.

The diligence set us down at the lateral door of the church. At the sides are two lions of Parian marble, corroded by time and the salt air, set in the wall. They are evidently very ancient, and are believed to have belonged to a far older church. Some go so far as to say they are from the old temple of Diana, but they have their symbolic prey in their mouths, after the manner of so many lions watching at the church portals of Italy, and are, no doubt, of Christian origin. The church is a vast basilica without any aisles, and as yet unspoiled by restoration, though on the list of the historical monuments of France, which, in itself, is an indication of its ultimate fate. It is bare, gaunt, and weather-stained, but grandiose and impressive. It is lighted by a few small windows cut high up in the thick walls. A banner of the Holy Maries is suspended over the old stone stoup as you enter. Rude benches fill the upper part of the nave, in the centre of which is the well that sprang up at the prayer of the Saints, with a railing around it. The water is considered efficacious for hydrophobia. On the walls are the Stations of the Cross rudely engraved, a great crucifix with a bleeding side, and a few paintings, such as the "Death of St. Joseph," after Carlo Maratta, and a copy of Mignard's Assumption. In a niche is a boat with effigies of the Maries standing erect, and over it is a modern picture of the Sacred Heart. Set in the southern wall is a marble slab called the *coussin des saintes*, because one of those found under the heads of the Holy Maries when exhumed in 1488, inscribed with their names. It has been hollowed out by the peasants, who mix the powder with water from the holy well and take it as a remedy. A pagan altar of Roman times, but now marked with the cross, stands in the nave. The high altar is in the choir, which is higher than the body of the church. It is a semi-rotunda supported by eight Corinthian columns with capitals, on which are carved the Annunciation, the Angel appearing to St. Joseph, the Visitation, the Sacrifice of Abraham, rams, satyrs, acanthus leaves, etc. These storied columns form a kind of arcade around the apsis. The altar has two fronts, and on grand festivals the priest officiates with his face to the congregation, as in the great basilicas at Rome.

Beneath the choir is the small crypt built by King René. You go down by stone steps through a low, broad archway. It was here the cabin of the Holy Maries stood, and here they lay buried for centuries to save them from the Saracens. There is still a hollow rock in which, says tradition, they cooked their food. In a wooden coffer are the bones of St. Sara, the attendant of the saints, or, as some of the Saintins will have it, Pilate's wife, who escaped with the Maries. The gipsies, who are numerous in the Camargue, honor her with a devotion quite apart.

> "Dins la capello sous terrado
> L'a Santo Saro, venerado
> Di bruns Boumian."

The apsis of the church is unique, with its three altars one above the other. For over the choir is another chapel high up on the roof, secluded and mysterious. Here is the shrine of the Holy Maries. It

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cannot be reached from the interior of the church. A door opens in the outer wall, and you go up by a spiral staircase in the buttress, lighted by loopholes. The curé keeps the key, but kindly gave us access to this singular chapel. The staircase continues to the top of the church, where you can walk along the battlements, and look off over land and sea, and hear the murmur of the waves. Here, between two immensities—the fathomless sea and the boundless heavens—you feel the sublimity, the fascination of this melancholy, desolate shore. A profound peace seems to reign over the broad wastes. You half envy the lot of the Holy Maries, and begin to think it would be no misfortune to live here in the sands, in the smiles of the whispering, caressing sea, beneath so glorious a sun, free from the requirements of conventional life, restored to the freedom of nature, to pass the remainder of your days under the protection of the Saints of the Sea,

"In dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell."

The moonlight nights are especially delightful on this lonely shore—the gleaming white village, the pale sands, the strange charm of the immense solitudes, the silence broken only by the lulling sound of the waters, the moonlit air, the wonderful white glory spreading its radiance over the moorland flats, giving beauty even to the black marshes, streaming out over the most beautiful of seas, and bathing with all its fulness the tower where hangs the shrine of the Holy Maries in its secret chapel.

This chapel is hung with the simple offerings of the poor, but all the more affecting for that. There are a profusion of little boats given by fishermen saved from the quicksands, crutches and models of limbs from the once infirm, votive pictures and tablets, ornaments of crystal, and rows of silver hearts. Against the front wall, in an alcove, is the ancient shrine of cypress-wood, on which the Holy Maries are painted in their bark, and at one end is a windlass by means of which it is let down to the choir three times a year—viz., May 25, October 22, and December 3. The May festival—that of St. Mary Jacobé—is the most popular, for then the days are longer, and the roads dryer than after the autumnal rains begin. An immense crowd assembles on the eve, coming from Arles, Nîmes, Marseilles, etc., so that tents have to be set up on the sands where the people can pass the night. A vast number of sick and infirm persons are brought to be healed by the Great Saints. The church is filled at an early hour in the morning. At length the priests come in their choicest robes. The door over the choir is opened. There is an intense feeling in the expectant crowd. They all kneel with torches in their hands, gazing up at the open door. The Salve begins:

"Salve Mater inclyta
Jacobi Minoris;
Ave, Parens optima
Jacobi Majoris."

The shrine appears, lowered by ropes and chains. A thrill, a tremor passes over the breathless multitude, pale, palsied hands are lifted in supplication, a perfect wail of sorrow rises. The shrine comes slowly down, down. "*Grâce! Grâce!*" is heard on every side. There is a terrible cry and a swaying to and fro of the crowd. The shrine at length rests on an estrade, adorned by flowers and surrounded

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by lights, where it remains all day with a throng of votaries before it. At a later hour the people go in procession down to the sea-shore with relics, banners, and the old bark, and there the curé blesses them with the silver arm given by King René, containing a bone of the Saints. Then they return to a cross set up in the sands, where a sermon is delivered. This cross is of stone, and on it is sculptured the bark of the Maries, the symbolic fish and pelican, and the Sacred Heart.

The church of the Saintes Maries is variously designated in ancient documents as Les deux Maries de la Mer, Notre Dame de la Barque, Sancta Maria de Ratis, etc. It is called by the latter name in the testament of St. Césaire (early in the sixth century), in which he gives it to the nuns of Arles. Count William of Provence, who expelled the Saracens from the country, held the church in the tenth century, perhaps by right of conquest, but restored it to the nuns of St. Césaire. The village, which is identified with the church and bears its name, has for its arms a boat in which the Maries are standing with the motto *Navis in pelago.*

We have no intention of discussing the delightful old legend of the bark that brought so many saints from the East to this happy shore. It has been a constant tradition in Provence. M. Faillon has exhausted the subject, and we are only too willing to accept his conclusions that put us at once in harmony with the people and their peculiar devotions.

There is an old religious romance concerning the history of the Holy Maries, in sixteen thousand lines, written in 1365 by Jean de Venette, a Carmelite monk, but it is full of fictitious incidents. He makes them the daughters of St. Anne, who, according to him, had three husbands — Joachim, Jacob, and Salome—by whom she had respectively three daughters called the Three Maries, two of whom added the name of their fathers to their own.

On leaving Jerusalem at the persecution of St. Stephen's time, he supposes them to go to Veroli, in Italy, accompanied by Sarette, their servant. Here they lodged in the house of a good Christian dame named Eve de la Ruolle, where they were taken ill and died. Veroli being in after-times gallantly defended by a Provençal knight, the religious and civil authorities testified their gratitude for his services by giving him the bodies of these holy women, which he brought to France and buried beneath the church of Notre Dame de la Mer through fear of the Saracens.

> "You go straight into Provence,
> Where they're held in reverence,
> Three leagues from St. Giles' town."

But the generally-received tradition is that Mary Jacobé was the daughter of Matthan, of the tribe of Levi. Her mother was the sister of St. Anne and of Sobé, the mother of St. Elizabeth, of whom was born the Baptist. Mary Jacobé married Cleophas, the brother of St. Joseph, and is often called by his name. She had four sons —James the Minor, Jude, Simeon (bishop of Jerusalem), and Joseph, surnamed Justus, spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles. Mary, daughter of Salome, married Zebedee and became the mother of St. James the Major and St. John the Evangelist. They were so nearly related to the Blessed Virgin

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that they formed part, as it were, of the Holy Family, and the children are called the brethren of our Saviour. There is a painting in the museum at Marseilles by Perugino, representing them all together, which is something unusual. In the centre is the Madonna enthroned, with the Child on her knee. St. Anne, dressed in green and purple, stands behind, with her hands resting on her daughter's shoulders. On the steps below are the children Thaddeus and Simeon. At the right stands Mary Salomé, with St. John in her arms and St. James the Major (a little boy with a green scarf) at her side. St. Joachim is behind her with a green robe and yellow mantle. St. Mary Jacobé is on the other side in a pale green dress and lilac veil, with St. James the Minor in her arms and Joseph Justus at her side. Behind her is St. Joseph.

Mary Jacobé is said to have died first. St. Trophime came down from Arles to administer the Holy Eucharist, and she was buried near the miraculous fountain. Salome lived a few months longer. Sara soon followed, and was buried near her mistresses, and became inseparably connected with them in the devotions of the people. A few centuries after, while the lord of the country (some say the king) was hunting in the forest of the Saintes Maries—doubtless the Pinède, a remnant of the Sylva-Réal—he met the hermit who watched over the tombs of the holy women, and ordered a church to be built to enclose them.

Gervase of Tilbury, marshal of the kingdom of Arles in the time of the Emperor Otho IV., speaks of the tradition of the Holy Maries as handed down from remote antiquity. He says:

"The Narbonnese province includes the Sticados isles, commonly called the Camargues, in the place where the Rhone empties into the sea. There on the seashore is to be seen the earliest church on the continent in honor of Mary, the holy Mother of God, consecrated by several of the seventy-two disciples, driven out of Judea and exposed on the sea in a bark without oars, such as Maximin of Aix, Lazarus of Marseilles, brother of Martha and Mary Magdalen, Eutrope of Orange, George of Velay, Trophime of Arles, in presence of Martha, Mary Magdalen, and several others. Under the altar of this basilica, made by them out of baked earth and covered with a tablet of Parian marble bearing an inscription, there are, according to an ancient tradition worthy of full credence, six heads of holy bodies placed in a square. The remainder of the bodies are buried in a tomb, and among the number, we are assured, are the two Maries who, the first day after the Sabbath, came with perfumes to visit the tomb of the Saviour."

No one was better able than Gervase of Tilbury to know the prevailing opinion in the province as to the Holy Maries, and his testimony that they had been venerated here from time immemorial by the people of Arles and the whole country around is of weight. He shows himself well informed as to the Camargue and the church, as though he had visited them in person.

William Durandus, the Speculator, Bishop of Mende, and one of the most learned schoolmen of the thirteenth century, alludes to the altar of earth in his *Rationale.* He says that "altars, according to the general custom of the church, should be of stone, though that made by the Israelites was of sétim wood, which was incorruptible. That of St. John Lateran is also of wood. And in the country of Provence there is an altar of earth in the town of Sainte Marie de la Mer, erected in that place

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by Mary Magdalen, Martha, Mary Jacobé, and Mary Salomé."

This great doctor of the church was a native of Provence, but had studied at Bologna, been a professor at Modena, auditor of the sacred palace at Rome, legate to the Council of Lyons (1274), and was in relation with all the learned men of his time. His opinion may therefore be supposed to be that which was generally received.

This altar was so holy that, according to Jean de Venette, no one was allowed to officiate thereat but bishops and religious.

> "Nul n'y doit célébrer messe,
> Soit basse ou haute. à note expresse,
> Fors prélats et religieux:
> Tant est le lieu très précieux."

And no one was ever buried in the church out of respect to these holy women. Even when it was served by monks they had their cemetery without the walls.

In the middle ages people of all conditions came on pilgrimages to the Saintes Maries, even from remote provinces. Jean de Venette relates how a bishop of St. Pol de Léon, having suffered for years from the gout, and to such a degree that he had lost the use of his limbs, and could not even turn in bed, being given up by the physicians, made a vow to go on a pilgrimage to the church of the Holy Maries, if they would enable him to make the journey, and forthwith began to compose a hymn in their honor, beginning *Nobile Collegium.* It was hardly completed before he fell into a sweet slumber, and towards the middle of the night he saw, either in a vision or with his natural eyes, the two Maries appear, who, after anointing him, assured him he was healed. When he awoke in the morning he found it was true, and at once set forth to accomplish his vow. He arrived safely at the church, difficult as it was of access, related his cure, and made rich offerings. He afterwards founded three chapels in honor of the Saints. One of these was in the church of St. Pierre at Nantes, which he adorned with their statues in alabaster. Another was in the Carmelite church at Paris, where he hung up a tablet on which was graven his hymn, *Nobile Collegium.*

At St. Paul's Church, Lyons, there was a chapel of the Trois Maries, and the châsse containing holy relics was suspended behind the high altar, after the manner of that in the Camargue, and let down on grand occasions.

Foulques de Chanac, Bishop of Paris in 1347, in consequence of the marvels wrought at the shrine of the Holy Maries, ordered their two festivals to be celebrated in his diocese, and granted indulgences to all who would keep them. On these days their lives were read or made the subject of a discourse.

But the great veneration in which this church was held throughout the country was shown in 1448, when René of Anjou, after a sermon on the Holy Maries, conceived the design of exhuming their remains, which still lay buried beneath the church, and applied to Pope Nicholas V. for permission, begging him to appoint some one to superintend the solemn translation. The pope appointed the bishop of Marseilles and the archbishop of Aix. They proceeded to the Camargue, and a Provençal knight named Jean d'Arlatan, the king's chamberlain, directed the excavations, and the king's bailiff and the syndic of the town kept guard to see that no one touched the works. They first excavated the site of the ancient

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oratory, and near the well they found the head of St. James, bound with strips of lead. Then they dug beneath the choir, where stood the ancient cabin. Here they found coals, ashes, and some domestic utensils, and finally the Three Saints with the remains of the Holy Innocents, laid in the form of a triangle.

King René, to whom the discovery was at once announced, came to the Saintes Maries with Isabella of Lorraine, accompanied by a brilliant train, in which were Frederic de Lorraine, the king's son-in-law, Tanneguy Duchâtel, seneschal of Provence, Elie, lord of Montfaucon, the lord of Clermont, and three hundred other people of distinction. At the head of the clergy were Cardinal de Foix, the papal legate, twelve bishops, several mitred abbots, such as those of St. Gilles, Psalmody, and St. Victor at Marseilles, and many deans, provosts, doctors of the law, canon and civil, prothonotaries, and notaries public. On the 3d of December Cardinal de Foix pontifically celebrated the Mass of the Holy Maries, attended by all the bishops, abbots, and priests in splendid attire. The church was magnificently adorned and crowded with people holding torches in their hands. The relics were laid before the high altar, where the king and clergy went to venerate them. The legate, aided by the bishops of Marseilles and Couserans, took the sacred bones, wiped off the dust, washed them in white wine, and placed them in a double shrine of cypress-wood lined within and without with rich silk embroidered with gold. Then the châsse was carried forth into the open air to allow the people to have freer access, and there Dom Adhémar, the king's confessor, pronounced a panegyric.

The next day the other remains were duly enshrined, and the châsse of the Holy Maries was solemnly raised in presence of the king and people to the upper chapel of St. Michael the Archangel, where the cover was fastened down by means of four locks. Two of the keys were given to the king, and two to the abbot of Mont Majour.

King René afterwards painted a triptych for the church. The central panel represented the Virgin and Child on a throne, and on the wings were the Maries with their vases. This picture was engraved at Paris some time last century. He also gave silver vessels for the altar, vestments wrought with silver and gold, and rich stuffs to cover the shrines.

A solemn festival, called the *Révélation*, was established on the 2d of December to commemorate this translation.

In September, 1596, the people of Arles, after successful recourse to the Holy Maries in a time of public calamity, sent their church, as offerings of gratitude, a cross of silver gilt, and a piece of orfévrerie representing the city of Arles in relief, and the three Saints appearing in the heavens. The prebendaries of St. Trophime, the civil authorities, and a great number of nobles and people went to the Saintes Maries to present the offerings. A Mass was solemnly sung, and, in honor of the occasion, the châsse was opened by the prior of Mont Majour and the delegate of the king.

At the Revolution all the silver vessels and ex-votos were carried off. There was no danger of the wooden shrine's exciting the cupidity of any one, but to prevent

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the relics from being profaned the curé had them taken out, wrapped in stout cloth, and buried. The silver reliquary in the form of an arm, given by King René, was also saved. The *coussin des saintes* was taken to plant a liberty-tree on, but when that was overthrown the people came with great joy to see the stone taken up, and accompanied it to the church, where it was reset in the wall, every one kissing it with respect and declaring that it gave forth a sweet odor as of violets. The relics of the Maries were also restored to the upper chapel, where they are still kept.

It is to the chapel of St. Michael in the upper air that Mireille is taken that she may die before the shrine of the Holy Maries, and there, as the setting sun casts its last beams across the long waves that are slowly breaking against the shore, the priest administers the last solemn rites. Her parents are there: "O Saints! let her live. Take my life instead!" Vincén, too, rushes wild with grief across the salt marshes: "My love, my blossoming almond-tree, sun of my life! Shall it be said that you, great Saints, have seen her embracing your sacred altar in vain? Queens of heaven, the only help now, take the very eyes of my head, but give her back to me." The Saints breathe over the dying girl. It gives her a little strength. Her face flushes with sweet joy at the sight of young Vincén: "You told me to come to the Holy Maries. With solace, with solace my heart is running over." She extends her hands to them all. "The time of parting has come," she says; "the light deepens on the Maries' brows. They beckon me to come. They whisper I need not fear. I shall go to Paradise in their bark. They know the pathway through the stars. Now they are on the prow awaiting me. In a moment, dear Saints. I cannot go fast. I am too weak. . . . I mount. Adieu! adieu! We are on the sea, the beautiful sea. Over its soft billows we go to heaven. The blue sky meets the waters."

Her voice dies away like the sunlight from cloud to cloud of gold. "Saints, is that an organ I hear in the distance?" she murmurs, and turns her face with a smile, and is gone.

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THE REALITY OF THE SUPERNATURAL ORDER.

THE Supernatural Order, in respect to the human race during its existence on the earth, subsists in the Catholic Church. It is a society having the principle of its organic unity and life, in faith in divine mysteries above the sphere of reason, believed on the veracity of God who has revealed them; in hope of a sovereign good above any attainable by natural development of the human faculties; in love to God in a personal, filial relation of equality. Its existence springs from and is founded upon the great Fact of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ.

In regard to this great Fact, Mr. Alger, who is an extreme rationalist, remarks:

"Of all the single events that ever were supposed to have occurred in the world, perhaps the most august in its moral associations and the most stupendous in its lineal effects, both on the outward fortunes and on the inward experience of mankind, is the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. . . . If God is in history, guiding the moral drift of human affairs, then the dazzling success of the proclamation of the risen Redeemer is the divine seal upon the truth of his mission and the reality of his apotheosis."*

The Catholic Church is a living, continuous, universal witness to the fact of the Resurrection; and to its significance, which lies in the nature of the Redeemer who died and rose again, and the purpose for which he submitted to death and triumphed over death. It is the medium which places us in direct contact with the great fact and illuminates it, so that its real, intrinsic character is made visible and intelligible. And in this fact, thus made intelligible, is contained the complete revelation of the secret mystery of human destiny impervious to reason; and the full solution of the difficulties which philosophy, left to itself, is unable to explain. The knowledge of the person and purpose of Jesus Christ is derived from himself, through the testimony of the apostles, perpetuated in the Catholic Church. The sum of the testimony to his person is expressed in the words of St. Augustine, "*Persona Christi mixtura est Dei et hominis*"—"The person of Christ is a mixture of God and man." This personal subsistence of a human nature in the divine nature is an elevation to that hidden life in the infinite intelligence and love of the divine essence, which constitutes the pure *entelecheia* or absolute act in which God exists. The sublime philosophy of Aristotle penetrates so far as this into the essence of God, that He is the infinite knower and known, lover and loved. Active intelligence, the intelligible, and the desirable or object of complacency, present three terms of relation within the divine being. Because God is absolute act, infinite being, whose essence is to exist, the term of his act is real being in perfect, complete subsistence, or personality. His intelligent consciousness with self-dominion and independence, the *ego* of his complete actuality, is in act in a threefold manner, because of the three

* *Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life*, pp. 346–353. The whole of this chapter is well worth the study of every rationalist and sceptic.

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necessary terms of relation in his inner life, which have each its distinct reality. Within his individual and indivisible unity of essence, there is communication, fellowship, an eminent mode of the society and mutual love which in finite beings springs from a multiplication of persons with distinct natures. The human nature of Jesus Christ, having been taken up into a mode of subsistence in the person of the Divine Word wholly above its natural exigency, was made to participate in a grade of cognition and love equal to that which essentially belongs to the divine nature. This is a true apotheosis, in the literal sense of the word, and the Resurrection was its manifestation, the taking full possession, and exhibiting before the world as an accomplished fact, of that which existed before in right, the privilege of a divine sonship.

The purpose of Jesus Christ in dying and rising again, we know from his own testimony, was to redeem his brethren and give them an adopted sonship similar to his own. The original destination of human nature is proved, therefore, from the personal quality and purpose of the Redeemer as manifested in the Resurrection, to have been absolutely supernatural.

It is necessary to define here more precisely what is meant by this term "supernatural," for it is the pivot upon which the whole exposition of Catholic theology turns.

"Supernatural" does not denote simply what is above sensible nature, the laws of the visible universe, and the temporal order of this present world. The realm of nature is co-extensive with the creation. It includes the world of spirits, the entire intelligible order, all the relations of created beings to God which spring from the creative act. The human soul is naturally capable of knowing God and naturally subject to his dominion. It is naturally immortal, and has a natural exigency of its own perfection in a future state of endless existence. The providence of God over all his creatures as the creator, the conservator, the concurrent first cause of all effects, the consummator of his own plan, so far as known and knowable by the natural light of intelligence, is within the natural order. The supernatural is something above the plane of all effects produced by creation. It is a communication of that which naturally belongs within the divine essence, to a term which is without. The natural interval between the divine essence and the highest created spiritual essence is infinite. The created spirit can only have cognition by becoming, ideally, what is cognized through representative species. He must take into his own being the form of his object of cognition. The essence of God infinitely transcends this finite capacity. The intelligent creature can only know God as he sees Him by a diminuted image in himself, in other spirits, in the intelligible universe. The works of God do not image his intrinsic essence as it subsists in Three Persons. They are the undivided works of the wisdom and omnipotence of God, which are essentially and identically the same in the Three Persons. It is impossible to know or even to guess that God can or will elevate any creature by union with his own essence, so that he can see God in and through God, as He sees himself, and in this contemplation

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possess a sovereign and divine beatitude; unless God reveal his purpose to do so, and disclose the mystery of his interior life. He has done so in Christ, in whom the human and the divine are hypostatically united. And in Christ, as the head of the human race, the Adam of the order of regeneration, the destination of man is made known as absolutely supernatural.

In this supernatural order, the entire human essence, including the body, was destined for a state of glorification to succeed the present state. The body, naturally corruptible and mortal, was destined to a transformation into an incorruptible state. In the state of original innocence and justice, the graces and gifts with which the first parents of men were invested threw a glory over the body which covered its natural deficiency, harmonized it with the spirit, and prevented the innate corruptibility from taking effect in any disorderly appetites, in disease, decay, or dissolution. Immunity from death was promised on the condition of obedience to the law of God, and this earthly life was ordained as a peaceful and happy preparation for the apotheosis by which the sons of God should be finally translated to the highest sphere among beatified spirits.

The disobedience and fall from grace of the first parents of the human race changed the human species into something worse than God had made it; the despoiled nature was transmitted to their posterity, with its inherent corruptibility; and death became the common doom. The Redeemer restored the race, fallen from its destined end, by a better and more perfect way, through his own death and resurrection. The divine revelation and the divine religion before his coming were a preparation for him, the Catholic Church is the complement of his work. In the inchoate society which preceded the foundation of the Catholic Church, before the Resurrection; in the perfect society of the Catholic Church since that epoch; all men who have divine faith and persevere until death in acting upon its dictates are prepared for the state of everlasting glory in the society of the holy angels, under Christ as the universal head; which is the consummation of the entire plan of God. All things and events in the natural order are subordinated to this supernatural order. This is the sum of the principal and substantial contents of the divine revelation which the Catholic Church has received from Jesus Christ through the apostles, and teaches, by authority delegated from him, with unerring certainty; and it is all concentrated, manifested, and marked with the seal of divine truth in the one concrete fact of the Resurrection.

The mode of teaching by a divine revelation, received by faith in the divine veracity and attested by miracles, is rendered necessary by the supernatural order in which the destination of the human race is constituted. In this order, the human intellect and will are placed in relation with that which is naturally unknowable except to God himself. The essence of God in the Trinity is thus made the ultimate intelligible and desirable object of the human aspiration. This is a mystery above all created intelligence, which can only be clearly seen by supernatural intuition. There is a sufficient reason for disclosing it in an obscure manner by revelation, because it is the ultimate term of the elevated and di-

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vinized intelligence and will. The Incarnation is a mystery even more inscrutable and impervious to human reason, and the inferior but similar filiation of the adopted sons who share with the Only-Begotten in his privilege of primogeniture is likewise a secret of God, which can only be believed on faith in the divine word. Other revealed truths and facts are secondary and complementary to these primary mysteries. From the beginning of the world, the substantial revelation was made, and was expanded and completed by degrees until the end of the mission of the apostles. Since that time, there has been no addition made to the sum of revealed truths. The Catholic Church, by her judgments and definitions respecting dogmas of divine faith, only makes the obscure clearer, or determines what has been revealed, or explicates the implicit concepts contained in revealed truths.

The supernatural faith, hope, and love by which men are raised to the same plane in which Jesus Christ exists by virtue of his divine personality, are gifts of divine grace, infused virtues which elevate human nature above itself. Human reason, and rational free-will to choose the desirable good and use the natural faculties for its attainment, do not suffice even to initiate a movement toward the supernatural end, much less to accomplish the transition by which the term is reached. Nevertheless, it is not a new intellect or a new will which is produced in man by regeneration. Nature is not superseded but augmented and elevated and subjected to a new force in the supernatural order. It is the natural capacity for knowing the intelligible and knowing God which is turned toward the mysteries of the divine essence, as its supernatural object. The natural and necessary love of the universal good, and of God as its source, is turned and determined to the beatific contemplation of the divine essence as its specific and supernatural term. In the medium or way appointed by God for conducting the rational creation to its end, all natural means are interlaced with the supernatural and combined in one harmonious whole. There is an aptitude and an attitude of the intellectual and moral nature of man toward the divine, which makes him a fit and competent recipient of the illuminations and inspirations of divine grace. Under the influence of these illuminations and inspirations, the natural activity of the mind and will remains unimpaired. Revelation is not philosophy or science, but it is compatible with both. A very large part of what has been handed down and taught by religious tradition, in connection with the articles and dogmas of faith which are made known exclusively by revelation, is also the object of purely natural and rational knowledge, and is provable by historical and philosophical evidence. The mysteries themselves, although obscure and inevident in respect to natural reason, are intelligible, and their harmony with rational truths is partially provable. The unity of God, the unity of the human species, the immortality of the soul, the obligations of justice, the right of property, the facts related in sacred history, and similar matters, can be known and proved independently of sacred Scripture and sacred tradition, by metaphysical or moral evidence. The Trinity of Persons in God cannot be demonstrated metaphysically, because it is impossible to discover

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a necessary connection in the distinct concepts enunciated in the statement of this article of faith. The compatibility between the distinction of natures and the unity of person in the Son of God cannot be demonstrated, and the actual union of the two natures in him was not physically evident to those who saw him in the condition of a human life like our own. Nevertheless, the meaning of the terms Trinity, Incarnation, and the like is intelligible by analogies drawn from known objects and rational concepts. There are numerous and copious arguments of probability, by which it is not only shown that these mysteries are not contrary to reason, but that they have even a rational verisimilitude.

Moreover, the ground and motive for giving a firm and undoubting assent to these articles of faith and all else which is revealed, as well as to all conclusions logically deduced from revealed truths, is and must be a rational motive. An act of reason is presupposed by the act of faith. By faith we believe, on the authority of God revealing, whatsoever is sufficiently presented to the mind as a revealed truth. The object of faith does not of itself determine and compel assent as self-evident. Faith is voluntary, free, and meritorious. It is an act of supreme homage and submission to God which has a moral as well as intellectual virtue in it. It is the will which determines the intellect to give undoubting, irrevocable assent to the word of God. This act of the will would not be prudent and reasonable, unless it proceeded from a rational judgment that it is really the word of God which demands assent. It is requisite, therefore, to know the existence and veracity of God, and to know that the proposed object of faith is revealed by him, on sufficient reasons which are at least simultaneously presented with the instruction given by the authorized teacher of revealed truth, before a real and certain assent of divine faith can be given. One who has had faith, therefore, from the first beginning of the use of reason, and has never doubted, if he possesses sufficient capacity and learning, can apply the internal and external criteria of certitude by a reflex examination of the rational grounds of the Catholic doctrine. He can have a scientific, philosophical, theological, critical, and historical certitude of the entire Catholic religion and all its parts, a Christian demonstration equal though not precisely similar to that which he may have of the best known and most constant laws and facts of natural science. The demonstration is not directly founded throughout on metaphysical but on moral evidence. It is, therefore, properly called a moral demonstration. Nevertheless it is reducible indirectly to a demonstration which may be called strictly metaphysical. The whole is contained in the syllogism :

Whatever God reveals is certainly true ;

God has revealed all which the church proposes as a divine revelation ;

Therefore, all this is certainly true.

The major premise is metaphysically certain. The minor premise is morally certain, and proved by the whole mass of the motives of credibility. The conclusion is contained in the major premise, and therefore has all the intrinsic and objective truth of that premise. But, subjectively, and in respect to

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our apprehension, our mind is placed in adequation to this objective truth only in proportion to the quality of the moral evidence of the minor premise, by which the conclusion is proved to be contained in the major. By the logical rule, consequently, that the weaker premise qualifies the conclusion, the conclusion is for us only morally certain, by the direct force of the argument. Yet it is reductively metaphysical. For, it is demonstrably incompatible with the attributes of God that he should permit any religion to be invested with the credibility of the most complete moral evidence, except that which is absolutely true and revealed.

Children, and the simple, unlearned people, have enough of this kind of knowledge for a reasonable certainty of all which is necessary for them as a condition of believing and practising the essential part of the Catholic religion. They have it, just as they have the implicit, substantial philosophy which suffices for the ordinary purposes of common life. Those who are ignorant of the Catholic faith, and who are incapable of the amount of study and thought which are necessary for a complete and extensive understanding of an historical, philosophical, and theological demonstration of the Catholic religion, like that which sufficed for convincing minds of the order of Stolberg, Newman, and Brownson, can nevertheless attain a rational conviction by a short and easy process. Any one who has the use of reason, rectitude of will, a sincere desire for truth, and who is not so preoccupied by the prejudices of education as to be in a state of invincible ignorance, if he has the opportunity of proper instruction can learn enough in a month, to give him a reasonable certitude that the Catholic Church has a divine and infallible authority to teach the truth necessary to salvation. This is all he requires, for he has only to receive on this authority whatever is taught him, by the way of faith. But if we suppose a man to possess the maximum of intellect and human science, yet to be ignorant of the faith and to apply himself to acquire all the knowledge of the greatest possible theologian, the Catholic demonstration is adequate to give him rational and certain science and conviction, co-extensive with his capacity of apprehension. Satan has all this science with a perfection far beyond what is possible for a human mind in virtue of its natural faculties. And although such a man as we suppose should deliberately determine to adhere to Satan, with full knowledge of the truth, it is abstractly possible that he might retain his intellectual conviction of the absolute certainty of all Catholic doctrine undiminished. If he is supposed to be wavering and undetermined, it is much more conceivable that, while his decision is in abeyance, he should attain such a clear, intellectual conviction. It is not, however, in accordance with the ordinary character of men that they should be so nearly assimilated to demons.

Rarely will a man follow his intellect with such determined audacity on the road of despair, unless he is an apostate priest who has become obdurate in his rebellion. One who has been hitherto following only the natural light of reason will not usually set himself to seek after the truth of the supernatural order, unless he has at least an incipient disposition to embrace

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it, with the full consent of his will, for his own good, after he has found it. If he cherishes this disposition, and permits the new light which gradually dawns on him to influence his will, the grace of God will enlighten him and stir his heart to embrace the truth with love, so that his conviction will not long precede the full act of divine faith. But if he falters and draws back, he will almost surely shrink from facing the responsibility of openly and avowedly violating his conscience, and will seek rather to defraud it by some plausible pretext. Even apostates ordinarily do the same, and not only openly deny and disown the faith, but inwardly seek to sophisticate their own minds, and to persuade themselves that their heresy or infidelity has a rational ground. Seldom, if ever, is a complete and permanent intellectual conviction of the truth of the Catholic religion found dissociated from faith, unless in some cases where it exists as a dead residuum of the faith which has been once had. The evidence of the truth of the total sum of Catholic doctrine does not of itself necessarily compel assent. The mind has a tendency to fall off at least into doubt, respecting an object of intelligence which is wholly above reason and supernatural, and is made certain only by the veracity of God revealing, unless it is strengthened and steadied by supernatural light. The capacity of apprehending the evidence depends in a great measure upon the moral rectitude of the individual. Moral turpitude, even of that more subtle and refined sort which does not make the mind gross and stupid, pride, self-love, vain-glory, attachment to temporal interests, dims and perverts the faculty of apprehending the highest order of truth. Great voluntary effort is necessary in order to get possession of the complete evidence and to keep the attention fixed upon it steadily. It is possible to wilfully ignore, forget, or distort the reasons and motives of credibility. Therefore, although the will cannot absolutely command or prohibit assent by despotic caprice, according to the passions and desires of the individual, its influence is very great in determining the intellect this way or that, when the object of intellectual apprehension does not irresistibly force itself upon the attention and extort the assent of the intellect. Most persons have enough of ignorance, prejudice, and an illogical habit of arguing, to be able to deceive themselves with some sort of sophistry, when they have a strong motive for doing so. Even the few who know so much and think so clearly, that they cannot deceive themselves by vulgar errors and illusions, can find some recondite loophole of escape from unwelcome truth of the divine order. We find, therefore, instances of men who admit the whole chain and series of arguments and facts by which the Catholic religion is demonstrated, except some one necessary link, the want of which is fatal to a complete and fixed conviction. Proudhon, for example, clearly saw and vehemently asserted, that if you admit the reality of the supernatural order the Catholic conclusion must be drawn by the force of an irresistible logic, yet he denied the supernatural.

We can understand, therefore, how it is that the Christian and Catholic motives of credibility, without prejudice to their demonstrative character, are not effica-

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cious to prevent numerous apostasies among those who have received a Christian education, or to convince the greater number of those who have been brought up in error or unbelief. The real and intrinsic cause for rejecting or refusing to accept the revealed truth of God when sufficiently proposed by the Catholic Church, is a secret antipathy to God, and not a rational judgment that the motives of credibility are insufficient. This antipathy puts in a plea in bar of all the rational evidence and arguments which the advocates of the true and divine religion can present. Antipathy to God as the most perfect being and sovereign good is, indeed, impossible to a rational nature. It is only a negative aversion, or want of inclination to seek for his supreme good in a supernatural union with the divine essence, which constitutes the "vis inertiæ" of human nature when left in its native state, and places an obstacle which can be overcome only by divine grace. There can be, however, a positive antipathy to that renunciation of the sensible good toward which the soul has a natural inclination, which is required as the condition of attaining its supernatural end. When this repugnance dominates and overcomes the impulse of grace, the soul turns away from God with a positive aversion, and rejects the sovereign good for the sake of that inferior good which it has chosen. Thus it was that the majority of the human race, casting themselves impetuously upon the current which carried them into the external life of the senses, and seeking to work out for themselves an earthly and temporal destiny, lost the truth and grace of the primitive revelation. This is the origin of the false religions of antiquity. In the new world of Christendom, as soon as the great struggle of religion and the church had ended in a triumph, the great mass of Christians, without renouncing faith or openly revolting against the Christian law, abandoned the practical observance of religious maxims, and gave themselves to the pursuit and enjoyment of temporal goods. The revolt of heresy was the consequence of this outbreak of moral corruption, and the infidelity and atheism of the present age are the logical, necessary consequence of this heretical revolt. Their root and reason are not in science but in sin, estrangement from God in Christ, who is offering to the world a reconciliation with himself which the great number of men who are in revolt against his law will not accept. The argument against religion is a plea in justification of this alienation from God, an attempt to make out a case for the claim of independence and self-sovereignty.

The substance of the plea, which is thus placed in bar of all evidence proving the credibility of the Catholic religion, as a revelation from God demanding an unqualified assent and submission of the mind and will to its doctrines and precepts, may be stated as follows. A creator and ruler of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness ought to govern the universe and bring all rational creatures to perfection and happiness, through constant and invariable natural laws. The operation of these laws ought to produce the maximum of natural good in all creatures, especially those who are rational. But the Catholic theory of the dealings of God with men represents him as establishing an order which inter-

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rupts the course of nature, and produces, or at least does not prevent, the maximum of natural evil in the case of the great majority of the human race, while the smaller number can only hope for the good proposed to them in a future life by sacrificing that of the present life.

This plea is deprived of all the plausibility which it may have in the face of the distorted, incoherent perversions of Christianity which have sprung from heresy, by the clear and simple presentation of the true idea of the supernatural order. We may admit that in an order purely natural, the infinite goodness and almighty power of God might reasonably be expected to produce the relative maximum of universal good by purely natural laws, without suffering any evil or pain to disturb the order and felicity, everywhere reigning with a necessary and immutable continuity. But the actual order is supernatural, and by the very essence of nature it is wholly insufficient for the attainment of its end in this order, by natural means. This order is infinitely better than any maximum of natural good, and reason alone suffices to show that all nature must be subordinated to it. This sweeps away the puerile objections against the possibility of miracles and of the revelation of mysteries. Moreover, the moral order of free will, probation, and merit, gives a sufficient reason for placing rational creatures in that imperfect state in which they are obnoxious to error and evil. Temporary evils which are incidental to those conditions upon which the attainment of the ultimate maximum of supernatural good is dependent, are not worthy of any consideration in view of the end. The martyrs, and the King of martyrs, suffered the maximum of temporal evil for a time. The King of martyrs chose this supreme natural evil, death on the cross, for himself and his most favored companions, when he need not have done so. What is this crucifixion now to those who for the joy set before them endured the cross, despising the shame, and have inherited a name above every name, and a glory which is ineffable? There is only one evil worth considering, namely, that which is eternal. When we consider this eternity of evil as a preliminary objection to the credibility of the Catholic faith, it is necessary that we should eliminate all adventitious notions and accretions by which the Catholic dogma is perverted and exaggerated, and regard simply what must be taken as certainly revealed truth by the certain teaching of Catholic authority. Not only should perversions and exaggerations be put aside, but explanations, deductions, and interpretations which are only private theological doctrine, and even the arguments adduced in proof of Catholic doctrine, are to be distinguished from that naked, substantial truth which pertains to faith or Catholic doctrine. Concepts of the imagination by which poets or sacred orators or popular writers endeavor to represent in a concrete form the realities of the world which is at present to us invisible, must likewise be relegated to their proper place as similitudes, whose actual resemblance to the things of which they are images must be judged by the rational concepts of the things themselves, and not taken as a measure of the rational concepts, or a medium of apprehending the same.

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The repugnance which is so commonly felt toward the idea of evil existing at all, but especially in perpetuity, in a universe created by infinite wisdom and goodness, springs chiefly, in upright minds and good hearts, from the imagination and the sensitive nature, oppressed by the notion of evil as some horrible substantive being invading the realm of good being and swallowing up a great part of it. Reason strives to free the imagination from the horror of this apparition. How can the archetypal ideas of God contain the type of evil; or love, which is diffusive of the good of being in its very essence, diffuse evil? How indeed? God forbid that they should! It is an axiom in Catholic philosophy and theology that every being is good in so far as it is substance and positive reality, that evil is a negative quantity, and sin a privation of the plenitude of being due either to rational nature as such, or as supernaturally elevated above itself by grace. The evil of penalty is a privation which is the consequence of sin. Free and responsible beings are placed by the Creator in the way to attain their end by their voluntary action. There is a fixed term to this way for each one, and one common final term to the whole order of probation for the total multitude of such beings. Those who fail of attaining supernatural beatitude at the end of this term, are deprived for ever of the means of regaining it. Their essential state, involving the privation of that sanctity which is necessary for the fellowship of the blessed, and as an inevitable consequence the privation of the proportionate good, is unchangeable and eternal. The privation of natural good, due according to retributive justice to actual sins, is proportioned to the deterioration of nature caused by these sins, and to the violation of the natural order which follows from the wilful turning away from the supernatural end to follow an inferior good. The celebrated Roman Jesuit, F. Taparelli, in his great work, *Saggio Teoretico di Dritto Naturale*, defines this retribution in the natural order as follows:

"Il bene retribuito a chi ben fece suol dirsi *ricompensa, premio, mercede*, ec.; il male a chi mal fece *pena, gastigo, punizione*, ec. Quindi apparisce che il *gastigo* e, non un dolore, un tormento dell' uom sensitivo, ma una reazione dell' ordine contro il disordine, e che nel mondo morale come nel fisico questa reazione conservatrice è uguale ed opposta all' azione distruttiva. La giustizia vendicativa dunque, lungi dall' essere un cieco impeto di passione, è fondata in quella essenziale tendenza al *vero*, all' ordine che forma la natura stessa dell' umana intelligenza. Ogni disordine essendo una disposizione delle cose contraria alle vere loro relazioni, epperò essendo una falsità, ripugna essenzialmente alla mente, onde essa domanda un violento ritorno all' ordine perturbato, è questa violenzo è il gastigo."

"The good awarded to one who has done that which is good is wont to be called *recompense, reward, wages*, etc.; the evil to the evil-doer *penalty, chastisement, punishment*, etc. Whence it appears that *chastisement* is, not a suffering, a torment of the sensitive man, but a reaction of order against disorder, and that in the moral as in the physical world this conservative reaction is equal and opposed to the destructive action. Vindictive justice, therefore, far from being a blind impulse of passion, is founded in that essential tendency to truth and order which forms the very nature of the human intelligence. Every disorder being a disposition of things contrary to their true relations and consequently a falsity, is essentially repugnant to the mind, which demands therefore a violent return to the perturbed order, and this violence is the chastisement." *

* *Dritt. Nat.*, vol. i. diss. i. n. 134.

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This passage is quoted with approbation by Liberatore in his *Ethics*, one of the text-books prescribed by Leo XIII. for use in the Roman colleges. It may be accepted, therefore, as agreeing with Catholic faith and doctrine, though it is a purely philosophical statement, based on reason and not on revelation.

The dogma of Catholic faith is theologically defined by Perrone as follows:

"Ut autem et in gravissimo hoc argumento, quæ de fide sunt, ab iis secernamus, quæ eamdem non obtinent certitudinem, dicimus, duo tantum definita ac de fide credenda circa infernum proponi; ac primo quidem inferni existentiam; secundo, æternitatem pœnarum. Cætera vero omnia, quæ sive ad locum spectant, sive ad pœnarum positivarum naturam ac qualitatem, intensitatem, etc., nullo umquam ecclesiæ decreto sancita sunt, ac plures etiam variæque olim viguere sententiæ, uti ostendit Petavius, *De Angelis*, lib. iii. c. 5, cui alii adstipulantur"—"In order that in such a very grave subject we may separate those things which are of faith from those which do not possess the same certainty, we say, that only two things have been defined and proposed to be believed as of faith: first, the existence of hell; secondly, the eternity of its penalties. All other things, relating either to the place, or to the nature, quality, intensity, etc., of the positive punishments have never been sanctioned by any decree of the church, and, moreover, many and various opinions have formerly prevailed, as Petavius shows, with whom others concur."*

The best theologians concur in stating as a common and certain doctrine expressing the tacit sense of the church founded in the Holy Scripture, that the term "Eternal Fire" is not a merely metaphorical expression but one which denotes a physical reality. But, beyond this, they do not profess to give a certain explanation. Bonal, an author whose work passed through a careful revision by the consultors of the Congregation of the Index, and is used in thirty seminaries in France, says: "*Quæritur.* Qualis sit ignis inferni? *Resp.* Non consentiunt auctores"—"Of what nature is the fire of hell? Authors do not agree." The learned Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, says: "Quæ autem supplicia ignis nomine in Scripturis designantur, non satis feliciter quis explicuerit"—"No one has satisfactorily explained what those punishments are which are designated in Scripture by the name of fire." He says, further, that it is sufficient to maintain that the punishment arises "ex ipsa peccatorum conditione quum procul sint a regno cœlorum"—"from the very condition of sinners as far from the kingdom of heaven." Again, the same prelate says: "Necesse non est Deum concipere pœnas irrogantem"—"It is not necessary to conceive that God actively inflicts punishments." Bonal also states that there is a difference between the essential and the accidental punishment, the first, by the essential relation in which the reprobate stands toward God, constant and eternal, the second capable of variation from extrinsic and accidental circumstances: "Some have thought that the punishments of the reprobate can be mitigated, either in the sense that in the particular judgment God does not condemn the reprobate to the full degree of punishment which they deserve; or in the sense that after the particular judgment, at certain intervals of time, he diminishes the punishments of the damned, although they remain eternal. No one of these opinions is considered by theologians as contrary to Catholic ver-

* *Compendium Theol.*, art. "De Inferno."

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ity." And he goes on to say that, according to St. Thomas, this mitigation, if it occurs after the judgment, must be in respect to the accidental punishment.

The modern atheists say that the evils of human existence prove that the first cause, whatever that unknowable power may be, is pitiless. There is nothing to be expected but the everlasting continuity of evil or annihilation. The modern rationalists make the ultimate term of sin to be annihilation, or else they argue a possibility, a probability, or a certainty of progression in the line of improvement and amelioration in the condition of the sinner hereafter. They generally agree that souls which have become voluntarily debased and degraded by vice in this life go into hell after leaving the body. They do not all agree in affirming that it is provable from any source, that the final attainment by all of perfect holiness and felicity is certain. Those who believe positively in a heaven differ among themselves on the question, whether all men are sure of attaining it sooner or later after death. Some assert boldly that it is certain that they do. Others say it is to be hoped that they do. Others venture only to assert that they certainly or probably can if they will. If they can prove by probable rational arguments, without contradicting what is certainly taught in the Scripture, that an amelioration of this sort within the limits of nature may be produced by the reaction of the violated order according to the laws of nature, they will not thereby contradict any dogma of Catholic faith. Theology and philosophy, as human sciences, have an authority and a certainty only co-extensive with the evidence and the reasons on which their conclusions are based. Within the domain of probability, opinion enjoys her liberty; and the field is open for argument or even conjecture. But there is no foundation for probability or hypothetical possibility, except from the starting-point and under the directive regulation of absolute and certain truth. It is absurd and immoral to make, *à priori*, a plea in bar of the evidence of the Catholic faith, on account of difficulties, obscurities, ignorance, respecting matters which are revealed in part and known in part only, and which immensely transcend our present degree of intelligence. The atheist renounces his rational nature, when he denies the existence of God, because of the evils which he permits to exist; and abandons everything to the universal sway of evil, that is, privation of being. The rationalist goes contrary to reason, when he refuses assent to the same evidence, because God reveals that Hell is an eternal state; and throws a mist of confusion over the whole idea of the future destiny of man. This plea in bar of the credibility of revelation could only be valid, if some self-evident rational truth were contradicted by the dogmas proposed to faith as revealed. The permission of evil, for the sake of a greater good than the exclusion of evil by an exercise of omnipotence, is not contrary to any self-evident truths; and those who put in this plea in bar not only of revealed but of all natural theology, do not hesitate to assert numerous contradictions to the most primary self-evident truths. The eternal privation of that good for which free and responsible beings have voluntarily rendered themselves unfit, is not contrary to any self-evident rational truth. The wisdom

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and goodness of God produce the maximum of good in the rational universe by the supernatural order. To this maximum of good, probation, involving an inchoate condition of those placed in the way to the end, obnoxious to error and sin, is necessary. From the evils which are caused by actual sin, though these are not necessary to the end or directly ordered for that end, God, nevertheless, draws a still greater amount and higher quality of good than would result from his efficaciously preventing their occurrence. Their disturbing effect on the order of nature is counteracted by the reaction of this violated order in which consists the eternal penalty of the violation, a penalty exactly equal to the offence and therefore just. The revealed dogma adds nothing to the conclusion of rational ethics except this. It discloses that the privation of the attainment of the end is the privation primarily of the supernatural good. This good is not due to nature, but purely gratuitous. The loss of it does not necessarily cause a privation of natural good, and therefore this natural good is only so far destroyed or impaired, as the voluntary depravation of rational nature by the abuse of liberty deprives it of the capacity of enjoying this good. The Eternal Hell of Catholic faith is therefore, in its essence, the state of final privation of the supernatural beatitude of Heaven; together with the natural consequences which follow from this privation, according to the moral quality and condition of each individual who has sinned during his probation and thereby missed his end. The obscurity which envelops our partial knowledge of the supernal and infernal states of everlasting existence in the endless future, is an obscurity which envelops all things whatsoever which are known by any kind of science. It is a part of our moral discipline to submit to this condition of ignorance, and trust absolutely to the incomprehensible wisdom of God. Some remarks of the very modest but thoroughly scientific author of a work on astronomy, concerning the nebular hypothesis and similar speculative views of the past and future of the solar system, are capable of application in a wider range: "God's ways are not our ways, nor are his thoughts our thoughts. The laws of nature, to which our thoughts are confined, are necessarily mere fragments of the great order of nature, which exists, as we hope, by the authority of an infinite Creator, to whose wisdom and goodness we may trust."*

The trivial and superficial objections so often made against Christianity on account of the many evils and miseries existing in nominal Christian society are swept away in a word, by the application of the same truth which has been the topic of our exposition thus far. It is not the primary and direct object of the Catholic Church to produce on earth the maximum of temporal good, but to bring men to the highest possible supernatural virtue and future beatitude. The temporal good is only a means, it is only a medium and not a maximum good which is possible in our present state, and this is only produced in so far as the free-will of man co-operates with the divine order of nature and grace. The power of Christianity

* *Outlines of Astronomy*, by Arthur Searle, A.M., Assistant at Harvard College Observatory, p. 384.

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is not mechanical but dynamic. The sins of men, and not the failure of Christianity, are the cause of all the evils and miseries of the world, except in so far as the condition of human nature in its present state is essentially imperfect and incapable of perfectibility.

With all these antecedent objections which constitute the plea in bar of the credibility of the Catholic faith, the science of physics has nothing to do. It is not science but *unscience* which is hostile to Christianity and rational theism. Some men who have a great amount of knowledge of physical facts, invent hypotheses which are not proved by induction, by which they slide over into the region of the higher philosophy of which they are profoundly ignorant, and make their worthless, absurd assertions or denials pass with the ignorant, unthinking multitude for science.

The same is true in the field of history and criticism. The line followed is that of hypothesis, sceptical criticism, the collecting of objections, of difficulties, of logical sophisms, of evasions and special pleadings, and of the continual vaunting of the authority of writers belonging to the sceptical party, and of their conjectures and assertions, under the assumed and illegitimate title of scientific men and science. The refutations and arguments of the other side are steadily ignored. There is no serious and thorough argument against the minor proposition of the Catholic syllogism, which respects the motives of credibility. The rational and historical demonstration of credibility, by which the Catholic Church proves the obligation of undoubting assent to the faith of her Lord, Jesus Christ, remains unanswered and unanswerable. A repetition even in a condensed form of this demonstration would not be possible without adding a volume to this series of brief essays, and is not at all requisite, since the work has been done so often and so well. The small volume of F. Jouin on the evidences of revelation, and Archbishop Gibbons' little book on the evidences of the Catholic faith, really suffice for gaining a competent knowledge of these subjects. And if any desire to study them more extensively there is a whole library of works of consummate learning and ability in all the principal modern languages.

The sum of the whole mass of evidence is a conclusion, which completes the exposition of the reality of all objects of human cognition which we have presented. The real world includes the order of divine providence in respect to the human race. Following that rational process which is based on first principles and experience, we argue that the actual order is true and divine. This universal order is religious and supernatural. The reality of knowledge includes the reality of the universal religious convictions of mankind. The criterion of certitude, both the internal and external, verifies the revealed religion by the measure of metaphysical, physical, and moral evidence. The reality of the sufficient reason and first cause manifests that God alone can be the author of revelation as well as of the rational nature; of the order subsisting in the Catholic Church, as well as that which governs the visible universe. The reality of the soul and its endless future destiny manifests the need of a disclosure of the final end and of the way, and the necessity of an unerr-

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ing rule to direct the intellect and will to their supreme good, which reason and rational science do not sufficiently furnish, and which must be recognized in that divine faith and divine law which are promulgated by the infallible authority of the Catholic Church. The church stands as a great fact, present before the mind as the sun is present to vision, exhibiting and giving evidence to itself as true by its unity, sanctity, and universality, whose divine origin cannot be denied without denying the principle of causality. By the continuity of its existence and the immutability of its testimony, in which it is historically proved that no sensible change has occurred, and rationally evident that no insensible change was possible, it bears witness to its Founder, who gives testimony to his own divinity, which testimony is ratified by the Father in heaven through the divine works wrought by the Son.

As the Triumphal Arch closes the vista which is open before the eye of an observer at the palace of the Tuileries, so the long vista through the centuries of the Christian period from the Catholic Church of the present, is terminated by that monument of the triumph of humanity, the sepulchre of the risen Christ. Changing a little the passage already quoted from Mr. Alger, by dropping that hypothetical form which is more worthy of an Academic than of a Christian believer, it is the statement of an indisputable fact and an irrefragable argument, in which the truth of Christianity and the divine authority of its Founder, exercised through his church, is so clearly manifested, that no mists of sophistry can ever shroud it in obscurity. "Of all the single events that have ever occurred in the world, undoubtedly the most august in its moral associations and the most stupendous in its lineal effects, both on the outward fortunes and on the inward experience of mankind, is the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. God is in history, guiding the moral drift of human affairs, and, therefore, the dazzling success of the proclamation of the risen Redeemer is the divine seal upon the truth of his mission and the reality of his apotheosis." The Catholic Church makes this proclamation, by her this dazzling success, this conquest and triumph in the regeneration of humanity, was achieved, which is therefore the divine seal upon the truth of her divine legation, and the reality of her divine and infallible authority.

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A PRAYER FOR LADY POVERTY.

BY ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

FROM THE FRENCH OF A. F. OZANAM.

O LORD, thy mercy give to me
And unto Lady Poverty,
Who doth a queen o'er every virtue reign:
Behold her miserable state,
Upon a dunghill sitting desolate,
Contemned by all with undeserved disdain;
To thee, O Lord, she looks and cries,
Her friends all grown her enemies.

O dearest Lord, give ear unto her cry;
Remember, from the angels' home
Thou didst to earth unthankful come
To wed this holy Lady Poverty;
To take her for thy spouse most dear,
That unto thee her love might bear
Sons, without number, who should be
Perfect for ever in thy charity.

She was it who did thee receive
In heedless Bethlehem's midnight cave,
She in the manger made thy infant bed:
Thy whole life long she walked with thee,
Her care was it that thine should be
No place on earth to lay thy sacred head.

When our redemption's war of woe
Thou didst begin for our love's sake,
Dear Lady Poverty her place did take
As faithful squire a righteous lord beside,
There ever in most loyal love to bide,
Willing no hour of combat to forego.
E'en when thy dear disciples fled,
By her, of soul unterrified,
Still wert thou not abandonèd.

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Still, even when thy Mother pure,
Who all thy dolors did endure—
With transfixed heart thee following to the end—
When to such Mother was denied
To rest her head thy Heart beside,
Because of thy dread cross's height,
Then Lady Poverty did most befriend,
Clasping thee tighter and more tight,
Closing fond arms in strong embrace,
The fulness poured of her love's grace,
Her cheek love's pillow for thy suffering face.

Willed not dear Lady Poverty
Thy cross should smoothly fashioned be,
Nor willed she that each cruel, piercing nail
A point fine-wrought and sharp should wear.
And would she for love's purpose spare
Three nails alone, these must in sum avail
That so each rude-wrought edge might be
Weapon more fit of cruelty
In thine appalling agony,
As willed thy perfect charity.

Her care was it that unto thee,
When thy parched tongue in anguish cried,
With mocking pity was denied
A drop of water's charity.
She reached to thee the bitter draught of wine,
She with the sponge touched those dry lips of thine,
Dear, faithful Lady Poverty!

So was it in the firm embrace—
The clinging arms no man could loose—
Of this undaunted, loyal spouse,
That yielded unto none love's place;
In those dear arms' constrained abode,
Thy wounded Head in anguish bowed,
Thou gavest up thy soul to God.

Who would not wed this spouse so fair,
Whom God in dying held so dear?
What heart is there that would not truly love
Dear Lady Poverty all things above?

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"BOREEN."

CHAPTER I.

A TALL, powerful-looking young man, attired in a rough suit of gray Waterford tweed, stood opposite Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square, London, one glorious morning in the June of 1874. In his ungloved hand he carried a ragged blackthorn, and at his heels lagged a wiry, bandy-legged Irish terrier. Pausing awhile to gaze around him, Walter Nugent—for this was his name—after a brief glance at the lion over the gateway of Northumberland House, at the superb *façade* of the National Gallery, and at "Big Ben" high up in the distant clock-tower attached to the Houses of Parliament, crossed the square in the direction of Whitehall, and, turning into the Horse Guards, passed beneath the archway on to the park. He was no diligent student of landscape or color, yet the beauty of the sunlighted foliage, the keen, translucent green of the young lime-trees, the golden yellow of the laburnum, the cream white of the chestnuts, and the rose pink of the red hawthorn smote his senses as do sweet chords of music, till he inadvertently exclaimed, "How exquisite!" as he stopped short to quaff to the very dregs this goblet filled to the outer brim with radiant color-glory.

As Nugent stood gazing, one hand in the pocket of his loose, coarse trousers, the other shouldering his blackthorn, a gentleman whose glossy silken hat glittered in the dayshine, and whose varnished boots almost emitted reflected rays, languidly approached. This man, upon perceiving him of the dog and stick, adjusted a rimless glass to a very vacant eye, and, having satisfied himself of the identity of the stranger, extended a limp hand, exclaiming as he did so in a lifeless sort of way:

"*You* here?"

"Halloo, Duncombe," cried Nugent, wringing the dead, fish-like fingers.

"When did you arrive?"

"This morning. I left Dublin last night."

"Come to stop?"

"A few days. I am here on—don't laugh, old man—professional business."

"So glad! You'll dine with me?"

"*Con amore.*"

"What are your opens?"

"I am all opens, Duncombe."

"Then let—me—see. I'm free to-day. Come and dine at the Carlton. Or stay; hadn't you better come to Berkeley Square and see my people? You won't mind the nuisance of dining *en famille*, though, by Jove, I believe there are some outsiders entered for the race. I'll take you to hawf a dozen dawnces awfter, if you care for that sort of lunacy. Say hawf-pawst seven, ninety-one, the Square." And waving two fingers daintily encased in delicate lavender gloves, Mr. Bingham Duncombe lazily sauntered on his way.

"I'm awfully sorry that I accepted Duncombe's invitation," muttered Nugent. "It means

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choker and conventionality. Besides, one never gets a dinner at these swell places, and, *Deo gratias!* my jaws are as muscular as that venerable lawyer who disposed of the goose, body and bones." And Nugent, cutting at the daisies with his blackthorn, gaily warbled:

"'You are old,' said the youth, 'and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak.
Pray, how did you manage to do it?'

"'In my youth,' said his father, 'I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife,
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life.'"

Walter Nugent owned the last plank of a property that was wrecked in the famine of '48. His father, Virschoyle Nugent, had kept the Kildare hounds, a stableful of hunters, a racing stud, and a house and cellar open to all comers, and, ere his only son reached the age of manhood, had mortgaged a princely estate, acre over acre, till nothing remained of Kilternan but the house and lawn. With fading fortune came the bottle, and then the end, and the unhappy man died in the ghastly consciousness of having sacrificed his wife, his son, and his daughter to a recklessness as idiotic as it was criminal.

Mrs. Nugent, upon the death of her husband, let Kilternan, and, accompanied by her two children, went to reside in a little cottage on the outskirts of the picturesque village of Rathfarnham, situated about six miles from the city of Dublin. Her sister, a nun in the adjoining convent of Loretto Abbey, undertook the completion of the education of Kate Nugent, while Walter proceeded to read for the Irish bar, to which he had been called at the Michaelmas Term prior to the opening of this story.

The young barrister was possessed of one of those open, frank, and fearless natures that woo confidence and win friendship. He was truth and honor personified. To him a mean or shabby action was simply unaccountable. He was simple as a child in the world's ways, but as a scholar he was both well read and distinguished. He had hot Irish blood in his veins, that at times lashed fiercely through his heart when he came face to face with his hard fortune, but a soothing word from his mother or sister calmed him, and Hope never blossomed more brightly or whitely than in the heart of Walter Nugent.

When Boreen, the terrier, found himself in the open, he resolved upon making the very most of his opportunities, and with a joyous barking set off at a mad pace in eccentric circles, now bounding across the grass, now running fiercely after his own tail, now springing into the air after vicious and perplexing flies, and otherwise disporting himself after the fashion of the light-hearted of the canine race. Boreen was no beauty; on the contrary, he was a mean-looking dog, of a dirty-white hue, and one eye was covered with a mourning-like patch of black that imparted a *roué* air of dissipation to his whole appearance. He had not been foxed, so that his ears were totally out of proportion to the remainder of his body, while they hung loosely and as if broken, like those of a lop-eared rabbit. His tail was long and turned upwards, his legs were complete semicircles, and his feet were doubled up as though he had a preference for walking on his heels. But Boreen was as brave as Brian Boroihme,

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and would cling to death to any object if his master said "Hold on"; and as for rats, he had "done" his sixty in as many half-seconds. The dog when a puppy was given to Walter Nugent by a faithful follower of the family, who had shared its downfall, as he had shared its prosperity—Andy Gavin, the late Virschoyle Nugent's huntsman. Andy, for whom the Nugents could obtain no suitable employment in Dublin, resolved to seek his fortune in the far West, and it was on the morning of his departure for America that he presented his young master with the pup.

"Keep him, Masther Walther jewel," said Andy; "he's not a beauty for to luk at, but he's av as fine a breed as there's in all Ireland. His father it was, 'Paudheen,' that pinned a hocusser be the leg the night afore Flyin' Tom won the Conynghame cup at Punchestown races; the hocusser bruk into the roof, an' only for the dog the horse wud have been dhrugged. It's all I have for to give ye, Masther Walther. If I'd 'a had any sinse I could have saved lashins; but I was always a gom, an' it all wint. Plaze God I'll do betther beyant, an' if I do I'll see yez all back at Kilternan afore I die; ay, an' I'll give the view-halloo whin you, sir, will be leadin' the Wards over Malowney's Meadows."

Boreen remained, and Andy Gavin crossed the broad Atlantic. Walter loved his father's huntsman, and loved the dog because it came from him. Boreen was his constant companion, and with the hard-favored terrier at his heels he had traversed every inch of the Dublin and Wicklow Mountains, and every road and laneway around the capital. How the attached and intelligent animal came to be ensconced beneath the seat of the railway carriage at Westland Row Nugent had yet to learn; there remained nothing for it but to fetch him along. And thus was Boreen smuggled up to London; and, as if the brute was aware of the financial penalties imposed upon travellers discovered in the act of conveying dogs in first-class compartments, he rolled himself up into the smallest possible compass, giving no sign of vitality until his master dug him out of a remote corner upon the arrival of the train at Euston Square depot.

Boreen was in exuberant spirits this glorious June morning, and, having violently assaulted every Saxon cur who came within a radius of a quarter of a mile, frisked on the green and dappled grass as his master sauntered leisurely along, flicking the heads off innocent daisies, or whirling his blackthorn round his fingers after the fashion of stage Irishmen at Donnybrook Fair.

Nugent was in the best of possible spirits. But who is out of spirits on a June morning if the conscience be clear, the health good, and the age twenty-four? The senior member for the County Kildare was interested in a railway bill that was to come before a committee of the House of Commons. To support his *locus standi* it was necessary to employ counsel. The case merely required to be stated, and Mr. Le Fanu bethought him of the son of his dear old friend Virschoyle Nugent. He wrote to Walter, and through his attorneys, Messrs. Fitzgerald & Son, retained the services of the young barrister; hence this visit to Babylon.

Walter was about to mow down an intrusive tuft of coarse grass

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when an object at his feet caused him to stop short. This object had been triumphantly deposited there by Boreen, who stood over his loot, eyes sparkling, tongue lolling half a yard out of his mouth, and tail wagging like mad. At first the barrister thought it was a baby from its mass of white and lace and insertion, but upon adjusting the disordered draperies the prize proved to be a doll, or rather the remains of one, for Boreen had worried the delicate waxen face, and pulled the tow hair, and tugged at the costly garments as though each and every one of them had been attached to the person of a recalcitrant cat.

"Hut tut, Boreen! Drop it, sir!" The terrier still held one of the legs, and was chucking at it for the bare life. "Drop it, Boreen!" And Walter, disengaging the limb, from which the sawdust was now pouring copiously into Boreen's eyes, looked around to ascertain if the luckless owner of the doll was anywhere in sight.

A little lady of about six years, a ball of pink and white, with lustrous golden hair brushed down to her blue eyes, came running towards him.

"How dare that dog touch my darling pet?" she cried, her haughty, short upper lip quivering with anger. "I'll get papa to—to—kill him, and—and—you too, you horrible big man!" Then, snatching her mangled and tattered favorite from the barrister's hand, and discovering the true condition of affairs, the poor little maid rent the air with the most heart-breaking sobs.

"Don't cry, my little lambkin," said Walter, stooping and tenderly caressing her. "I'll get you another doll. Upon my honor I will. A nicer one, a larger one."

"Will she open and shut her eyes?" sobbed the little maid.

"She will, she will."

"And cry 'ma' and 'pa' when I pull a wire?" sob, sob, sob.

"As often as you like."

"She'll never, never, never be such an angel as Maudie," hugging the battered effigy to her frills and tucker, and bows and laces.

"Wait till you see her, my little bird," soothed Walter.

"Is she dressed?"

"Oh! certainly."

"Who dressed her? Worth dressed Maudie."

"Well, Monsieur Worth dressed —Estelle," baptizing the new doll.

"Is that her name?"

"Yes."

"Estelle what?"

"Estelle Lafarge," replied the barrister, highly amused at the child's inquisitiveness.

"Is she French?"

"She's French."

"I'm so glad, for do you know that Trixy Ogilvie's new doll is French, and she abused my poor dear Maudie because she was English. What's *your* name?" By this time the little maid was smiling through her tears like a sunbeam in showers.

"My name is Nugent—Walter Nugent."

"I like you, Walter," she said, putting her plump little hand in his. "Come over to auntie; she's reading German under that big tree."

"Some old-fashioned frump, a weather-beaten she-dragon like Mrs. Malaprop," thought the barrister, as his little guide tugged him in the direction of the umbrageous foliage of a gigantic elm.

"Aunt Hester, here's a gentleman has a dog, and the dog ran away with Maudie, and ate her nose off,

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and tore her clothes most awfully, and he beat the dog, and is going to get me a new doll, and she's French, and her name is Estelle Lafarge, and she opens and shuts her eyes, the dear! and says 'pa' and 'ma' as often as I like. His name is Walter. Walter, this is Aunt Hester." And the little maid paused only for want of breath to enable her to go on.

Nugent bowed to a young lady attired in a plain, tight-fitting, tight-sleeved dress of unrelieved black, her only adornment being some bands of big amber beads worn loosely round the neck. He had never seen hands so small and so white. She looked up from the book that lay upon her lap, and indolently stared at him. The gaze was not haughty, nor was it insolent, nor was it curious. It was cold, and indifferent, and lazily questioning. Her eyes were of dark gray, heavy lidded, and fringed with long, black, sweeping lashes. They were soft eyes enough and capable of intense expression. Her nose was delicately chiselled, while the curves of her mouth were modelled on the most perfect lines. She was a girl that no ordinary man could pass without paying an involuntary tribute of thought to. She waited for the barrister to speak.

"I have a vagabond dog," he said smilingly, "who ran away with this dear little girl's doll and made sad havoc with it. This is the dog," kicking towards Boreen, who stood panting at a short distance, well out of boot-range. "I am bound to replace the doll, and if—"

"There is no necessity," this coldly.

"Yes, but there is, auntie," chimed in the little maid. "If I don't get Estelle Lafarge I shall die."

"You have too many dolls already, Ethel."

"They are all English. Walter's doll is French. She will teach me French, and I'll teach her English, auntie."

"I am greatly afraid," said Nugent, "that this is a case which lies outside of your jurisdiction, madam, and it only remains for my young friend here to give me her name and address in order to have the grievous wrong done by my dog set to rights."

"My name is—" commenced the child.

"Ethel!" her aunt drawing her close.

"I *will* tell him my name—boo! hoo! hoo!" And pink, chubby knuckles dabbled themselves in diamond-drop tears.

Walter Nugent stood his ground, uncertain as to what course he should adopt. It was quite evident to him that this coldly aristocratic girl had resolved upon having no intercourse whatever with a stranger. He chafed under the conventional ice, resenting it hotly. He felt injured, aggrieved. His dog had worried a costly doll prized beyond all price by its patrician owner. It was his duty as a gentleman to make good that doll by substituting another in its stead.

"Had I been a cad," he thought, "I would have whistled to Boreen or pretended not to own him, and have sneaked off; but here I act as a gentleman towards a lady, and this girl will have it that I belong to the *canaille*, or worse."

Addressing himself to the sobbing child, he said: "Never mind, little birdie, you shall have that doll, I pledge you my word of honor." And without so much as

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casting a look at the coldly staring occupant of the seat, he gruffly lifted his hat and strode angrily away.

When he had walked some little distance he espied a park ranger.

"This man may be able to tell me who the child is," he thought, and he went over to him.

"Do you see that lady in black seated under that elm-tree?"

"The nuss as is a-flirtin' with a gawdsman?"

"No, yonder."

"With the little girl?"

"Yes."

"I see her, sir."

"Do you know who she is?"

"I do, sir."

"Who is she?"

"She's Miss Branscombe, the banker's daughter, the richest young lady in all England, sir."

"Whose is the child?"

"Her little niece, the daughter of her sister, the Marchioness of Pomfret. They comes in 'ere every mornin', Miss Branscombe and the child, as reg'lar as if they was common working-people."

"Where does the child live?"

"Why, over there, of course," pointing to the palatial buildings a wing of which is dedicated to the Secretary of State for War.

"What is the family name of the Marquis of Pomfret?"

"Branscombe, sir."

"Thanks."

"I wonder wot the dickens is he up to?" soliloquized the ranger, as he gazed at the barrister's retreating figure. "He an't a beggin'-letter himpostor. Oh! he's some feller a-lookin' for a place and wants to be up in the details of the family."

As this wooden-headed official crossed the park Miss Branscombe beckoned to him.

"I saw you speaking to a per—gentleman just now."

"Yes, miss," lifting his hat.

"Do you know who he is?"

"No, miss."

"Ah!" and she took up her book.

"What was he saying to you, Parker," eagerly demanded the little Lady Ethel.

"He was a-talking about you, my lady."

"Did he tell you he was going to send me a doll, a real French one, Parker?"

"No, my lady, but he was a-asking of where you lived, and I suppose—"

"Did you tell him, Parker? Oh! I hope you told him."

"I told him, my lady."

"Oh! you are a nice man, Parker, and I'll introduce you to Estelle Lafarge, and—"

"Ethel, that will do." And Miss Branscombe, rising, took the child by the hand and swept away.

If the barrister had been there to see he would have intensely admired the easy grace of that girl, for a graceful carriage possessed a subtle attraction for him, as, indeed, it does for most men. Walter Nugent crossed over to Pall Mall, having ascended the steps at Carlton House Terrace, where he stumbled against Mr. Gladstone, and, passing up St. James Street, struck Piccadilly, and turned into the first toy-stand in the Burlington Arcade.

"What can I do for you, sir?" demanded a pert, flippant saleswoman, impatiently tapping the nail of the forefinger of her right hand with a pencil.

"I want to buy a doll."

"What price?"

"A doll that squeaks—I mean that cries 'pa' and 'ma,' and all that sort of thing. It must open and

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shut its eyes, and be awfully well dressed."

In a few minutes the flippant young lady produced a doll as large as a full-grown child, with very staring blue eyes, the lashes picked out, as is the fashion with some of the living dolls of the present time, vermilion lips shaped like Cupid's bow, and the hair, of a pale gold, in flowing ringlets.

"Does she squeak?" asked Walter.

A gentle pressure in the region of the chest extracted the desired sounds, while the eyes, when the young lady was placed in a recumbent position, closed dreamily.

"This is just the thing; but she's not dressed," observed the barrister.

"I'll have her in any dress you may select by four o'clock, sir—bridal, ball, matinée, or morning dress, in-door or out-of-door, and in the prevailing mode."

"Which would a little nymph of six or seven prefer, do you think? She's not my child," he added with a smile.

"Little girls are very strong on brides, sir, as they can marry them every day or ten times a day."

"A wedding trousseau has always an attraction for even the smallest daughter of Eve," laughed the barrister, whereat the flippant saleswoman vouchsafed to smile too.

"Where shall I send the bride, sir?"

"To Lady Ethel Branscombe, Horse Guards. I wish to pay you now. How much?"

"Will you have Honiton or Valenciennes trimming?"

"You needn't put me through my facings, for I'm not up in this sort of thing," he laughed.

"Well, let—me—see," tapping her teeth with the pencil-point. "White satin, orange blossoms—um—um—um—Honiton. I'll send her home for five pounds."

This staggered Nugent, whose ideas upon the subject of the expense of dolls had not soared above thirty shillings. Could he afford to pay five pounds for a doll, seeing he could purchase a much cheaper one, and possibly just as attractive? Then the icy stare of the banker's daughter smote him.

"I'll show her that I can do the correct thing," he muttered, as he drew the crisp Bank of England note from his pocket-book.

"You will be sure to send the doll home to day?"

"It shall be delivered at four o'clock, sir. Anything more I can do for you?"

"Thanks, no. I have purchased my first, and probably my last, doll."

CHAPTER II.

BINGHAM DUNCOMBE was in the House. He sat for the pocket-borough of Skipton-cum-Fodlum, in Derbyshire. He graduated for senatorial honors by accepting the post of assistant private secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, an office created by the Earl of Spencer to oblige Sir Dudley Duncombe, Bingham's father. It was while he occupied this humble and unobtrusive post that Walter Nugent encountered him. Duncombe was a first-rate cricketer, a hard hitter, and a splendid wicket-keep. Nugent belonged to the Phœnix Club, whose first eleven was ever engaged in bowling out the

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Viceregal eleven on the bit of green velvet lawn close to the Viceregal Lodge in the Phœnix Park. The young barrister was the best round-hand bowler in the Phœnix, and his twist and swiftness played havoc with wickets that had stood the test of the wickedest men in the All-England eleven. On one occasion Duncombe received a ball from Nugent in the knee instead of on his bat, and he was laid up on a sofa for weeks, during which period the barrister walked out to the Lodge day after day to sit with and chat to him. An intimacy sprang up between the two young men, and the assistant private secretary, who had charge of the list of invitations to the Viceregal dances, took especial care to have Walter Nugent bidden to all ordinary court gayeties, the extraordinary being exclusively reserved for the *crème de la crème* of Swelldom, or for people who had struggled to the front in the fight for name and fame.

Bingham Duncombe was really glad to meet the barrister, and paid him the highest compliment that lay in his power—namely, that of asking him to meet his mother and his sisters. A man will ask you to a hotel, to his club, but when he is thoroughly desirous of showing you the greatest attention he will invite you to his home. Rely upon it, he thinks well of you when he intends to present you to his sister. A brother is ever on the watch, on guard as it were, against the men who are introduced to his sister. He knows who and what they are, when *paterfamilias* will take them on trust.

"I've asked a young Irishman to dine to-day," he announced.

"An Irishman?" exclaimed his eldest sister, Kate.

"I like Irishmen," chimed in Miss Isabella Duncombe. "They always say what they like, and it's very refreshing. What is he like, Bingham?"

"He is very handsome, and thoroughbred, and always in earnest."

"Is he anybody?" languidly demanded Mrs. Duncombe.

"No."

"Ah! the table will be spoiled—as usual."

The Duncombe mansion in Berkeley Square was a ponderous-looking house, with ponderous doors and ponderous knockers. Ponderous balconies ran along the windows of two stories, and a ponderous coping completed the façade skywards. The hall, fitted up with a cavernous fireplace like a family vault, was ponderous and gloomy. Ponderous tables and chairs and pictures furnished it, while a ponderous-looking servant with ponderous gilt buttons opened the door.

"Why didn't I run down to the Star and Garter at Richmond?" muttered Nugent as he pulled at the ponderous bell-handle.

The barrister's silver watch, a hunter belonging to his father, was fifteen minutes fast, and when the servant announced "Mr. Nugent," it was to rose-colored satin and white lace, and statues, and pictures, and flowers, and the thousand-and-one costly knick-knacks that constitute the charming *ensemble* of the drawing-room.

"I couldn't have mistaken the hour," said Walter to himself. "I suppose these swells ask you at the half-hour for the quarter to." And dropping into a caressing arm-chair which concealed him almost to the top of his head, he took a photograph-album from an onyx table, and soon became absorbed in the

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counterfeit presentments of fair women and brave men. He was turning over the leaves rather rapidly, as the faces were all unknown to him save that of Bingham's, when he suddenly stopped short, and, bending the book forward in order to obtain better light, continued to gaze long and earnestly at the photograph of a young girl.

"It's rather like me, Bingham, is it not?"

Walter Nugent started to his feet. Opposite to him stood Hester Branscombe.

He bowed haughtily, and, closing the book, moved in the direction of one of the other drawing-rooms. He would be even with this girl—use the same weapons. He wanted no speech of her. Let her remain within the arctic circle she had drawn round herself and her hundreds of thousands. He would none of her.

If he had been an older man, had seen more of the world, he would have acted otherwise; but his heart was young and hot, and his blood was red and warm, and he was barely four-and-twenty. It was a silly thing to resent the manner of a total stranger, and this stranger a—woman. It was eminently ridiculous, and, knowing this, he felt a stubborn pride in playing out the *rôle* he had so foolishly, and with such utter disregard of the unities, created for himself.

"Let me present you to my mother," said Duncombe, and Walter bowed to a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses surmounting a black satin dress.

"Very cold in Ireland now, I suppose?"

"Oh! dear, no, not yet."

"Ah! Your first visit to London, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Nugent."

"Nugent. First visit, of course?"

"Why *of course*, Mrs. Duncombe?" he laughed; but the lady's attention was diverted from him by the arrival of an old gentleman all forehead and shirt frills, and an antique lady hung in diamonds like an Indian idol.

"My sisters—Mr. Nugent," said Duncombe, moving over to where Miss Hester Branscombe was picking a yellow rosebud, a glorious Maréchal Niel, to pieces. Miss Duncombe didn't think it worth while to waste her time upon the un-illustrious Irishman, but Isabella, the second sister, of sweet seventeen, made up for all deficiencies, and was soon in the hunting field, "fetching croppers" and being pounded to Walter's unmitigated pleasure and satisfaction. He took her down to dinner, and it was only when his eyes met those of the banker's daughter earnestly fixed upon him that he recalled the fact of her existence.

I have already mentioned that he was but four-and-twenty, and at four-and-twenty the appetite is in thoroughly good form. Walter applied himself vigorously to pheasant soup and chicken turbot, and although between entrées snatching gentle converse with his neighbor while toying with his dinner-roll, his honest appetite bade him not lightly say no to any of the seductive offerings made by confidentially-whispering servants.

Miss Branscombe had been taken down to dinner by a pink-faced, pink-headed —for his yellow hair made no show—young baronet: a heavy dragoon with ten thousand a year, whose staple commodity in the shape of small-talk consisted in: "Have you seen me on my black chawgaw? No, not seen me on my black chawgaw? Bless my spurs!

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you *shall* see me on my black chawgaw."

This sort of thing, very clever and entertaining in its way, failed to interest the banker's daughter, who relapsed into complete silence, only relieved by an occasional yawn delivered either behind her *menu* or her fan. Right opposite to her on the table stood a rare orchid, upon which she occasionally feasted her eyes, and farther still in the same direction sat the individual whose ill-favored cur had "knocked sawdust" out of her little niece's doll. This young gentleman was apparently upon the defensive, for whenever his glance would fall in her direction he either instantly averted it or treated her to a haughty or a defiant stare.

It was before the ladies rose that Miss Duncombe said to Nugent:

"You are acquainted with Miss Branscombe?"

"I have not the honor," was his stiff reply.

"I heard her tell my brother just now that she had met you."

"She is laboring under a mistake."

"She is very pretty, is she not?"

"Yes, she's pretty," sipping a glass of claret.

"She's uncommonly wealthy. She has an estate in Devonshire, and another in Yorkshire. She's awfully peculiar—asks the queerest questions and in the most brusque way. She offends a lot of people. *I* like her, because I know her. She's very truthful and, as you gentlemen say, straight."

"I hope your brother may find favor in her eyes, if he likes it."

"We should be all very pleased. It would be a very good thing for Bingham, and the Pomfret interest in the House of Commons is immensely strong. Have you been presented to her?"

"No," almost gruffly.

"I shall present you with pleasure."

"Thanks, no. I keep out of the way of heiresses. The fierce light that beats from the three per cents dazzles me."

At this moment Mrs. Duncombe nodded to a lady in ruby velvet with a bird of paradise, nest and all, on her head, who responded by whisking off a glass of claret, and then came the rustle of female drapery, and the ladies passed out.

"I'm glad to hear that you are going in for Miss What-you-call-her, Duncombe," said the barrister, applying himself to the Château Lafitte.

"Miss Branscombe?"

"Yes," nodding, and peeling the first peach of the season.

"It would suit me admirably, Nugent, if it would suit the young lady. With the Marquis of Pomfret at my back I'd hope for a junior secretaryship and then the government benches."

"Then ask and have."

"I can ask; but as to the having, *cela dépend*. Half the swells in the peerage are *soupirant*. She refused the Earl of Forsythe last week, and *on dit* the Duke of Charlton has shared the same fate. Forsythe told us at the club, plumply and plainly."

The two young men chatted over souvenirs of the Viceregal court until coffee, and then arm-in-arm ascended to the drawing-room.

Duncombe lounged over to Miss Branscombe.

"Bring Mr. Nugent here and introduce him to me," said that young lady, very much in the imperative mood.

"You're in luck, old man. Miss Branscombe wishes to know you."

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"How do you mean?" asked the barrister, reddening violently.

"I mean that she has just this moment, of her own free-will, commanded me to bring you up for that purpose."

"I don't want this thing, Duncombe. She treated me like a cad this morning." And Nugent in a few words narrated the circumstances connected with Boreen, the doll, and the little Lady Ethel.

"What a green twig you are, to be sure!" laughed Duncombe. "Do you mean to say that you refuse to be presented?"

"I do."

"But, my dear fellow, this will never do."

"It must do."

"What shall I say to Miss Branscombe?"

"You may tell her the truth." And Walter, feeling himself considerably aggrieved, cast a defiant glance in the direction where stood Miss Hester Branscombe.

With an amused yet perplexed expression upon his face Duncombe went back to the heiress, and laughingly told her how the land lay.

"What a boy!" she exclaimed, shrugging her white shoulders.

Presently Miss Branscombe glided to the piano, and, sweeping her fingers across the keys, played one of those marvellous bits of Chopin which *dazzle* the ears. Then, ere the brilliant flush of the music had passed away, she sighed, as it were, into the symphony of "Savourneen Deelish" till the melody came softly as the murmur of summer seas. She sang the song. She had not much voice, it is true, but it was exquisitely trained, and she sang with a tenderness and expression that brought the moisture into the honest eyes of Walter Nugent.

"I didn't think she could do that," he said in a low, subdued tone to Miss Belle Duncombe.

At this moment the heiress approached to where the barrister stood, languidly drawing on a glove.

"So you refuse to know me?" she exclaimed, her eyes on a refractory glove-button.

This advance was so sudden, so utterly unexpected, that the barrister stammered, shifted his feet, grew very red, and made no reply.

"Sit down, Mr. Walter Nugent," she said, pointing to a gilt gimcrack that passed muster for a chair, while she drooped—I have no other word to express the grace of the motion—into a caressing *fauteuil*. "What is your case against me? You are a barrister. You will please address the court," gravely and earnestly.

"I suppose—that is—"

"Ah! I see; like many an Irish grievance, there is nothing but sentiment at the bottom of it," she interrupted. "You said to Mr. Duncombe that I treated you like a cad. In what way? You were a stranger; you—"

"But the dog?" pleaded Walter.

"The dog was equally a stranger," with a light laugh. "It is not the habit for young ladies to be addressed in the parks by strangers. And you may not possibly be aware that," here she flushed a rosy red, "I have been persistently followed by a person who wanted to marry me. He was insane, and is now under surveillance."

"I suppose I am a fool," said Nugent in an abject tone.

"Why, of course you are," she exclaimed. "You must be very young."

"I am four-and-twenty."

"Then you are very young for

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your age." This in the coolest and most dogmatic manner possible. "There was something so unique in your refusal to be presented to me that it piqued my curiosity. However, that is all over, and on the part of my niece, little Ethel, let me thank you for the beautiful, blushing, and exquisitely trousseaued bride that arrived to-day."

"I hope it's all right," growled Walter, very dissatisfied with himself.

"She's a downright beauty, and already have heart-burnings, recriminations, and jealousies sprung up amongst Ethel's friends anent Estelle Lafarge. You see I have not forgotten her name."

There is a subtle ecstasy in the thought that a young and lovely girl remembers some trifle uttered by you that you have totally forgotten.

Nugent blushed as he laughed. "What a memory you have, Miss Branscombe!"

"*Quelquefois.*"

There was a silence, during which the heiress gazed calmly and complacently at the barrister.

"How gloriously you sing!" he blurted.

"I have no voice; the melodies seem to come to me, as they only require to be breathed."

At this moment Mr. Duncombe, Sr., a pompous, bald-headed, double-chinned, portly-stomached, white-waistcoated, hard-breathing gentleman, approached.

"My dear, I want you to sing *me* a song. If I dare urge a preference, I should—ahem!—ask for something—ahem!—French."

"I never refuse *you*, Père Duncombe," laughed the girl, as, drawing off her gloves, she returned to the piano and warbled with delicious *naïveté*:

"Dans un délire extrême
On veut fuir ce qu'on aime,
On prétend se venger,
On jure de changer,
On devient infidèle,
On court de belle en belle,
Et—l'on revient toujours
A ses premières amours.

"Ah, d'une ardeur sincère
Le temps peut nous distraire,
Mais nos plus doux plaisirs
Sont dans nos souvenirs;
On pense, on pense encore
A celle qu'on adore,
Et—l'on revient toujours
A ses premières amours."

"Did you like that song?" she asked of the barrister.

"Not so well as the Irish melody."

"Ah! *on revient toujours à ses premières amours*," she laughed.

And the party broke up. Carriages were announced, and grave thanks for a most delightful evening were solemnly uttered. In the hall Nugent encountered Miss Branscombe.

"Had you not better call and see your bride?" she said, extending her hand as she spoke.

"I should be delighted," murmured the barrister.

"Don't bring Boreen," she laughed, and, curtseying deeply, she was escorted to her brougham by Bingham Duncombe.

Nugent walked dreamily to the Tavistock. A joyous bark reached his ears as he entered the corridor upon which his room was situated.

"Poor Boreen!" he said. "Come out into the moonlight, my poor doggie." And the day-dawn was strong upon the cabbages, and turnips, and green peas, and market carts in Covent Garden when man and dog returned to the hotel.

"A strange girl," he murmured, as he flung himself upon his bed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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ON EVIL.

IS EVIL OPPOSED TO THE WISDOM AND GOODNESS OF GOD?

In our former article * we arrived at the conclusion that evil is the product of the free-will of a finite and created person, and that God is nowise to be held responsible for it, or be accused of cruelty for the misery which *evil* entails on man, and which he simply permits, not to deprive man of the great boon of liberty which his intelligent nature demands.

Yet an objection may be raised against this doctrine, which we must put in all its light, as upon it hinges the whole question of evil. It is as follows: Either God can or he cannot prevent his intelligent and free creatures from committing evil. If we answer that he cannot, then we must conclude that evil is an absolute necessity of creation, a thing beyond the control of the universal Cause, another God, and therefore we fall into the theory of the Manicheans, admitting two principles, one an infinite principle of good, the other an infinite principle of evil.

If we answer that he can and will not, then it is apparent that he contradicts all his infinite perfections, especially wisdom and goodness—his wisdom by letting the action of his creatures disarrange the order and harmony of his plan; his goodness by suffering his creatures to be overwhelmed by such an enormous mass of misery and evil of every kind which he could easily prevent. And truly, in contemplating the magnificent and sublime plan of the universe, it seems astounding how God could have permitted created spirits to interfere in his system, and to bring to naught all the order and harmony which it was destined to possess. For what can be conceived more beautiful than the whole creation elevated in the human nature of Christ to the dignity of a divine personality, thus manifesting in the highest possible manner all the infinite attributes of God, and rendering him at the same time a homage and adoration absolutely worthy of him? What can be conceived grander or more sublime than the destination of all created persons to union with Christ, in order to extend the manifestation of God's attributes and the acknowledgment of his infinite excellence; and by means of that union to bring all human personalities to the intimate society of the three divine Persons by endowing the former with new and higher nature and faculties, and making them partakers of the perfections and attributes of Christ, causing them to live of his life by prayer and communion, by which they could assimilate themselves to the life of Christ, and could bring their supernatural essence and faculties to their full completion in bliss? What more beautiful or captivating than the sight of all created persons forming one society with Christ, and through him and in him holding sweet and loving intercourse with each other, aiding and helping each other until their society could be transplanted into the highest and supreme expression

* THE CATHOLIC WORLD for April, 1879.

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of association, the beatific embrace of the Trinity? What more attractive, more majestic and worthy of the Infinite, than such a plan, the utmost expression of God's excellence, a very harmony and a very music of the most sublime and divine character—music and harmony which appear not only in the whole plan, all the different parts of which are governed by the laws of variety, unity, proportion, and communion, laws which constitute the *beautiful*—but in the veriest trifle, if we may so speak, of every one of its details? What more worthy of divine goodness than this grand elevation of creatures, than this magnificent destiny of finite spirits, even to the intimate society of the interior life of the Godhead, attained without struggle, without strife, without pain or sorrow—in a word, without *evil?* On the other hand, let God permit evil, let this baneful agent enter the system of his works, and what is the consequence? Created persons, who alone were able to appreciate this grand manifestation of God, who should have rendered him the homage of their adoration, their obedience and love, who should have sung to him the hymn of thankful lays for his unutterable benefits—created persons turn against him and refuse to acknowledge him as their Creator by an act of independence and rebellion which asserts their will against his. In consequence of this rebellion all order and harmony are lost in man and the world. Man's natural faculties are weakened and degraded. a horrible struggle and warfare begins to rage in his inmost nature, the harmony which reigned in his double nature and their respective faculties is broken asunder, the peace which prevailed between him and all inferior creatures is dissolved, and man, once the king and lord over all creatures beneath him, has become the most helpless of their slaves. All his faculties are condemned to this thraldom, his intelligence, his will, his body. His intelligence is steeped in sensible things, and has become a prey to every error and absurdity. His will is drawn away by the most debasing tendencies. His body is subject to an overwhelming mass of suffering. Who can read history and not shudder with horror at the recital of the unutterable woes therein made? Who can go over without a pang of sorrow the catalogue of such miseries? The famines, plagues which have so often afflicted mankind; the wars of extermination, the wholesale slaughters, which we find at the foundation of every empire; the human hecatombs so much in vogue among nations; all the manifold institutions of tyranny and oppression; slavery, with its thousand surrounding trials; the helots, the gladiators, the degradation and oppression of woman, the feeding of beasts with living human flesh—all this forms an accumulation of woes appalling the stoutest heart. Add to this the pain, the torture, the lingering and excruciating death of all human persons who have suffered from the day of man's rebellion down to our time, and who will go on suffering until the end of the world; all the anguish and sorrow, of every kind and description, attached to human life and its vicissitudes and changes; add again the doom of an eternal death hanging over man as the crowning misery, and we may well exclaim: Could the God of heaven and earth, the wise, the good, the holy, the merciful, per-

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mit such an accumulation of woes, such an overwhelming mass of misery? Could his wisdom permit all this? Could his goodness take pleasure in torturing the work of his hands? In one word, can all this be reconciled with God's attributes? If he could not prevent it, how is he omnipotent? If he could and would not, and let such a mass of misery fall on mankind, how is he wise, and good, and merciful, and commiserating?

It will not do to say that God does not interfere because he would leave his creatures free and untrammelled in their operations; for this answer evades the question rather than solves it. It is admitted that God could not and should not destroy his creatures' free-will in order to prevent evil. But is this necessary to obtain such result? Could not evil be prevented, and at the same time the free-will of created persons be kept untouched? Catholic philosophy and theology admits such a thing as an action of God upon his creatures of such efficacy as to obtain invariably and infallibly what God wants the creature to do, and at the same time leave the free-will of the creature perfectly untrammelled. To say, therefore, that God could not interfere to prevent evil, in order to respect the free-will of his creatures, is no answer to the difficulty. God could interfere by his efficacious grace, and such a grace would obtain what it wishes the creature to do, and at the same time maintain the freedom of the latter. Why, then, does not the Almighty interfere with such a grace and prevent evil? If he cannot, then he is no longer almighty; if he can and will not, then he is cruel, inhuman, and barbarous.

We think we have stated the objection with all fairness, having endeavored to make it lose none of its native force in the handling. This may be an earnest to our readers that we do not fear it, but are fully prepared to meet it. We would only remark once for all that such questions as we are treating of must be decided by reason, and not by the manner according to which they may affect the feelings. Feeling is blind and ignorant, and can never be the judge of anything, much less of questions which demand the greatest attention and the nicest discernment of the most dispassionate reason. "Sapiens operator perficit opus suum breviori via qua potest."—*St. Thomas.*

The solution of the above difficulty depends absolutely upon the nature and requirements of the supreme *law* which must govern the providence of God in the ruling of his creatures. We do not attempt here to prove the existence of Providence, as the objection itself admits it, its attacks being directed against the *mode* but not against the existence of God's government. Let us, therefore, inquire into the nature of the supreme law of God's providence

The elements of Providence are as follows:

1. An end to be attained; because any one attempting to govern must know what is the object he wants to secure by that government.

2. An intellect which contemplates the end and seeks for the means conducive to the end.

3. An act of the will resolved to attain the end by way of the means discovered by the intellect. That these three elements are necessary is shown by the very definition of

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Providence, which is the *reason or cause of the government of the universe eternally existing in the mind of God and by him carried out;* in other words, Providence means, Why is the world governed so? Now, this why or fitness between the means and the end implies the three elements above mentioned: an end to be attained by the government, an intellect contemplating the end and discovering means conducive to the end, and a will carrying out the means to attain the end.

Now, an intelligence which adapts means to an end is called *wise*, and a will which conforms itself to the dictates of a wise intelligence is called *good; wisdom*, therefore, and *goodness* are the two supreme elements of Providence, and in order to find out the law of Providence we must inquire into the law of *wisdom* and *goodness*.

The law of wisdom is as follows: *An intelligent agent cannot act without a sufficient reason for his operation.* This principle is evident. To act intelligently implies, in force of the very term, the acting for a reason, and a reason sufficient to account for the action; because if the reason did not *fully* account for the action, the action would be reasonable only as far as accounted for by the reason, and unreasonable in that element for which the reason failed to account. This principle, therefore, is founded on the principle of contradiction. To act intelligently means to act for a reason sufficient to account for the action. To suppose, therefore, an intelligent being, as such, acting without a sufficient reason is to affirm him intelligent and non-intelligent at the same time and in the same breath.

It may often occur that *finite* intelligent beings act without sufficient reason, and the possibility of such fact is found in the necessary composition of finite beings, which are not pure intelligences, but intelligences wedded to feelings and passions. But even this exception proves the rule, because when finite intelligences act without sufficient reason they do not act as intelligences. However, this can never take place in the Infinite, who is pure intelligence, and whose nature and intelligence are absolutely identical, and who must always act as intelligence, and therefore for a sufficient reason. The law of wisdom, then, demands that an intelligent being should always act for a sufficient reason.

What is the law of goodness? The same as the law of wisdom, because the will, to be morally right, to be *good*, must follow the dictates of wisdom. No intelligence can be called wise unless it can discover the essential and objective relations of things, and hence the essential and objective relations of means to an end. Now, the will, to be right, to be morally good, must observe practically the essential and objective relations of things, for in that consists the supreme principle of morality. The supreme principle of morality—so-called because you cannot go beyond it, because you cannot find another principle more universal or imperative—is expressed in this formula: *Acknowledge being as it is in itself and its objective relations.* When you act in accordance with it you conform yourself to the essences of things and the relations between them, and you act rightly and morally. Consequently the laws of wisdom and goodness are identical, or rather one simple law. Goodness depends on wisdom; the

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intelligence discovers the essential relations of things which form the sufficient reason for acting, and the will conforms itself to the intelligence. The one apprehends, the other carries out. The former, apprehending the essential relations of things, is a wise intelligence; the latter, acknowledging practically those relations, is called good will. Hence that profound saying of St. Augustine: *Recta ratio ipsa est virtus.**

This metaphysical reason is confirmed by the testimony of mankind, which calls *folly* but not goodness whatever is done without observing the essential and objective relations of things, against the fitness of things, without proper reason.

PROPER END OF PROVIDENCE.

Having seen what is the law of wisdom and goodness, the two supreme elements of Providence, before resolving the objection we must determine another most important element, which is: What is the end which God proposes to himself in the government of the world?

Now, this end is the highest possible *moral good* of created persons. The proof of this lies in the explanation of the terms. We have proved that the end of the external action of God is the highest possible manifestation of his infinite excellence. But when and how is this really attained? Not, certainly, in the creation of beings which cannot apprehend either the Creator or his works. It can only be attained in the creation of beings which not only can apprehend the Creator and his works, but acknowledge both by a deliberate act of their will—that is, by created personalities. The end, therefore, of the external action is attained in the creation of persons who can apprehend and acknowledge the Creator and his works. But to acknowledge the Creator and his works is to act morally, as we have said that the supreme principle of morality consists in acknowledging being in itself and its relations. The end of creation, therefore, can only be attained by supposing moral good. And as the end of the external action is not *any* kind of manifestation of God's infinite excellence, but the highest possible, it follows that the highest possible theoretical and practical acknowledgment by created personalities of God and his works will attain the end of the external action, or, in other words, the highest possible moral good of created personalities will attain the end of the universe. God, therefore, in governing the world, must have in view the highest possible moral perfection of his intelligent creatures. And should God fail in procuring the highest moral perfection of his intelligent creatures in his government of the world, he would not only fail in attaining the general end of creation, but also cease to provide for the particular end of his intelligent creatures, as the end of intelligent creatures is in unison with the end of the universe.

In the reason above given we have merely put the catechism in a philosophical form. God created the world to be known and to be loved. To know and to love God is moral perfection. The highest knowledge and love of God, therefore, is the highest possible attainment of the end of the world.

When intelligent creatures arrive at the highest possible know-

* Right reason is itself virtue.

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ledge and love of God, then not only is the end of the universe attained, but their own peculiar end, which is also to know and to love God.

In the government of the world, therefore, God must have in view the highest possible moral perfection of his intelligent creatures.

SOLUTION OF THE DIFFICULTY.

Come we now to the objection. It will be remembered that evil is possible; in other words, that a finite agent may fail in his action, and that consequently the action of such an agent may be deprived of the perfection which it ought to have—just what is meant by evil. Now, suppose that a finite moral agent, *because free*, *chooses* to fail in his action, would God be obliged to interfere and by his power prevent him from failing? Whatever the adversaries of God's government may think, they must admit that if God is to interfere at all he must be guided in this interference by the *law of wisdom*. They can admit nothing less, if they do not wish God to use his power without reason, and make God act foolishly and without law or principle. The law of wisdom, therefore, should guide God in this desired interference in the actions of his free creatures; the law of wisdom which should guide his divine intellect in selecting and adopting the best means to attain the end, means best adapted to the case in hand. Now, when we ask God to interfere by his omnipotence in the action of his free creatures to prevent them from failing, his wisdom must consider and ponder over the following problems before his power can act:

1. Is this interference of power, to prevent moral agents from failing, necessary to the highest possible moral good of the universe, which is the end of divine Providence?

2. Is this interference useful to the highest possible moral good of the world?

Now, according to the various solutions of these two problems, divine wisdom can pronounce whether God can interfere or not in the action of his creatures. For if both problems be answered in the affirmative, if the interference is necessary or useful to the highest possible moral good of the universe, it is evident what the dictate of wisdom would be: let God interfere by his extraordinary power to attain the end of his government. But if the problems be answered negatively; if the interference is neither necessary nor useful; if, on the contrary, it is unnecessary, injurious to attain the end proposed to itself by divine Providence, it is evident that divine wisdom would reject all such interference and allow the free failing of moral agents to have full play; because if the interference were not necessary or useful to attain the end aimed at, God by his interference would act without a reason, without principle or law—that is, unwisely and unintelligently. Keeping these principles in view, we can answer the objection. It runs as follows: Either God can prevent evil or he cannot. If he cannot, then he is no longer omnipotent; if he can and will not, then he is cruel and barbarous. We are free to admit that God can prevent evil by his own absolute power—that is, a power considered independently of all relation to his other attributes. But if we considered God's omnipotence not exclusively and independently, but in relation to his other attributes—

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such as wisdom, for instance—then the answer must be different. God's omnipotence thus considered can prevent evil if his wisdom demands or advises the doing so; it cannot if wisdom should otherwise decide. Those who are clamoring for God's power to interfere are always considering it independently of all relation to wisdom, as if God could ever act without following the dictates of his wisdom, as if the two attributes could ever be separated, as if God could act unwisely, blindly, and foolishly. Before we say whether God can or cannot prevent evil we must decide whether his wisdom will permit the interference or not consistently with the end aimed at in the government of the world. If wisdom should demand or advise the interference, then God must and will interfere; if wisdom should forbid interference, then God cannot interfere, not for lack of power, but in consequence of the absolute simplicity and oneness of his nature, which absolutely demands the perfect harmony and concord of all his attributes whenever he acts. As we have already remarked, we creatures can act foolishly and unwisely, because our activity is not our intelligence, because they can be separated; but if our activity were the same as our intelligence, one thing with it and both identical with our nature, we could no more act without reason than we could change our nature. Such is the case with God; power and wisdom and goodness, etc., are identical in him, and all must act harmoniously, and God can no more act unwisely than he can cease to be God. When, therefore, our objectors say if God cannot prevent evil he is no longer omnipotent, we answer, if wisdom forbids this interference he cannot prevent evil, exactly because he is omnipotent—that is to say, an infinite power; and an infinite power would no longer be such if it were not identical with other attributes, infinity implying not only mere physical, blind activity, but wisdom, goodness, etc.

It is evident, also, that if God does not prevent evil because such prevention is excluded by infinite wisdom, he would not be cruel but infinitely good, because we have proved that the law of goodness is the same as the law of wisdom. For if we call wise him who adapts the means to an end, we call good a will which adopts and carries out such adaptation. This true nature of goodness must be well understood and weighed if we would have a proper idea of our present subject. The enemies of God's providence, by working on the blind feelings of mankind, have oftentimes succeeded in leading them into error. They insinuate that goodness consists in doing good wisely or unwisely, reason or no reason, than which there is no more erroneous or absurd idea. Even the common sense of mankind admits that the doing good, the preventing man from suffering, must be governed by certain principles; if the doing good, the preventing of physical pain, should interfere with a higher good, a higher boon aimed at, all admit that the doing what is erroneously called good in such a case would be folly and real cruelty, and not good at all. Goodness, therefore, is the handmaid of wisdom, goes hand-in-hand with it, and is governed by the same law; whatever is foolish cannot be good, and *vice versa*.

Now, we contend that such is the case in our great question of the evil of the universe. We hold and,

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shall demonstrate that if God, by an extraordinary intervention of his power, had prevented the commission of moral evil, he would have gone counter to his wisdom, and consequently acted unwisely and cruelly. We prove our statement by the following syllogisms: It is the law of wisdom to select the best means to the attainment of an end; and it is the law of goodness to adopt and carry out such means. But if God Almighty, by an extraordinary exercise of his power, had prevented the commission of moral evil, his wisdom would not have chosen the best means for the attainment of the end of the universe, and his goodness would not have followed the best means to such an end. Therefore if God had prevented the commission of evil, he would not have acted either according to the law of wisdom or that of goodness, and would have been neither wise nor good.

The minor of this syllogism, which shall form the whole burden of these articles, is proved by the statement, which we merely point out here, that the prevention of moral evil would have greatly diminished the moral good of the universe instead of increasing it, and that, therefore, in this case, if God had interfered to prevent evil, he would have employed an extraordinary amount of action to effect a lesser good than if he had withheld it and allowed the free agency of his creatures to have full play.

We put these statements in yet clearer light. God possessed the plan of the universe as we have described it in our former articles. In investigating all the forces and activities composing the whole plan he foresees that some of the free activities would commit evil. Here is a new element coming into play among the cosmic forces. How is God to deal with it? What is the principle which must guide him in disposing of it? The object and end of the whole universe is the highest possible manifestation of his infinite grandeur by the highest possible moral good of the universe. This end must be attained at all hazards; and with this principle in view God must consider the question of evil. Two problems present themselves to his mind:

1. Suppose he should prevent evil by an extraordinary employment of power, what would be the final result in reference to the highest possible moral good of the universe which must be attained by his providence?

2. Again, suppose he should not interfere, and suffer evil to have free scope, what would be the final consequence in reference to the same end to be attained?

It is evident that God must weigh and calculate the result of either supposition before he determines upon any plan of action. Now, suppose the calculation has been made, and that the result is summed up and is as follows: God finds that if he intervenes by his extraordinary power to prevent evil, the sum of moral good of the universe is much smaller than the sum of moral good of the universe in the case of his not interfering and allowing evil to have full scope. What line of action must he adopt? What would wisdom dictate? Assuredly to let evil have full play and gain the greater final result. By adopting another line of conduct, by interfering with his power to obtain a lesser good, he would certainly act against his wisdom without reason, contrary to all rea-

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son, as he would employ an extraordinary amount of power to produce a lesser result—that is, throw away power without reason, which it is impossible for a wise intelligence to do. "Sapiens operator perficit opus suum breviori via qua potest."* But is the result of moral good in the supposition of moral evil greater than in the other? In other words, is the minor of our syllogism true? The answer will be given in the succeeding articles.

ANNIE KEARY.

WHEN a loving and beautifully-endowed soul is withdrawn from our circle of friends, we feel our lives so irreparably impoverished that we are apt to think the loss is entire, and that nothing remains to us but the pains of absence. And yet this is never true, for there always survives a portion of the life of such souls that can never die, and which we need never lose if we are only faithful enough to hold it. The same consolation applies to those unknown friends whom an author makes through his books, and who have a special preciousness of their own. There is no surer test, it is said, of the sympathetic power of a book than when it makes us love the writer. This is a triumph quite apart from literary success, which may exist in a high degree without commanding the other; but when the two are combined an author tastes the most perfect reward that can crown his efforts. It was given to Annie Keary to enjoy this reward more abundantly than many whose books stand far higher on the roll of fame. No one who has read *Castle Daly* can have laid it down without tender sympathy for the writer, who reveals herself unconsciously in every page of that delightful story, where the faults, the humorous follies, the virtues and charm of Irish character are drawn with such a vivid and sympathetic touch. But it is of herself rather than of her books that we are tempted to say a few words to those friends across the Atlantic who knew her only through them. She coveted an American audience, and once said to a friend whom she called a "sister worker," "I envy you having an audience amongst the Americans; they are so young, so genuine!" Her novels† are the best known of Miss Keary's books, although her historical works have a distinctive merit of their own which has secured them a position amongst educational books in her own country. *The Heroes of Asgard*, the joint work of herself and her sister, has been pronounced by high authority "the best epitome we have of Northern mythology." *Early Egyptian History* is a charming and useful book, and *The Nations Around*,

* St. Thomas.

† *Janet's Home*, *Oldbury*, *Clemency Franklin*, *Castle Daly*.

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a description of the neighboring heathen peoples with whom the Israelites came in contact, contains a rare amount of conscientious research combined with much imaginative power in the realization of ancient Oriental life and scenery; her tales for the young are delicate and bright, and very popular with their special public. Miss Keary's name has been of late years constantly before the reading world in *Macmillan's Magazine*, where "A Doubting Heart" is at present appearing. The MS. of this story was finished a few weeks only before her death, and, apart from its intrinsic merits, it will come to us in its complete form invested with that pathetic interest which gilds the last work of a well-known and accomplished author.

Annie Keary's was a very quiet, uneventful life, full of helpfulness for others, of active sympathy, of wise guidance for many—a life of constant, unwearying self-devotion. One instance amongst many will suffice to exemplify the spirit of self-sacrifice that animated it. She and her sister were living in a quiet little home, with no luxuries but that of the delightful society of a circle of friends who gathered round them as to a living centre, when they were requested by the foundress of a home for young servants to assist her by taking the place of her matron, who was suddenly invalided. No one else could be found at the time to manage it; an interregnum might have perilled the success of the undertaking. The going there involved the breaking up of their little home and their withdrawal from the society so pleasant to Annie; but she never hesitated about making the sacrifice of herself and her time, and without delay she and her sister took up their abode in the "Home" at the other side of the city.

The company with which they had now cast in their lot was composed mainly of poor girls recruited from the lowest class, sometimes picked up from sadder depths than poverty and ignorance. The sisters came amongst them, not as benevolent patronesses standing on a high altitude of Christian virtue, but as friends whom a kind Providence had sent to help their poor little sisters on whom the storms of life beat too rudely. They shared their lives in the true sense of the expression, and felt it a privilege to be allowed to do so, bringing all the energies of their warm hearts and cultivated minds to the task of helping and instructing and ameliorating the lot of the poor outcasts. Annie's days were entirely taken up by the claims of her charges, but she was very far from being oppressed by any sense of pettiness or dulness in the society of her new companions. On the contrary, her fine sense of humor found much to feed upon in the curious social experience, and many a droll story she had to tell of the "Guy Fawkes" who was to disport himself for her especial amusement, or of the girl who felt her prospects brightened by the promise of a relation who trundled a fruit-cart, that she should never want for a "happle or a peer" whilst he had one to spare.

One of her old friends who was frequently with her in this new life, whom we may call Emilia, mentions a characteristic incident. A girl was going off to see about a situation, and Annie, after seeing that her hair was brushed and her hands washed, and giving her some

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last injunctions as to how she was to behave, was sending her away, when suddenly she called out: "My dear Jane! what do I see? You have a great hole in your stocking that shows above your shoe! Just fancy if the lady saw that! Slip it off, and I will mend it in a minute."

Jane slipped off her stocking, and the authoress got her needle and drew her white hand through the uninviting hose; the disreputable hole disappeared, and Jane was sent on her way.

"And if you could but see Annie!" wrote Emilia. "You can have no idea of the simplicity, the utter unconsciousness with which she does all this."

The six months came to an end, and the sisters, very much exhausted, were obliged to go to recruit their health in the south of France. The dear literary work was now resumed, and the sense of rest and freedom amidst the olive groves and flowers and all the luxuriant nature of the land of the sun made this winter a time of delightful enjoyment to both of them.

But they were not likely to be satisfied with taking their rest, however well earned, or with mere personal work, however worthy. They soon found plenty of other work to do amongst the simple village folk round about them. There were children to be taught, and sick people to be nursed, and suffering ones to be comforted, and there was everybody to make friends with.

At Christmas-time a feast was prepared for all these friends; there were games out of doors and merry-making for old and young, the two English ladies making themselves the centre of it all, and taking great pains to instruct the young folk in the mysteries of "prisoner's bar" and "oranges and lemons." This last seems to have had great success, for a week later Annie wrote: "I think they all enjoyed the sport, and our little maid tells me that a whole troop of boys and girls are practising 'oranges and lemons' in the village this morning." We can readily believe that "the people were very sorry" when their kind English friends said good-by to them and the sunny shores of the Mediterranean.

During the years that followed this interval of seclusion and rest Annie kept up a constant intercourse with the young girls in whose lives she had become interested during her residence at the "Servants' Home." Her love for each girl was peculiar and unfailing; her sympathy was ever ready; her hope, even for the most hopeless of them, was Christ-like in its power, giving strength to the faltering, courage to the feeble, guiding the double-minded into straighter paths, drawing out the best in all. Her belief in goodness seemed almost to create it in those whom she so perseveringly tried to help. Her memory will long be held in loving remembrance by the poor to whom she ministered; for, with her limited store of gold and silver, she gave what was more precious than either—sympathy and love. And not to the poor in this world's possessions only did Annie Keary give of that spiritual abundance; her sympathy was ever especially drawn out towards young writers, many of whom sought counsel and help from her in the beginning of a literary career. From no one of these did she turn away uninterested, often finding

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some little service that she could render, and never failing to speak a word of encouragement to the traveller on that uphill road which she had often found difficult to climb in her own early years. She had that rare and gracious gift of discerning the precious ore amongst the dross, and where many a less sympathizing counsellor would have found nothing to praise she was able to draw one or another good point forward into the light and show the young beginner how to do the best that was in him. If we might dare to lift the curtain of her own home a still more beautiful picture would greet us: the young came there to be directed and cherished; aching hearts came to be comforted; "doubting hearts" to be uplifted and strengthened; selfish hearts to be made ashamed of their discontent, and sent away cheered and infected with the brave, sweet spirit of the counsellor. Joubert says somewhere in his *Pensées*, "Il y a des esprits où il fait clair; il y en a où il fait chaud." Annie Keary's mind was one of those where the light is inseparable from heat, and its glow was felt like a benign and blessed influence by those who came near it.

She took great pleasure in her literary work, and was gratefully alive to the interest it added to her life; and yet she wrote with great difficulty. She said once to that sister worker whom we have mentioned: "It is laborious to me as a birth. It is only by prayer that I can get on with it; but when I find the difficulty too great I lay down my pen and pray, and somehow, little by little, it becomes easier, the ideas and the words come to me, and I go on." Once again she said: "Let us make a service of our pen. I think work of every sort, but more especially ours, ought to be a kind of worship. Do not you?"

We can read this idea between the lines of every book Annie Keary has written. No breath "of the earth, earthy" has tarnished the purity of a single page, and we may apply to her Lamartine's tribute to Walter Scott, whose romances, he says, the young girl may read without hiding from her mother:

"Elle peut te lire devant Dieu, comme toi-même tu écrivis."

Early in March last year Miss Keary discovered that a terrible disease had laid its hand upon her. Her faith rose bravely to meet the cross.

"Her sweetness and resignation are too beautiful to be described," wrote Emilia. "She has always dreaded this malady above all things, and so dreaded physical pain; but she says her terror of it is gone, and when she woke the first night (after seeing the surgeons) the first words that came to her with the thought were, 'Accepted in the Beloved.' The operation is to be performed on Monday. I tell you, because she longs for prayers to help her."

The prayers were asked in every direction, and many a fervent one went up from pure and ardent hearts, Carmelites and Poor Clares, Sisters of Charity, priests and little children, and toilers in the great city.

When the terrible Monday was over Emilia wrote: "All your prayers have been answered. It is just wonderful how she has been supported through her sufferings! Her look of calm and perfect peace I shall never forget, and there is not

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the slightest effort or 'exaltation'; it was just as if it were the most natural thing in the world to lie still in a Father's arms."

It seemed for a time as if prayer and love, added to skill and science, were going to work a miracle. She went on wonderfully well, and when a month later she was moved to Eastbourne her strength rallied, and hopes of recovery revived with it. But it soon became apparent that it was only a passing improvement, and that the sands were running down. Yet even now her life was full of interest and enjoyment. She would sit in the sunny eastern window, looking out upon the sea, and correct the proofs of "A Doubting Heart"; then came endless conversations, and reading and work; in the evening she would read aloud for a couple of hours; so the days sped peacefully within and without.

"These dear ones *infect* me with their intelligent cheerfulness," wrote Emilia, who was herself dwelling under the shadow of a great sorrow, upborne only by the hope of the day of resurrection.

Towards the end of February another friend went to see the sisters at Eastbourne, and, writing from that sanctuary of patient suffering, said: "Annie is more beautiful than any words can say. It is absolutely wonderful to see how entirely free from *self* she is. In the midst of her grievous suffering and bodily distress of so many kinds she is full of interest in the lives of others, in their plans, and work, and anxieties; standing on the very brink of another world, and yet so keenly alive to all that is worthy of interest in this. She said to me yesterday morning: 'I must tell you a scheme for a story I have in my mind; it may be of use to you.' I replied that, please God, she would use it herself some day. Eliza was near, so Annie pressed her head against mine and whispered, 'I shall never write anything again.' In the afternoon she called me to her side and said: 'Now let us talk about this story.' And she would have me get a pencil and paper and take down notes, and all this as eagerly, and apparently as disengaged in spirit, as if she had no more pressing concern on her mind. There is an indescribable *grace* in the way she suffers — always with such a sweet smile on her face, as if she were taking each pang, as it comes, straight from the hand of God. Never once has she talked to me of her sufferings. When I inquire how the night has been (sometimes they are full of suffering!) she will say with her angelic smile, 'I am feeling better since I came down. The sun is so cheery!' or some such cheerful answer that seems to shut the door on *self* so completely that you dare not force it open. And yet who ever valued sympathy more than that sympathetic heart that gave it so abundantly to all who needed it!"

This friend wrote again on leaving Eastbourne:

"I left Eastbourne yesterday. Before bidding good-by to Annie we said the *Magnificat* together. Then Eliza and Emilia came in, and I embraced her and left the room. I was on the stairs when Eliza ran after me and said, 'Come back; she is calling you.' I went back into the room, and Annie fixed those large, liquid eyes of hers on me with a wistful look that went through me, and said, 'I wanted to look upon your face once again. *We shall meet, dearest; we shall meet.*' She had been overcome

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with emotion a moment before, but she seemed to have risen above all weakness, and said this with a solemnity that impressed me strangely."

Even at this extremity, when the sufferer realized her own position so clearly, her sister continued blinded by hope. This blindness was no doubt one answer to the prayers that were sent up for Annie, for it robbed that time of trial of half its pain, sweetening the days of the watcher with hope, and sparing the other the sight of a grief that might have been fatal to her peace. This peace, which to the last remained undisturbed, was one of Annie Keary's most blessed and characteristic gifts. She possessed in a singular degree that joyous tranquillity of spirit that is so restful to others, and which would seem to be an essential condition for all persevering effort and enduring work.

It was arranged that a novena should be offered up for Annie's recovery, to begin on the 11th of March, to end on St. Joseph's feast. Friends, known and unknown, were written to far and wide; one kind American gentleman got three thousand Catholics of the United States to join; it was to be such a loud clamor of supplication as the Heart of Jesus should not be able to withstand. Hope beat high in many hearts. And they were not disappointed. Before the novena began the answer came in a more magnificent mercy than the healing of the poor suffering body. On the 3d of March came the tidings, "It is too late! Our angel has left us."

And so the novena was said for her who remained behind, and for the faithful soul that had passed from its ordeal of pain to the light of its Redeemer's presence.

Under the old law Israel had its prophets and angel heralds, and they came, one by one, charged with a summons, a warning, or a divine call, and delivered their message to the people, and passed on. And we, too, have ours. Every elect soul is a heaven-sent messenger, an utterance of the Word at whose bidding the darkness vanished; and they come to us with light from him, if we will but open our shutters and let it in; they come to us with tidings, and promises, and admonitions, with blessed gifts of love and hope; and even when they have delivered their message and passed on their voice continues speaking, an eternal echo of the Word that can never pass away. Their life lives after them, beckoning us along the road that they have trod, cheering us when we are foot-sore, shaming us when we grow faint-hearted, a *Surgite eamus!* that will go on resounding till the end of time. And thus we who have never known them are richer and stronger because they have lived before us, and toiled, and died, and gone to their reward.

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ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN LITURGY.*

REVIEW OF FATHER O'BRIEN'S "HISTORY OF THE MASS."

THE Christian liturgy is properly the order of rites pertaining to the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, and taken more extensively embraces all the order of the administration of sacraments and rites, and of the celebration of public worship.

It is only the Quakers who have no liturgy at all, though even these have certain forms which they observe in their religious meetings. The Presbyterians and Puritans, whose forms are the most simple and denuded of ritualistic observance among all those retained in the Protestant churches, have, nevertheless, their liturgy. One important part of public worship, psalmody and the singing of hymns, absolutely requires set forms of words and musical notes. Scripture Lessons, also, must be read from the Book of the Scriptures. Sermons are frequently read, and are at least premeditated and prepared, unless the preacher is a genius, or a mere ranter. The idea that worship must be wholly an extemporaneous effusion, without any prepared form of words, is therefore, by common consent, a mere notion of superstition and fanaticism. Outward ceremonies are also necessary and universally observed. And visible elements are likewise essential and actually used by all who retain baptism and the Lord's Supper among their religious observances. In baptism there is a fixed manner of applying the water, and a fixed form of words, prescribed in every sect. In the administration of the Lord's Supper, certain words are always used, the bread is broken, the wine poured out, and the elements are administered by the deacons, with great solemnity of demeanor and according to an established manner. The baptismal ewer, and the table with its proper service of vessels for the Lord's Supper, are as handsome and costly as the congregation can afford, and are specially sacred to the religious use. In Presbyterian and Congregational churches, the ordinary way of celebrating the Lord's Supper and administering communion, though simple, is exceedingly solemn and impressive. The most important words and actions of the minister are similar to those prescribed in the Catholic liturgy. However studiously certain terms which denote the sacrificial nature of the action are avoided, it is impossible to exclude from the whole transaction the manifest idea and intention of an act of worship to God by means of visible things, viz., bread and wine, with which a commemoration is made of the sacrifice which Jesus Christ made of his Body and Blood. This is a commemorative oblation from the very nature and obvious import of the whole ceremony.

Those Protestant churches which have retained a considerable part of the ancient liturgy are more distinctly and formally similar to

* *A History of the Mass and its Ceremonies in the Eastern and Western Church.* By Rev. John O'Brien, A.M. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1879.

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the Catholic Church in their doctrine and practice respecting the Eucharist and in their methods of conducting their divine service in general. It is well known how general and marked the tendency has become in modern times among Protestants, to depart from the rigorous simplicity of their more ancient customs and to introduce more ritualism into their worship.

The specific difference which marks the Catholic doctrine and liturgy from those which are uncatholic, is the recognition of a real and mysterious change in the very substance of the bread and wine of the Eucharist, produced through the instrumental action of a duly consecrated priest, in virtue of which the Body and Blood of Christ are made really present under the sacramental species, and truly offered to God in the sacrifice of the Mass. The history of the rites and forms which are or have been used in the liturgical service of the church has its chief value, therefore, from the evidence which it furnishes of the ancient and apostolic origin of the Catholic doctrine respecting the divine sacrifice and sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, and of the practice founded on it.

Besides this primary value and interest which belong to liturgical history, it has also great worth and attractiveness for Catholics, because it makes them better acquainted with a sublime and beautiful part of the religion which is so sacred to their minds and so dear to their hearts. Those who are desirous of knowing something about the Catholic religion and its rites and customs, so different from those to which they have been used, must be likewise interested in reading an explanation of the origin and meaning of the ceremonies and forms of Catholic worship. Formerly, Protestants were contented to take for granted that the Catholic liturgy and ritual were deliberately invented or adapted from Pagan rites, during some dimly defined period after the cessation of the great persecutions and before the epoch in which even they have always been compelled to admit that all Christendom had become what the Catholic portion of it still remains. At present, those who are so entirely Protestant that they discard even what the Episcopalians have retained of the external Catholic order, and believe that the apostles founded Presbyterian or Congregational churches having the same kind of government and worship as exists in these respectable modern societies, are obliged to seek for the period of the supposed change in the century which elapsed between the dates of A.D. 100 and A.D. 200, or thereabouts. The form which the Christian Church presents during the period between A.D. 200 and the date of the First Nicene Council, A.D. 325, is obviously and confessedly sacerdotal, sacramental, and liturgical. Not only Catholics, but all separated Eastern Christians and those Episcopalians who hold even moderately High-Church principles, believe that this form was not an alteration of the primitive, apostolical Christianity, but its continuation. We do not care at present to discuss any points of difference with these two last-mentioned parties, or to assert anything more than that which they hold and defend, often with great learning and ability, in common with ourselves. That the great act of Christian worship is the Holy Eucharist, that the apostles received from the Lord and

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by ordination transmitted a mystic power to consecrate and offer this heavenly gift, the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, to their successors in the priesthood of the New Law, that the sacraments are efficacious instruments through which the effects which their forms symbolize are really produced in fit recipients, that the apostles ordained the observance of the essential rites and forms, and established the general rules and customs, which are the foundation of Catholic liturgy and ritual, is a thesis quite sufficient for our present purpose. The proof of it overthrows that notion which Calvinists and their so-called Evangelical congeners, as well as all others who hold the same Low-Church principles, have formed of the apostolical and primitive character of Christianity. As for the formal proof of the thesis, we might refer to the many books written by High-Church Episcopalians, which have never been and cannot be answered. At present, we content ourselves in respect to the argument of the question, on our own part, with a few general considerations, very briefly proposed, reserving a more thorough discussion of the fundamental thesis to a more convenient opportunity.

None of us really derive our idea of apostolical and primitive Christianity, at first hand, either from the New Testament or from history. We take it from the objective appearance which our own church, in which we are born and bred, presents to our imagination and to our mind, and the instruction given to us in childhood. Through this medium we look at the history of early Christianity presented to us in the New Testament and in other historical records of the first age of the church. It is very hard to get rid of this first imaginary and intellectual conception, by means of the reason, if we find good grounds for the conviction that it is more or less false. A thorough-going Protestant, whether Evangelical or Unitarian, comes to the examination of the Catholic idea of the church as founded by the apostles, with his mind and imagination pre-occupied by what he considers as the true conception of real and genuine Christianity. He finds that no such conception is embodied in the Christianity of the fourth and third centuries. The faint and few outlines of the actual Christianity of the first century given in the Acts and Epistles of the apostles he has already filled up by his own imagination according to the impressions received from his own familiar form of religion. He infers that an alteration took place during the second century, because he has already determined that it must have occurred at some period, it could not have occurred later than the beginning of the third, and the obscure period between the death of St. John and the year 200 is the only space left in which his imagination can locate the change. There was a change doubtless, the change of growth, expansion, and progress. But it was a development, not a transformation of species. If primitive Christianity had been a type of which New England Puritanism is a correct representation, it could not have changed into something even like a mere model of the ideal Catholic Church as an Anglican conceives it to be, any more than a young poplar could develop naturally into an elm. A quiet, insensible, universal change of this kind is a natural absurdity and impossibility. Such a change implies a

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revolution which must have been sensible and violent. No one pretends that a sensible revolution did take place. Consequently, there was no alteration which was essential and substantial, but only an accidental change and a regular development from the principles deposited in the original germ. Nicene Christianity was therefore by historical and vital continuity the identical Christianity of the apostles, not only, as all orthodox Protestants hold, in respect to the substance of the Christian dogmas of faith, but in respect to the sacerdotal, sacramental, liturgical character which was visibly impressed upon its exterior surface.

Another consideration, more doctrinal than the former. Although many things in the New Testament are obscure and indistinct, one of those things in it which are very plain and clear is, that all merely shadowy, symbolical, and inefficacious ordinances were abolished with the Jewish Law. The Presbyterian Sabbath and sacraments are denounced and condemned by St. Paul. An inefficacious baptism and a merely figurative Eucharist are out of keeping with the Presbyterian and Puritan conception of religion, which is one of pure spiritualism. They are like an apple-core which could never have come in its bitten-down condition from a tree, or a denuded skeleton to which no animal could have given birth. Their proper conception of a church is a mere assemblage of believers gathered for social prayer, reading the Scriptures, singing hymns, and receiving instruction from one or more of their number, whom they have chosen to preside and act as teachers and exhorters. The first day of the week is merely a convenient time for such assemblages. When the day is made sacred, the ministry made a sacred order, and sacraments are celebrated by men acting as ministers of God in holy things, there is introduced a foreign, un-Protestant, Catholic element into their system, a remnant and shadow of the primitive, sacerdotal, sacramental, liturgical religion of the ancient church which they have renounced. What little they have retained of the liturgy is an incongruity, and hence they have made the celebration of the Lord's Supper only an occasional, infrequent observance. Their habitual public worship is merely extemporaneous prayer, with a little singing, and nothing can be imagined more bald, jejune, and repulsive than the "Sabbath-service" of the sects which have no Book of Common Prayer, excepting in so far as fine singing and fine sermons make it interesting and attractive. Such a service was never known or heard of in Christendom until the extreme Protestant sects produced this skeleton of dry bones. It is ridiculous to think that Orientals, that Jews, could ever have so completely abjured and renounced all their immemorial ways and customs, as they must have done, in order to invent such a style of public worship. Common sense teaches us that the way to find out what Christian worship was in the East, at the beginning of Christianity, is to trace up the Eastern liturgies and rituals, and observances, to the earliest sources accessible, and to judge of their origin by their history.

There are many excellent works in the English language, both Catholic and Anglican, treating of liturgical history and cognate topics. Father O'Brien has compiled the one which for the practical use

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of Catholics, and also of non-Catholics who wish to understand our rites and ceremonies, is the best and the most interesting. The Catholic liturgy, in all its various forms in several authorized languages, which are in use in all parts of the Catholic Church and in all sects, though in a few instances somewhat corrupted by time and heresy, which have preserved the episcopal succession, is an outgrowth from the original apostolical liturgy, which was substantially one, yet having several varieties of accidental form. The essential parts of Catholic order are of divine institution. The accidental modifications were left to the determination of the rulers of the church from the apostles down. The norm or germ of the liturgy is of divine and apostolical origin, but this normal germ has grown and fructified in a luxuriant manner into the Catholic liturgy as it exists in its present state, wherever there is a true priesthood and a true sacrifice. By one of those strange accidents to which language is subject, an insignificant name, endowed with meaning by usage and hallowed by time, has become attached to the Sacrifice of the New Law in the Latin and other Western languages. It is called, in accordance with this ancient and general custom, the Sacrifice of the Mass. The history of its external environment of set forms, rites, ceremonies, vestments, sacred vessels, etc., whatever belongs to sanctioned and established ritual observance in connection with its celebration, is what Father O'Brien has undertaken to set forth. In a critical notice prepared after examination of the first proof-sheets of the work, we said all that is really necessary concerning the merits of the work accomplished by the learned Professor of Liturgy in the Seminary of Emmittsburg. We need not now repeat what we have already said, or add more than a few words of explanation regarding the topics treated. The author prefixes to the regular series of chapters in which the contents of his treatise are comprised a Brief Dissertation on the Principal Liturgies in the East and West at the present day. He then proceeds to explain the origin of the word *Mass*, the various kinds of Masses, the authorized languages in which it is said, and the reason for using ancient rather than vulgar languages. Afterwards, in due order, the vestments, the sacred vessels, the apparatus of the altar, the reservation of the species, the music and musical instruments employed during the celebration of the Mysteries, and the varying rites used within the church are described. The altar, the lights, incense, crucifixes, tabernacle, and missal, the use of bells, etc., next receive due attention. The second half of the volume is taken up with an analysis of the separate parts of the Mass itself, with a full and detailed explanation of each one, by itself. We miss a Table of Chapters with their topics, which should by all means be added to the General Index. We have also to find fault with the author's use of the word "sacrosanct," which does not belong to the English language.

In conclusion we renew our cordial and earnest recommendation of this valuable and accurate work to all Catholics, not only of the United States but of all countries where English is spoken. It is really *unique* in our language, and the only work which answers the

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purpose for which it was written. We trust that it will receive due attention from the periodicals of England and Ireland, and be thus made known to Catholics throughout the domain of the English language. They will find it to be one of the most instructive as well as interesting and edifying volumes which our Catholic literature possesses.

A BORROWED THOUGHT.

FROM B. ALPHONSO RODRIGUEZ.

THINK not life's burden thou dost bear alone.
No sorrow thine but that its keenest dart
Lies in the depths of One most sacred Heart:
No penance thine but that God makes his own
Its loneliest thought, its bitterest tears of brine,
Unto thy weakness lends his strength divine.

So, when thou tremblest 'neath the cross's weight,
When sharp-edged stones beset thy bleeding feet,
And shadows of strange shapes about thee flit,
He, who hath hallowed suffering's sad estate,
Shareth thy body's woe, thy spirit's pain,
The cross, for thee, up Calvary bears again.

"My yoke is sweet." Ah! wherefore did He call
A "yoke" his law, that is so light to keep,
But that thy wondering heart should thrilling leap
With such sweet yoke-fellow to wear the thrall
Of bondage blessed?—self-binding thy free will
The fields he consecrates, with joy, to till.

For thinkest thou, O soul, that one, alone,
Shall bend 'neath that which fashioned is for two?
Making that drag, with balance all untrue,
Which else were light, with even burden thrown.
How shalt thou falter, how discouraged be,
When Jesus stoops to bear his yoke with thee!

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CONGAL.

It is now some forty years or more since Christopher North read admiringly at one of the symposia of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* a poem entitled "The Forging of the Anchor," and said that it was written by Samuel Ferguson, an Irishman. The poem at once took a vigorous hold upon the imagination of the world, and has been ever since one of those vital pieces of poetry that are not only admired and read, but are chanted in the mind and live in their metrical form as well as in their intellectual spirit. Such poems are rare, and indicate a peculiar felicity of language and metre which catch the ear of the mind and impress it to persistent and almost unconscious repetition, as do certain melodies the musical sense. Cowper's "Loss of the Royal George," Campbell's "Ye Mariners of England," and others might be mentioned as having this peculiar felicity, but none has it in a more striking degree than "The Forging of the Anchor." It is not always accompanied by the highest product of poetry in the thought, but in this instance the broad imaginative treatment of the theme and the powerful pictures of the creation and life of the great anchor are worthily embodied in the bold and happy diction and the heroic rhythm of the verse to make a complete poem, of which may be truly used the hackneyed quotation that "it will live as long as the English language." None of Sir Samuel Ferguson's other productions have reached the popularity of "The Forging of the Anchor," and they are singularly little known in proportion to their intrinsic value. They are also much less in quantity than could have been wished. A small volume, *Lays of the Western Gael, and Other Poems*, contains the poetic labor of a life, with the exception of the poem that gives the title to this article; and these, with a prose volume or two, comprise all that he has given to the world. Students of ancient Irish literature, however, recognize him as one of the finest translators of the lyrics of Carolan and other bards, and his paraphrases have a vigor and boldness in which the spirit of the ancient harp-strings is heard again. In the Indian summer of his intellectual life he has now given us a specimen of the ancient narrative verse, an Irish epic, as perfect as his reproduction of the lyrics, and one which gives a still higher idea of his poetical genius from the greater grandeur and magnitude of the task.

The poem of "Congal" is founded upon the Irish bardic romance called *Cath Muighe Rath*, or the battle of Moyra, with its introductory "Pre-Tale" of the *Fleadh Duernia n' Gedh*, or banquet of Dunangay, which have been collected and published by the eminent Irish scholar, Dr. John O'Donovan, under the auspices of the Irish Archæological Society. The events and principal characters are historic, and it is an authentic account of the last struggle of the pagan and bardic party in Ireland against the Christian dominion, and its final overthrow at the battle of Moyra, A.D. 637, with such additions, conceptions, and episodes as

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would naturally be invented by the bards who composed it and their successors. Congal, Sweeny, Kellach, and others were as real as Agamemnon, Achilles, and Hector, but the tale of their exploits is as imaginative as the *Iliad.* In reproducing the Irish originals Ferguson has been obliged to take the same course honestly which Macpherson did with the Ossianic remains dishonestly, and give them a form of his own, while retaining the spirit and air, the characteristic phrases, and the historic truth of persons and events as far as possible. It was the great error of Macpherson that he did not claim to have created the poems, which he gave to the world as those of Ossian, out of the corrupt fragments which he obtained, instead of insisting that they were exact transcripts of originals which he was unable to produce. By this means he discredited both himself and the poems, for the world is naturally unwilling to admit that a cheat and a charlatan can be a man of genius, and is inclined to despise the poems on account of the author. Nevertheless, the harsh judgments of Johnson, Macaulay, and other English Philistines will not stand, and the wiser criticism of Hazlitt, that Ossian, imperfectly as he is visible, is one of the four great poets of the world, will be accepted by all true lovers of poetry. The spirit of Macpherson's Ossianic fragments is the genius of the ancient Irish and Scotch bards; the form and expression were his own, but he injured both himself and the originals by a needless attempt at deception. It is impossible in the corruptions that have inevitably been mingled in the remains of the Celtic bards, existing for so long only in tradition and in the peculiarities of expression, the alliterations, the compound adjectives, and the various repugnances between their form and diction and that of the English language, to translate them literally with any grace or ease of reading, or with any close idea of their frequently involved and obscure meaning. The only way to reproduce them as living forms and not as archæological mummies is to preserve as far as possible their spirit, their phraseology, and their historic truth, with the essential end always in view of making a living and interesting poem which would not require exceptional study in the modern reader to appreciate. Thus the genius of the ancient Irish bards can be best made known to the world, while otherwise it would only be appreciated by the very few who have devoted a lifetime to study. Such a task, however, requires no less genius than a poem which claims to be entirely original. Chapman's original genius was made known by his translation of Homer, from the strength and vividness with which he wrought out the pictures from Greek sharpness of outline to English fulness of color, and much greater would have been his credit had he been obliged to create them from corrupt and obscure originals. Ferguson, who more than rivals Chapman in the peculiar felicity of his descriptive epithets and the sonorous spirit of his rhythm, has had the latter task, and it would be mere hypercriticism not to admit "Congal" to the honors of an original poem, although in fact and purpose it is a cento from the ancient bards.

"Congal" is in five books, and relates the life and deeds of Congal Claen, or Claon, as it is various-

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ly spelled in the originals, the pagan prince, who, after being kept out of his full inheritance and purposely or inadvertently insulted by Domnal, King of Ulster, goes to Scotland, England, and Brittany, raises a host of his kindred and allies, and invades Ireland, to be defeated and to perish at the battle of Moyra. Although it was fated and for the best that he should be defeated, Congal, like Hector and Turnus, is of heroic character, and sympathy is very strongly with him, as with his prototypes against Achilles and Æneas, who are victors by the help of the gods, and not great in heroic defiance of fate. This element of fate, which is so conspicuous in Greek poetry, is also a ruling element in the ancient Irish epics, pervading all the scenery like the shadow of a thunder-cloud. The poem opens with the departure of Congal and his following to partake of a feast of amity with Domnal at Dunangay. The opening will give an idea of the spirit and metre of the poem:

"The Hosting here of Congal Claen: 'Twas loud-lark-carolling May
When Congal, as the lark elate and radiant as the day,
Rode forth from steep Rath-Keltar gate; nor marvel that the king
Should share the solace of the skies and gladness of the spring,
For from her high sun-harboring bower the fortress gate above
The loveliest lady of the North looked down on him with love."

He rode with his brother-in-law, Sweeny, destined to the most cruel fate that could befall an Irish hero, until they came to the boundaries of Mourne, where they were met by the arch-bard of his uncle, Kellach the Halt, who invites them to turn aside and share his master's hospitality. As they approach his hall they pass a rugged tract

"With barren breasts of murky hills and crags encompassed round,"

in which the bards, banished by the decree of Drumkeat, dwelt in shelter and protection furnished by Kellach, and sang among themselves their ancient songs. At the banquet of Kellach three bards sing in honor of Congal. One poet, pale and gray, prophesies that in him shall return the dead and great Slanga. Another bard tells of the herdsman, Borcha, who keeps the score of Ulster's kine from the mist-covered top of Mount Bingiair, and how, as Congal came through the glen, he was visible in joy counting the score for each reconquered land. The third makes a direct appeal to the pride and spirit of Congal to recover his hereditary lands by force. Congal is confused and moved, but refuses to abandon his visit of amity to Domnal.

The second book relates of the feast at Dunangay. On their way, at the fords of the Boyne, they come upon Ere, the hermit, who has been despoiled of the store of eggs which the wild geese have supplied him for food, to furnish the ill-omened feast. Congal refuses to listen to the hermit's complaint, and rides up to the castle of Dunangay, where the aged Domnal receives him with much show of affection, and desires that he will sit at his left hand, as next the heart, at the banquet. Congal says that the highest privilege is at the right, but it shall be as Domnal's love prompts. But after the guests are seated a herald announces the King of Ernan Macha, and proud Malodhar, who is in possession of much of Congal's inheritance, strides up the aisle and takes the place of honor. Congal does not resent it, but after grace the eggs on which to begin the feast are passed around, and Con-

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gal's are served upon wood, while the rest are on silver. He no longer doubts but that he is being purposely insulted, smites down the table, and in a speech in which he recounts how he won Domnal's kingdom for him by slaying Sweeny Menu in the midst of his royal guard, he announces battle and departs, refusing to listen to excuses. As they ride furiously back Ere is found in the way at the ford of the Boyne, and Sweeny smites him so that he falls into the river and is drowned. For this he is cursed by Konan Finn, Domnal's household chaplain, who has followed Congal to persuade him to peace. Congal is welcomed with stern joy by Kellach, and the bards hail him with blazing torches and loud exultations. Borcha, the phantom herdsman, signifies his approval; for

"Lo, a rushing sound,
As of immeasurable herds a-droving all around,
Was heard; and presently was heard to fill the mountain hall
With hollow clamor, far and wide, a whistle and a call."

Congal bids farewell to Lafinda, his betrothed, and sails to Alba, where he is welcomed by his grandsire, Alban Eochaid, and his four sons, who make his quarrel their own. Drostan, the bard, prophesies evil omens, which are so often to be repeated and unheeded before Congal has "dreed his weird." At the hall of Eochaid Congal shows his wisdom by fixing on a true heir in spite of the falsehood of the rocking stone, which is supposed to move only at the finger of truth. The one that answers him that he will make the gate to his royal fort of the lordly hearts of men, and not of yellow gold or of stout oak, is regarded as of the true heroic strain.

The third book relates the landing of the allied fleet at Ulster. The fleet takes fire from a flash of lightning and is burned; but the allied chiefs, who were dismayed by the evil omen, are reassured by Congal and Kellach the Halt, who convince them by historic authorities that it is a sign that they are to conquer. But the evil omens multiply. They could not sleep that night, for all around their camp was heard the echoing sound of giant footsteps.

"None saw the Walker save the king. He, starting at the sound,
Called to his foot his fierce red hound; athwart his shoulders cast
A shaggy mantle, grasped his spear, and through the moonlight passed
Alone up dark Ben-Boli's heights, toward which, above the woods,
With sound as when at close of eve the noise of falling floods
Is borne to shepherd's ear remote on stilly upland lawn,
The steps along the mountain side with hollow sound came on.
Fast beat the hero's heart, and close down-crouching by his knee
Trembled the hound, while through the haze, huge as the mists at sea,
The week-long sleepless mariner descries some mountain cape,
Wreck infamous, rise on his lee, appeared a monstrous Shape
Striding impatient, like a man much grieved who walks alone
Considering of a cruel wrong; down from his shoulders thrown,
A mantle, skirted stiff with soil splashed from the miry ground,
At every stride against his calves struck with as loud rebound
As makes the mainsail of a ship brought up along the blast
When with the coil of all the ropes it beats the sounding mast.
So striding fast the giant passed."

Congal demands of him why he keeps such guard around their camp.

"The Shape made answer none,
But with stern wafture of his hand went angrier striding on,
Shaking the earth with heavier steps. Then Congal on his track
Sprang fearless. "Answer me, thou churl!" he cried. "I bid thee back!"
But while he spoke the giant's cloak around his shoulders grew
Like to a black-bulged thunder-cloud; and sudden out there flew
From all its angry, swelling folds, with uproar unconfined,
Direct against the king's pursuit a mighty blast of wind.

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Loud flapped the mantle tempest-lined, while fluttering down the gale,
As leaves in autumn, man and hound were swept into the vale.
And heard o'er all the huge uproar, through startled Dalaray,
The giant went with stamp and clash, departing south away." *

Congal seeks a bard to learn the meaning of the apparition, and is informed that he who questions the Walker without receiving an answer is doomed to die within a year. To which Congal makes answer with high and heroic heart:

"To die is soon or late
For every being born alive the equal doom of fate.
Nor grieve I much; nor would I grieve if Heaven had been so pleased
That either I had not been born, or had already ceased,
Being born, to breathe; but while I breathe so let my life be spent
As in renown of noble deeds to find a monument."

But this is not the last nor the most terrifying of the apparitions. As the army approaches the fords at Rathmore:

"When, lo! a Spectre horrible, of more than human size,
Full in the middle of the ford took all their wondering eyes.
A ghastly woman it appeared with gray, dishevelled hair,
Blood-draggled, and with sharp-boned arms, and fingers crooked and spare,
Dabbling and washing in the ford, where mid-leg deep she stood
Beside a heap of heads and limbs that swam in oozing blood,
Whereon, and on a glittering heap of raiment, rich and brave,
With swift, pernicious hands she scooped and poured the crimson wave.
And though the stream approaching her ran tranquil, clear, and bright,
Sand gleaming between verdant banks, a fair and peaceful sight,
Downward the blood-polluted flood rode turbid, strong, and proud,
With heavy-eddying, dangerous whirls and surges dashing loud."

Congal demands of her who she is, and she replies:

"'I am the Washer of the Ford,' she answered; 'and my race
Is of the Tuath de Danaan line of Magi; and my place
For toil is in the running streams of Erin; and my cave
For sleep is in the middle of the shell-heaped Cairn of Maev,
High up on haunted Knocknarea; and this fine carnage heap
Before me, and these silken vests and mantles which I steep
Thus in the running water, are the severed heads and hands,
And spear-torn scarfs, of these gay-dressed gallant bands
Whom thou, O Congal, leadst to death. And this,' the Fury said,
Uplifting by the clotted locks what seemed a dead man's head,
'Is thine head, O Congal!'"

Then she vanishes in air, but Congal springs into the ford and defies her malignant influence. He is joined by the gallant Conan Rodd, the youth whom he had previously shown to be a true heir, and the army is shamed from withdrawal. But it moves on in dread, which is increased by the appearance of Lafinda in her car, driven by one who seems her aged nurse. She warns Congal of a vision of his destruction and begs him to turn back, but he declines, and Kellach insults her with unseemly banter; whereupon the nurse rebukes him and reveals herself as St. Brigid. The chariot glows with radiance, and as it moves off Congal impiously strives to seize the maiden, but is flung from the chariot by the starting steeds, who vanish with their freight. On this there is a debate by the chiefs, which is again carried for an advance by Conan Rodd's brave eloquence, and the hosts pour out upon the plains of Moyra.

The fourth book gives the muster of the hosts of Congal.* A mustering of the hosts of Domnal as they are arrayed for battle follows. Among the rest Clan Conail thus boasts itself:

"Clan Conail for the battle
Never needed other prompting

* It may be interesting to those who like to trace the resemblances in the folk-lore of different nations to know that the Sac and Fox Indians of this country have a malignant demon, who is known as *Kitchi-pa-mortha*, or Big Walker.

* Those who wish to compare Ferguson's style, spirit, and accuracy with others may find this translated into octosyllabic verse by Mr. W. H. Drummond, M.R.I.A.

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Than the native manly vigor
Of a king-descended people,
Whose own exulting prowess,
Whose own fight-glorying valor,
And old ancestral choler,
And hot blood overboiling
Are war-goads self-sufficing.
Wouldst see them war-excited?
Wouldst see the clans of Enna
Let loose their native fury?
Wouldst see the sons of Conang
How they look in time of slaughter?
Sil-Angus at their spear-sport,
Sil-Fidrach at their sword-play,
Sil-Ninid rout enforcing,
Sil-Setna panic pouring?
Set before them then the faces
Of foemen in their places,
With lances levelled ready.
And the battle, grim and bloody.
Coming onward o'er the tramp-resounding plain;
But insult not Conal's nation
With a battle exhortation
When with battle's self their hands you entertain."

The battle is joined, and Sweeny, with the curse of Ere upon his heart-strings, is smitten with fear and flies, to be a wandering phantom of shame for the rest of his days. The chiefs of note engage individually with various success, and Congal advances:

"As when a grampus makes among the ripple-raising shoals
Of landward-coasting ocean fry, the parted water rolls
Before the plunging dolphin, so the hosts on either side
Fell off from Congal, as he came in swiftness and in pride.
On each hand scattering death he went; with sword-strokes some he smote
In handed fight; with javelin-casts he others slew remote."

He breaks the head of the column of Clan Conail, and many vainly engage him in single combat until he and Kellach, a nephew of Domnal and the chief warrior of his army, who has slain Conan Rodd, meet and are parted by the pressure of battle.

In book fifth Cuanna, Ultan's heir, an orphan and an idiot, is reproached by his cruel stepmother with folly and cowardice, and seizing a bill-hook for a spear and the brazen cover of a caldron for a shield, he goes to where he hears the roar of the distant battle. He meets Congal in the full career of victory, and smites him in the side with the bill-hook. It is a fatal wound, although he still fights on until he sinks; and as he does so a thunder-storm bursts from the sky and overwhelms his host, who are broken in hopeless flight. Congal has been snatched from the field by his bard in a chariot, and wakes from his swoon in sight of his former home. He is moved to tears of despair and remorse when Lafinda, now a nun, comes from St. Brigid's hospice hard by to comfort and to reconcile him to the Christian faith. His heart is suffused with tenderness and repentance.

"No longer soiled with stain of earth, what seemed his mantle shone
Rich with innumerable hues refulgent, such as one
Beholds, and thankful-hearted he, who casts abroad his gaze
O'er some rich tillage country-side, where mellow autumn days
Gild all the sheafy, foodful stooks; and broad before him spread,
He looking landward from the brow of some great sea-cape's head,
Bray or Ben-Edar, sees beneath, in silent pageants grand,
Slow fields of sunshine spread o'er fields of rich corn-bearing land;
Red glebe and meadow margin green commingling to the view
With yellow stubble, browning woods, and upland tracts of blue;
Then, sated with the pomp of fields, turns seaward to the verge,
Where mingling with the murmuring waste made by the far-down surge
Comes up the clangorous song of birds unseen, that low beneath,
Poised off the rock, ply underfoot, and 'mid the blossoming heath
And mint, sweet herb that loves the ledge rare-aired, at ease reclined
Surveys the wide, pale-heaving floor crisped by a curling wind;
With all its shifting, shadowy belts, and chasing scopes of green
Sun-strewn, foam-freckled, sail-embossed, and blackening squalls between,
And slant cerulean-skirted showers that with a drowsy sound,
Heard inward, of ebullient waves, stalk all the horizon round,
And haply being a citizen just 'scaped from some disease
That long has held him sick indoors, now in the brine-fresh breeze,
Health-salted, bathes, and says the while he breathes reviving bliss,
'I am not good enough, O God! nor pure enough for this.'"

Congal passes peacefully, and

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four monks bear him into the consecrated close of St. Brigid.

Such is the poem of "Congal." On its historical aspects, amply elucidated in valuable notes, there is not space to dwell. As a poem it is unquestionably one of the finest products of Irish genius. For the fire and spirit of its battle-scenes it has not been surpassed since Scott. In the curious felicity of its diction without rudeness, and in the swing of sonorous verse without artificiality or affectation, it has no rival since Chapman's "Homer." Frequent passages might be selected as graphic as the famous description of the camp before Troy, and epithets as happily bold and inspired as Chapman's best. The comparison is very obvious, and in a manner forced by the close resemblance; but, as has been said, Chapman had a complete and coherent original, while Ferguson had to construct as well as translate. His task was greater and his work is finer, while equally strong and broad. If the spirit of the ancient bardic poetry of Ireland is to live at all to the general reader it will do so in the poem of "Congal," and Sir Samuel Ferguson has worthily crowned a literary life, so brilliantly begun, with a noble and conscientious work, which will illustrate his country's genius as well as his own.

TO CARDINAL NEWMAN.

FATHER—for loftier titles cannot hide
The tenderness of thy paternity
From eyes that turn with filial gaze to thee—
Sons of thy faith, across the ocean wide,
Led of thy light from paths unsanctified,
Thine own begotten, though unseen, are we.
Thy loss, thy gain, we count our own to be:
And now our hearts, exulting in the tide
Of favor shed upon thee from that hand
Whose grace outgrows its giving, fondly glow
With more than silent syllables express.
Oh! westward, as the sunshine, to our land
Still let thy love, a light perpetual, flow,
Thy children, bowed in reverence, to bless.

AN AMERICAN CONVERT.

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A LEGEND OF THE WEILDEN.

> " There is a history in all men's lives,
> Figuring the nature of the times deceased ;
> The which observed, a man may prophesy,
> With a near aim, of the main chance of things
> As yet not come to life."
>
> —SHAKSPERE, " Henry IV.," Part II.

DURING the centennial year of our country's freedom it so happened that we paid visits to many friends in various parts of the " Far West." Whether it was that the reawakened patriotic fervor called forth by that year of grace caused a new raking up of old family legends and eastern country-side traditions, or that the self-exiled communities among whom we sojourned cling far more tenaciously to records borne with them from older States than those who remain in them, it is certain we heard more of our ancestors in New England in a few months than we had gathered through the course of over threescore years passed among the scenes to which those records related. These scattered shreds of social, domestic, and political history were often fraught with thrilling incident and adventure, and not unfrequently reached back to stirring events in the Old World as well as the New.

In the restless and constantly changing features of society in our oldest States, produced by the steady outflow of emigration and enterprise to new regions, there is small chance for any settled local traditions; but the current carries them like golden grains along with it, and deposits them fondly in the new homes, so that you shall hear by many a lonely fireside in the western backwoods tales of eastern events which were forgotten long ago in the places where they occurred. That they lose nothing by the transfer, but rather hold their own with increase, none will doubt who know the tendency to reckless statement and highly-wrought narrative which prevails among our western cousins.

Some such thoughts as these we were expressing to the friend who was our host at the time, when he gave an account of an interview he had enjoyed very highly not long before with a railway comrade, which we found interesting enough to write out afterwards, as nearly as possible in his own words, and it is here given as an illustration of those reflections which may possess some interest for others.

In the course of an excursion undertaken a year or two since from my present home to that of my childhood in the goodly commonwealth of Massachusetts, I chanced to form a railway acquaintance with a fellow-traveller from California. He was past the middle age, of remarkably attractive person and manners; had been an extensive rambler in our own country as well as almost every other in the known world; was a clever judge of men and things, and possessed a happy knack of imparting the results of his observations and amusing incidents of his travels for

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the entertainment of his companions.

When we reached St. Albans, Vermont, we found that, owing to heavy fall rains, the bridges south and east were so damaged by freshets as to require the delay of our journey for a day either at that place or Burlington while they were being repaired. We decided to stop off where we were.

"How unfortunate!" I exclaimed, as I stepped into a carriage at the station, "when I expected to be with my friends before to-morrow morning!"

"Such is life!" remarked my new acquaintance, preparing to follow me, when the lettering on the vehicle caught his eye. "Welden House Carriage," he said, as if to himself, while we moved off at a rapid pace. "True enough, this *is* St. Albans! I should have forgotten the fact but for that name; and it seems they have perpetuated the memory of its earliest settler in this noble pile of brick and mortar," he continued as we alighted before that fine hotel. "Rather too noble for its village quarters, it seems to me. Jesse Welden certainly never dreamed of being so enshrined."

"Who was Jesse Welden, and what do you know of him?" I inquired.

"Thereby hangs a tale," he replied. "Perhaps when we have taken our supper its recital may serve to while away the long evening for us. If you think so, I am at your service for the story."

I was, of course, but too glad to accept his offer. Accordingly, when we had done the justice of hungry travellers to the excellent supper prepared for us, we settled ourselves in the cosey parlor into which our two comfortable bedrooms opened, and he began by saying that he must go a long journey into the past to find the first threads of a narrative which he had gathered from various sources, and mingle scraps of Indian legends with its warp and woof.

"For," said he, "I am persuaded that there is not a village or rural hamlet in our country where one who indulges a pleasant fancy for 'building castles in Spain' might not find ample material for the exercise of his craft at his own door. It is true our people are so swallowed up in the maddening pursuit of wealth and pomp, no matter by what dishonest means, in these days, that widows and orphans stand small chance of escaping from their merciless clutches with the 'skin of their teeth' left intact, and the ghost of an honest grandsire dare no longer walk among us until he has arranged with his militia of the table-tipping fraternity for safe conduct and protection; while 'angel visits,' always, alas! 'few and far between' in the best of times, have now ceased entirely. Still, I firmly believe that one who would step aside from the tumult of the frenzied crowd, and listen to the 'still, sad music of humanity' ever floating through the ages and breathing gentle inspirations into loving hearts, might select from unheeded traces, left, through the length and breadth of our boundless domain, by successive hordes of our migratory people—among the mines, with the fur-traders, at the mineral springs and health resorts—studies for pictures equal in graceful outline and useful lessons to any old-world sketches, though different in character—like that famous window in Lincoln Cathedral which was said to have been composed by an ingenious ap-

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prentice from the scraps of stained glass thrown away by his employer, and which so far excelled all the others that their fabricator died of vexation, or, as the story goes, took his own life in a fit of mortification. But to my own story, which opens on the wilderness shores of Lake Champlain in the early part of the eighteenth century. And, indeed,

> "'Where could you find in foreign land
> So lone a lake, so fair a strand?'

"A few years before the discontent of the colonists which led to our war for independence had ripened into any open acts of hostility against the 'mother country,' so-called, there rested upon the deeply-wooded shores of Bellamaquean Bay, about three miles west of this village, a little cluster of wigwams occupied by the native Abnaquis from regions east of the Green Mountains. Less warlike than their friends and allies, the Montagnais of Montreal and vicinity, who were of Algonquin descent, they preferred the sequestered eastern shores of the beautiful lake named by the good Champlain to those of the St. Lawrence River, which were more exposed to the ravages of the Five Nations—or Iroquois, as they were called by the French—the terror of all peaceful tribes.

"Along the borders of that lake no place could have been found more charming for its quiet beauty than the Bay of Bellamaquean. Aside from its beauty, the advantages of abounding game in the dense surrounding forests, of fish in great abundance, variety, and of the best quality in its pure waters—all features dear to an Indian's heart—the controlling reason for their choice had been security from the dreaded foe, bands of whom sometimes dashed across the lake in their canoes from the region of the Adirondacks, and made merciless havoc among their harmless neighbors on its eastern shores. The deep indenture of this bay afforded such an unobstructed view lakeward for many miles that an approaching hostile party could be seen afar. A creek which emptied into it from the north furnished a secure hiding-place for a fleet of canoes and a way of escape, in case of an attack, for the women and children up its sluggish waters—through an almost impenetrable swamp which entirely concealed the creek from all but those most familiar with the country—to a short distance from Maquam Bay, whence an easy carrying-place across to that bay gave free passage to the mouth of Missisque River, and access to many places of safety.

"During the season of peace in that part of New England which elapsed between the close of the Indian War in June, 1725, to the beginning of our struggle for independence in 1775, this little village had been planted, as well as other settlements of natives—on the islands, at Maquam Bay, on the Missisque River, and on both sides of the northern end of Lake Champlain—who did not join in the last French and Indian war, that ended when Canada was ceded to the British in 1763.

"Here they cultivated their cornfields, prepared their wealth of furs taken in the chase, improved their homes, and enjoyed a high degree of thrift and comfort in their simple way. Here the young braves exulted in treasures won from the woods and waters for the support and adornment of life, content though no steam-whistle awakened

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the echoes, no newspaper or chained lightning brought tidings from the world outside; and, *monstrum digito monstratum*, the foolish Indian maiden rejoiced in the simple tunic with its gay fringe furnished forth by the wild-wood birds, and pantalets broidered with porcupine quills and moose-hair in gorgeous colors, though not even a 'pull-back' solaced her heart or fettered the freedom of her untutored limbs!

"In these beautiful haunts the little Indian children merrily sported, performing such feats among the trees of their natural gymnasium as would astonish trained operators of the circus and tight-rope, and proving themselves very water-fowl in their surprising exploits at diving and swimming, until the tiny flock seemed more like a crowd of elfin wood and water sprites than beings of flesh and blood. Each settlement had its *Lodge of the Prayer*, and was visited at regular intervals by missionary priests from Montreal, who celebrated Mass, explained the Christian doctrine, and administered the sacraments to these docile children of the wilderness. Each one was also organized after their manner, by choice of a leader to conduct defence or retreat when necessary, and to decide any disputes which might arise. 'Young Eagle,' of the Abnaquis, held this position at Bellamaquean. To his pleasant lodge on its shores, in the first days of the settlement, he brought his young bride, the 'Snow-Drop' of the Algonquins, from Montreal. Gifted beyond the daughters of her race with beauty and intelligence, she had been educated and prepared for eminent usefulness among her people by the good Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, whom she surprised by her eager desire for knowledge, her progress and attainments under their instruction.

"She soon became a successful teacher in her new home, and spared no pains in training the children to the practice of religion and virtue, in which efforts her husband assisted and sustained her. He was in turn greatly assisted by her wise counsels, which were also sought in their doubts and difficulties by all her people, who held her in great veneration. Traditions of her beauty, wisdom, grace, and gentle piety lingered long among the scattered remnants of her tribe, and were recited by the Indians of St. Regis in the early part of this century. She died young, leaving a daughter, who inherited her mother's remarkable beauty and admirable qualities of mind and heart, and who was placed by her disconsolate father under the charge of the same sisters who had educated her mother.

"To step from this retreat of sylvan tranquillity in the forests of America, across the ocean to scenes of turbulence and bloodshed in the Highlands of Scotland, seems a long stride, but it often happens that the contingencies of nations and their conflicts become connecting links between the most widely separated realms, and weave the strangest webs of destiny to twine around the most unlikely subjects.

"Conspicuous among the devoted adherents of the house of Stuart in Scotland was the Highland clan of MacDonald—MacIan, as they styled themselves—inhabiting the gloomy and almost impenetrable recesses of Glencoe. When news of the approaching conflict in Ireland reached its aged chief in 1690, he gave permission to one of his

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sons to join the forces in that country with a chosen band of followers. They were all ardent and impetuous young men, animated by the loyalty to their king, perfect fidelity to the cause of the Catholic religion, and burning detestation of its enemies which always followed every current of the pure Celtic blood, and was sustained by that inherent sense of justice and duty inseparable from the race.

"In that disastrous struggle of James against his base son-in-law which ended when William with his Dutch troops crossed 'the Boyne water' and completed the ruin of hapless Ireland, this band of Highlanders fought with the courage and ferocity of tigers. When all was over a few returned, defeated and mortified, to the dark and barren hills and ravines of their native Glencoe, while the remnant stood firmly by the young MacIan, whose proud spirit revolted at the thought of returning to tell the tale of defeat and ruin to his clansmen. They joined the Irish under the gallant Sarsfield, embarked for France, and, with their dauntless comrades of the Irish Brigade, redeemed on many a hard-fought battle-field of the Continent the renown and prestige so cruelly wrested from them in the battle of the Boyne.

"Two years later MacIan heard of the horrible massacre of Glencoe, in which his aged father was slain, and resolved never again to set foot upon his native heath. A proclamation had been issued by William that all the clans must take an oath to keep the peace, before a sheriff, on or before the 31st of December, 1691. The old chief supposed that the oath would be administered at Fort William, Inverness-shire, erected the year before to keep the Highlands in subjection, and but a short distance from Glencoe. On the 31st he went to the fort, and to his dismay found that the nearest sheriff was many miles distant. The most rugged part of that rugged country had to be traversed at a season when the roads were blocked with snow to a degree which made them almost impassable. Making all the haste the state of the roads and his advanced age would permit at that inclement season, he arrived six days too late. The sheriff—too humane for the savage government under which he acted—consented to administer the oath, and made every explanation possible to move his superiors to clemency in consideration of these exceptional circumstances. In vain! Orders were issued that all belonging to the clan who were under seventy years of age should be killed, and King William set out very opportunely for the Continent. Happily, the humane intentions of his highly civilized government towards the Highland 'kernes' were not fully carried out. The discharge of firearms by the murdering detachment, in the dead of night, upon the unsuspecting clan—whose hospitalities the murderers had been enjoying for twelve days, in a series of banquets and convivial meetings, to lull all suspicions of their foul purpose—gave a warning to their victims, by which some escaped, among them the oldest son of the chief. But the carnage was so shocking and indiscriminate that even Macaulay—the warm admirer and apologist for William, his government and adherents, and the sneering contemner of all 'Celtic kernes,' whether Irish or Scotch—cannot find words bitter enough to express his horror of the foul and treacherous plot, or his condemna-

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tion of its shameless concoctors and perpetrators. It is recorded in his *Life and Letters* that his researches for the sickening details of the massacre of Glencoe among the documents of the period, while preparing that chapter of the *History of England*, completely unnerved him, and affected his health so seriously as to compel him to desist for a time from the labor. To the average Englishman, however, as the historian himself admits, this affair was no matter of regret, but rather of exultation. For of what consequence was the betrayal and slaughter in cold blood of a few dozens of unbelieving Papists, who had been guilty of the heinous crimes of loyalty to their king and fidelity to their religion, who would not swear allegiance to a usurper held in place by foreign mercenaries, or embrace the *pure* religion as 'by law established.' The sole cause for regret was that one of the clan escaped.

"The fugitive MacIan married in France; his oldest son went, when quite young, to live with his friends in Scotland, and never returned to France. So in the course of time it befell that a young grandson of this fugitive, and great-grandson of the murdered chief, fought by his father's side for the last Prince of the house of Stuart on the fatal field of Culloden in 1745. The father was slain; the son escaped and assisted in rescuing that ill-fated prince. Perfectly familiar from his childhood with all the gloomy recesses and nooks of that wild glen now famous in story—so fitly named the *Glen of Weeping*, which its Gaelic name signifies—he conducted the prince to a cave on the bank of a stream which issues from a dark pool in the ravine of Glencoe, and flows into an arm of the sea at no great distance from its source, and an eddy from which set into the centre of the cave, forming a deep whirlpool that gave the name of the *Weilden** to the cavern. Here he concealed his royal charge until means could be procured for conveying him safely to a vessel bound for France, when he accompanied him to that country.

"The terrible cruelties and slaughter inflicted upon the defenceless Highlanders by the Duke of Cumberland, the entire suppression of the clans, the religion, the language, the costume, and the very names of that hapless race, are matters of history, and form, with the massacre of Glencoe, the malignity of her exterminating policy and grinding tyranny for centuries in Ireland, indelible blots upon the pages of England's record as a nation.

"In requital to the young MacIan for his timely services and for the proscribed name which he had forfeited by his loyalty, it was said the prince conferred knighthood upon him, under the title of 'Sir David of the Weilden,' and he never resumed the family name. Soon after the flight to France he joined a party of emigrants for Canada, where he engaged largely in the fur trade with the natives. In Montreal he saw and was captivated by the charms of the daughter of Young Eagle—called by her people the 'Water-Lily of the Lake'—then a pupil at the Convent of the Congregation of Notre Dame. He sought her father and obtained his consent to their union. They were married by the venerable missionary who had baptized the bride in her infancy, in the old church of Notre

* Weil is the Scottish name for whirlpool.

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Dame in Montreal. Soon after the ceremony they returned with her father to his home at Bellamaquean, of which she took charge until her death, which occurred a short time before that of her father. Their only son, Jesse, was placed in school at Montreal after his mother's death. His father went to the far-off northern wilderness, where he established a trading post of the Northwest Fur Company, and died there.

"When Jesse left school, not long after the British took possession of Canada in 1763, he wandered into Connecticut, where he remained several years; thence he came to Salisbury, Vt., and finally returned to the home of his childhood—now a solitude, forsaken by the former native inhabitants—and remained the sole occupant there until the war of the Revolution broke out, when he joined the Continental army. At the close of that struggle he came back and made very strenuous efforts to have the village established at the bay—a situation far more beautiful and favorable for it, in many respects, than its present site, which is three miles distant from the lake and up rugged hills. The committee appointed to select a position for the county buildings at the bay, failing to obtain a suitable location for them from the farmers whose land covered the proper territory, decided to accept an offer made by the proprietors of the present village of a donation of that beautiful park upon the north side of which this memorial house of Jesse Welden fronts, and the county buildings were soon erected on its eastern margin.

"That intrepid pioneer, the first, and for some years the only, white settler in the town of St. Albans, came from the bay to the village very early in this century. Some years later he was drowned when returning from one of his annual Easter visits to his old friends in Montreal.

"It was from a descendant of his in California, whom I happened to meet on one of my frequent journeys, that I heard a large portion of this account of his great-grandfather's parentage and adventures. The Highland Scotch exiles of Upper Canada and the St. Regis Indians also furnished their quota to fill up the outline."

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THE ENGLISH PRESS.

THERE is no country where the press has greater sway of independence than in conservative yet democratic England. It is true that the press is severely censored, but it is censored by the people, not the government. And it will often happen that in England a newspaper which goes wrong is roughly handled by some virtuous contemporary, which lashes its vices, or its foibles, or its fallacies with unmerciful though purely assumed authority. Thus the English press keeps itself in order. Each newspaper is in awe of every other; so that in religion, in politics, in social morality, there is a sort of interjudicial arbitrament. And it must be allowed that the system works well. A certain level of propriety is secured and continued by the *amour propre* or *esprit de corps* of the whole press; and though occasionally there may be hideous impropriety, the departure is spasmodical, not lasting. Perhaps the oddest anomaly of the institution, the English press, is the way in which it teaches and is taught. It leads, but it is led; it initiates, but it follows; it is plaintiff, but it is defendant and judge. The explanation of the anomaly is this: The English people, not accepting any living, divine authority, nor, indeed, any living authority whatsoever, upon the dogmata of faith or of morality, but rather preferring to constitute themselves the interpreters of the whole doctrine and the whole spirit of the New Testament, are necessarily driven both to elect their own teachers and to judge the teaching of the teachers they elect. This is true both of religion, so-called, and of all principles which are allied with religion. Wherever a religious principle is at stake—and such principle must be continually at stake in both the political and the social spheres of life—there is no common arbiter whose authority is accepted as settling the divinity of any principle; and consequently all politics, all social and ethical questions, must be adjudicated by private estimation. Yet since every one, no matter what his views, desires to have a competent advocate—not a teacher possessing authority, but a pleader possessing ability—every one selects what he calls the organ of his party, whether in the religious or in any ethical sphere. It follows that the press, being instituted by the public, is at once its responsible counsellor and its slave. It undertakes to teach, but it does so in due submission to the pupils who have given it authority. In short, a newspaper occupies much the same position in society as a nominated preacher in a conventicle. So long as his teaching is acceptable to his hearers he may be permitted to mount the pulpit stairs; but should he be guilty of unpopular teaching he is told to make room for another. This being the case with a newspaper, two alternatives of necessity present themselves: the one is to unite consistently for one party; the other, to veer about so as to please all parties. The *Times* is the principal organ of the latter class; for it takes any or every or

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no side. Thus for this reason the *Times* suits a multitude who are guided rather by expediency than principle. Yet the *Times* is perhaps, for this very reason, the truest exponent of the principle of the English press. That principle, as we have said, is the substitution of advocacy for final or "catholic" arbitrament; it is the preferring a pleader before a judge, a jury—which is the public—before both. It is the invention of a most perfectly successful compromise. For no one can complain of the stout advocacy of an adversary when his own counsellor is allowed to advocate quite as stoutly; nor can any one care a straw for the judicial utterances of an authority whose verdict can be quashed by his own court. The fiction of press authority, while satisfying each party, gives no offence, because it cannot proceed to execution; so that the institution, the English press, has a sort of Catholic character, its Catholicity being most equitably subdivided. "My authority is final, so is yours; neither my authority nor yours affects its dissidents; you and I elect our own private authority, and we accept it, condemn it, or fling it over. The ultimate judge in such authority is each Englishman. What more equitable arbitrament could we invent?" And so it comes to pass that Catholicity in true sense being repudiated in the judgment upon principles, Catholicity in private sense most comfortably takes its place, and every man teaches his teacher.

With all its faults, there is much to be said in favor both of the principle and the working of the English press. We leave out the anomaly, the very real, mortal loss, of the rejection of divine authority as to principles; and we speak only of the national benefits or the individual advantages which accrue from "an enlightened, free press." It is manifest that where every newspaper must stand solely on its own merits, and either sink or survive by its own consistency, there is a motive for appearing superior in the esteem of its readers, and of at least seeming to be guided by high principle. It is perfectly true that groove, or school, or party must involve the constant ministering to prejudice; but since the same news-vender who hands you your *Standard* hands you your antidote, the *Daily News;* or, while offering you your *Record* or your *Rock*, offers you your *Church Times* or *Church Review*, you know that if your favorite organ makes mistakes you can catch him out by the additional investment of one penny. It is perfectly true, no doubt, that the advocates of any one school do not busy themselves with the advocacy of its opposite school; but the leaders of all schools are obliged to practise a caution which their followers feel dispensed from gravely cherishing. Thus a student of the *Rock*, the lowest of Low-Church papers, will not permit the *Church Times* to lie on his table; but every preacher and public polemic knows that he runs the risk of being taken to pieces by the organs which on principle oppose him, and he further knows that the profane or worldly newspapers will make capital out of the grist of his mistakes; so that the very wideness of the freedom of the press acts as its own corrective or antidote. This is also true of all political papers, and even of all social and domestic papers. It is true even of the funny or comic papers. For example, poor old *Punch* used at one time to be pas-

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sionately given to writing blasphemous twaddle against Catholicism; but another of the comic papers came down upon him, and has taught him to curb his fatuity. And it is observable that even the *Times* has learned critical cautiousness in all such advocacy as might offend important sections, since the growth of counter-organs has become sufficiently recognized to command a certain respect for their pleadings. Nor can it be denied that to the advocates of the truth there is immense advantage in the publication of error. When you know all that your adversary has to say, you can meet him with his own chosen weapons; and this is better than fighting in the dark, or against shadows or reports or broken arguments. The *Saturday Review*, the most caustic and the most cautious of all the papers which commonly cut at Catholic principles, can be now taken to task by such high-class publications as find their way into drawing-rooms and clubs. If Mr. Gladstone may write on Vaticanism in the *Nineteenth Century*, Cardinal Manning may reply to him in the next issue; and though the same magazine may contain an article which is rationalistic and an article which might be composed within the Vatican, the readers are at least invited to read both and to compare them, which is an advance on the old exclusive system. There is scarcely a newspaper, a magazine, a review, any weekly or monthly publication, which does not contain at least one contribution on some more or less quasi-religious topic. Even *Fraser*, a statistical magazine, must have an article on "The Church of the Future"; nor can Mr. Gladstone, the most versatile of writers, help favoring us with a polemical treatise on "Probability as the Guide of Conduct." That the *Church Quarterly* should discuss "Petrine Claims," and discuss them unfavorably to Catholicism, may be regarded as a matter of course; but the notable thing is that the most secular periodicals go out of their way to drag in controversy. The points of contact between divinity and science require judicial authority for their definition; but in the absence of such authority any ordinary "literary man" supplies what is wanting out of his own head.

It would be difficult to draw a line between newspapers and magazines, or to say where one ends, the other begins; for a newspaper which comprehends a dozen or twenty pages, and has articles on almost every subject, becomes, to all intents and purposes, a magazine. Take the "society papers," as they are ostentatiously called—the *Whitehall*, the *World*, *Vanity Fair;* their object is to supply the omnigenous pabulum which a variety of readers may desiderate; and they are issued in such bulk, with so many noble columns, that they would be more handy if they appeared in octavo form. The "society papers" are professedly gossipy, and they care less to impress their own views on society than to reflect society's fashionable failings. They assume, of course, a lofty moral tone; they are most indignant if accused of any levity; yet they appeal rather to the educated listlessness of May Fair than to the deeper current of superior aspiration. They take society as it is, on the surface, not as it might be, or ought to be, or can be made; and seek rather to flatter what is small than to build up new objects and ambitions. The success

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of any newspaper must depend on the interest which it can excite in the class for which it writes; and a little "buttering," or courting, or titillating is more agreeable to most readers than improvement. Hence the general tone of the society papers is drivel, educated, witty, newsy drivel, but stopping short just where high aim and noble purpose might be taught if the writers had the mind. Perhaps, as Dr. Johnson said to Boswell—who fancied that he might imitate Shakspere's style, "if only he had a mind" to make the attempt—"the only thing that is wanting is the mind." Yet this is not the whole of what is wanting. It is certain that English society—that is, fashionable society—is as hollow and superficial as it can be; it is conventional, groovey, even cowardly; its canons are formed solely to secure propriety, or to hedge round rank and income against intrusion. Just as respectability is the divinity of the middle classes, so fashion is the divinity of the higher classes; but aspiration does not rise proportionately with grade, either in the intellectual or the philanthropic sense. It may be replied, Why should it do so? Rank is no more a pledge of aspiration than mediocrity is a pledge of humility; men and women are much the same in all classes, so far as personal merit is concerned. Yet the "society papers," with their immense opportunities, might certainly do something to uplift. For example: the distance between the higher and the middle classes—*à fortiori* between the higher and the lower classes—is so great as to constitute two worlds. In no one sense is there social or practical sympathy, or any link either of sentiment or interest, between class number one and number three, nor even between class number one and number two. Each class holds up the hem of its garment to avoid contact with the class just below it. This contemptible pride—the very essence of vulgarity—diffuses itself downward through all the strata, and both produces and is produced by bad manners, disrespectful and discourteous intergreeting. Impertinence in the superior, and obsequiousness in the inferior, make manners to be as injurious as they are comic; so that a rich man will not raise his hat to a poor man, and a poor man looks to be snubbed by a rich man. English manners are undoubtedly better than they were since intercourse with other countries has been made easy; but even now one may know an Englishman almost anywhere by his graduated homage or rudeness. It has been well said that a true gentleman is distinguished from a conventional gentleman by his having precisely the same manners for all classes; but it is as true that an Englishman may be distinguished from, say, a Frenchman by his being polite only to those who are not below him. Now, this ridiculous code of manners interferes, in a practical way, with the good which the rich should do to the poor, because it both cuts off the poor from the rich and makes the attentions of the rich to be offensive. The rich give their checks to the poor, and possibly a patronizing nod; but as to sympathy, friendly service, social intercourse, the thing is unknown—save exceptionally. Returning, then, to the "society papers," here is a great work for them to do; but they never even touch it, they dare not approach it, they prefer to minister vulgarly

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to vulgarity. They will tell you minutely of Lady Snobbington's ball, of the Duchess of Fitzpoodle-dog's garden party, but they will instinctively avoid any allusion to that rottenness which underlies fashionable ethics, fashionable canons. Their mission is to reflect what is ordinary, not to attempt to infuse what is superior. They may preach morality (fashionable morality), and they may affect to be mightily scandalized by scandal; but as to pointing out the fallacies which lie at the root of superficiality, they do not see their way to make money by it. The general aim of the society papers is rather to lower virtue to a "propriety," and high example to a worshipful serenity, than to cut into the roots of gilded selfishness and vanity and expose the disgraceful sham of "society." It may be replied that in all classes the same sham exists; but then the higher classes must necessarily set the fashion. It is because Lord Broadacres does not visit the poor that Mr. Neatvilla turns up his nose at them; and it is because Mrs. Consols prefers the front seat in a church that the occupants of the middle seats hate the back seats. It is because exclusiveness is the Catholicism of the rich that inclusiveness seems a heresy to all classes. It has been said by a good writer that when we get into the next world our earthly cowardice will shame us like sin; and certainly the cowardice of nineteenth-century conventionalism is the bane both of enjoyment and of virtue. If we all adopted our own standards of what we know to be admirable, we might all of us be kings in magnanimity; whereas, adopting the standards of society and of the press, we remain puny and servile all our lives. The press pats society on its back, and society most graciously returns the compliment; hence the interchange of fatuity or unreality, which goes on till our end opens our eyes. The press, which esteems itself "free," is the veriest slave of conventionalism and cowardice, not daring to lift the veil from that prophet of Khorassan which is euphoniously and mendaciously called Society.

The two best weekly papers in England are the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*. By "best" we mean simply the most "educated." Of the *Spectator* it is sufficient to say briefly that it is a slightly liberal but most cautious periodical, always written in grave and thoughtful tone, and generally free from the faintest tinge of ill-temper. But of the *Saturday Review* it may be permitted to speak at length, for it is in itself a compendium of the English mind. It was the first "newspaper" ever started which was designed to comment upon news while strictly ignoring news itself. And for forty years it has run a brilliant course. It contains articles on every conceivable subject, suggested by the changes of the hour. From the severest researches of intellect and industry, down to the most ephemeral caprices of playfulness, it handles every subject with a pen-and-ink despotism compared to which Russian czarodoxy is childish. It is assumed to be a Church of England organ; that is to say, it picks holes in the Church of England till the institution is perforated like a pepper-cruet. It is proverbially cold-blooded in criticism, and more than chemically exact in analysis; so that the sensation after reading it is like that of having assisted at one's own or at

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somebody else's vivisection. Institutions may be supposed not to feel; but bishops and clergy probably do feel, and the poor Church of England, like every other religious system, is treated like a child's box of bricks, which, if it be used for the creation of an edifice, is used equally for the delight of knocking it down. Nor is there ever any invidious distinction. The Catholic Church and all Catholic subjects are manipulated with unsparing disintegration. To take one more bit of imagery from the nursery: Catholic teaching is treated like a puzzle which is chiefly interesting from the multitude of the pieces; the imagery failing in this, that a child loves the entirety, but the *Review* loves to prove that there is none. Still, the Catholic religion can have no right to complain, for it shares the common fate of all "subjects." Given, theoretically, the institution, critical paper, it follows that there must be sufficient victims for each week; and if we multiply, say, twenty critical articles by fifty-two —not to speak of the criticism of books or plays, of the fine arts, or of exceptional grooves—we find that more than a thousand different subjects have to be taken to pieces every year. It is all very well for the *Review* to assure us: "It is the business and, as it were, the duty of the critic to give counsel, which it is not the business of the author to attend to"; for the author, whether it is his business or not, is made to suffer in many ways by hostile criticism, and especially by such hostility as seeks to veil its own malice by the profession of disinterested probity. But "reviewing," in the book sense of the word, is only one department of this journal, the whole *imperium* of the *Review* comprehending the universe, in its origin, its purpose, all its details. Now, the drawback to such *imperium* is that the very magnitude of its assumption leads the public to place confidence in its authority; so that because the *Review* says "This is," the public likes to infer that, in all probability, "it may be." And since no reviewer signs his name in the *Review*, whether he writes on the Vatican or on May Fair, there is an imputation of efficiency to the reviewer, for the simple reason that he is not known to be inefficient. "Have you seen the *Saturday* on Brown's book?" or, "Have you read that scathing article on ritualism?" is a question which implies in the mere fact of the putting it an ardent acceptation of literary worth. Who wrote the article nobody knows; that the article is published is its authority, the neatly printed lines giving a toilet of *haut ton* to an individuality which one might perhaps not care to contemplate. Yet the *Saturday Review* only differs from many other critical papers in the fact that it is exceptionally cold. It has no pulse, no enthusiasm, no pity. It is a caustic which burns, yet not to heal. It treats the mind as if it were a machine, which a watchmaker could put in or out of order. It certainly has the merit of never "gushing," but then it has the demerit of appearing not to be able to gush. The most fascinating writers are those who curb an ardor which you can see in every sentence might be indulged; but there is seldom fascination about writing which is a mechanical, if a mental or thoughtful, production. And just here it is that one may hazard the observation that the English press is generally marred by its

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limitation; certain regions of knowledge, of aspiration, even of sentiment, being *terræ incognitæ* to most journalists. May it not be said that, just as natural high breeding gives a literary tone to a man's writing, and a naturally good heart gives it sweetness, so the possession of sublime faith gives a grasp and a sphere which must be wanting in the ordinary, educated worldling? Cardinal Newman is an example of the perfectness of a "literary" writer, because he has all three of the requisites referred to. As a gentleman he will never offend; as a true poet he is always enchanting; and as a Christian, both intellectually and practically, he balances every sphere of legitimate thought. But those ephemeral writers who know the classics and books of science, but who are as babes in the immense world of "faith," can only teach us fragmentarily within the confines of "humanities," and stop short where expatiation begins.

We may well despair of success in making any attempt to define what is meant by the "authority of the English press." We might as well try to define that nebulous anomaly which in England is called "church authority." Both authorities are but swung in mid-air. *Ego* is at the foundation of them both; but since *ego* may be always changing his personality—or, as Cardinal Newman says, may "put on a new religion every morning"—it comes to this, that to-day's *ego* is to-morrow's *tu;* and thus the church and press have no *ego*. We do not know how to reconcile those obviously conflicting principles — private judgment and authoritative institution. It is of the press that we are speaking at this time; and we have often marvelled how the English people, sensible as they are, can lend themselves so obediently to their journalists. Probably the most outrageous of the anomalies of journalism is the institution, "our own correspondent"; for this emissary is bound always to discover what is unknowable, or, conversely, to know what is undiscoverable; and upon his invented *dictum*—more *ben trovato* than *vero*—the leading articles of the paper have to be grounded. Thus, the emissary of the *Standard*, whose assumed lodging is at Rome, sends continually the most astounding intelligence, penetrating by his spiritual force into the very *penetralia* of the Vatican, and divining even what the Pope has secretly thought; and so pervading is his bodily presence—or rather his mental science—that he can always tell us what all the Jesuits have been thinking in their inmost souls, and what the Pope has secretly thought of their secret thoughts. The *Times'* Roman correspondent laughs this gentleman to scorn, and amuses his readers by contradicting, point-blank, the flights of fancy of his rival "theologian." We may have no means of comparing the relative science of these two gentlemen, nor would it be of practical utility to do so. Yet we always notice that there is some sympathy between the "news" of the "our own" and the political and "pious" bias of a newspaper. Hence we assume that, before quitting Britain's shores, "our own" has been instructed as to his "line"; he has been well coached in the stamp of news he is bound to send, and equally in the stamp of news he must avoid. He has to cherish the supreme art of not knowing at least as much as the supreme art of divining; nor can his pillow be

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always easy in the night, from the fear of having not been eclectic. So long as there is no principle involved a little freedom may be harmless enough; but since at Rome it is difficult to ignore principle, almost every daily telegram must be risky. The same risk must be incurred at other places, but not to the same extent as in Rome. In Mr. Martin's pleasant *Life of the Prince Consort* he tells us of the surprise of the French emperor in reading detailed accounts of what did not happen, and of the mingled wonder and pleasure which royal persons experience in perusing circumstantial inventions. Yet so long as the inventions are kindly they need not of necessity be sins; it is only when they throw charity to the winds that we sniff the painful "odor of odium." As Dr. Pusey has recently written in a letter to a friend on the occasion of the honor rendered to Dr. Newman: "For my part, in early life I learned how all reports are either untrue or had just enough of a basis of truth to make them the more noxious; so I believe no reports if they have any unkindness in them, but turn away from them as one should from something putrid." Happy he who is so philosophical, so Christian, as to turn away from all words that are unkind. Yet if we were to adopt this salutary principle when perusing the English newspapers, we might have to turn away from more columns than would fill a page. It is not that the press-writers intend to be unkind, but that to be judicial is their habit and their gain; and how a man is to be always critical, both on the good and the evil, without sometimes offending against charity—especially when he must be pungent and entertaining—it may be difficult to resolve in definite terms. We have to fall back, then, on the explanation which we have offered more than once—that a free press, without authority, must be hazardous. Religious principles being free, social ethics being elastic, even natural justice being weighed in private balance, freedom in the press must be often mentally licentious, if not so in a moral signification. When it is permitted to publish reports of filthy scandals, to comment on them with a thin robe of propriety not opaque enough to obscure their nude loathsomeness, and, under cover of moral teaching, to teach immorality by euphemistic pretension to high tone, it is absurd to say that the press is strictly moral because it puts on full dress to discuss dirt. There may be a positive gain in saying, "Do not sin," but there is a positive loss in saying, "This is the way it is done." The English press is most morally immoral. It is exoteric with esoteric particulars. A diligent student of the newspapers has no need to experience evil in order to derive the fullest science of its detail.

Yet abuse it as we may—and it abuses us to suit its purpose—the English press is the greatest power in England. And if that power is not always well used, neither is the House of Commons nor the police force. Probably the worst influence of the daily press is the immense amount of time which it wastes. Instead of reading improving books, the vast majority of Englishmen read positively nothing but the newspapers; and the dissipation of such study, its superficial range of interests, make most men to pass their lives outside themselves. We can well imagine

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that before the invention of printing the world had more interior repose, or that at least, before the introduction of newspapers, there was less of intellectual revolt. It is probable also that there was more domestic happiness, because there was much more simplicity and less wandering after fitful temptations, because there was less knowledge of evil. It is too late to speculate on such issues. In England the daily press is now a sort of reflection of the daily life of the majority of Englishmen—the occupying the mind with every variety of passing interest, without gathering much fruit from the occupation.

TO WHOM COMFORT.

ABOVE the purple hills of Palestine
  The morning rose in splendors slow and cold;
Its pale and chilly gleams to amber shine,
  Then deepen to a heart of burning gold
That opens wide a dazzling pathway large
For what is yet a reddening crescent's marge.

Those crowning beams fall on the drooping head
  Of one who lies upon the glistening grass,
Till, startled by the swift and careless tread
  Of some who by that lonely wayside pass,
She lifts a face all pale with watches drear
And worn and dim with many a scalding tear.

On the rich lengths of her neglected hair
  Unheeded lie the dews of that long night;
As cast-off gems those dew-drops sparkle there
  Like jewels flung aside by beauties bright
When midnight feast and pageant all are o'er;
No other gem shall deck for ever more

Those streaming tresses nor that lovely brow,
  Nor star her sweeping vesture's silken grace:
For *her* life's feast indeed is ended now.
  One sunbeam falls on her uplifted face,
And, lighting all her wasted brow, it dies
In the dark depths of her sad, hopeless eyes.

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The passing Hebrews, that tool-laden go
To seek their morning toil, look back and turn,
And turning look again and whisper low,
"The Magdalen!"—whose very glance would burn
Each Hebrew maiden's cheek with shrinking shame,
An insult in the utterance of her name!

What was the wondrous story Rumor spoke?
That with her alabaster vase's sheen
It chanced her proud heart, too, the woman broke
Before his feet—the prophet Nazarene!
But now, they say, her last fond hope is fled;
Betrayed, condemned, the Nazarene is dead.

And so they pass, and whisper as they walk
With louder words of daily mingling cheer:
The murmur of their broken, careless talk
Unheeded falls upon her deafened ear,
As rain-drops, falling soft on moistened ground,
No echoes wake in weeping woods around.

She turns her bending head to earth again—
Kind earth that holds her Friend and hears her moan,
And has no shame responding to her pain;
Of all the passers, pauses One alone:
Severe and cold the tone wherein he speaks,
And bids the woman say what there she seeks.

The eye is blind without the heart's swift aid,
And dull the ear no listening thoughts control;
Her heart and treasure are together laid,
And deadened senses barely touch her soul;
Her hasty glance the stranger but revealed
To be, perchance, the master of this field.

The hand that struggles in the wreck at sea
Each broken spar and raft will madly grasp
With all the latent force despair sets free:
Her desperate hopes this floating chance now clasp,
And close upon it with that clinging hold
Which gives dismay the strength that makes it bold.

A kindling trust is in her earnest gaze—
Love keeps some hope that grief itself must spare;
The soft and early breezes gently raise
Her shining hair from blue-veined temples fair,
And touch her tear-wet cheek with rose-leaf shade;
Her pale and slender hands are meekly laid

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In prayerful clasp upon her panting breast,
And her imploring eyes are lifted till
The heavy lashes on the eye-lid rest:
The sun stands full behind on Calvary's hill;
"O sir! where hast thou taken Him, I pray,
That I may go and carry Him away?"

A silence fell upon the spring-time air;
That she might hear, her pulse kept silence too;
And stillness gathered round them everywhere:
When, softer than from Heaven drops the dew,
More thrilling than the sigh of midnight seas,
An accent tender pierced the listening breeze—

The accent of that sweet and solemn voice
By which alone God spake to wearied man,
And bade the long-expectant earth rejoice
Beneath a fadeless rainbow's perfect span:
"Mary!" and at the sound of her own name
Swift joy shoots through each fibre of her frame;

Not earth's poor troubled joy, but that deep peace
Wherein the soul breathes forth, in calm divine,
All worship—knowing not a break nor cease—
In one sweet word: "*Rabboni! Master Mine!*"
It was enough! From Him, from her—one word!
Enough; for Jesus spoke, and Mary heard.

O found again! O won by patient tears!
She falls, just at the pity of his tone,
And with her fall her anguish and her fears.
. . . Her only friend—her Lord, her very own! . . .
She finds her place, the place for her most meet,
For ever hers—*low at the Master's feet!*

Sad souls, take cheer! raise self from self's own scorn;
Look up! an Easter sun your brows may touch
In the sweet wonder of some perfect morn.
Arise, O much offending, grieving much!
The Risen shall come to meet the risen's claim
And call each soul her own peculiar name.

DETROIT, March, 1879.

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THE DRIFT IN ITALY.

GARIBALDI AND THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE — CONSERVATIVES — ROMAN ITEMS.

ROME, May 16, 1879.

"AGITATE, agitate," was the watchword of Giuseppe Mazzini to the Italians when the dethronement of the petty princes of Italy was his object. "Show the people their strength," he would say on other occasions. And what with constant agitation and a demonstration of their strength on the part of the people, with the encouragement and ultimate military action of the Piedmontese government superadded, the seven principalities of Italy finally merged into the single fabric known to-day as United Italy. But the maxims of the great agitator did not expend all their force upon, and subside permanently in, the formation of national unity under the ægis of the monarchy of Savoy. They have become heirlooms among the restless Italians, as such designed by Mazzini, to undermine the house of Savoy as they did the duchies, the kingdom of Naples, and the States of the Church. For Mazzini proposed to himself and followers not monarchical but republican unity in Italy. In his programme monarchical unity was but the necessary intermediate between the old principalities and the republican goal—only a baiting-place by the way. The elimination of this intermediate he very wisely committed to time and to the restlessness produced among the masses by his own doctrines.

The epigraphists of the monarchy, in the bombastic emanations which glare upon the stranger from the walls at Porta Pia, from the municipal residence on the Capitoline, nay, even from the base of the monument which the glorious Pius IX. erected in the Campo Varano to the memory of his brave soldiers who fell at Mentana, tell you that the "desire of centuries" was consummated September 20, 1870. It is a special mercy for truth that epigraphists are not always historians; else in this instance how explain the "agitation" which has gone on uninterruptedly and with a gradually increasing intensity since that year of so-called redemption? No sooner had Piedmont established its *lares* in the palace of the Quirinal than republican organizations, either dependent upon those already existing in other cities of Italy or racy of Rome itself, began to pullulate and—agitate. The Italian Revolution had not ceased to exist when the Duke of Sermoneta handed the famous Roman Plébiscite to Victor Emanuel, nor had the Mazzinian agitation settled into quietude. Alberto Mario qualified the one last fall by eliminating its first, Garibaldi the other when he recently described a circle of legality around it. Thus we have evolution and legal agitation at work in Italy, and, in the ultimate analysis, to the self-same end and purpose—a republic.

I would invite your attention to a phase or two of this legal agitation, developed of late under the auspices of Garibaldi and affecting universal suffrage. The object of his arrival in Rome in the early part of last April was a question that for a time agitated the press of every color. The plea of change of air was accepted with diffidence, albeit the general was suffering intensely from his arthritics before leaving Caprera and on his arrival in Rome. He was in turn identified with the intended expedition of Italian colonists to Africa, with the still active movement in behalf of "unredeemed Italy," and with certain proximate "foreign complications" to which he had alluded in some of his letters. But, if we are to judge a man by the company he frequents, Garibaldi's intentions were certainly not compatible with the spirit of the oath which he swore to the dynasty of Savoy when he was elected member of Parliament in the winter of 1875. The most notorious Republicans of Italy, Mario, Bertani, Cavallotti, Canzio, Campanella, Lemmi, and others, either preceded his arrival in Rome or followed in his wake, and a series of interviews began with these men. The object was no longer a secret when Garibaldi convoked a republican congress

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in Rome on the 21st of April. He had already written a letter to the democratic Bovio, commending him for his discourses on universal suffrage. In the course of the letter he said: "I believe it is the strict duty of the republican party to assemble all its forces in the field of *legal agitation*, in order to arrive progressively at those ordinances which, tempering themselves to the character and historic office of the Italian nation, will ensure for it liberty as an unassailable right, because at present it depends upon the humors of a minister or the programme of a ministry, and will place it in a condition to promote all its activity and develop its wealth towards healing the deplorable wound of misery. The dreaded clerical phalanx in Parliament is rather desirable, as something which, establishing the antithesis of two principles, would raise it up from the languor which now renders it an invalid, would excite the energies of which Italy is capable, and bring on fertile and vital discussions."

The discourse pronounced on the day mentioned before sixty-four of the choicest spirits of the Italian republic explains more fully Garibaldi's intentions: "Dear friends, I have called you to organize the scattered forces of the republican and parliamentary democracy of Italy towards a common work and a common purpose. Hence we must not occupy ourselves with those things on which we disagree, but with those on which we are unanimous. I believe that we all agree in recognizing the profound discontent of all Italy—discontent on account of *economical, political, and moral causes*. I believe that we all agree in admitting that, to remove it, all interests must be represented in public government; in desiring, therefore, universal suffrage and the abolition of the oath, in order that all opinions may have a voice in Parliament; in desiring the suppression of the Guarantees (Papal), the official form of worship being abolished and the sovereignty of the state remaining undivided; the reorganization of the tributary system, so that they only and progressively shall pay who are able; the abolition of centralization and a system of decentralization promoted; the *arming of the nation, in order to be able to liberate the unredeemed provinces;* the ploughing and cultivating the two-fifths of uncultivated and marshy Italian territory, fertilizing it with the 150,000,000 of unsold ecclesiastical possessions; utilizing in favor of the poor the 1,500,000,000 of the *Opere pie*, enjoyed for the most part by the administrators, the monks and nuns; healing by all the means which love can inspire and science suggest the great wound of misery; the authority of the legislative to be rendered proportionate to that of the executive power. And to obtain these results it is necessary to revise the constitution, which is insufficient and inferior to the new wants of the country, in order that it may govern itself, not by a document given to one of its provinces thirty years ago, but may plant itself and stand upon a *national compact.*

"It seems to me that these are the principal ideas upon which we do not differ. Let us begin by procuring the triumph of the one which contains all, and from which all spring—universal suffrage and the abolition of the oath.

"Hence I propose the following order of the day:

"The Assembly resolves to determine, as the common object of labor for the republican and parliamentary democracy, the agitation by the press and by popular meetings in favor of universal suffrage and the abolition of the oath, having in mind that the country can be established and solidified by a *national compact.*

"A committee of —— persons is nominated, whose central seat shall be in Rome, and charged with the execution of the present deliberation."

Citizen Federico Campanella, probably with a view of giving a tranquillizing sop to the monarchy, proposed the addition of the words "voted by a sovereign constituent" to the terms "national compact." The amendment was rejected, nominally because it was more amply expressed in the words *national compact*, but really because it showed a deference to the monarchy utterly incompatible with the object of the congress and the character of its members.

It is needless to observe now that not all the desires of the Italian people were consummated September 20, 1870. Much remains to be agitated for, and that, too, to the exclusion of the house of Savoy. Universal suffrage in itself can bode no good to the monarchy, because universal suffrage—to wit, the masses—is tired of the monarchy. It eats up fifteen million

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francs per annum. The abolition of the oath is a direct blow against the dynasty, and a blow eminently merited. Has not the dynasty subscribed to the elimination of all that is sacred from public government? Did it not endorse the abolition of the name of God from the Parliamentary oath? It has sowed a tempest. The harvest of whirlwinds is fast ripening, and the reapers have already girt themselves.

Soon after these deliberations were passed Garibaldi addressed himself to the whole nation in a solemn manifesto. It is of sufficient importance to be quoted entire: "To the Italians: The bond of the Italian democracy is formed. I rejoice that this important fact, desired and studied for a long time, and hitherto attempted in vain, was accomplished under my eyes on the 21st of April. Conspicuous patriots of all classes, noble minds, the glory of our country, who distinguished themselves in preparing and composing the unity of the Italian nation from 1821 on, are fighting in the field of the democracy, as also the generous youth. And as the democracy will succeed in spreading its influence by the agitation which it will promote for the revindication and effective exercise of the national sovereignty, for the less intolerable life of the unendowed by fortune, for social justice, for inviolable liberty, a multitude of distinguished citizens, who witness, distrusting and incredulous, the government of the minorities which have succeeded each other and exhausted themselves during the last twenty years, will certainly and quickly join its ranks.

"The democracy is to-day a force of the first order among the forces which constitute the nation; it is a power with which those minorities, either willingly or unwillingly, must settle accounts. Its various schools are colleagued and confirmed in an order of common ideas and purposes, and they agreed in the adoption of the same manner of apostolate, of the same means of agitation, open, sincere, and within the juridical orbit—whence their strength—and they founded the *League of the Democracy*.

"The committee to which the high office was entrusted is composed as follows [here follow the names]. This committee nominated within its ranks the executive commission residing in Rome: Garibaldi, Aurelio Saffi (Triumvir of Rome in 1849), Campanella, Canzio, Bertani, Cannetto, Castellani, Alberto Mario, Bovio, and others.

"The congress of April 4 did not celebrate a political league alone, but dissipated misunderstandings, renewed or strengthened friendships.

"Every school of the democracy preserves its own individuality in the development and in the propaganda of its respective doctrines, and to each belongs the choice of the inherent initiatives, but each must answer for them. Still, I am certain that all, animated by a lofty sentiment of love of country, and guided by that civil wisdom which even other nations recognize in the Italians, will co-ordain their particular and specific work, and temper it with the general work of the committee of the League.

"And since the League of the Democracy has proposed to circumscribe its labors within the limits of right and by peaceful means, let it warn those who govern Italy that when that right is contradicted, or impeded, or manumitted in any way, the responsibility before the nation and before history will be entirely their own, if in defence or the revindication of that right the League of the Democracy, with the consciousness of legitimate defence, will have recourse to other means than those determined.

"G. GARIBALDI.

"ROME, April 26, 1879."

The Republican Circle of Rome was the first to adhere to the deliberations of April 21. Its example was followed by the Republican Federation of Naples, which gave the proper interpretation to the words "*national compact*" when it declared: "We will keep our flag in mourning until the day when the people shall have sealed the new *national compact*." The authorities, too, both in Naples and in Florence, gave ample and significant importance to Garibaldi's "legal agitation" by causing his proclamation to be torn down from the street-corners. Meanwhile (it was on the 27th of April) Garibaldi retired to Albano to observe the effects of his movement. The organs of the Moderates were howling with indignation. A voice reached him that displeasure reigned supreme at the Quirinal. The Radicals, on the other hand, were jubilant. He wrote to General Thurr that the democrats were the best friends of King Humbert! It

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should not be forgotten here that Garibaldi receives one hundred thousand francs yearly from "the government of the king."

The question, however, is rolling, and Parliament has taken it up. Victor Emanuel, in his last address to Parliament, promised something in the shape of "electoral reforms," and so did Humbert I. in his first discourse. It formed a substantial feature in De Pretis' celebrated programme of Stradella, and in those of Cairoli and Zanardelli. A committee was appointed last week to examine the project of law affecting the reforms. Strange to say, the two men who, apart from Garibaldi, were the prime movers in, and are the most ardent patrons of, the electoral reforms—Cairoli and Zanardelli—were not admitted into the committee, and this, presumably, in apprehension of the fact that they would not tolerate limitations in the law. As it is formulated now it is far from Garibaldi's ideal. To give Parliament a little diversion, and to conciliate sympathetic support on this and other questions of vital interest to his ministry, the astute De Pretis has caused to be brought on the table the question of obligatory civil marriage before the celebration of the ecclesiastical rite. The action was worthy of an Italian liberal. The law will probably pass — to judge, at least, from the discussions thus far—and when the dreaded electoral reforms and the everlasting railroad questions are brought up, De Pretis will already have posed as a "patriot" by striking the church of Jesus Christ.

How will this elective-franchise movement affect the Catholic Conservatives—who promise to be? Briefly, in this wise: Coupled as it is with the abolition of the inaugurative oath in Parliament, it overturns the principal barrier between the Catholics and political life. Apart from this, the following statistical items will give the reader a fair notion of the probabilities of the success, under actual circumstances, of the Catholics in the political arena. Italy has a male population of 13,472,213, of whom 7,615,896 are of age, or are citizens. According to the actual electoral laws there were inscribed in 1876, as voters, 605,007, or $2\frac{18}{100}$ per cent. of the entire population of both sexes. But of the 605,007 voters only 368,750 voted—that is to say, 61 per cent. of the electors, which is equivalent to $1\frac{35}{100}$ per cent. of the population. The deputies elected received the votes of $\frac{64}{100}$ of the population. Now, of these 605,007 electors there are 33,000 employés actually on duty in the civil service, not counting supernumeraries, servants, etc., who are all voters. Add 47,000 military and marine officers, 22,000 civil and military employés on the retired list but drawing pensions, hence voters, and 22,000 custom-house officers, prison-guards, and guards of public security. Here we have at once more than 100,000 voters who *must* vote with the government. I leave the conclusion to the reader.

To return to the actual status of the Conservatives, it may be described in few words. Shorn of the distinctions without differences and the officious and semi-officious (not official, mind) declarations and ratiocinations of different Catholic papers in Italy, the matter stands thus: The Catholics are to wait until Pope Leo XIII. removes that famous *non expedit*. For the rest, a commission of cardinals is actually engaged on the question.

The topic most talked of in the Rome of the popes is the recent consistory of the 12th inst. Of the nine cardinals preconized but three are Italians: Alimonda, Bishop of Albenga; Mgr. Giuseppe Pecci, brother of His Holiness; and Father Zigliara, of the Order of Preachers. For the rest a distinguished compliment was paid by His Holiness to five nations of Europe in the late consistory: to Austria and Hungary in the exaltation to the cardinalate of two of their distinguished prelates, Mgr. Frederic, Landgrave de Fürstenberg, Archbishop of Olmütz, in Austria, and Mgr. Ludwig Haynald, Archbishop of Kolocsa and Bacs, in Hungary; to France by the publication of Monsignori Desprez and Pic, the one Archbishop of Toulouse, the other Bishop of Poitiers; to Portugal by the creation of Cardinal Americo Ferreira Dos Santos Silva, Bishop of Porto; to England by the honor conferred upon Dr. John Henry Newman, and to Prussia by the preconization of Dr. Hergenröther, of Würzburg. In her apostasy official Italy is beyond the pale of a compliment. A word of explanation concerning Cardinal Pecci. His creation was not a *motu proprio* of the Pope, but the desire of the Sacred College, who formally

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asked as much from His Holiness. This is what His Holiness said concerning his brother: "To the number of these we also add our brother, Giuseppe Pecci, vice-prefect of our Vatican Library, of whom we will say but this much, venerable brothers, that he has discharged a long course of teaching in letters and the severe studies, and is bound to us by an intimate affection and is loved by us with an equal love, and that in his election you by your honest judgment and your unanimous and affectionate votes in his favor participated; for which, as is just, we profess our gratitude to you." Cardinal Pecci is the Pope's senior by two years. He was a member of the Society of Jesus. He taught humanities and rhetoric in the University of Perugia until the expulsion of the Jesuits from that city. He then retired to Rome, where he lived in the closest retirement until the election to the pontifical chair of his brother, who invited him to reside in the Vatican, assigning him an office eminently suiting his tastes—that of vice-prefect of the library.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE NEW CARDINALS.

It is only natural that every public act of the head of the Catholic Church should be exposed to the keenest scrutiny by the world. He stands in the very focus of "that fierce light that beats upon the throne," for his is the throne of thrones. Other princes and rulers can afford to make mistakes; the Pope cannot. His claim to authority is the most stupendous in the world. It is natural for men to look for superior wisdom even in mundane matters in one who claims inerrancy and infallibility in spirituals.

Every public act of Leo XIII. thus far has been received by the great mass of those who guide or manufacture opinion outside the Catholic Church with what may be described as reserved approval. In not a few quarters a warmer term of commendation might be used. It is cheering, too, to note that in a time when the majority of governments supposed to be Christian are arrayed against the Catholic Church, the head of that church is to all appearance making some impression on them and moving them to a kindlier attitude towards their Catholic subjects and the Holy See.

Leo XIII. has now occupied the chair of Peter for a little over a year. On May 12 he performed what to the outside public will appear the most significant act of his pontificate thus far. He filled up certain vacancies in the College of Cardinals, and the world cannot but look on those whom he has chosen to sit in the senate of the church and exercise a voice in the election of his successor as types of Catholic life, faith, and intelligence, and as men whom it is as worthy to imitate as to honor. Indeed, the Pope left no room for doubt on this point. In his allocution delivered in the private consistory at the date mentioned, after referring again to the love and

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esteem he bears to the "exalted Order" of the Sacred College, he added:

"We have determined on this day to add to your college men of the most illustrious and proved character, some of whom by their great zeal, prudence, and assiduity in the discharge of pastoral duties, in the care of the salvation of souls, in defending by their public writings and discourses the doctrines and rights of the church; some by their great scientific attainments, and the reputation which they have acquired in discharging the duty of teaching, or by the published monuments of their genius; all by unchangeable fidelity to the Apostolic See, by their labors endured in the cause of the church, by the distinguished merits of their priestly virtue and constancy, seen and known by many proofs, have shown themselves altogether worthy to be distinguished by the title and insignia of your exalted dignity."

The men thus emphatically honored by the Holy Father were Mgr. Friedrich Egon, of the Landgraves of Fürstenberg, Archbishop of Olmütz; Mgr. Julien Florien Félix Desprez, Archbishop of Toulouse; Mgr. Louis Haynald, Archbishop of Kalocs, in Hungary; Mgr. Louis Francois Désiré Edouard Pie, Bishop of Poitiers; Mgr. Americo Ferreira dos Santos Silva, Bishop of Porto; and Mgr. Gaetano Alimonda, Bishop of Albenga, who were elevated to the dignity of cardinal-priests; and to that of cardinal-deacons: Mgr. Giuseppe Pecci, Domestic Prelate and Sub-Librarian of the Holy Roman Church; the Very Rev. John Henry Newman, Priest of the Congregation of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri; Mgr. Josef Hergenröther, Domestic Prelate and Professor at the University of Würzburg; and the Rev. Father Tommaso Zigliara, of the Order of Preachers. Of these it will be seen that three are Italians, while there are seven of other nationalities.

The significance of choice in this, the first creation of Leo XIII., needs no pointing out. We shall not dwell on it further than to cite it as confirming what has been urged on more than one occasion in this magazine. In commenting on the elevation by our late Holy Father, Pius IX., of the Most Rev. John McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, to the dignity of the cardinalate, we said:

"But what moves us most is the significance of the act. In the appointment of an American cardinal in the United States the wish expressed by the Council of Trent has in this instance been realized. That great council ordained, respecting the subjects of the cardinalate, that 'the Most Holy Roman Pontiff shall, as far as it can be conveniently done, select (them) out of all the nations of Christendom, as he shall find persons suitable' (Sess. 24, *De Ref.*, c. i.) Were this recommendation completely carried out, it would probably be one of the greatest movements that have taken place in the Catholic Church for the last three centuries.

"Suppose, for example, that the great Catholic interests throughout the world were represented in that body by men of intelligence, of known virtue, and large experience; suppose every nationality had there its proportionate expression; a senate thus composed would be the most august assembly that ever was brought together upon earth. It would be the only world's senate that the world has ever witnessed. This would be giving its proper expression to the note of the universality of the Church. . . .

"Who knows but the time has come to give this universality of the Church a fuller expression? . . . Who knows but the time is near when the Holy Father will be surrounded by representatives of all nations, tribes, and peoples, from the south as well as from the north, from the east as well as from the west; by Italians, Germans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Englishmen, Belgians, Portuguese, Austrians, Irishmen, Americans, Canadians,

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South Americans, Australians, as well as by representatives of the faithful from the Empire of China? Would this new departure be anything more than the realization of the wish expressed by that great and holy council held at Trent three centuries ago?" ("The Year of our Lord 1875," THE CATHOLIC WORLD, January, 1876).

And this idea was still further emphasized in an article on "The Outlook in Italy" (THE CATHOLIC WORLD, October, 1877, while the late Holy Father was still happily reigning).

"There were special reasons," it was there said, "which made it reasonable that the occupant of St. Peter's chair at Rome should in modern times be an Italian. Owing to the radical changes which have since taken place in Europe, these causes no longer have the force they once had. The church is a universal, not a national, society. The boundaries of nations have, to a great extent, been obliterated by the marvellous inventions of the age. The tendency of mankind is, even in spite of itself, to become more and more one family, and of nations to become parts of one great whole rather than separate entities. And even if the wheel of change should, as we devoutly hope, restore to the Pope the patrimony of the church, the claims of any distinct nationality to the chair of Peter will scarcely hold as they once held. The supreme pastor of the whole flock of Christ, as befits the catholic and cosmopolitan spirit of the church, may now, as in former days, be chosen solely in view of his capacity, fitness, and personal merits, without any regard to his nationality or race.

"It must be added to the other great acts of the reigning Pontiff—whom may God preserve!—that he has given to the cardinal senate of the church a more representative character by choosing for its members a larger number of distinguished men from the different nations of which the family of the church is composed. This, it is to be hoped, is only a promise of the no distant day when the august senate of the universal church shall not only be open to men of merit of every Catholic nation of the earth, but also its members be chosen in proportion to the importance of each community, according to the express desire of the holy Œcumenical Council of Trent."

The name on the illustrious list best known to English readers is of course that of John Henry Newman. The universal joy with which the announcement of his elevation to the highest dignity that it is in the power of the head of the church to bestow on living man was received testifies to the general esteem in which Dr. Newman is held, and to the wide-spread influence of his writings. The new cardinal received the official announcement of his creation at the residence of Cardinal Howard, in Rome. There were present almost all the English, Irish, and Americans in Rome, as well as many ecclesiastical dignitaries and members of the Roman nobility. The formularies having been gone through, Cardinal Newman delivered the following reply to the announcement:

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S SPEECH.

"Vi ringrazio, monsignore, per la participazione che mi avete fatto dell' alto onore che il Santo Padre si è degnato conferire sulla mia persona; and if I ask your permission to continue my address to you, not in your musical language, but in my own dear mother-tongue, it is because in the latter I can better express my feelings on this most gracious announcement which you have brought to me than if I attempted what is above me. First of all, then, I am led to speak of the wonder and profound gratitude which came upon me, and which is upon me still, at the condescension and love towards me of the Holy Father in singling me out for so immense an honor. It was a great surprise. Such an elevation had never come into my thoughts, and seemed to be out of keeping with all my antecedents. I had passed through many trials, but they were over, and now the end of all things had almost come to me and I was at peace. And was it possible that,

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after all, I had lived through so many years for this? Nor is it easy to see how I could have borne so great a shock had not the Holy Father resolved on a second condescension towards me, which tempered it, and was to all who heard of it a touching evidence of his kindly and generous nature. He felt for me, and he told me the reasons why he raised me to this high position. His act, said he, was a recognition of my zeal and good services for so many years in the Catholic cause. Moreover, he judged it would give pleasure to English Catholics, and even to Protestant England, if I received some mark of his favor. After such gracious words from His Holiness I should have been insensible and heartless if I had had scruples any longer. This is what he had the kindness to say to me, and what could I want more? In a long course of years I have made many mistakes. I have nothing of that high perfection which belongs to the writings of saints—namely, that error cannot be found in them; but what I trust I may claim throughout all that I have written is this: an honest intention, an absence of private ends, a temper of obedience, a willingness to be corrected, a dread of error, a desire to serve the holy church, and, through the divine mercy, a fair measure of success. And, I rejoice to say, to one great mischief I have from the first opposed myself. For thirty, forty, fifty years I have resisted to the best of my powers the spirit of liberalism in religion. Never did the holy church need champions against it more sorely than now, when, alas! it is an error overspreading as a snare the whole earth; and on this great occasion, when it is natural for one who is in my place to look out upon the world and upon the holy church as it is and upon her future, it will not, I hope, be considered out of place if I renew the protest against it which I have so often made. Liberalism in religion is the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion, but that one creed is as good as another; and this is the teaching which is gaining substance and force daily. It is inconsistent with the recognition of any religion as true. It teaches that all are to be tolerated, as all are matters of opinion. Revealed religion is not a truth, but a sentiment and a taste—not an objective fact, not miraculous; and it is the right of each individual to make it say just what strikes his fancy. Devotion is not necessarily founded on faith. Men may go to Protestant churches and to Catholic, may get good from both and belong to neither. They may fraternize together in spiritual thoughts and feelings without having any views at all of doctrine in common or seeing the need of them. Since, then, religion is so personal a peculiarity and so private a possession, we must of necessity ignore it in the intercourse of man with man. If a man puts on a new religion every morning, what is that to you? It is as impertinent to think about a man's religion as about the management of his family. Religion is in no sense the bond of society. Hitherto the civil power has been Christian. Even in countries separated from the church, as in my own, the *dictum* was in force when I was young that Christianity was the law of the land. Now everywhere that goodly framework of society, which is the creation of Christianity, is throwing off Christianity. The *dictum* to which I have referred, with a hundred others which followed upon it, is gone or is going everywhere, and by the end of the century, unless the Almighty interferes, it will be forgotten. Hitherto it has been considered that religion alone, with its supernatural sanctions, was strong enough to secure the submission of the mass of the population to law and order. Now philosophers and politicians are bent on satisfying this problem without the aid of Christianity. Instead of the church's authority and teaching they would substitute, first of all, a universal and a thoroughly secular education, calculated to bring home to every individual that to be orderly, industrious, and sober is his personal interest. Then for great working principles to take the place of religion for the use of the masses thus carefully educated, they provide the broad, fundamental, ethical truths of justice, benevolence, veracity, and the like, proved experience, and those natural laws which exist and act spontaneously in society and in social matters, whether physical or psychological—for instance, in government, trade, finance, sanitary experiments, the intercourse of nations. As to religion, it is a private luxury which a man may have if he will, but which, of course, he must pay for, and which he must not obtrude upon others or indulge to their

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annoyance. The general character of this great apostasy is one and the same everywhere, but in detail and in character it varies in different countries. For myself, I would rather speak of it in my own country, which I know. There, I think, it threatens to have a formidable success, though it is not easy to see what will be its ultimate issue. At first sight it might be thought that Englishmen are too religious for a movement which on the Continent seems to be founded on infidelity; but the misfortune with us is that, though it ends in infidelity, as in other places, it does not necessarily arise out of infidelity. It must be recollected that the religious sects which sprang up in England three centuries ago, and which are so powerful now, have ever been fiercely opposed to the union of church and state, and would advocate the unchristianizing the monarchy and all that belongs to it, under the notion that such a catastrophe would make Christianity much more pure and much more powerful. Next, the liberal principle is forced on us through the necessity of the case. Consider what follows from the very fact of these many sects. They constitute the religion, it is supposed, of half the population; and, recollect, our mode of government is popular. Every dozen men taken at random whom you meet in the streets have a share in political power. When you inquire into their forms of belief, perhaps they represent one or other of as many as seven religions. How can they possibly act together in municipal or in national matters if each insists on the recognition of his own religious denomination? All action would be at a deadlock unless the subject of religion were ignored. We cannot help ourselves. And, thirdly, it must be borne in mind that there is much in the liberalistic theory which is good and true; for example, not to say more, the precepts of justice, truthfulness, sobriety, self-command, benevolence, which, as I have already noted, are among its avowed principles. It is not till we find that this array of principles is intended to supersede, to block out, religion that we pronounce it to be evil. There never was a device of the enemy so cleverly framed and with such promise of success. And already it has answered to the expectations which have been formed of it. It is sweeping into its own ranks great numbers of able, earnest, virtuous men —elderly men of approved antecedents, young men with a career before them. Such is the state of things in England, and it is well that it should be realized by all of us; but it must not be supposed for a moment that I am afraid of it. I lament it deeply, because I foresee that it may be the ruin of many souls; but I have no fear at all that it really can do aught of serious harm to the work of truth, to the holy church, to our Almighty King, the Lion of the tribe of Juda, faithful and true, or to his Vicar on earth. Christianity has been too often in what seemed deadly peril that we should fear for it any new trial now. So far is certain. On the other hand, what is uncertain, and in these great contests commonly is uncertain, and what is commonly a great surprise when it is witnessed, is the particular mode in the event by which Providence rescues and saves his elect inheritance. Sometimes our enemy is turned into a friend; sometimes he is despoiled of that special virulence of evil which was so threatening; sometimes he falls to pieces of himself; sometimes he does just so much as is beneficial and then is removed. Commonly the church has nothing more to do than to go on in her own proper duties in confidence and peace, to stand still, and to see the salvation of God. *Mansueti hereditabunt terram et delectabuntur in multitudine pacis.*"

ITS APPLICATION.

It is plain that this speech was addressed more especially to the English-speaking world, and it has had its effect. The drift of it was flashed across the ocean to us on the day of its delivery. It was eagerly caught up and commented on by the leading English newspapers, and has undergone a similar process in this country. So that whatever there is in the speech is being circulated over the world, weighed and discussed by the organs of public opinion and by every man who has an interest in the momentous subjects of which it treats. The London *Times*

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speaks of the elevation of Dr. Newman to the cardinalate as "an event of much significance." His speech it calls "remarkable." "Some five-and-forty years ago," it says, "a few words spoken, a thrilling line or two written, by Mr. Newman, of Oriel, were sufficient to work a ferment and revolution within many educated Englishmen, and to mark a new era in their lives. A barbed winged sentence in a sermon at St. Mary's, or a pregnant expression or two in the pages of the old *British Critic*, availed to alter the whole set of many a man's thoughts."

Times and men and things have changed much since then, "but," the *Times* has the courage to avow, "one thing still stands fast—the magic has not gone out of their leader's words."

"He speaks to this generation in very much the same thrilling way as of old, and it will be nothing but the ordinary course if single phrases in the speech which he made on Monday, when the consistorial messenger was announced, linger for weeks like a haunting strain of melody in the minds of many Englishmen. Somewhere Dr. Newman has himself disclaimed possessing any aptitude for the task of authority or rule, or the function of initiation. But his modesty overshoots the truth. Within his own diocese, which is wider than most that can be named, he has been a ruler of thoughts; he has been the intellectual master of multitudes; and he has had crowds of spiritual subjects unknown to him."

That is a very beautiful and generous tribute on the part of a great journal which is of its nature and office opposed to the whole current of Cardinal Newman's speech and to the main effort of his long and laborious life as a Catholic and a priest, and the whole article is written in a similar strain. Indeed, it is rather a pleading with than an argument against the cardinal, and wisely so; for nothing could break the strength of the cardinal's position. Nothing could surpass the modest dignity and tender touches of the earlier and purely personal portions of the address. "I had passed through many trials, but they were over, and now the end of all things had almost come to me, and I was at peace." The peace was broken in the manner we have seen, and the honored head that had been bowed under these many trials, some of which are known to the world, was crowned before the end came. "In a long course of years I have made many mistakes." How such words, coming from such a source, rebuke the hard and assertive spirit of the times! They are a stronger condemnation of the tone and thought of the age than even his invincible argument.

"I have nothing of that high perfection which belongs to the writings of saints — namely, that error cannot be found in them; but what I trust I may claim throughout all that I have written is this: an honest intention, an absence of private ends, a temper of obedience, a willingness to be corrected, a dread of error, a desire to serve the holy church, and, through the divine mercy, a fair measure of success."

There is something peculiarly noble, frank, and Christian in all this. The privilege of making a public confession that will be heard by all the world is given to few men; and few indeed could turn it to the advantage of the world as Cardinal Newman has here done. His confession is the very essence of the noble humility of a great Christian heart and intelligence. What a contrast is it, for instance, to the confessions that have recently appeared of another very emi-

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nent man—the chancellor of the German Empire!

Passing from himself, he goes on "to look out upon the world and upon the holy church as it is, and upon her future." And what does he find there? The world possessed by the spirit of "liberalism in religion," that goes under the false name of toleration. And what is "liberalism in religion"? It is—and no words could paint it more simply, truly, and fully—"the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion, but that one creed is as good as another." This is simply, as Cardinal Newman says—and every word he here utters is pregnant with force—"inconsistent with the recognition of any religion as true."

The whole story is told there—the story of modern apostasy, its origin and its drift. Cardinal Newman's exposition of it is complete and will last. It is hardly too much to say of that exposition that it is the very epitome and condensation of all that could be said on this subject to any purpose, and it is said as only Cardinal Newman could say it; for he of all men has the power of conveying the deepest truths in the clearest way, and bringing the results of the widest observation and knowledge within the compass of ordinary intelligence so that nothing is obscure or unexplained. A man may or may not accept it; he can by no possibility mistake its meaning.

Nor is this doctrine of liberalism or indifferentism in religion without its plausible and attractive side, which Cardinal Newman does not fail to set forth: "For example, not to say more, the precepts of justice, truthfulness, sobriety, self-command, benevolence, which, as I have already noted, are among its avowed principles."

These, of course, sound very well, and are to a certain extent acted up to by many excellent persons. There is everything that is good in them, and thousands of professed Christians constantly fail before our eyes in these very matters, thus giving scandal and bringing disgrace on the Christian name. The evil attached to these principles is extrinsic:

> "It is not till we find that this array of principles is intended to supersede, to block out, religion that we pronounce it to be evil. There never was a device of the enemy so cleverly framed and with such promise of success. And already it has answered to the expectations which have been formed of it. It is sweeping into its own ranks great numbers of able, earnest, virtuous men—elderly men of approved antecedents, young men with a career before them."

There is the great evil. To the religious indifferentism of a people may be traced the chief evils that afflict that people. No state is strong at heart that is built on this indifferentism. "Unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain who build it." The fairest and highest principles are nothing better than a bundle of vagaries, unless cemented, held together, vitalized, and shaped by the spirit of Christianity, as without it, too, the highest intellects fall into the grossest absurdities and errors. History shows this. Even the pagan nations that had reverence for a supreme though unknown God only fell into corruption and decay when the spirit of scepticism laughed their religion away and left them nothing to stand on but their animal instincts, which they proceeded to deify. The cry of the first French Revolution was a noble cry. Liberty, Fraternity, Equality in a rational

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measure—what nobler device could be set on the banners of a people? But they struck out Christianity, and their liberty became a terror, their fraternity a hate, and their equality a bloody despotism. So we here: we have all that Heaven could give us, and in return some of us would reject Heaven itself. The dry rot of religious indifferentism is eating its way among us. The children of Protestant parents become when they grow up, in great part, indifferent in religious matters. Religion to them is, in Dr. Newman's words, simply a "personal peculiarity" and a "private possession." It is "in no sense the bond of society."

The result of this we have seen in our public life here. The man who is absolutely indifferent about his God will not break his heart over his neighbor or his neighbor's goods. He is centred in himself, and the world only moves to help or to retard him. He lives a merely animal existence that may or may not be lighted by intelligence and fine aspirations. But the coherency of the people is thus destroyed and patriotism itself slain. It is false to say that this is not a Christian republic. It is eminently so; for we can be Christian without formal legal establishments. If religion is failing among us, it is not the fault of the state. The state gives religion every opportunity. It is the fault of the teachers of religion and of the people who profess it. But religion must continue to fail, if it continue to be, as Cardinal Newman puts it, "not a truth, but a sentiment and a taste—not an objective fact, not miraculous; and it is the right of each individual to make it say just what strikes his fancy."

THE NEW ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

No ecclesiastical event in this country has commanded such general attention and been so widely commented upon as the consecration of the new cathedral of the archdiocese of New York. There is not a newspaper in the land which has failed to make mention of this happy, auspicious, and glorious occurrence, and we are glad to record the fact that the comments upon it, not only in the secular journals but in the non-Catholic religious newspapers, were for the most part conceived in a good and kindly spirit. The splendor of the ceremonial and the beauty of the edifice itself dazzled the eyes and led captive the imagination of the numerous non-Catholic journalists who were present, and their descriptions of the event were transmitted over all the land. The metropolitan journals gave many pages to these accounts; the newspapers of Boston, Springfield, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, St. Paul, St. Louis, Louisville, Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, San Francisco, and many other large and important cities, were scarcely behind the New York press in their elaborate, intelligent descriptions of the consecration, and in their well-intentioned and good-spirited comments upon it. Nor was the intelligence of the event, and the interest felt in it, confined to this country. The transatlantic cables carried full accounts of it beneath the ocean, and these accounts were published in Rome, Berlin, Vienna, London, Paris, Dublin, and Edin-

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burgh within a few hours after the ceremony had ended. It was a great, glorious, and most significant event, and the fame of it has gone forth to the ends of the earth.

Among the other significances of this crowning of twenty years' labor is the splendid refutation which it affords of the absurd assertion which so often falls glibly from the lips of non-Catholics that "this is a Protestant country." It is nothing of the kind. Unhappily the United States are not yet a Catholic country. But here in its great metropolis is the largest, most noble, and most costly religious edifice in the land, planted in the most conspicuous portion of the finest thoroughfare of the city, and commanding the admiration of all beholders. It is a Roman Catholic cathedral, the mother church of the seventy-five other Catholic churches which cluster around it in this city. In comparison with it the finest of all the non-Catholic churches or meeting-houses dwindle into almost ludicrous insignificance. New York is not a Catholic city, but it is surely not a Protestant city; and what is true of New York is true of the nation as a whole. The Catholic Church is making steady, constant, and sure advances all over the country. She constantly receives accessions by the natural increase of the families of her children, by the arrival of emigrants from foreign countries, and by conversions. The non-Catholic sects, on the other hand, are subject to equally constant disintegration and diminution. There is a glorious future before the Church in this our beloved country, so far as human foresight can predict; and the consecration of St. Patrick's Cathedral is and always will be a notable landmark in the history of her progress.

CATHOLIC COLONIZATION.

It is with special pleasure that we record the auspicious beginning in this city and elsewhere of the work of the Irish Catholic Colonization Association. Months ago, before this association was organized, and while all that had been accomplished in the matter of systematized Catholic colonization was the admirable and successful work of Bishop Ireland and his assistants in Minnesota, we gave many pages of our magazine to explanations and discussions of the colonization and emigration question. Our readers will remember the principles which we then advocated, and the pains which we took to set forth the moral, social, economical, and religious advantages which would result from the colonization movement if conducted upon sound business principles and managed by thoroughly competent business men. In these articles, also, we took occasion to expose what we deemed the fallacy of those who expended so much eloquence in deploring the evils which had resulted from the concentration of our Catholic population in our great cities. We undertook to show, and believe that we did show, that this concentration, although not, of course, unaccompanied by evils, was almost necessary, and certainly beneficial, to the greater and higher interests of the church in the United States. Take our people thirty years ago. Upon their arrival in the United States had they been thrust out into the western portion of the country, isolated, far from each other, scattered as sheep without a shepherd, deprived of the

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regular and constant ministrations of religion and the direction of their priests, without churches, without the sacraments, and without schools, they might perhaps have earned for themselves a comparatively comfortable subsistence. But that they would have lost to a very great extent their faith and become absorbed insensibly by the surrounding non-Catholic populations is almost as certainly true. But congregated as they were in great cities, what have they done? What, for instance, have they done in this great metropolis? If you seek their monuments, look at the Catholic directory and read the list of Catholic churches, asylums, hospitals, convents, schools, academies, and colleges there given, and you will find that the island has drawn around it an almost uninterrupted cordon of religious, charitable, and educational institutions, which have been to a very large extent constructed by the willing and unostentatious contributions of the Catholic working population of both sexes. They have planted here institutions which will not only exist for all time, but from which are now prepared to go forth the hosts of well-educated, well-disciplined, and thoroughly zealous Catholics, to settle the regions which are awaiting them in the great west, northwest, and southwest portions of the republic. The daily papers have published full and admirable reports of the various meetings which have been held in New York at the call of the directors of the Colonization Association, and the basis upon which its operations are to be conducted is too well understood to need any exposition in these columns. The meeting preliminary to the great assembly at Cooper Institute on Wednesday evening, June 3, was thoroughly satisfactory. The disposition of our rich Catholics to take stock in the association was made thoroughly manifest, and at the large meeting on Wednesday alluded to the success of the association was placed beyond question. While there are tens of thousands of laboring men or small traders who have managed to save three or four hundred dollars, there are comparatively few who have at their command funds requisite for the purchase and cultivation of a farm of one hundred and sixty acres. The association proposes to come forward to meet these small capitalists, and to advance to them, in the way of credits, the capital which they otherwise do not possess. The ultimate success of the association can scarcely be a matter of doubt, and the good results that are to flow from it can scarcely be exaggerated.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL.

The pecuniary embarrassments which have overtaken the venerable Archbishop of Cincinnati have pained every Catholic who has heard of them; the statement of their causes has elicited expressions of regret and sympathy from many representatives of non-Catholic opinion throughout the country. A few—and only a very few—Protestant journals, and one or two infidel prints, have made certain unkind and abusive remarks upon the matter; but the general expression of feeling has been one of sympathy and regret. This has been followed by an almost universal chorus of praise for the action taken in the premises by the hierarchy, the priests, and the Catholic laity throughout the

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country. No legal obligation rested upon any of us to undertake the task of aiding Archbishop Purcell to discharge the claims made upon him. In coming to his assistance every one acts purely on his own motion, without obligation, and as one who wishes to do a free act for the love of God and the greater glory of his church by aiding one of its prelates to relieve himself from burdens that crush him, and to prevent other persons from suffering. In the admirable address issued by Cardinal McCloskey, the archbishops and bishops, assembled in New York May 26, these truths are clearly set forth. The prelates insist that it is no part of their purpose to pronounce a verdict on the causes which have led to the embarrassments of Archbishop Purcell. They make it very clear that their action on his behalf carries with it no recognition of an obligation, no responsibility for the discharge of the indebtedness, and no sanction as a precedent. Their action, they state, "is one of charity, of willingness to assist Archbishop Purcell and to second the efforts of his own clergy, and is for the present case alone." They lay it down—and the statement is well worthy of remembrance—that "the Catholic Church in the United States forms no corporate organization; each diocese is responsible for its own financial administration" But while this is all true—most necessarily true and useful to remember—there remains the fact that Catholics all over the world are bound together by the same invisible but all-powerful tie which unites them to God, and which preserves unbroken the miraculous unity of the church. We are all members of each other, members of the same body, and the grief or trouble of one of us is the grief and trouble, so far as it is known, of all. In this matter of Archbishop Purcell there are two parties who are in trouble and who are suffering—the archbishop himself and his creditors. The sum required to satisfy all the claims is one and a half million of dollars. It is a large sum, but already much has been done toward providing for its payment. In the archbishop's own diocese many large individual subscriptions have been made; congregational donations have been numerous and liberal; and diocesan debt societies are being formed in every parish. But these agencies alone will not be sufficient. The Catholics all over the land must be afforded an opportunity to aid in the work, and invited to do so. The prelates have therefore agreed to have subscription-lists opened in every parish for special contributions, to be paid at once or in instalments running through five years, and to have also a collection taken up on some Sunday before the first of November next. The twenty-six prelates present at the meeting personally subscribed sums amounting to $13,550, and the other members of the hierarchy will no doubt follow their example. Already a number of large subscriptions from the laity have been made. We had thought of using some words of our own in behalf of this most commendable and worthy work. But we could say nothing so powerful as are the closing words of the address of the prelates, which we here subjoin:

"And to the reverend clergy and the faithful people throughout the United States we now jointly address the exhortation which we will urge upon them in

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our respective dioceses, that they enter 'with a great heart and a willing mind' into this noble work of charity, and that they spare no effort and stop at no sacrifice that may aid to its success. While again declaring that it is no obligation of justice that we shall thus fulfil, we do not forget how sacred are the demands of fraternal sympathy and charity. In times of need they have never been thus far appealed to in vain; and we doubt not that the special greatness of the present need will call forth a special manifestation of Christian beneficence which will give edification to all men and glory to the Father of Mercies, besides pouring balm into the bruised heart of the venerable prelate who, during the nearly fifty years of his episcopal career in our midst, has won for himself the admiration and affection of all by the saintliness of his life and the self-sacrificing devotedness of his zeal. May it be our happiness to bring consolation and peace to the last days of his earthly sojourning!"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CATHOLICITY IN THE CAROLINAS AND GEORGIA: LEAVES OF ITS HISTORY. By Rev. Dr. J. J. O'Connell, O.S.B. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1879.

The number of priests and Catholics in the Carolinas and Georgia has been and still remains quite small. There is, nevertheless, a great deal of matter for very interesting narrative and description, of which the Rev. Father O'Connell has been able to avail himself in writing his leaves from the history of Catholicity in these States. There is more romantic interest hanging about Carolina and the adjacent States in respect to political and social history, from old colonial times down to the more disastrous epoch of the late civil war, than belongs to many of our more populous States. There is something similar in the Catholic history of the same region. The number of remarkable men both among the clergy and laity of what was the diocese of the greatest among them all, and, indeed, the one who was at least the compeer of any man belonging to our American Catholic annals—Bishop England—is remarkable, considering how relatively small the whole number of pastors and people has been. The incidents narrated by Father O'Connell are likewise interesting to a remarkable degree, and must be especially so to all those who are familiar with the scenes and persons described. We have been told of a remark made by one gentleman, that he would give $10,000 to be the author of Father O'Connell's book, and the fact that a second edition is called for is a proof of its popularity. It is history mostly made up of matters of every-day life, in which a great many living persons find themselves or their relatives and friends figuring, and many incidents related with which they have been personally familiar. In its grand, general features it is correct, and in many of the details the author has related things which fell under his own observation, and in respect to which he is a witness of good authority. In other minute and particular circumstances he is not always so accurate. For instance, his statement that the publication of the works of Bishop England entailed a pecuniary loss on the diocese is so far from being correct that in fact a considerable amount of profit accrued from it.

It is mentioned that Father Alfred Young, C.S.P., who assisted the reverend author in dedicating a church while yet an ecclesiastical student, was ordained priest in the Paulist community. He was really the parish priest of Trenton, N. J., when he became the first novice of the new congregation under Father Hecker. The mistakes made about certain members of prominent Catholic families who are reported as having abandoned their religion or having died without the sacraments are much more serious, because they have given pain to the surviving relatives. One of these gentlemen, we have been assured, received the last sacraments. Of another, we have been told, on the best authority, that on the occasion of his being nomi-

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nated for an office, and having reason to expect opposition on the score of his religion, he made the following terse and pointed speech: "Fellow-citizens! I have heard that some persons are going to oppose my election on the ground that I am a Roman Catholic. I have always heard that an American citizen is free to profess any religion he pleases. As for me, I am not a good man, I well know! But every drop of blood in my veins that is religious is Roman Catholic, and I am not going back on my religion for any thing or person in this world. And if any man is base enough to oppose me on account of my religion, I tell you that I do not want the mean dog's vote!" This does not look like apostasy!

Some of the most noteworthy persons in the history of Catholicity in the original diocese of Charleston are passed over without mention, or a very slight one. The Burts of Edgefield Court-house were two of the most remarkable men we have ever met in any part of the world, and their history would furnish matter for several pages equal in romantic interest to any of the most graphic pages of Father O'Connell's narrative. The conversion and subsequent career of their nephew, the Rev. Dr. Merriwether, is of the same importance. The author always was and still remains an ardent Southerner in his feelings. It would be most appropriate, in our opinion, if some tribute were paid to the memory of the amiable and gallant Captain Sumter Brownfield, a lineal descendant of the famous Colonel Sumter, and other young men of the Carolinas and Georgia who fell on the battle-field, and to others, like Captain Theodore Kanapaux, still surviving, who distinguished themselves equally. We belong to the opposite side. But, like most of those who were warmly engaged in the cause of the Union, we have no sympathy with that narrow and factious spirit of a small number at the North, who cannot recognize the honesty and the valor of men who fought for the lost cause. A number of those who died or gallantly served in both armies were our near relatives, our loved pupils in their boyhood, or our cherished friends. May God give repose to the souls of those who are dead, and the surviving be assured of our undying affection and unceasing prayers for their welfare! We have never ceased to mourn over the calamities of Charleston, that beautiful city of the South, and to long for the reflourishing of the whole region which was desolated by the civil war. Such are the sentiments of Northern Catholics toward their Southern brethren in the faith and all their Southern fellow-citizens. The sentiments of the great majority of all who are not extremists of the same sort with the fire-eaters of the other side, are similar to our own.

Father O'Connell's book will be read with interest at the North as well as at the South, and it will remain as one of our historical documents. It is most important, therefore, that it should be corrected and improved with all possible care. There are numbers of persons living who can furnish the most authentic information to the author. We hope he will invite their criticisms, and make use of them in such a way as to make his ensuing editions as correct and complete as possible.

PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By William Roscher, Professor of Political Economy at the University of Leipzig, etc. From the thirteenth German edition. Translated from the German by John J. Lalor, A.M. 2 vols. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. 1878.

Professor Roscher has long enjoyed a reputation for vast learning on the Continent of Europe, and especially in Germany. That he has richly deserved it the volumes before us would be sufficient to prove, even if the author had written nothing else, instead of being, as he is, the writer of some dozen other works equally learned. Roscher has projected a work on political economy which, when completed, will be a cyclopædia of that branch of learning, and the most comprehensive work on the subject in any language. Thus far but two parts of the great work have been published in the original, and the two stately volumes before us are the translation of only the first part. Those volumes, however, are complete in themselves, and cover the entire ground usually covered by English and American works on political economy. They have no chapter on the subject of taxation, but, with this exception, it is safe to say that the careful student will find in these pages more information on the subject of political economy than in any

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half-dozen works in English on that science—if science it can be called. The author's style is exceedingly concise. There is scarcely a superfluous word in these two volumes of nearly 500 pages each; and hence the amount of information on a page is as great as can generally be found on a great many pages of another author. Roscher is not given to long-winded discussions. He states principles, and states them clearly, in a few words, and yet in such a way that although he does not seem to argue, the reader proceeds easily and smoothly from one proposition to another in his book, and has rarely, if ever, occasion to find fault with the author's logic. The notes to the work, comprising over half the volumes, are a rich mine of learning such as cannot be found in any other work in our language, and they are as interesting as they are learned.

Political economists are not yet agreed as to whether the branch of learning which they represent is a science or not; and, as a matter of fact, some of them are just now hotly debating that question. It seems to us that the question is an idle one. It matters comparatively little whether or not political economy is called a science, provided it give men information which may be useful to individuals or the state; and that it can and does give such information political economy may certainly claim for itself without any boasting. We may know, and certainly do know, something about capital and labor, about wages and interest, about the nature and functions of credit, about the effects of free-trade and protection, about the influence on trade of paper money, etc., etc. Now, what we do know on such subjects, the best known on such subjects, constitutes the body of political economy, *is* political economy; and that such knowledge is useful, whether dignified with the name of science or not, cannot be questioned. It is useful, nay, indispensable, to our legislators and statesmen; and it is desirable, especially in our days, that this knowledge should be as wide-spread as possible. We do not believe that any reasoning of statesmen or political economists can, by showing the necessary relation and harmony between capital and labor, successfully oppose the inroads of infidel communism, for instance, cogent as that reasoning may be; but we believe that such reasoning has its force, and should, therefore, make itself heard, and hence we are disposed to welcome the appearance of all such works as Professor Roscher's.

Roscher has been called the founder of the historical school in political economy, and his method has been styled the historical method. Much has been written as to his claim to the distinction of an inventor of a method, and many have denied the claim. He, however, as we understand him, opposes his historical or "realistic" method only to the idealistic method which has given to the world such writers as Fourier and Proudhon. He does not oppose it to the "concrete deductive," nor does his method bring him into conflict with what is universally recognized by the best writers on the subject to be true. The word "realistic" describes his mode of treatment of the subject better, perhaps, than historical, since all he means is that he refuses to build up an ideal system of national husbandry; to tell how the world should be reorganized or made over. He holds to the *real* as distinguished from the *ideal* in economy; and what the real is history past and present informs us.

There is one feature in Professor Roscher's book which strikes us very forcibly. He does not banish God or Christianity from the subject he treats. He is evidently not a Catholic, but he has a profound regard for the teachings of our Lord, and that appreciation of the services rendered by the church to civilization which characterizes the best historians outside the church. Indeed, there are some things in these volumes with which a Catholic could justly find fault, but it is surprising they are so few.

Mr. Lalor's excellent translation has been enriched by three appendices furnished by the author, on paper money, international trade, and protective duties respectively—most valuable additions. We can recommend the work to all who desire a knowledge of the subject on a broad and firm foundation.

CONFERENCE PAPERS; or, Analyses of Discourses Doctrinal and Practical delivered on Sabbath Afternoons, to the Students of the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J. By Charles Hodge, D.D. New York: Scribners. 1879.

Dr. A. A. Hodge, the son of the late Dr. Charles Hodge, has prepared these

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conferences of his late distinguished and honored father for the press, and prefixed to them a modest preface which explains the occasion of their delivery and pays a filial tribute to the memory of their author and some of his eminent associates. The conferences are mere skeletons of discourses given to the young men of the seminary on Sunday afternoons and intended for their spiritual profit. So far as their form and arrangement are concerned, they are very perfect models in their kind. In substance they are what might be expected from a man of the learning, mental culture, and well-known theological views of the late eminent professor of the Princeton Seminary. The fundamental doctrines of the Nicene Creed concerning the Trinity and the Three Divine Persons, the great Catholic dogmas of the Incarnation, the Redemption, Sanctification by the Holy Spirit, and the glorification in the future life of the saved have always been very distinctly and fully and ably taught and defended in their most essential parts at Princeton. All these are set forth in the conferences in a convincing and attractive manner, and with a calm but very earnest spirit of piety. The inculcation of moral and religious obligations, the standard of Christian virtue and piety held up, in short, the entire practical bearing of the instructions given, are of a very elevated tone and quality. That part of the author's theology which is Catholic is the most prominent, the most fully developed, and evidently the most congenial to his own mind and heart. That part which he had learned from the school of Calvin is an alloy which is carefully kept in its smallest possible quantity. The Catholic doctrines rejected by Presbyterians were very much in the author's thoughts during his later years, and he very frequently endeavors to state and controvert them. It is no disrespect to him to deny his competency in regard to an intimate and accurate understanding of the interior meaning and spirit of these doctrines. It is obvious on the surface to any Catholic theologian, and nearly all his objections are obviated at once by a simple explanation of the misconceived doctrines. We do not question his sincerity, and no one ever argued against the Catholic Church or any other form of religion opposed to his own convictions with more moderation and gentleness than Dr. Hodge. In one passage occurring in the conference No. xxxiv., on the Presence of Christ with his Church (p. 51), the attraction which the very idea of Catholicity must always exert on a mind of such high order shows itself in a very pleasing manner:

"The promise is, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto tne end of the world.' *To whom is this promise addressed, and what is its purport?* Both the points are assumed in the Romish theory, which assumes, 1. That the promise was to the apostles and to their successors in the apostolic office. 2. That it was a promise to be with them as apostles: *a.* To impart to them the necessary gifts, first, for teaching, and, secondly, for ruling; *b.* To render them infallible in their official acts; *c.* To enforce their decisions and sustain their authority.

"This is a beautiful theory. It would to human view be a blessed thing to have a succession of apostles, *i.e.*, of holy men, infallible in their judgments, to settle all points of doctrine, to remove all doubts, to solve all questions of conscience, and to rule with undeviating righteousness over the whole church.

"And when to this is added on, * the assumed primacy of Peter, and of his successor, the Bishop of Rome, as the representative of Christ, we have the beau-ideal of a theocracy for the church and ultimately for the world." We devoutly hope that the noble-minded and pure-hearted man who wrote these words lived and died in the communion of saints. We do not think, however, that there is any salvation for Princeton Orthodoxy out of the external communion of the church. Its Nicene doctrine has no sufficient basis, because it rejects the authority of the Nicene church. With its sound doctrines it combines others which are evidently contrary to reason and antecedently incredible. Such good and learned men as Dr. Hodge have held them because they had been taught to believe that they were revealed truths. This belief has no basis except in human interpretation of the Bible and human opinion. We think it is being surely, irresistibly undermined by the same power which created it, and with it, the divine truth is in danger of being also swept away. Not even the solid and grand philosophy of the justly eminent

* The printer of the volume has spoiled this sentence by placing the comma after *added*.

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president of the college can suffice to prevent the lapse into rationalism. We do not suppose that the Princeton faculty are now personally responsible for the *Princeton Review*. Yet, before the world, its name and title, together with the fact that it was once the organ of Princeton Orthodoxy and is still a vehicle for the dissemination of the ideas of the Princeton professors, make an appearance of some sort of alliance between them and the *Review*. The extraordinary article of Mr. Brooks in a late number seems ominous, therefore, of a coming down from the high and exclusive attitude which the ancient and venerable college has heretofore sustained. Scarcely anything could have been more damaging to the influence of the Protestant clergy than the publication of that article has proved to be. If its statements, which are very wide and general, are correct, it is, of course, much more honest to disclose the truth in the case than to conceal it. We respect Mr. Brooks for his candor and sincerity in avowing his sentiments plainly. Yet the wavering of so many of the Protestant clergy in their belief of doctrines which they have in former times professed to hold as a part of their fixed theology is certainly ominous of a still deeper revolution in the bosom of the great orthodox denominations. It goes to confirm the justness of our anticipation that rationalism will make great inroads within a brief period upon Protestant orthodoxy. We sincerely hope that those who still hold firmly to the doctrines of the Nicene Creed will never relax their grasp on these sacred truths, and that the sound rational philosophy so ably presented by Dr. McCosh will furnish another sheet-anchor against the tide of doubt on one side and sentimentalism on the other, which conflict with each other, but equally undermine the bases both of philosophy and of faith. There cannot be, however, more than one true religion and one true church, the one in which Dr. Hodge's "beautiful theory" is realized, in so far as human frailty and God's method of moral government make it possible that the real should correspond with the ideal.

A Benedictine of the Sixteenth Century. By Georges De Blois. Translated by Lady Lovat. London: Burns & Oates. 1878.

This is a life of the celebrated De Blois, Abbot of Liesse in Belgium, better known by his Latin name of Blosius. He was a man of noble birth, who was elected abbot of his monastery when extremely young, and governed it until his death. He was one of the most cherished friends of Charles V., and also on the best terms with St. Ignatius and many other men of the greatest eminence in the church and in the state. He found his monastery and its dependent houses relaxed in discipline, and restored a mild and lenient but strict and truly religious observance of rule. He was a most holy and also a most prudent and amiable man, extremely beloved by his subjects and by all others. His writings are of a high order of merit in every sense of the word, and were highly esteemed by St. Alphonsus, who frequently quotes them. The biography is charmingly written and most attractive. The Rule of Liesse, given in the appendix in its original Latin, will be interesting to ecclesiastical readers.

The Solemn Blessing and Opening of the New Cathedral of St. Patrick, New York, on the feast of St. Gregory VII., Pope and Confessor, May 25, 1879. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

It was a happy thought to have this excellent "libretto," as it may be called, prepared for the occasion to which its title refers. Those who were wise enough to buy a copy of it were enabled to follow the entire services of the day in an intelligent manner, as it contains a minute description of all the ceremonies of the blessing in full, in Latin and English, the Mass, Vespers, and Benediction service, together with the names of the celebrants and their ministers, cantors, etc., at these functions, and a list of all the archbishops and bishops present at the ceremony. The ritual portion of the book is preceded by biographical notices of Archbishop Hughes and His Eminence the Cardinal, and a notice of the cathedral, its dimensions, architectural character, the altars, and a carefully-prepared description of the splendid stained-glass windows, from the pen of the Rev. John M. Farley, the secretary of His Eminence. It was widely circulated on the day of dedication, and is still sought for as a memento of the great day, and for use as a "Guide

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to the Cathedral" by the numerous visitors who are constantly inspecting the building. The book is nicely gotten up and illustrated with cuts of the cathedral, of Archbishop Hughes, and of the Cardinal. It is sold for twenty-five cents, for the benefit of the cathedral. A few copies of the issue yet remain to be disposed of.

FAMILIAR INSTRUCTIONS AND EVENING LECTURES ON ALL THE TRUTHS OF RELIGION. By Mgr. de Ségur. Translated from the French. London: Burns & Oates. 1878. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This excellent work is admirably adapted for evening reading in Catholic families or at the meetings of our various sodalities. Each instruction would hardly occupy five minutes, and could not fail to make a deep impression on a willing soul. This is precisely the class of works we need at the present time. Our young people cannot be attracted by long discourses or lectures on any subject. Instructions should be short, clear, and practical. There is perhaps no writer who seems to be more convinced of this fact than Mgr. de Ségur, and therefore it is that his works have such an immense circulation and do an incalculable amount of good.

THE LIFE OF SISTER JEANNE BENIGNE GOJOS, Lay Sister of the Visitation of Holy Mary. By Mother Marie Gertrude Provane de Leyni, Religious of the same order. London: Burns & Oates. 1878.

Sister Jeanne Bénigne Gojos died in the odor of sanctity in the Monastery of Turin in 1692. She was one of those simple, humble souls whom God places in the lowly positions and occupations of earth, whom he sanctifies by many sufferings and trials, and to whom he is pleased to reveal the mysteries of his love. Like Marie d'Agréda, St. Teresa, St. Catherine, Marie Lataste, and other saintly souls, Sister Jeanne Bénigne went far into the most mystic regions of contemplative life, and speaks of its secrets in a manner not unworthy the greater masters of mystical theology. Surely such simple souls as Marie Lataste and Sister Jeanne Bénigne could have had no other teacher than our divine Lord revealing himself to them amid the burning fires of unitive prayer. An experienced master of spiritual life once said that he had found in the works of Marie Lataste passages on the Most Blessed Trinity and the Incarnation that might be very well at home in St. Thomas' *Summa*. The same may be said of some sayings of this holy lay Sister of the Visitation. The book is divided into three parts: her active life, her contemplative life, her special graces. There is a simple charm, a quiet beauty about the style that reminds one of the holy founder of the Visitation, the sweet and lovable St. Francis de Sales. May the simple record of this holy life add new glory and bring new vocations to an order which, east and west, is shedding all over this land from the silence of its cloister the sweet fragrance of its many virtues and the influence of its truly monastic spirit!

THE MANNA OF THE SOUL. Meditations for every day of the year. By Father Paul Segneri. In four volumes. Vols. I., II. London: Burns & Oates. 1879.

This is a book of meditations, three months to a volume. Father Segneri selects some text of Holy Writ for each day, and elaborates it into three or more points affording sufficient matter for a meditation of an hour. "If in preparing this repast," says the author in his preface, "I have been at times too lavish of ingredients, I have been so rather in the interests of those persons who, like nurses, nourish themselves in order to nourish others. You are aware that the manna accommodated itself to the particular will of each; it was turned to what every man liked. . . . To charge the manna with being insipid or bitter is equivalent to charging one's self with being in a bad state of health." We have no doubt that these volumes will prove a most useful repertory to those who are accustomed to mental prayer, and most serviceable to the preacher.

ROMAN VIOLETS, AND WHERE THEY BLOSSOM. By Theodora M. L. Lane-Clarke. London: Burns & Oates. 1879. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

To older and younger readers we commend this little volume for its pure

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and tender lessons of charity unobtrusively set forth in the simple story, so gracefully told, of the little Roman boy transferred, under the rude care of a padrone, from the soft blue skies of his Italian home, where "it is not so hard to be poor," to the smoke-darkened atmosphere of London, exchanging the violets of the Villa Borghese for those of Covent Garden Market, the childish cares of home for the sorrows of the struggle for life in a strange land.

Younger readers will follow the course of Cesare's fortunes with interest, alike on the Piazza del Popolo, on the rough sea, and among his countrymen in London; Beppo, who has grown rich enough to own a trained monkey, and Luigi, who has left his pruning-hook among the Tuscan vines to master the art of organ-grinding for the doubtful delight of barbarian ears. We are sure there will be some moistened eyes when the story is read of Cesare's white mice and his pitiful prayer in the church over the tame creatures he had trained so lovingly and bemoans so passionately; while older readers will be beguiled by the slight thread of romance woven through the boyish life.

Sparkling pictures there are from Rome and the Bay of Naples, with sadder ones from the wards of a London hospital and the quiet studio of the gentle-hearted Englishwoman who becomes the guardian angel of the little Roman exile.

The bright bunch of violets illuminated on the cover of the book is no false promise of the pleasant fragrance of the Roman violets that lie within between the leaves.

THE CURE'S NIECE. By Maurice Segran. London: Burns & Oates. 1879. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This little volume is certainly very entertaining, and the style in which it is written, if it be somewhat formal, is very polished and free from the slightest suspicion of bad taste. Although it reads like a translation, the title-page gives no indication of its source. The characters are the curé's niece, a beautiful orphan of strong will and of a noble and amiable disposition; the curé himself, a charmingly-drawn figure of a poor priest, a gentleman with æsthetic tastes, who throws them aside to fulfil his humble duties; Mme. la Marquise, a stern old aristocrat, upon whom the devil had but one hold—her pride—for in all else she was a saint; finally her grandson, the marquis, of feeble will, who is being drawn to perdition at a headlong pace when he is saved by Mariette, the curé's niece. The tale is a tragedy, but as the interest of the story is sustained until the end, we have no doubt that its melancholy termination will be forgiven for the pleasure afforded by the other portions of the work.

HORÆ SACRÆ. Preces et Exercitia Devotionis per diem, aliquotiesque faciendæ, et Speculum Meditantis, seu Sacerdos sanctificatus. Ad vitam sacerdotalem pie instituendam Tractatus. Auctore, Georgio Josepho Gowing, D.D., P.P. Londini: Burns et Oates.

The distinguishing merit of this pious manual for the clergy is its richness in quotation from the Holy Scriptures and the Fathers. The devout and learned author has brought within a small compass an abundance of the best devotional and ascetic writing upon the subject of the sanctification of the priest. The reverend clergy will find here synthetized the holy suggestions and methods of Kerckhove, Hillegeer, Abelleg, Bona, and other writers who treat of sacerdotal perfection *ex professo*, and whose books they sometimes find inconvenient to carry with them as a *vade mecum*; while there is also an admirable summary of practical directions and hints for the administration of the sacraments, etc. The meditations are short and pregnant, and, though they are not supposed to take the place of the regular meditation, their suggestiveness and excellent arrangement will prove of much aid in the spiritual life. The Preparation and Thanksgiving in the chapters on the Holy Mass are very full and very tender, *Sto. Bernardo duce*. The priest will be pleased to have just such a book in his *prie-dieu* for a help to his meditation, as it will recall to him in a few words the great thoughts of Deharbe, Wiseman, Scaramelli, and other books of meditation that are favorites with the clergy. The volume, though of five hundred pages, is small, neat, and well printed.

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LITERARY BULLETIN.

It will be seen by an advertisement on the last page of the cover of this magazine that the first article in this number is by Father Hecker, and that it has also been issued in pamphlet form, so as to enable persons to send it to their friends. It ought to have a large sale. It is cheap enough—10 cents each, or $5 per 100 copies.

The pamphlet on **Public Charities and Public Lands** has been passed over in silence by the non-Catholic press. Reason: It is unanswerable. Facts are stubborn things. Let Catholics distribute it. $6 per 100.

Father Young compiled and edited, and the Catholic Publication Society Co. published, a beautiful little pamphlet giving, besides likenesses and sketches of Archbishop Hughes and Cardinal McCloskey, the complete ceremony of the blessing of the new St Patrick's Cathedral, Latin and English, as well as nearly all the Mass for that Sunday. It is sold for the benefit of the Cathedral, and the price is 25 cents net. It is embellished with a good engraving of the Cathedral.

The second edition of Father O'Brien's **Holy Mass** is now ready. The first edition was sold in one month. This proves the popularity of the book, as well as the wisdom of making it a *net* book. Every man who bought a copy was satisfied he paid no more nor no less than his neighbor, whereas had it been put at $2 50, the price generally charged for a book of that size, it would be sold at forty per cent. and fifty per cent. off, so that there would be no standard price. Here is something for publishers to think over. Why not lower their retail prices and give less discounts? It would be more satisfactory to all purchasers.

The price of the new edition will be the same, $1 25 *net, with* 13 *cents additional when sent by mail.* Every reader of The Catholic World should have a copy of this admirable work.

The *Express* notices the book as follows:

"It is a carefully-written, scholarly volume, and brings together a great deal of interesting information which is inaccessible to most inquirers. Its value is enhanced by its full account of the Mass and its celebration in the Eastern or Greek Church. A great many Catholics will learn from it with interest how striking is the likeness between some of the Eastern Church customs and their own; and Protestant students will find in it full and useful explanations of many of the forms and acts in the celebration of the Mass which seem utterly meaningless to them. The book is highly creditable to the author, and to the institution with which he is officially connected"

And the Albany *Argus:*

"This book is clearly and plainly written. It contains historical matter of interest to Catholic Christians especially, and of general value to readers who desire to know what the Mass is and what its successive significance has been through the ages. The writer presents his book under the approbation of the Cardinal Archbishop and of the late Archbishop of Baltimore. All the printed and much of the MS. learning of the Roman and Greek Church have been considered by the writer, who is a scholarly, simple, clear-thinking man. The book can but be a directory to Catholic Christians, as well as a confirmation and comfort to them. The printing, paper, and binding are sensible and handsome, and the book is one that will be a mine of information to those who would particularly learn of the great institution it describes."

The Louisville *Advocate* says:

"Of all the new books (and there is a goodly number of them) not one can be remembered at this moment comparable in usefulness and timely interest to this one. It exactly fills a want long felt, especially by the numerous intelligent converts flocking into the church. Those who have witnessed the ceremonies of the Catholic religion from their infancy generally take everything for granted, and no more put the questions which Moses imagined the children of future generations of Israel would put to their fathers—'Why is this? Why do you do thus?'—than they think of asking why the sun rises, why does the moon change? But one seeing a custom or ceremony for the first time naturally wishes to know what does it mean? How did it begin? Converts are perpetually asking this information of their predecessors in the faith, and get no rational explanation. Curious spectators and enemies see our forms of worship and object to them as unmeaning parade. True, many, if they were informed and understood, might still have no reverence, no devotion, no respect for antiquity, no faith in the august Sacrifice which is the centre and object to all our ceremonies. But even for them it would be something for Catholics to be able to say they understand, revere, and love.

"Now no one need be ignorant. Every one who can read a book and apply its meaning can take this work and inform himself of the origin, the use,

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nd meaning of every ceremony, implement, and vestment used in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

"It only remains to thank Father O'Brien, not only for the matter of his little book—for it is a very moderate 12mo—but for the style and arrangement. As becomes so grave a subject, everything is put with the most perfect simplicity. It is brief almost as a catechism, and quite as plain."

The New Orleans *Star* adds:

"This work of Father O'Brien is a mine of information upon all subjects relating to the ceremonies of the Mass both in the East and West; that is, he treats of the various forms and rites used throughout Christendom in relation to the Divine Sacrifice; he traces the origin of these ceremonies and explains their meanings. He describes the garments used by the Greek clergy, shows how the chasuble of the Latins came to have its present shape, tells how the ancient Christians celebrated Mass, gives ancient customs regarding the manner of making the sign of the cross, sketches the usages now prevailing in regard to the wine, the bread, the music used at Mass; in a word, there is not a single subject connected with the Mass left unnoticed by his pen.

"The interesting question of *Filioque* is elucidated in all its leading details. Much information is given in regard to preaching; how laymen preached in the early days of the church. Explanations of the different Masses—Golden Mass, Dry Mass, Mass of the Presanctified, etc.—are full and interesting. Accounts are given of those who say Mass with naked feet, those who do so with caps on, etc.

"One of the most interesting chapters is that concerning the Host, the inscriptions impressed upon it, the ceremonies attending its making, its size, form, how baked, etc.

"Really the book is so interesting that it is difficult to select any one part as excelling another. One fact pointed out in its pages is worth making a note of—viz., that no ceremony of the Mass once in use but what is to be found whole or in part in the celebration of Mass to-day: if not in a Low Mass, then in a High Mass; if not in Mass said by a simple priest, then in that said by a bishop; and what either of these two lacks is to be found in the Pope's Mass.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXIX., No. 173.—AUGUST, 1879.

PEARL.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA, AUTHOR OF "IZA'S STORY," "A SALON IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE," "ARE YOU MY WIFE?" ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

LADY WYNMERE had not been taken into Mr. Danvers' confidence; that is to say, he had not told her that he had proposed to Polly, but he had made no secret that he was inclined to do so, and she encouraged him in the intention by every means in her power. She herself had fallen in love with Polly from the first, and her enthusiasm had not been chilled by closer acquaintance.

"I never saw anything to compare to her in beauty and distinction, and her accomplishments are equal to her beauty. I sometimes tell her it was quite wicked of the fairies to have lavished such a variety of gifts on one little girl; but she laughs, and says nobody sees it but me. I never knew anybody so little conceited with all her beauty."

This was the burden of Lady Wynmere's song every time Percy Danvers came down to Lamford, which he was in the habit of doing every week now, merely running up to town, in fact, for a couple of days to keep up appearances. His trip to Paris had been undertaken on the spur of the moment, without a day's premeditation, so that when he ran down to Lamford the day after his return to London the news of the expedition took Lady Wynmere by surprise and quite excited her.

"But the idea of your rushing back in that way without going to see your aunt or Pearl Redacre! What will Polly say?" And the little lady looked very demure and knowing.

"It does seem a stupid thing to have done," said Percy; "but I had to be in town by a certain day, and I made sure I should have met them both at the ball; but they were not there. It appears Pearl goes nowhere."

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"She is very sensible and steady; I dare say she does not like spending money on fine clothes. But Polly will be very angry with you for not going to see her; you may expect a good scolding, and from Mrs. Redacre too."

"They are very fond of Pearl, are they not?" inquired Mr. Danvers irrelevantly.

"Of course they are. I never saw a more united family. They all dote on each other."

"I wonder why Pearl stays away so long? It must be lonely for Polly without her."

"Polly is never lonely; she is always occupied. I like that so much in her; it is so different from most girls, who are always bored if they have not amusements to keep them in good spirits."

"Then she would not care to go to Paris if my aunt invited her?"

"I don't know about that. I dare say she would."

It was tantalizing, this beating about the bush. He wanted Lady Wynmere to say something that would open the door to what he was burning to tell. Did she know about Pearl or not? Percy began to suspect she did, else why this persistency in keeping the door shut in his face?

"I thought my aunt might be likely to invite Polly, now that Pearl has left her," he said.

"Has Pearl left her? Then she *is* coming home?"

"No, she is not."

It was quite clear that Lady Wynmere was not dissembling; her limpid face expressed nothing but surprise.

"She is not likely to come home for a long time," he resumed presently, and he stood up and planted himself on the hearth-rug, leaning his back against the mantelpiece. He was irritated and anxious, and he did not know how to say what he had got to say. He had come prepared to speak out to Lady Wynmere, to tell her everything, and induce her, if possible, to use her influence to get Pearl home. But it was not so easy to speak out; he could not bring himself even to hint indirectly at what Mme. Léopold had so cruelly insinuated about Pearl, and to reveal what Pearl was doing in Paris would be to show up Polly and the rest of them in what to Percy Danvers now appeared a very ugly light; yet he must do one or the other if Lady Wynmere was to be induced to stir in the matter.

"I have made a discovery that has annoyed me a good deal," he said. "Pearl Redacre is not on a visit to my aunt or any one else; she is in a situation, earning money as companion to old Mme. Léopold."

Lady Wynmere dropped her tatting, and gave a little jump on her chair that sent the ball of silk rolling along the carpet to Percy's feet.

"I was horribly vexed when I found it out," he continued, picking up the ball and handing it to her. "I had made up my mind to make an offer to Polly; I have grown very fond of her, and I fancied she rather liked me; but this want of honesty has shaken my trust in her a good deal. I can't think why she didn't tell me the truth. She knew very well that I had a right to know it the moment things came near an understanding between us. And, as you know, they have been coming very close to that lately. I feel that she has used me ill."

"I don't wonder you should be annoyed," said Lady Wynmere.

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"But it may not have been Polly's fault; her mother may have forbidden her to mention it."

"Not she! Her mother never forbids her anything, and, if she had, Polly should not have minded it; she had a duty to me as well as to her mother."

"I certainly think she ought to have trusted you."

"That is just it! The want of trust is what I can't forgive," said Percy quickly.

"At the same time it was natural she should not have liked you to know it; it must be very mortifying to them all to have Pearl in such a position. I am amazed to find that it was necessary for her to go out. I did not think that they were so straitened."

"Nor are they straitened. It is a piece of independence on Pearl's part; she might come home to-morrow if she liked, and she ought to come home. It is preposterous of her bringing this discredit on the rest of them for the sake of gaining a few trumpery pounds. You should speak to Mrs. Redacre about it, and insist upon her calling Pearl home."

"I don't see how I can meddle in their family affairs until they consult me," said Lady Wynmere.

"Of course you can't! I'm a fool to suggest it or to meddle in them myself. But what is a man to do? I can't go on with Polly as if nothing had happened. I'm a bad hand at playing the hypocrite. It's a wretched business altogether."

"It is, perhaps, not so bad as you think. Don't be too hasty in condemning Polly; she may only be waiting for the right moment to tell you."

"The right moment came long ago."

"You have actually proposed to her?"

Percy winced, shifted his position on the hearth-rug, and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"What does that signify? It is not the mere act of proposing that makes it a girl's duty to treat one loyally," he said. "I can't forgive her for—"

"Taking me in," he was on the point of saying; but he checked himself, and went to the window and looked out.

Lady Wynmere was not clever; she could not deal easily with problems whose solution was not to be found in the Peerage or the County Families, consequently this dilemma of Mr. Danvers was beyond her reach. She was sorry for him; she was sorry for Polly. Polly had not behaved well, but, poor little thing! one could not be hard on her; it was so dreadfully unpleasant to have to make such a confession to a man like Percy Danvers! They were all to be pitied, and Lady Wynmere pitied them all, and wished she could help them out of their troubles. But no ideas came to her, so she took up her tatting and went on with it.

"I suppose," said Danvers, still looking out of the window—"I suppose Polly would say I used her very badly if I were to let things drop between us?"

"I think that would be a great —disappointment to her," said Lady Wynmere, hesitating what word to use.

"One gets over a disappointment. She would easily find a better man than I; it would be kinder to disappoint her now than later when the mischief would be irreparable."

"Oh! yes, certainly," assented Lady Wynmere.

"You agree with me that it

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would?" And Danvers turned round suddenly, like a drowning man to whom one had thrown a rope. "You think it would be better, in the interest of her—happiness, that I should break off the affair now? You would not say I was acting a cruel or dishonorable part?"

"Well, you see—I don't exactly know how you and Polly—how she, that is, feels towards you. If she were *very* much in love with you it would be cruel, would it not?" And Lady Wynmere suspended her tatting, and looked up at the strong, handsome man deprecatingly; she felt so small and weak to be his counsellor. He turned away, and began to walk up and down the room.

"I'm not such a fop as to fancy a girl would be in love with me to that extent. I believe I care ten times more for her than she does for me. The cruelty would not be so great as all that. But would you call it a dishonorable thing to do? Women have a different way of looking at these things, but a woman's view is often the surest; you have an instinct that we men haven't."

"It depends, as I said before; if you had gone so far as to make an offer of your hand, then I should say—"

"That I was a scoundrel to draw out of it?"

"I am sure it would be a very wrong thing to do."

"More wrong than to marry a girl with the certainty that you and she were going to have a miserable life of it?"

"Why should you have a miserable life of it?"

Why, indeed? Percy Danvers could find no answer to this simple question. He was ashamed to own to himself the real motive of all his plausible pleading; he had been trying to persuade himself as well as Lady Wynmere that his motive was a finer one than in his inmost heart he knew it to be, that his trust and his affection were deeply wounded, and that he was considering Polly's happiness as much as his own feelings in this contemplated rupture. But to all this special pleading that troublesome "still, small voice" kept whispering a flat contradiction; it was wounded vanity and cowardly worldliness that were prompting and goading him to a mean and heartless action. He was ashamed of marrying a girl whose sister was in a situation, and in the "set" where they were all known. He was angry with Polly, not so much because she had not trusted him with the mortifying secret, but because he might have prevented it had he known in time, whereas now it was too late; and he was angry with her all the more because he was ashamed of himself.

"It is very puzzling to know what to do," he said, taking out his cigar-case and examining its contents as a preliminary to bringing the conversation to an end by going out for a stroll. "I don't want to behave badly, but the right and the wrong of a thing sometimes get so mixed up together that the only way out of the mess is to cut the knot."

"Or tie it!" said Lady Wynmere, with a little jubilant dance at her own wit.

"Just so—or tie it," repeated Percy, laughing. And he went out for his hat, and there was an end of the conference for that day.

Blanche Léopold's marriage was the talk of tout Paris. Of course tout Paris was not sympathe-

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tic about it. There were disappointed mothers and daughters who were very angry, and who lost themselves in endless conjectures as to what the Marquis de Cholcourt could have seen in the girl that made him overlook her (comparatively) small *dot* and the disgrace of the Bonapartist stain. There was also the natural antipathy of low to high which found many voices to give it utterance, to wonder why some people had such luck and got all the plums without in any way deserving them, while others so much worthier were left out in the distribution of good things. But on the whole sympathy predominated, and the name of those who rejoiced with Blanche was legion.

She bore her honors very prettily; she made no secret of her surprise at her own good fortune, but took the congratulations of her friends as part of the delightful wonder. How kind everybody was, and how pleasant to see that they were so happy at her happiness! The trousseau absorbed her, of course, to the exclusion of all other interests for the time being. It was to be splendid in proportion to her husband's rank and fortune, and she and her mother gave themselves up to its creation with a degree of intelligence and self-devotion that could not be too highly praised.

Mme. Léopold's attention had been forcibly drawn away from Léon's concerns by this marriage; but then she had ceased to tremble for the dear boy's safety since that conversation with Mrs. Monteagle which had revealed Pearl's feelings and conduct in so unexpected a light. Mme. Léopold did not believe that Pearl had refused so magnificent a chance from the motives Mrs. Monteagle attributed to her. Not love him, forsooth! As if there lived the girl who would refuse such a match for such a reason. The fact was, Pearl, being a girl of spirit, was too proud to enter the Léopold family under such humiliating circumstances as hers now were, so she had sacrificed her interest, and of course her feelings, to her pride. And very properly, Léon's mother thought. But though she inwardly blessed Pearl for this haughty self-sacrifice, she had no mind to proclaim her a heroine, and feed Léon's folly by throwing a romantic halo round the object of it. In all that concerned the interests of her children Mme. Léopold possessed the wisdom of the serpent. She had not said a word to Blanche about her anxiety concerning Léon, arguing shrewdly that these things grow by being talked of, that words sometimes change the shadow into substance. Mme. Mère so far played into her hands by never inviting Blanche and never sending Pearl to the Champs Elysées, as she was wont to do on one pretext or another, but in reality to give the two girls the pleasure of seeing one another. They had not been thrown together alone since the engagement; but the trousseau, which absorbed Blanche now completely, explained her absence. She and her mother were flying over the city from morning till night amongst the *fournisseurs*, ordering, adjuring, trying on. Blanche wrote occasional notes to Pearl, bewailing her fate at not seeing her dear friend.

"Chérie," ran one of the little pink-paper effusions, "I think of thee all day, and every day I hope to see thee; but it is a *guignon*, a fatality, and there is so much to be done and so little time to

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do it! The corbeille will be a vision. . . . I have seen the jewels, diamonds and emeralds, and the laces—mon bonheur est si grand, que je crois rêver.

"Toute à toi

"BLANCHE."

This echo of ideal bliss reached Pearl as she was reading a letter from her mother announcing trouble at the Hollow. The boys had caught typhoid fever.

"It is of the mildest form, and so far they go on very favorably," said Mrs. Redacre. "We have sent Polly over to Lady Wynmere, and Cousin Bob came down yesterday and carried off your papa to London. He positively refused to go to Lady Wynmere, who begged him to go with Polly; but Bob flew down and bore him bodily away. It is an immense relief to me; for he was, of course, of no use, and a great anxiety lest he should catch the fever. Don't fancy now, my darling, that I am forlorn and desolate! I am nothing of the sort. That dear Bob brought down a trained nurse to help me, and she is the greatest comfort, so kind and skilful; and the boys have taken to her in a way that would make me jealous if I did not feel so grateful to her, and see how much better she manages them than I could do. Mrs. Mills is invaluable, too. In fact, it is not possible for things to be more comfortable than they are under the circumstances. So don't worry yourself by exaggerating the trouble. Above all, don't imagine that you are wanted, or that you would be a comfort to your mother. You would be very much in her way, a burden, an anxiety, a nuisance! This is the real truth, from under the sign manual of your loving MOTHER."

Pearl kissed the sign manual and nearly washed it out with tears. Her mother left in the house all alone with a strange nurse and the two sick-beds! How could Polly have been persuaded to leave her! "Cart ropes wouldn't have dragged me out of the house," thought Pearl; and then she laughed through her tears as she re-read the end of the letter: "You would be very much in my way, a nuisance!" Very likely. But she did not remain long angry with Polly. Of course they had insisted on her going out of harm's way, and she did well to go. This did not make it less cruel to think of her mother all alone with the boys suffering and in danger. There must be danger whether the fever was mild or fierce; one never could tell what turn it might take. Suppose her mother caught it! Why should the chance be less for her than for the others? Pearl fell on her knees and prayed. No, God was good. He would spare her this. He would not let harm come to her mother.

Mme. Mère had gone out on business connected with the trousseau, and was not to be home for an hour to come. Pearl dressed herself and hurried off to Mrs. Monteagle. There was something very invigorating in Mrs. Monteagle's sympathy, or perhaps in her way of administering it; she was full of tender response for Pearl's distress, but she would not admit that there was the remotest cause for anxiety as regarded Mrs. Redacre. It was an unheard-of thing for a woman of her age to catch typhoid fever in that way.

"In fact, my belief is that it is not contagious at all," she affirmed. "People don't catch typhoid; they brew it in their blood. Your mother never would brew it; she is too sweet-tempered, and she has the most placid reliance on Providence of anybody I ever knew."

"She has indeed!" said Pearl. "Darling mother! she is an angel. Only it's naughty of her to tell fibs, and say that I would be a nuisance if I were there."

"It's no fib; it's the real truth; she would worry herself to fiddle-strings and bring on typhoid, very

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likely, if you were. Don't you go and bring it on yourself by fretting over all this, now. Do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"And you mean to be good?"

"I'll try. Indeed, it comforts me wonderfully what you say about the fever not being contagious. Only why was she so frightened, in that case, for papa and Polly?" And Pearl looked at Mrs. Monteagle suspiciously.

"Your mother, my dear, is a fool; she is always frightened for others, and always ready to take everything painful and troublesome on her own shoulders to spare your father and you. I've known her since before you were born, and I've always seen her the same."

Perhaps Mrs. Monteagle was thankful for the diversion this anxiety would cause in Pearl's thoughts, for she had been greatly troubled about her since that discovery concerning M. Darvallon. If he had had money enough to marry, it would have done as well as anything else, better perhaps, for she admired and liked the man; but he hadn't a penny, and neither had Pearl, so the best thing Pearl could do would be to put him out of her head. But would she have the sense to do this? There was not time for much talk, but Pearl felt wonderfully cheered up when she rose to go. She had been too engrossed by her own anxieties to look at Mrs. Monteagle—to see her, that is to say, for we look at everybody, but we only see those we care for; but as her friend stood up and faced the light Pearl could not but notice that she was looking poorly.

"Dear Mrs. Monteagle, you look so thin!" she said.

"That is because I am thin."

"But you look tired?"

"I am tired."

"What is the matter with you?" And Pearl laid both hands on her friend's shoulders and looked anxiously into the face that now struck her as being very worn and pale.

"I am old, my dear, very old."

"Is that all?"

"What more would you have, child? Old age is the most incurable disease going."

"I wish you wouldn't talk nonsense," said Pearl, kissing her; "that is what papa is always saying, that he is so old. But is there really nothing else the matter?"

"You silly thing! As if one wanted anything else to make one tired and good-for-nothing. You will find it out some day. Good-by. Come soon again and see me. It is not good to be so much alone when one is old. One is bad company for one's self."

"Is it possible you feel that! I never should have thought you knew what it was to be lonely," said Pearl, "you are always so cheerful."

"A cheerful face hides many things; it is often no better than a gay deceiver. But don't fancy that I pine for company, my dear. I hate most people. I don't want to see any one, except the few foolish ones who have got into a habit of caring for me; and I am ashamed to say that I feel rather lonely now and then for a glimpse of them, of the old familiar faces. Run away! You must not be out a-gadding when your missus comes home."

Pearl paid no attention to the abrupt dismissal, but twined her arms round Mrs. Monteagle's neck and looked into her eyes.

"Do you know something? I begin to be sorry for having re-

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fused that offer. I feel half inclined to come back on it, and let you take me as your *dame de compagnie.* Perhaps you wouldn't have me now?"

"If I had the spirit of a mouse I would not."

"But you haven't! Then you will take me? I may give warning, and say I want to better myself?"

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Monteagle, yielding her face to the soft, sweet caresses that crept into her heart and warmed her blood like the sunshine. "Think well before you give your other old woman notice; the change might turn out for the worse. But if you must have change, you may as well come here as anywhere else, I suppose."

"Dear Mrs. Monteagle! I am so glad! I never thought to be so pleased about getting a situation. And how I shall bully you! I believe that is what is the matter with you; you are lonely for want of some one to bully you?"

"Yes, since you gave me the bad habit I miss it, I'm afraid. Be off now, this minute! Do you hear me?"

"When am I to come to you? Shall I tell Mme. Mère at once when I go home?"

"No, I think you had better let me manage it. I will speak to Mme. Léopold when the time comes for their all going to Gardanvalle. Say nothing about it till then."

It was a sudden and perfectly unselfish impulse in Pearl that had prompted her to make the proposal, but, now that it was done, she felt so happy that it was a wonder to herself that she had not thought of it sooner. Not but that Mme. Mère was as kind as kind could be, but she was "the missus," as Mrs. Monteagle said, and then there was the family making such an atmosphere of humiliation and worry in one way or another; whereas at Mrs. Monteagle's she would be a spoilt child, petted and made much of. Above all, she would be a comfort to her old friend and make a salutary change in the loneliness of her life.

"People fancy she is so independent of everybody," thought Pearl; "nobody suspects her of suffering from loneliness, and yet I can see what a change there is in her since we left Paris—above all, since I left her."

This was the truth. The cheerful faces are often no better than gay deceivers, as Mrs. Monteagle said, and she was herself a proof of it. With all her surly snarling at sentiment, and her make-believe independence of her fellow-creatures, she had a soft human heart that hungered for human love and human companionship, and she was perishing now in her old age for the want of them. This fresh interest, added to the painful one furnished by the daily letters from the Hollow, went far to distract Pearl's thoughts from Raoul—to divide them, rather, for he was seldom out of her mind for a moment in the day. She knew now why he had not kept his promise of calling the day after that rencontre at the Odéon; but he might have written. Why had he not written? He must know that she was miserable, that she wanted to see him, to clear away the misunderstanding that had arisen between them. Pearl forgot that Captain Darvallon was a Frenchman, and that, with all his independence of character and opinion, he would never fly in the face of *les convenances* so far as to

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write her a love-letter—to write to her at all until he had positively asked her to be his wife and won her father's consent. But she did not reckon with this illogical slavery to *les convenances*. Raoul had told her he loved her in language more unmistakable than mere words, less easily misunderstood or turned from its true meaning, and she had not tried to seem insensible or to conceal the emotion which the avowal caused her. And yet after this he could mistrust her on the strength of that absurd scene with Captain Léopold! He ought to have known it was only a joke that brought Léon on his knees before her; at any rate he ought not to have condemned her without a hearing. It would have taken more than that to have shaken her trust in him.

Pearl sat clasping her knee and looking out at the green tree full of birds in the courtyard, and began to conjure up all sorts of circumstances wherein Raoul should figure covered with every appearance of guilt; she marshalled an array of witnesses, she piled up an amount of evidence that must have damned an angel out of heaven, and convicted him as a criminal of the deepest dye; and then she beheld herself defying judges and juries and witnesses alike, and acquitting Raoul, and clinging to him in spite of his disgrace, because of it, with the faith of a true woman. And yet he could lose faith in her because of a bit of child's play! Foolish Pearl! She began to cry there at the open window; but the birds went on singing as if her heart had been light as theirs, and her love heaven-high, beyond the reach of tempest.

Blanche's marriage was fixed for the last week in June. They were very near that now, and Mme. Léopold was in a state of mind more easily imagined than described.

"If it lasts another week I will break down under it," declared the exhausted lady.

"Under what?" said Mrs. Monteagle.

"The anxiety, the fatigue, the responsibility, the emotion. Chère madame, you know not what it is to marry a daughter, a beloved child whom you have covered with your eyes for nineteen years! The anguish of the parting is so great that only a mother's love is strong enough to bear it and live."

"How many deaths you French people do die before the real one comes!" said Mrs. Monteagle. "The wonder is you live through a tenth of them. . . . Go and see the trousseau? What in the name of common sense has an old woman like me to do with trousseaux? I have no doubt it is very fine; but I don't care to see gowns and pocket-handkerchiefs and night-caps spread out and tied up with miles of pink ribbon. It is very well for those young things. I hope Blanche will be happy; I wish you may all be happy; it seems to me you are going the wrong way to work, but perhaps that is my mistake. It all comes to the same in the end."

There was a certain sadness about the way she spoke, a circumstance so foreign to Mrs. Monteagle that Mme. Léopold could not but remark it.

"You are not as well as I should like to see you," she said, forgetting her maternal anguish for a moment and looking kindly at Mrs. Monteagle.

"An't I? I think I am as well as I have any right to expect. You

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are all going to Gardanvalle the week after the wedding, are you not?"

"Yes, if the baron can get away, as he expects. I should not care to leave him all alone here."

"And what about Pearl? Is she going?"

"Certainly. That was arranged from the first."

"Things have happened since then which might have altered the arrangement. In my opinion the best thing Pearl could do would be to go home."

"Of course it is. Common sense ought to have told her that long ago."

"So it would, if she had consulted it; but common sense and she are not on speaking terms; they never have been, I'm afraid, my poor Pearl!"

"You surprise me. I thought you considered her a model of good sense?" said Mme. Léopold.

"She is a model of all good things, except precisely that one. She is not the least common-sensible, my poor Pearl. But she listens to people who are, which is something; and I mean to tell her that she had better leave Mme. Mère before you go to the country. She can come to me, and stay here until it is convenient for her to return to Broom Hollow."

"You are the wisest of friends, chère madame," said Mme. Léopold; "and since the proposition has come from you, I confess you have relieved me of a great burden. I have passed sleepless nights meditating how this could be done without seeming unkind to Pearl. Cette chère petite, I love her dearly, and my heart bleeds when I think of what she would have suffered down at Gardanvalle amongst Léon's people, reminded of him at every hour of the day, living with him for part of the time, perhaps—we hope this horrible Algerian threat will be averted, and then the dear boy may get leave for a month. Only think what a painful position for the poor child and for me—who feel like a mother to her!"

Mrs. Monteagle for once in her life was at a loss what to say. Did the woman mean to persist in asserting that Pearl was in love with Léon? And did she think Mrs. Monteagle such a fool as to swallow this palaver about her feeling like a mother towards Pearl? There was something too insolently grotesque in the notion; but when ces chers enfants were in question nothing was too much for Mme. Léopold's audacity. In this instance, however, she really believed what she said—that Pearl was in love with Léon—and it had kept her awake many a night wondering whether Léon was in love with her or not. A circumstance that told heavily against him was that he had never spoken about Pearl to his mother. Now, a French son tells his mother everything. She is the confidant of his wildest follies, of his debts, the troubles of his heart, his conscience, and his betting-book; she knows it all; he will hide many things from his father, but he hides nothing from his mother. And the mother, on her side, repays this confidence by boundless indulgence and sympathy that never fails. She is never horrified, never shocked; nothing throws her off her guard; she would bite her tongue through rather than check the flow of filial confession by an exclamation of disgust, a word of dismayed incredulity, by a glance of cold rebuke. In this the French mother more than any

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other resembles the priest. The mantle of maternity is made of sacramental threads, making every mother rich in strength and mercy; but nowhere is this truth so manifest as in France. The French mother, with a heart pure as the morning dew, can gaze without shrinking into a heart as black as night, and listen, apparently undismayed, to the darkest revelations, never recoiling, never despairing; seeing through all present corruption the beauty of innocence that once was there, of repentance that may yet be there. No wonder this deep, strong, all-embracing compassion in the mother calls forth a full response from the son. Léon Léopold had never concealed anything from his mother. His youth had been stormy, but she had seen every wreck that marked its course; he was on the way of being "ranged" now, but he occasionally committed a folly, he occasionally got into a scrape in the regiment, on the turf, in many places, and his mother was always the first to hear of it; he kept back nothing. But he had never opened his lips to her about Pearl Redacre. This silence was alarmingly significant. He knew that she had pity and indulgence for every enormity of folly he could commit, except one: she would not forgive his marrying foolishly—marrying, that is, any one she did not approve of; and he knew in his heart that to marry a girl in Pearl's position would be an offence beyond the reach of pardon.

"What have I done to be visited in this way!" thought Mme. Léopold many a time as the horrible possibility rose before her. "I have been a good mother; I have done my duty by my children; why should my son turn against me like this?" But Mrs. Monteagle had lifted a load off her heart. The danger was in a great measure past, and she had the game pretty well in her own hands now. She had compelled Mme. Mère to forbid Léon the house, and the prospect—which had made him so submissive under the privation—of his being thrown with Pearl at Gardanvalle during the vacation was at an end. There was nothing to fear from the seductive power of personal influence. Pearl's proud resistance would be exposed to no risk of surrender from the daily pressure of Léon's presence; her heart would not be subjected to a trial out of which nothing but superhuman strength could carry it victorious.

Blanche had at once announced her intention of having Pearl for her demoiselle d'honneur at her wedding, and Mme. Léopold had not thought it prudent to oppose the choice. She resolved to circumvent it. This, however, was no easy matter. Her first attempt to substitute a young lady whose *dot* would have made an eligible daughter-in-law was met by a flat refusal. Blanche unexpectedly showed that she had a spirit of her own, and meant not to be contradicted in this last act of the closing scene of her girlhood.

"Pearl is my favorite friend, next to Polly," she said, "and we three always promised to be one another's bridesmaids to the two first who were married. I don't care the least about Jeanne Brulère, and I don't see why I should turn off Pearl for her. She is odiously purse-proud."

But greater troubles were brewing for Mme. Léopold. She came home from the shops one afternoon a few days after that interview

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with Mrs. Monteagle which had so roused and reassured her, and found Blanche and Léon together, deep in confidential talk, when she broke in upon them. Léon had an angry wrinkle down his forehead that she noticed frequently of late, and Blanche was flushed and met her mother with a hostile glance.

"Are you long here, mon chéri?" said the soft, large mother, kissing the strong man on the forehead.

"I came to have a talk with Blanche," he said, rising. "And now it is time for me to be going. I have a good deal to do. You have heard the news?"

"What news? Good heavens! Not Algiers?"

"No, worse than that. We are ordered to Brest, a vile hole where there are neither tigers nor civilized people. The desert is better any day than *la province*. But you don't think so, so I must not complain."

Before his mother had recovered from the shock of the announcement he had taken himself off, and she and Blanche were alone.

"He would much rather have gone to Algiers," said Blanche.

"Mon Dieu! How could I guess they were going to send him to Brest? But he is not gone yet. I may be able to get the order recalled. Your father must help me."

"Léon says it will do him harm if you interfere any more; and besides, papa has used up all his influence at the War Office already."

"Yes, I left no stone unturned, I moved heaven and earth, to prevent his going!"

"You had better have left heaven and earth alone," said Blanche, with disrespectful petulance.

"Ma fille! in what tone dost thou speak to thy mother?" said the amazed parent.

Instead of answering Blanche flung herself on the sofa and burst into tears. Mme. Léopold was aghast; but before Blanche had recovered her composure sufficiently to explain anything the mother understood that Léon had denounced her, and that the furies had passed her well-guarded maternal gates.

"Why should Léon not marry her if he loves her?" said Blanche, lifting her head and showing a face drenched with tears. "It is cruel, it is unreasonable to hinder him. But he won't be hindered; he will marry her in spite of everybody! And, ma mère, he is quite right!"

"What is this? Am I dreaming? My own children, you, my daughter, rising against me, defying your father's authority, defying all the *convenances!* You are mad."

"No, ma mère, I am not mad. I love Léon, and I want him to be happy; he loves Pearl, and you ought to be glad that he married her. She lost her money; but what does that signify, since Léon has money enough and does not care?"

"What rank nonsense you are talking, child! Léon is a fool; and as to that petite, she is a cunning minx, an intriguante. She has laid herself out to catch him; a most unmaidenly girl, running away from her family and coming off here for no other purpose than to get your brother to marry her. I will none of her for a daughter! I never liked her."

"O mamma!" cried Blanche, "how can you? You were wild for Léon to marry her until she lost her fortune. You know you were!"

"I was ready to sacrifice my own inclinations to what I believed

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would have been for his good," said Mme. Léopold. "I have always sacrificed myself for my children, and this is my reward. They turn round and upbraid me; they accuse me of being a bad mother!"

"No, mamma, we don't; we are dutiful children; we will always love and obey you; but you are unkind and unreasonable to Léon. You want him to sacrifice his real happiness to what he doesn't care a straw for; but he won't do it. He is his own master after all: he is thirty; he is not a boy."

"He will find out whether he is his own master. What! he dares to take that tone? And you, you follow his example? But I will leave your father to deal with you. We will see whether Léon will brave him in this way."

"He will brave everybody; he loves Pearl, and he will marry her!" said Blanche defiantly.

"Without his father's consent? He cannot."

"He will send him a *sommation respectueuse!*"

"Gracious heavens! what do I hear?"

Mme. Léopold was sitting in an arm-chair, upright, flushed, panting, her bonnet strings pulled open; but at the sound of that awful word, *sommation respectueuse*, she stood up, her face white, her eyes dilated, her hand grasping the arm of the sofa. She knew that there was such an expedient in existence as the *sommation respectueuse*, and that some parents, low-born people, mismanaged their children so as to become the victims of it; but that such a disgrace should fall to her lot had no more occurred to her than that she should be murdered by her children. The idea of Léon sending his father *papier timbré*, and then walking out of his father's house, in company with the commissaire de police, to meet, chez Monsieur le Maire, the bride whom his parents refused their consent to his marrying—this was a calamity scarcely less horrible to contemplate than Léon's death. Of course things never would come to that pass. M. Léopold would consent to his son's marrying the Arab Jewess rather than drive him to make use of the weapon which the law wickedly provides for children of a larger growth against tyrannical parents; but that Léon should deliberately propose using this weapon, should threaten her and his father with it, and that Blanche should side with him in the criminal revolt—this was beyond belief. It was as if the two had flung a stone at her. She was too stunned to speak; she stood looking at Blanche, bewildered, outraged, a lioness set upon by her young.

Blanche had wiped her eyes and ceased crying, and braced herself to fight for her brother.

"It is not his fault," she said. "He is unhappy, he is miserable; but he loves Pearl, and he will not give her up."

"He prefers to give up his mother, his father, all his own flesh and blood!"

"He need not give *me* up. I will stand by him and by Pearl; they shall be married from my house." And Blanche raised her head with an air of dignity, as if she were already Marquise de Cholcourt in her grand hotel, Rue St. Dominique.

"Mon Dieu! has it come to this? My children arrange their destiny without even consulting me! I am thrown aside; I am of no account. Mon Dieu! take me away, since they do not want me any more. Mon Dieu! I wish

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I were dead." She sank down on her chair, repeating under her breath, "I wish I were dead!"

Blanche flew to her side, and threw her arms round her, and burst into fresh floods of tears.

"Maman, chère petite maman! don't say that. You will break our hearts. You know how Léon loves you. Only speak to him and hear what he has to say, and you will forgive him, and it will all be right. It will kill him to see you unhappy!"

She covered her mother's face with kisses, and Mme. Léopold kissed her, and they wept and kissed together for some minutes. Then Mme. Léopold, feeling that, for the moment, she had become master of the situation, desired Blanche to sit down and tell her everything—what Léon had said, and what Pearl said, and how this horrible scheme of the *sommation respectueuse* had been set on foot. But there was nothing to tell except what Blanche had already said. The first she had heard of the affair was from Léon this morning; he seemed exasperated and unable to keep silence any longer; he told her Pearl had repulsed him, and he did not feel at all sure that she would consent to marry him under any circumstances. He didn't believe she cared for him; she had told him she did not. Blanche had laughed at this, and said she was certain Pearl had loved him for a long time; but she was proud, and Léon ought to have asked her sooner, before these troubles came on Colonel Redacre; it would take a great deal of pursuing and persuading now to make her yield; but Blanche maintained that if Léon was resolute Pearl would give in; the great difficulty would be to make her accept the *sommation*, or to have the thing done unknown to her; but Blanche proposed that they should wait till *she* was married, and then it would be more easily managed; it would be so different if the Marquise de Cholcourt protected Pearl, and covered the proceedings with her name and countenance! This suggestion had cheered up Léon very much, and decided him to have recourse to the three legal summonses, in case persuasion failed with his mother and that he succeeded in gaining Pearl's consent.

Mme. Léopold listened to the whole story without a word of indignation or surprise, putting her handkerchief to her eyes now and then when she felt they were likely to betray her by an angry flash.

"So it was you, my Blanche, who decided him to push things to the bitter end, to do what you knew would break your mother's heart! Don't you love her any more, your poor mother?"

"Chère petite maman! I love you with all my heart," said Blanche, putting her arms round her; "but I love poor Léon too, and he was so angry and excited that I would have done anything to help him. And it would be so nice having Pearl for a sister! You see I know what it is now to be really happy. I want those I love to make happy marriages like me. It is so horrid to think of people marrying without caring for each other! After all it is no mésalliance for Léon to marry Pearl. I dare say those old frumps in the Faubourg talk of M. de Cholcourt's marriage with me as a mésalliance; they are such selfish old *bigotes!* But I don't care what they say, neither does M. de Cholcourt, or else he would not have defied them all to marry me. Would he, petite

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mère? He must love me or he would not have done it."

Blanche said all this with her head nestling on her mother's shoulder, while the mother rested the fold of her soft double chin on her daughter's cheek and smiled in self-complacency. Here, at least, her efforts had been blessed, and one aim of her life splendidly accomplished. Blanche had never entertained a "sentiment" for any man living, so beautifully had the mother's drilling kept nature within the leading-strings of *les convenances;* but now the child discovered that she had a heart, and she had given it to the man whom her parents had—not, indeed, chosen, but whom they would have chosen had the power rested with them. Blanche had found out her heart just at the proper moment. The mother's responsibility was now at an end.

"Mon enfant, it makes my heart overflow with joy to hear you speak so. But, my Blanche, this other marriage of inclination is altogether different. You admit that Pearl refused Léon. I agree with you that this may have been—from—"

"Pride and delicacy, mamma."

"Well, be it so. She has refused him, and he persists in suing her. I will cease to oppose him. If she consents I will consent, and I will use my influence with your father to make him accept the marriage. But for this Pearl and Léon must, on their side, make some slight concession; he must go to Brest, and Pearl must return to her father's house, and at the end of six months, if they still wish it, he shall go to England and marry her."

"Chère maman! Bonne petite maman!" said Blanche, covering her mother's fat hand with kisses, while one arm still clasped her neck.

"I will write to Mrs. Monteagle and tell her this," said Mme. Léopold, "and you may tell Léon. One other condition I make: Léon does not see Pearl before he leaves Paris, and they do not correspond during the six months. This is not asking much, considering the sacrifice I am making for his sake."

"I am sure Léon will agree to it all," said Blanche; "six months will soon be over, and it will be so much nicer for Pearl to have him go and fetch her! And you, too, will go, petite mère, will you not? And I also. M. de Cholcourt will take me, or I can go with you and Léon. It will be delightful!"

She clasped her hands, and laughed, and kissed her mother, and wanted to send for Léon that very moment; he had said he was going to the état-major, and he would be there still.

Mme. Léopold made no opposition to this sisterly haste. She had gained six months. Pearl would soon be out of the way, and Providence, meantime, would be on the side of the righteous, and help the virtuous mother fighting to save her son from marrying a girl without a *dot.*

TO BE CONTINUED.

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A DISCONTENTED JOURNEY.

NAPLES is dull and dreary. We are sick of it all. Vesuvius will not erupt, as he had led us to expect. It is all "flat, stale, and unprofitable;" and "Da wo ich nicht bin ist das Glück." So let us be off. Seven o'clock A.M. Friday morning. "Will it rain?" "Yes, it rains." But Madame assures us it will clear. "But will Richard think so, and join us, as agreed, at the station?" "In his place I should go for the chance; so depend upon it he will." We are under way: Madame, the Colonel, maid, and Rufa. Arrived at the station, no Richard is there. Frantic jacchini try to drag our luggage off and out of the carriage. But we are resolved to wait for the laggard till the very last moment. The Colonel acts sentinel outside, watching for Richard. "He cometh not, he said; I would I were in bed." Finally, we climb the heights, driving to Richard's door, and the Colonel ascends to his aerie on the *ultimo piano*, and drags him down with his valise to breakfast at the Villa T—— and leave with us by a later train. Fortified with sea-trout and beefsteaks (ah! when shall we see the like again?), we start afresh, calling on our way for Richard's boots, which, however, do not prove to be of seven leagues. At length, with a puff and a snort, we are off.

We reach Caserta in ample time to drive through the much-vaunted gardens. Passing through the beautiful portico which pierces the entire depth of the palace, a long vista lies before us, at the end of which we see what we are told is a cascade, produced with wonderful art and malice by an aqueduct which joins those of Carignano, that carry water to Naples. Unfortunately, seen from a distance it recalls to our imagination the ornamentation of a German clock, in which spirals of twisted glass are made to represent falling water; and, as ill-luck will have it, the glass seemed to do it better. The grand cascade contains groups of figures representing Diana and her nymphs, and Actæon just at the moment when his head has sprouted horns, and his nose has elongated into a stag's face, while his body still claims humanity. A dog has his paws on his shoulder, but is evidently begging him first to explain what he really is, man or beast, before he determines on what course to pursue, while all around stand Molossian hounds, equally uncertain what it may be their duty to do. The nymphs are taking it quietly; which, considering that they are more in bathing undress than the indignant goddess herself, does not say much for them. Lesser cascades of tranquil captured water tumble down marble steps and sink into repose in a semi-circular basin below.

We alighted from our carriage to walk through the English garden planted in 1782 by Queen Caroline of England. It is very pretty, though not more remarkable than many to be seen surrounding the snug parsonages of some of the more wealthy English clergy. And though on the lawn there are palms and aloes, they are not superior to those grown in pots, ac-

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cording to first-class gardening, at home. A maple-tree had shed all its pale gold leaves. They lay thick and soft over some square feet—Danaë's couch, and the fair frail one departed.

The trees in the outer garden are clipped into walls and arched cloisters—nature put into a strait-waistcoat. There are ugly labyrinths of box-trees, three feet high, so that the unfortunate wretch who gets into the maze may be seen meandering in insane bewilderment. Also there are clumps of trees deftly trimmed all round and at the top like a huge green cake. The rest is grass, badly kept. It is all highly artificial except the English garden. The green arcades are marked by rows of statues, or rather Termini; and nothing but a Watteau scene on a large scale could give the place a cheerful animation. It wants the ladies in sacks, with high scarlet heels and elaborate buckles; with the long "love-lock" and the wide fan; or in hoops and ruffles, with spotless white pierrots lying at their feet; or gentlemen in baggy pink satin breeches whispering soft nothings in their ear. Nothing less than this, with a sedulous study of "The Rape of the Lock," with Dresden china and old Saxe, with pounce-boxes and "clouded canes," could bring back life to such a made-up version of nature.

Madame wears a bear-skin hat throughout the expedition; and the Colonel at intervals inquires: "Combien avez vous payé pour ce chapeau, Madame?" It becomes the refrain of all our lighter talk, and is the inverse sense of the "Prennez mon ours" of the French play, and hardly less frequently repeated.

We next visited the palace, the marble staircase of which is magnificent; the first flight is crowned by two beautiful white marble lions "couchant," copies of Canova's. Vanvitelli was the architect of this splendid palace, which is said to be the largest in Europe. It is rectangular in form, and surrounds four courts. The finest marbles are lavished upon it, but especially in the chapel, which we entered just as Benediction had begun. Here marble, the coldest of materials, has, by the happy harmony of tints, been made to produce the richest and warmest effects. It is very large, and the scattered congregation of about fifteen people gave it a sadly deserted aspect. We went all through the lengthy suites of splendid rooms, only very moderately furnished now, and that little comfortless and in bad taste. There is the bed in which the late King Ferdinand died, richly but coarsely decorated with brass *opima spolia* in relief on the wooden frame. It seemed a mockery indeed where death was the only victor! There was the unfortunate Francis II.'s bed, hung with ugly salmon-colored silk. There was the room occupied by Pius IX. during his exile here, and the altar at which he said Mass.

The pictures are a horror and an abomination, more especially those in her majesty's reception-room, where a Prometheus larger than life is struggling in naked agony under the claws of his feathered tormentor. There was the bust of a pretty woman; but, lo! she has a clock in her breast, and all interest ceases with the thought of what a well-regulated and wound-up female she must have been, never ceasing, never silent, and with a "memento mori" in every ring of her monotonous voice. Again we found ourselves on the

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beautiful staircase, passing between the passive lions. At the foot of the stairs is a fine copy of the Farnese Hercules, with the tell-tale small head and brawny shoulders, the heavy, quiescent limbs, and the indolent pose—all bespeaking the good-humored giant, with little brain but infinite strength, and therefore merciful and kind.

We returned to our hotel, the Vittoria, and lazily examined the colored prints on the walls of our large, dark salon. They are all of far-away cities which are personally known only to the travelled Colonel. There is a bird under a glass case in a corner. We begin by calling it a bustard, but correct ourselves and pronounce it a bittern.

Suddenly Richard and the Colonel disappear. It is the hour when the woodcocks, the Colonel's great predilection, alive or roasted, fly from the marshes towards the sea, and in doing so cross a main road. All the sportsmen of Caserta emerge at that hour to take their chance, and the Colonel joins them. The birds are few, and only one is killed, which is gracefully presented to the foreign gentleman. He forthwith announces his intention of coming to spend a week alone in the large, empty hotel, and shooting with the amiable landlord, who speaks no language but his own *patois*, whereas the Colonel can freely converse in Hindostanee. Meanwhile no end of woodcock's feathers are gathered round his hat.

A desultory breakfast and a walk to the station marked the early hours of the following day. We took the train to Sparanisi, passing Caserta, which sternly unseductive place we agreed our morals, though not our "morale," would resist to any amount. At Sparanisi Rufa produced a considerable sensation in consequence of one of the party lifting the lid of her basket, and so betraying the secret of her sweet, soft, white-silk presence curled up inside. The carriage we had ordered was waiting for us at the station, with three miserable, bony, entirely starved ponies harnessed three abreast. Madame and maid and Rufa were packed inside, the two gentlemen mounted the coupé, and the little driver sat on a lower seat in front of them with his head on a level with their chins. The wind was cold, the roads were bad, and the carriage of the dislocating order. The tower of Francolisi looked down upon us from its picturesque height, and further on the pretty town of Teano, which gives a title to one of the Bourbons—the ancient Teanum, the city of the Sidicinians—rose amid the olive-clad slopes of Rocca Monfini. We catch a glimpse of Mount Falernus, and once more debate how far the honey-sweetened and skin-bottled wines that Horace sings would suit our modern taste; and as they diluted it in so much water, it is a marvel how they ever got merry upon it. We admire the rich brown earth that lies in narrow ridge and furrow; and more still do we admire the man and the maid, Daphnis and Chloë, digging together, he with a spade, she with a light pickaxe. She wears a neatly-folded, square white cloth on her pretty head, and has full, snow-white sleeves, a tight bodice of red or blue, a short petticoat of blue or neutral green, and a red or yellow gown tucked up round the hips. She has large earrings of gold; and as she stands in the new-made furrow, looking so bright and clean,

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we wonder whether the rough companion in front of her is alive to the picturesque effect and the poetic sentiment produced by his graceful helpmate in the scene, or if long habit has made him impervious to the fancies which flit across our mind with memories of "Pastor Fido," and a whole train of agricultural and pastoral and Biblical idyls of all lands and all ages since Adam delved and Eve span.

We pass a garden full of fine-grown laurels, and remark that this beautiful shrub, the ornament and the shelter of our home gardens, where it is so luxuriant and abundant, is rarely seen in its own classic land of Italy. We notice a large farm-house, surrounded on the first floor with deep arcades. Dense shadows lie athwart the white inside walls, and strings of bright-red tomatoes hang in thick bunches from the ceiling, making festoons of vivid scarlet in the dappled light and shade. The house is large, and a group of well-built hay-stacks round it speak of prosperity and plenty. Horses seem to be few, and the worst of their kind. But donkeys are everywhere; and gray oxen with Juno's eyes are dragging the primitive ploughs that recall the *Georgics*, or the long, narrow cart with the picturesque owner sitting at the far end, dangling his legs as though he were acting as balance to the rude machine. We meet groups of peasants, each riding home on his donkey, with panniers made of long, wiry grass flung across the animal's shoulders. The grass we notice growing in dark green tufts by the roadside. The men have a very bandit appearance, and not altogether pleasant countenances. One old gentleman in a very ragged cloak of many colors had a peculiarly sinister appearance. He hugged a suspicious-looking bundle as various in color as his mantle, and carried a lantern, making as though he were going up to Monte Spaccata, an evil-renowned locality close on the confines of Fra Diavolo's own country. The little town of Cascano stands on the ridge of Monte Massico; and having eaten our scanty luncheon, we had flattered ourselves we might find, not Falernian wine, but something drinkable at least. The driver urged our stopping at an inn beyond the town, passing through which we found the women sitting at their doors making green grass panniers for the donkeys, and mats and brooms. They wear their hair in two plaits, brought forward and curled round in a rosette. A narrow piece of linen edged with lace is folded rather low on the forehead, and hangs in a bow and ends behind. The whole street was lined with gray pottery waiting to be baked. There were large amphoræ and other smaller vessels of curious old Etruscan shapes, with probably less euphonious modern names. When we reached the small inn where we were promised good wine, and where consequently there was no bush, the two gentlemen went in, leaving Madame and her suite in the carriage. They were a long time absent, and Madame, weary of waiting, got out, when presently the gentlemen appeared, declaring the wine undrinkable, and the company sitting in the inn of a very Fra Diavolo type, and very noisy. So with unappeased thirst we rumbled on again, the road terribly rough, and, as appeared afterwards, the Colonel's new silk umbrella worn into holes from Madame having appropriated it to·

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help support the cushion which she had laid between the back and front seats so as to make a rude couch.

We rattle on. The air grows colder; the day is declining. Fine oaks and great chestnuts mark the landscape, and large acacias line the road. Presently we cross the suspension-bridge over the Garigliano, the Liris of olden times, famous in ancient and modern history for the scenes its banks have witnessed. The slow and turbid stream is of a dull ochre hue, though probably that is the result of the rainy winter season. It formed the boundary between ancient Latium and Campania. Caius Marius crossed it in the Marsic or Social War between the Romans and the Italians —a distinction of names which has survived all ages and remains in force even in United Italy. The advantages of the war had been on the side of the Italians, although the Tuscans, Latins, and Umbrians had remained faithful to Rome. The chief command of the Roman forces was given to Julius Cæsar and Rutilius Lupus, one of whose legates was Caius Marius. The two latter threw two bridges over the Liris, the present Garigliano, within a short distance of each other. Vettius Scato, commander of the Italian forces, had encamped opposite to Marius' bridge, but in the night he lay in ambush near that of Rutilius, and when the latter attempted to cross in the morning he was driven back with a loss of eight thousand men, receiving himself a wound in the head of which he subsequently died. Marius immediately assumed the command of Rutilius' army. Cæsar meanwhile had also been defeated at the head of thirty-five thousand men, and escaped with difficulty to the modern Teano. The Marsians attacked Marius, but were driven back into the vineyards our eyes now rest upon; and thither he did not venture to follow them. But Sulla, who was encamped on the other side of the vineyards, rushed out and put them to flight; and shortly after the Italian army was entirely defeated. But in this war on the borders of the turbid Liris it was felt that Marius had shown but little of his ancient vigor, although he was at the age—namely, sixty-five—when our modern statesmen and generals seem to reach the acme of their intellectual vigor.

At any rate the neighborhood of the Liris was to be fatal to him; for two years later—that is, in 88 B.C. —his jealousy of Sulla led to his forming a conspiracy against him, and he thereby succeeded in obtaining the command of the army in the Mithradatic war. Marius and Sulla fought against each other at the Esquiline; the former was defeated and outlawed. Marius then fled to Ostia, where he took ship, and landed off this coast; but being alarmed at the approach of some horsemen, he went on board again and sailed away, in spite of the angry remonstrances of the horsemen with the sailors for daring to carry off their intended victim. Not long after, however, the sailors themselves, reflecting on their position and fearful of possible consequences, persuaded the unhappy Marius to land at the mouth of the Liris under the pretence of his thereby getting some rest. But no sooner was he asleep on the turf than away they sailed. Marius then fled into the marshes, but was hunted down like a wild animal, and captured while hiding naked in a ditch. He was conveyed to Minturnæ, the ruined walls of

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whose amphitheatre and the arches of an aqueduct we saw soon after we had passed the bridge. Here Marius was imprisoned. But the man sent to put an end to him shrank back before the old man's dauntless words and piercing glance. And so finally, not daring to kill him, they put him on board a vessel bound for Africa, where who has not seen him, "sitting on the ruins of Carthage," for ever after in painting and sculpture?

Once again the green banks of the Liris, by that time called Garigliano, witnessed another important battle, in 1503, and that not far from the spot where the present bridge crosses it.

Some few years before—that is, in 1494—Charles VIII. of France invaded Italy, and Piero de' Medici set out from Florence to meet him. But his heart failed him on witnessing the brilliant successes of the invader's arms, and he at once offered a cowardly surrender of some important cities, which conduct procured him a very ill reception on his return. Savonarola was then at the height of his popularity, and he roused the people against Piero. In vain the latter with his two brothers traversed the streets on foot, shouting the cry of the Medici, "Palle! Palle!" * The once popular cry meets with no response, and Piero has to fly the city and escape to Bologna in the disguise of a Franciscan friar. Arrived in the city of arches, Piero knocked humbly at the door of a Dominican monastery of which he had been a benefactor in the still recent days of his prosperity. But gratitude is not always the virtue of the cloister, and the doorkeeper, recognizing him at once, shut the door in his face. The forlorn man strolled down the Via Giglio, and presently, raising his eyes, he saw looking out of a window Bernardo, the former secretary of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Piero, not daring openly to reveal himself, merely asked, "What are you doing there, Bernardo?" "Waiting for your excellency," was the prompt reply from one of the many who never forgot the generous and open-handed Lorenzo; and for a long time the hunted man found refuge under Bernardo's roof.

Meanwhile Charles, after discontenting everybody in Florence, set out for the conquest of Naples. But he met with serious opposition on the frontiers of the country. Nevertheless he pushed forward, making good his way in every town he passed, until Alfonso II. of Naples abdicated from sheer terror in favor of his son, Ferdinand II., and, after losing Capua, retired to the lovely island of Ischia. Ferdinand was, however, no more fortunate than his father, and all the provincial towns, and finally Naples itself, fell into the hands of that plausible monarch, Charles VIII., without a single battle. This easy conquest ended in rousing the indignation of the rest of Italy; and Charles, who had been amusing himself in feasting for three idle months at Naples while his followers tyrannized over the neighboring provinces, thought it would be safer to try and get back to France. This he did at the head of a large army, and with a succession of brilliant conquests. Charles had left his relation, Gilbert de Montpensier, as viceroy at Naples; but he had made himself detested by the people, and they hastened to recall their own sovereign, Ferdinand II., while the

* Alluding to the Medici arms, three balls.

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French, who had come and gone like a comet, speedily lost all they had gained.

Nevertheless the longing for the fair lands of the south was undying among the French nation; and Charles VIII. having died from an accident, his successor, Louis XII., began his reign by dubbing himself Duke of Milan, in spite of the rightful duke being in possession. He succeeded in obtaining the town of Milan, and threw the duke into prison. It was soon after this lawless exploit that the famous battle of Garigliano took place, on December 27, 1503. The Italians were allied with the Spanish army under the command of Gonsalvo de Cordova, "the Great Captain," as he was called. The French occupied the heights above the river; the Spaniards were in the marshy lands below. The French threw a bridge across the Garigliano as we have seen the Romans did before them; and the Chevalier Bayard, the "sans peur et sans reproche" of all history, defended it single-handed against two hundred Spanish cavalry. The French were decimated by the debilitating effects of the treacherous southern climate, and the Great Captain gained an easy victory over their discouraged army. In the French camp was Piero de' Medici, the exile from Florence. Piero, intending to carry some cannon to Gaeta and rally a portion of the forces in that strongly-fortified town, had embarked at the mouth of the Garigliano. One is inclined to wonder whether any recollection of Caius Marius passed through his highly-educated and classic mind at that moment. But several fugitives from the French army rushing on board the boat at the same time, it foundered, and Piero de' Medici perished ignominiously. His body was recovered and silently buried by the monks of a neighboring monastery. Is his sleep less deep though no Michael Angelo has sculptured his image o'er his tomb to fill the world with admiration, as befell his predecessors?* Thus the same Liris and Garigliano witnessed the defeat of two important historic characters, differing from each other as widely as did the epochs in which they lived.

The evening was fast closing in as we entered on a flatter and less wooded tract of country. Rows of aloes formed the hedges by the roadside, mingled with lentiscus and the graceful smilax with its bunches of bright red berries. Soon wide plains of cultivated land spread out on either side, now hedgeless and unbroken. The wind grew damp and cold, and white masses of cloud drove out to sea, the faint silver line of which we were fast approaching. The clouds sped swiftly on, swelling in gray and snowy folds like the breast and wings of some vast bird, flecking the pale blue sky, which far off above the horizon melted into faint green and warmer yellow. Presently the tall, grim tower of Garigliano came in sight, standing alone in the wide plain where the river mingles its dim waters with the tideless sea, even as the world's history flows on into the unknown eternity.

At length, as night closed in, we reached Gaeta, to learn that the hotel named, and moderately commended, in all the guide-books had

* There is a sculptured tomb erected by Clement VII. to the memory of Piero de' Medici in the choir of the church of Monte Casino. It is by San Gallo. But whether his body was removed from the vicinity of the Garigliano and brought to Rome we are unable to state.

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also passed away, and that nothing was left us but a certain Albergo di Gaeta unknown to fame. The driver tried to reassure us as we drove up to the gateless archway that opened upon what seemed nothing better than a stable for donkeys and mules. The gentlemen went in first, leaving Madame to await their verdict in the carriage, around which gathered a motley crowd, eagerly eyeing the luggage and calculating with each other that there might be a few "soldi" to be got by carrying it up-stairs. Presently Madame is requested to alight by Richard, who conducts her between the tired mules, munching their well-earned evening meal regardless of tired travellers. Up-stairs Madame finds herself in a vast, long hall, which the Colonel calls then and ever after the Desert of Sahara. At the further end is a dimly-lighted table, at which were seated the officers of the regiment quartered at Gaeta, the garrison of the fort, and who were carrying on a vehement debate on local affairs, which was renewed every night, and after each recurrence, although at moments they seemed about to come to blows, they parted in silence and peace; one tiny lamp burned on, and it became the haunt of the Colonel and his solitary cigar. Our several rooms (without available locks to the doors) were decided upon, with the luxury of a sitting-room to ourselves, all opening out upon the Desert of Sahara.

Here our little party managed to exist for three days, living upon little, and that little cooked chiefly under the all-necessary superintendence of Madame's maid, without whose aid we should have been fairly starved. It is true it was an inn, with a host and a hostess, and one poor serving lad who limped about equally in his limbs and in the way he performed his duties. The hostess never appeared. She remained our favorite aversion to the last. All evils were traced to her malign influence, and particularly the exorbitant charges in the bill. The milk was served in a handless teapot; the coffee, thick and undrinkable, appeared in a wine-glass. Happily, we had provided ourselves with certain stores, without which Madame at least must have starved. The shaking carriage and the cold air had made her ill. But Richard and the Colonel, fortified with good English tea brewed by the invaluable French maid, started the next day under a cloudy sky for a late Mass. They had been assured Mass was said at twelve; and so it might be, but it was the wrong end of it. They wandered about the town, inquisitive for sights, and exciting the curiosity and mirth of the inhabitants. True to their native proclivities, they started in quest of newspapers, and marched down the street with the quick, alert step of their race, a *Daily Telegraph* or a *Times* widely unfolded before them. Naturally the native signori looked forth from the cafés and laughed. The postman had called just before our arrival at the hotel, to ask whether an English princess had arrived, as her newspapers were waiting for her. Inquiries were made of the gentlemen themselves, when the burning curiosity of the town could bear it no longer, whether the illustrious party had not arrived in the ironclad which then lay anchored in the port. As we passed through the streets heads appeared at every window, and merry maidens looked down and smiled upon us.

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In the evening from the Colonel's window we overlooked the entrance of a little theatre of Marionettes, and the gentlemen went to witness the performance. The spectators, as a rule, were silent and absorbed in the interest of a sublime tragedy; but our Londoners were convulsed with laughter at the magniloquent expression conveyed by the arms and legs of the big dolls.

On the following day we went to see the cathedral, over the high altar of which hangs the magnificent standard presented to the chivalrous and fair-haired young Don John of Austria when the hero set out for the victorious battle of Lepanto, that point in history which decided the great question between barbarism and the advance of modern civilization. The venerable pontiff, standing at one of the windows of the Vatican, beheld in supernatural clairvoyance the success of the Christian arms, and intoned a *Te Deum* with the cardinal who, albeit seeing nothing, stood by his side. Outside the church there is a curious mediæval pillar, richly carved on the four sides with Scriptural subjects in alto-rilievo. We wandered on past orange and lemon gardens shining with dark and pale gold fruit. We passed the enclosure where the "awkward squad" were learning to ride, sitting like sacks of wool on their ill-groomed horses, and the Colonel grew cynical and severe. We climbed the ramparts fringed with cannon; but only two are mounted on their carriages. The rest slumber in the peaceful herbage, and are only "make-believe" in their present useless state. We wandered through quaint old streets not six feet wide, arches overhead connecting house with house—a network of habitations, lying so thick together, parted by so narrow a space, that to be born and live and die there must make all the crowded humanity as familiar as one family. What friendships or what hatreds it must engender! Doubtless in the old times these streets were well inhabited. Scutcheons and coats-of-arms surmount the doors and windows. We wandered up and down with a feeling that we were transported to the far East. It had Asiatic characteristics, and is like what may be seen in the old Moorish towns of Spain.

In the afternoon the gentlemen climbed the hill on which stands the fort, to visit the circular tomb of Munatius Plancus, the tribune who with his colleague Rufus was prosecuted at the expiration of his term of office for burning the senate-house when, having conveyed the body of Clodius, killed by Milo, to the Rostra, the mob carried it off, and, making a pyre of the seats, burnt it and the house together. Pompeius, having been made sole consul, passed a law forbidding any one to come forward and praise an accused person. But when Munatius Plancus stood on his trial Pompeius was the first to send in a written eulogy, whereupon Cato objected that he must not be allowed to violate his own laws; and Munatius was pronounced guilty. The ascent of the hill was long and steep, and a cold wind blew as the evening closed in. Both the Colonel and Richard got a chill, of which we heard more later on. And now dawned the important moment when we all felt our only refuge lay in the wise, calm, and just administration of Richard. The bill had to be paid! And as it was exorbitant and tricky, only a long practice of

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Italian ways, an intimate knowledge of the language, and a habit of discoursing in *patois* could have overcome the wily ways and dexterous calculations of our large and aggressive landlord, who was evidently backed up by his invisible wife in the remote regions of the dreary old house. She kept sending for him, no doubt to prime him with fresh deceits and renewed machinations. We kept it dark that we meant to take flight the next morning, not knowing what foul play might not be resorted to in order to deprive us of the power of locomotion. And having vanquished our enemy and saved a few francs, we spent our last night in inhospitable Gaeta, and made our escape in a deluge of rain early the next morning to Formia, or Mola di Gaeta, a distance of four miles. It rained the whole way, and the hotel was considerably worse than the one we had left behind us. It consisted of two houses united by a little wooden bridge, which we named the Bridge of Sighs, and which was so slippery from wet and dirt that we always crossed it at our peril. To get to our sitting-room Madame had to pass through the public room, where all the youthful élite of Formia were holding high festival (in company with several tame pigeons, who came in and out at their pleasure), terminating with a dance entirely without female partners and interspersed with singing.

The afternoon was bright, and we took a long walk between groves of olives. The trees were so laden with fruit that the berries predominated over the leaves. As we walked through the one long street of the town we looked into a jeweller's shop, and admired the golden bands, about an inch in width, called "spadelli," with which the women confine their abundant tresses. The shopman, with great good nature, showed us all his wares, and beckoned to a peasant woman to show us how the hair was plaited in with rolls of ribbon, the whole forming a sort of skull-cap. A handsome gold band will cost some hundreds of francs. The less costly ones are of silver. The earrings made of pearls are exceedingly large and heavy.

Madame, being tired, wanted to borrow a donkey of a man who was leading one in through an arched gateway; but he objected that he had to carry stones for his master, and that the stones and the lady could not ride together. Pretty little villages, with their tall campanile and their domed church, were perched amid olive-gardens in the heights above us, with the yellow and white and faint pink façades of tall houses, pierced with many windows and rooted in the rocks. They bore soft Italian names that sound smooth and musical upon the lips of the bright-eyed, graceful peasantry of whom we inquire, and who, while questioned by Richard, address their reply to Madame as a homage to the sex.

Our dinner proved to be a sort of make-shift, and before it was well over the warrior of the party was suddenly and alarmingly seized with a sharp attack of his old enemy, "climatic" fever, and was compelled to lie down on the cruel sofa with a hard wooden bar as a pillow. Madame handed him the cushion from her chair, which was sternly refused; and Richard, whose instincts are always genial, exclaimed, "Why cannot you graciously accept what is graciously given?" while one of the party

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silently remembered a great writer has said, "There is often more kindness in accepting a favor than in conferring one." The suffering Colonel got no sleep all night, and so made it his business to walk round and call everybody from their slumbers at half-past four, although we were not to leave till seven.

The same route to Sparanisi was once more pursued by wiser if not better men—and women; and we hurry on to Naples, where we part with our good guide and counsellor, Richard, who toils up to his dwelling in the clouds, and goes to bed with a complication of rheumatism and neuralgia. The Colonel, who was also the following day to succumb to cold and fever, entered the drawing-room at the Villa T—— exclaiming, "Ah! this *is* comfortable."

And thus we bring back "the heavy lumber and luggage of ourselves," and learn for the hundredth time, and probably for the hundredth time in vain, that "le mieux est l'ennemi du bien."

WHAT WAS THE PRIMITIVE STATE OF MAN?

BEFORE we enter upon the arguments showing how the permission of moral evil enhanced the manifestation of God's infinite attributes, and increased, therefore, the final moral good of the world, we deem it necessary to lay down the plan which we intend to follow as the best calculated to make good our promise. The plan is this: 1st. We shall speak of the primitive state in which man was placed by God. 2d. We shall institute a deep research into the nature of moral evil and its consequences. 3d. We shall study Adam's sin in itself and in all its consequences relative to all time and space. 4th. We shall proceed to establish the necessity of man's restoration, and state its nature and its conditions. 5th. We shall proceed to the event of such restoration, and to its application to time and space and to eternity. When we have discussed all these questions, and studied what Christ the mediator has done for the fallen universe, then shall we be able to judge whether the permission of moral evil did not immensely enhance the final moral good of the universe. In the present article we limit our inquiry to the first question: What was the primitive state of man when God Almighty created him? To understand which careful attention has to be paid to two principles which are fundamental in the present question. The first is the final and supreme end of man. The second is as to the nature of the means necessary to attain such an end. We shall discuss both questions thoroughly, but with suitable brevity.

And first as to the final end of man. It is admitted as a matter of faith that according to the present dispensation and agreeably to the present system of the universe, which God was pleased to select among so many which he might have preferred, the final end of man consists in the intuitive vision of God. All Catholic theologians are agreed upon this. But whether the

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intuitive vision of the Godhead is the final end of man simply because God chose to elevate man to such a grace or privilege, or because the intuitive vision of God's essence is the end and termination to which an intellectual creature naturally aspires, and without which it cannot be said to have reached its natural perfection or happiness, are questions which are warmly disputed. One school of theology, with which many theologians of another school agree, holds that the natural end of man is *not* the intuitive vision of God's essence; that such a vision is the present final destination of man as a grace, a supernatural favor, granted to him by God, and by no means due to him for any title whatever; that the natural end of man consists merely in such a knowledge of God as we possess in this life, only in a much more perfect degree; and that God could have created man simply endowed with his natural essence and faculties—that is, an intellectual being wedded to a material nature in the unity of one personality, having merely a natural end to acquire. Another school of theologians holds quite an opposite opinion, and this may be called the *common opinion* of the schoolmen.* It affirms that every intellectual creature naturally aspires to the intuitive vision of God's essence as its final end, without which there would be no final perfection for its specific faculties; that the said rational creature, though naturally aspiring towards this intuitive vision of God, could not by its own natural powers reach this natural end, and that consequently God could not, without contravening his infinite attributes of wisdom, goodness, and providence, have created man without giving him supernatural means to enable him to reach his end.

We hold this second opinion not only for its intrinsic merits, but also because it is the most common opinion of the schoolmen, and of St. Thomas in particular, and because it is, as it were, the bridge which unites the natural with the supernatural in the most reasonable and convincing manner. Let us state it with more accuracy and exactness: 1st. We maintain that the natural end of man, that which will give man his ultimate and final perfection—a perfection which, once acquired, leaves him nothing more to desiderate—is not any knowledge of God such as we may acquire in this life, no matter how great, sublime, or perfect it may be supposed to be, but an immediate vision or intuition of God's essence, a contemplation of the Godhead face to face, with nothing between the intellect and the object which may obstruct the vision; that man naturally and in force of his specific faculties aspires to such a vision. 2d. We hold with all Catholic theologians that though (according to our opinion) man aspires to such vision, he can never actually attain it by his natural powers of intellect and will, but must receive supernatural aid from God to enable him to attain such vision. 3d. We admit that, considering the power of God isolated from, and independent of, all his other attributes, God *could* create man without giving him such supernatural aid to enable him to reach his end. But we

* Communior scholasticorum sententia asserit esse in nobis appetitum naturalem ad beatitudinem in particulari, atque ea de causa illam dicendam esse finem nostrum naturalem, non quoad assecutionem et simpliciter, ea enim ratione omnes fatentur dicendam esse finem supernaturalem, sed quoad appetitum atque potentiam passivam.—Dominicus Soto in 4 dist. xlii. art. 1, 2, et lib. i. *De Nat. et Gratia*, cap. iv.

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most strenuously deny that if we consider the power of God not merely as physical power, but as a power directed by his infinite wisdom and goodness, he could not create man without supernatural aid to enable him to reach his end. Omnipotence, as it really exists and acts, not isolated but in most perfect harmony with wisdom and goodness, could not leave man to himself, sighing after an end which he could not possibly attain. The truth of this opinion entirely depends upon our establishing our first statement, that the natural end of man is the intuitive vision of God's essence; the second statement being admitted by all, and the third being a consequence of the first.

PROOF.

The end of every being may be easily discovered and known from the specific faculties of its nature. For if God, in creating each being, had in view an end to be attained and realized by the being, it follows that he must have put a certain proportion, or similitude, or agreeableness between the nature and faculties of such a being and the end which it is destined to attain: a proportion and similitude which, if they do not always enable the being actually to attain its end by its own unaided effort—a thing which is oftentimes impossible, as we shall demonstrate in this article—yet clearly point out the nature of the end for which the being is destined. Hence St. Thomas teaches that the specific operation of every being is also its end, as the end is the second perfection of the being. *

Now, the specific faculties of man are intelligence and will—an intelligence which, not being limited toward any particular truth, aspires to, and seeks for, only universal truth. "Objectum intellectus est universale verum" (St. Thomas, 1a, 2æ, qu. 2, art. 8). Likewise man's will is not confined to this or that particular good, but seeks for the universal good, the very reason why it is free with regard to particular good. Now, if the object of man's intelligence is not this or that particular truth but universal truth, if the object of his will is also universal good, it is evident that the end which corresponds to these specific faculties of man can be no other than God, the absolute truth and the absolute good, the principle and fountain of every truth and goodness, and the clear vision of such a truth and the immediate possession of such good can alone be the end of those faculties.

It has been said: It is true that the analysis of human nature shows truly that an intelligence not limited to this or that particular truth, and a will not limited to this or that particular good, demand as their end an unlimited truth and good, but only in an indefinite way. Because there is a great difference in saying that the intellect must have for its end a truth without limit and the will a good without bounds, and in saying that both must be the immediate vision and possession of God. In the first case we only deny the restriction of tending to a particular object, and therefore assign for the object of the intelligence an *indefinite truth* and for the object of the will an *indefinite good;* in the second case we make the *Infinite* the immediate term of those faculties—a thing as false as the confusion between the infinite and the indefinite. It is in

* Propria operatio cujuslibet rei est finis ejus; est enim secunda perfectio ipsius.—*C. G.*, cap. xxv.

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force of this reason that so many theologians, though holding that the specific faculties of man require as their end an unlimited object, assign to man an abstractive knowledge of God as his last natural end. But a serious reflection on the real difference of those two terms, indefinite and infinite, will solve the difficulty. The first means the impossibility in which we are to assign a limit to the object of our cogitative act; the second expresses the objective plenitude of perfection in the being which is the object of our thought. The first is subjective, the second is eminently objective. Now, the simple notion and distinction of the infinite from the indefinite is sufficient to demonstrate how man's end cannot be indefinite truth and good, but the true, real, absolute, objective truth and goodness—that is, God. Because the last end of a being cannot be an abstraction, but must be a concrete object; it cannot be an unreality, but a real being. Now, the indefinite only expresses a subjective negation, and not a reality; therefore it is so far from being the last end of man that it could not even be the natural end and the final completion of any being. God, therefore, as the absolute truth and goodness, not in the abstract but in his objective reality and the plenitude of his perfection, can be the natural final end of man.

This truth, which results naturally from the simple analysis of man's nature, is confirmed by the conditions which are essential in that object the possession of which must form man's final happiness. The last end is absolute good relatively to the being which possesses it; therefore to seek that object in which resides the last end of man is equivalent to seeking man's supreme good—that is, that good which must be sought for its own sake and not for another; that good which, once obtained, satisfies fully man's innate desire after it; that good which, once obtained, excludes all fear of ever being lost, and the possession of which implies an interminable life of joy and satisfaction. Hence the following are the essential conditions of that sovereign good in which we can place the last term of all human aspirations, and from the possession of which human happiness must spring forth:

1st. It must fully and perfectly satisfy the innate desires of man after it. 2d. It must exclude all fear and sadness. 3d. It must be possessed without end. 4th. The act of acquiring it must be the highest and the greatest act of his specific faculties.

All agree in the number and nature of these conditions. We have said that first it must fully and perfectly satisfy man's innate craving after it: "Ultimus finis hominis," says St. Thomas (*C. G.*, ch. xlviii.), "terminat ejus naturalem appetitum ita quod, eo habito, nihil aliud quæritur; si enim adhuc movetur ad aliud nondum habet finem in quo quiescat."

2d. It must exclude all fear and sadness: "Felicitatem perfectam," says St. Thomas, ib., "quoddam bonum omnes confitentur, perfectum autem bonum est quod omnino caret admixtione mali."

3d. It must be possessed without end: "Omne quod movetur in finem desiderat naturaliter stabiliri et quiescere in illo."

4th. It must be attained by the highest possible act of man's specific faculties: "Propria operatio cujuslibet rei est finis ejus. Quod

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igitur est perfectissimum in hac operatione est ultimus finis" (St. Thomas, *C. G.*, ch. xxv.) It may be affirmed, says a modern writer,* that human beatitude consists principally and essentially in the most perfect operation of man's superior powers in regard to the highest and noblest object. In order for this object to be highest and noblest it must be absolutely perfect, absolutely good, absolutely ultimate, and thus leave nothing ulterior to be conceived and desired which is greater, etc. Now, if these premises be true—as they undoubtedly are, and are admitted by all philosophers, because clearly and evidently emanating and resulting from the nature of the subject—who can fail to see that man's natural end can only be found in the immediate vision and possession of God's essence? It is said that man's natural end is only an abstract knowledge of God, superior, indeed, by far to that of which we are capable here in this life, because after death, being stripped of the senses, our capabilities for abstraction would be wonderfully enlarged and increased, but of the same nature and kind as we have now; and that therefore, if God had left man to his nature alone, as well he might, such would have been his natural end. But how reconcile such consequence with the premises already admitted and granted? The object of man's beatitude must fully and perfectly satisfy man's natural craving after it, so that, once acquired, there is nothing more to be desired. Will an abstract knowledge of God fully and perfectly satisfy this craving, which is as boundless and unlimited as the faculties from which it springs? An abstract knowledge of God, multiplied and increased as much as you please, will always be finite, as there is no medium between the finite and the infinite; and could a finite object satisfy an unbounded craving? "Quomodo," we may exclaim with St. Augustine (*Conf.*, lib. x. ch. xx.), "ergo quæram vitam beatam, quæ non est mihi, donec dicam, sat est?" Will any one admit that after one has acquired the most perfect abstract knowledge of God he can say there is nothing more to be desired?

And will not this further desire which would be created in man, nay, this failing of satisfying fully and perfectly man's craving after infinite truth and goodness, imply pain and sadness and afford anything but happiness to the subject? An abstract knowledge is necessarily and by its very nature progressive. It may be increased indefinitely; until you perceive absolute truth and possess infinite goodness in their objective reality and essence, the knowledge of, and tendency towards, it must be continually changing and progressing; and is not this change and progress opposed to the third essential condition of beatitude, that of stability, beatitude which is "interminabilis vitæ perfecta possessio"?

The fourth condition also demands the immediate vision and possession of absolute truth and goodness. Happiness must be acquired by the highest possible act of the specific faculties of a being. Now, will any one say that the highest possible act of the intellect is abstracting from an object that which it perceives as not agreeable to it? The highest possible act of the intellect is intuition, vision, *legere intus*. Therefore, if the last end of man must be the highest act of his intelligence, it must be an act of intuition, an act which sees

* Hill's *Moral Philosophy*, ch. i. art. 2.

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the infinite essential reality. And with regard to the will, what would be the highest act of this faculty, in the opinion we are refuting? Why, to grasp, to obtain, to embrace and possess nothing but an idea. What real, true communication would there be between the will and God? As God would not be present in his objective reality to the will, this faculty would only embrace an abstraction, an unreality, a chimera; and shall we call this the highest act of man's will?

We conclude: In the opinion of our opponents God would have created man with an intelligence naturally craving after absolute real truth, with a will irresistibly and imperiously tending after real goodness; and this intelligence would have for its end nothing more than an abstract knowledge of him, such as it could gather from its fellow-creatures or from its own nature; and this will would not really embrace God in himself, but an idea of him, a shadow, a footprint; and they tell you that as such knowledge and such possession would be the real end of man, this knowledge would fully and perfectly satisfy the intellect and leave nothing to be desired; it would make man perfectly happy with a happiness unmixed and free from all regret, all sadness, all privation, with a happiness absolutely constant and unchangeable; that this will would bask and be filled and exhilarated in the embrace of a shadow, a fiction, an unreality, a phantom. If our opponents, to build up their theory, would consent to reconsider the essential conditions of true beatitude, if they were to say that true beatitude for man is a thing which cannot fully satisfy his yearnings, a beatitude which must necessarily be accompanied with regret and pain, a beatitude constantly changing and varying, a beatitude to be acquired, not by the greatest act of his specific faculties, but by the lowest, then we could understand how an abstractive knowledge of God by the understanding, and fictitious possession of God by the will, could be the natural end of man, his ultimate perfection; only in this supposition they would have to give satisfactory reasons for changing with regard to man those conditions which emanate from the very essence and metaphysical notion of happiness. But, after admitting and defending those conditions as essential to beatitude, to assign for man an object which fails in every one of them, to appoint for him an abstraction which could not be the natural end of any being, is the poorest specimen of logical reasoning we are acquainted with, and a clear proof of how love of a system too often blinds the sharpest and keenest intellects. We conclude, therefore, in the words of St. Thomas: "It being impossible that the natural desire should be void, which would be the case if it were not possible to attain to the intelligence of the divine substance—a thing *which all minds naturally desire*—we must admit that it is possible to see the divine substance by intellect." *

This opinion of the immediate vision and possession of God being the natural end of man will be strengthened by the answers we shall give to the objections of our opponents.

The strongest objection which is brought forward against our opin-

* Quum autem impossibile sit naturale desiderium esse inane (*quod quidem esset si non esset possibile pervenire ad divinam substantiam intelligendam, quod naturaliter omnes mentes desiderunt*), necesse est dicere quod possibile est substantiam Dei videre per intellectum.—*C. G.*, ch. li.

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ion is as follows: There must be a proportion of nature between the faculties and forces of a being and the end which it is destined to attain. Now, it is admitted by those who hold that the immediate vision and possession of God is the natural end of man, that between man's faculties and forces and such an end there exists no such proportion as they concede; that man by his natural powers, unaided by God, cannot possibly attain his end. Therefore the immediate vision and possession of God's essence cannot be the natural end of man.

This objection, which seems so strong against our theory, vanishes the moment a little attention is paid to a distinction on the major of the syllogism. There must be a proportion of nature between the faculties and forces of a being and the end which it is destined to attain; if the being has to attain its end by the exclusive unfolding of its own faculties and forces, we grant the major. There must be a proportion of nature between the faculties and forces of a being and its end; if the end is to be attained by communication with external objects, we deny that there should be a proportion of nature between them. There is no proportion of nature between man's faculties and forces and their end; we concede the minor and deny the consequence.

Our adversaries make a great mistake in exacting a proportion of nature between the faculties and forces of a being and its end in all cases. This is only true when the being has to attain its end by the exclusive unfolding of itself and its faculties, if such a case ever existed, of which we have grave doubts. But suppose the case to exist; it is evident, then, by the very nature of the case, that there must be a proportion of nature between the faculties and forces of a being and its ultimate end. Because by the supposition the end must be developed, unfolded, drawn, as it were, from the bosom of the being and its faculties, and from them only, without any external aid. In such a case a proportion, if not an identity, of nature must exist between the end of the being and its faculties and forces. If I unfold a spool of cotton, for instance, it is clear that the end of that spool will be cotton, and nothing more; it would be absurd to expect that, the whole spool being cotton, the end should be silk. This is what the German pantheists have done with regard to human science. They have rejected all external aid, all objective reality, and have striven to create science out of their own minds. What has been the consequence? The result could be no better than the premises; by starting from an imaginary point they have arrived also at an imaginary end, a phantasmagoria of their brains. But the case is absolutely different when a being must acquire its end, not by the exclusive and solitary use of its own faculties, but by communing with an external object; in such a case no proportion of nature is necessary between the being and its faculties and the object the possession of which must form the final perfection of the being. A certain similitude, however faint, a vestige of likeness, between them is quite sufficient. If this proportion of nature were required between the forces of a being and its end, no being could attain its end. For instance, a plant, to attain its end, to reach its full growth, must suppose

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the existence of a certain amount of earth from which to receive its food, also the existence of a certain amount of air, etc. Has the plant sufficient force in itself to procure these things? They are independent of, and beyond the native force of, the plant; when it is put in contact with them it has native force in itself to attract them, but unless favored by circumstances the plant will remain sterile and will fail to attain its end. A sensitive being requires the existence of bodies and all those conditions necessary for sensation in order to attain its end.

But can it by its own unaided forces control all these causes, the existence of bodies, the proper contact with them, etc.? Certainly not. Can we say, then, that neither the plant nor a sensitive being can tend to its own development, because there is no proportion of nature between its forces and the existence of the objects necessary for that development and the favorable circumstances to bring it about? And because the native force of the plant cannot control all the favorable circumstances necessary to the development of the plant, can we say that the latter is not destined to rot in the earth, to send down roots, to grow into a trunk, to put forth flowers, to produce fruits? And because the animal by its forces cannot control all the favorable circumstances to procure sensation, shall we say that it is not destined to be sensitive? When a being depends for the attainment of its end upon an external object, we cannot, by the necessity of the case, expect to find a proportion of nature between the forces of the being and the end which it is destined to attain, otherwise all the different beings of creation would have to possess forces sufficient to control all created agencies—that is, to possess creative power.

Now, applying these principles to man, it is evident that we could not expect any proportion of nature between his natural faculties and forces and the object which must form his final beatitude, which is no less than the Infinite, seen and possessed in the fulness of his objective reality. But because no proportion of nature can exist between man's faculties and God, does it follow that naturally man's specific faculties do not tend towards him as infinite truth and infinite goodness? Assuredly not. Consequently from this want of proportion between man's native forces and their final object we cannot infer that man's end is not God, seen and possessed in himself. But we will turn the argument against our adversaries. They say the end of man consists in the abstractive knowledge and possession of God. Will they admit that man may arrive at this by his own unaided forces, or that he could do so? They must acknowledge that man should be placed in favorable circumstances to arrive at such a knowledge and possession — circumstances which are beyond his power; then even this end is above the reach of man's native forces, and consequently, if a proportion of nature is required between the forces of a being and its end, man could not even attain to an abstract knowledge and possession of God.

It is also objected: Man cannot naturally tend towards an unknown object. But he cannot naturally know the essence of God, which is above the reach of the native force of his intellect. There-

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fore he could naturally tend to the immediate vision of God's essence. Man cannot naturally tend toward an unknown object; if the object be so both generically and specifically, we grant; if it is unknown only specifically, we deny the major. The minor also is to be distinguished: Man does not know the essence of God—specifically, we acknowledge it; generically, we deny it. For instance, I know that in a certain place there is a treasure hidden, but am ignorant of what it is composed—silver, gold, precious stones, or other material of value. In consequence of this generic knowledge of the existence and properties of this treasure, can I not tend towards its acquisition, or must I wait till I ascertain what is the precise and specific quality of its nature? The same thing must be said in our case. By means of the generic knowledge which man possesses of the objective reality of God's essence, and of the particular properties which must necessarily determine it, he may easily tend towards it not only as it presents itself to him under its generic aspect, but also as it exists in itself.

Finally, it is objected: Admitting once that the natural end of man is the immediate vision and possession of God's essence, these consequences would follow: 1st. That the supernatural state to which, as we shall see, man was raised by God would not be a gift and a privilege but a natural condition of man, because it was necessary in order that man might attain his natural end. 2d. That God could not have created man as he is born now deprived of the supernatural state.

But both these propositions have been condemned by the church when it condemned Baius' propositions, which amount to those two consequences. Therefore the system which necessarily leads to those two propositions must be false.

In answer to this objection we shall first lay down the different meanings which the word *natural* may have in theology; 2d, we shall explain in what senses those two propositions were condemned; 3d, we shall show in what sense the supernatural state must be said to be necessary in our system.

Now, in the first place, the word natural may have the following senses: 1st, we may call natural what we bring with us from our birth; 2d, that which is agreeable to our nature—that is to say, that which does not destroy our nature, but adorns and beautifies it; 3d, that which, though a free gift of God, yet aids and perfects our nature even in its own natural operations; 4th, that which constitutes our nature, or part of it, or follows from it as an effect from its cause, in which sense the soul, the body, the faculties of intelligence and of feeling, are said to be natural as forming our nature, or a necessary constituent of it.

Now, as to the propositions of Baius; he held that the supernatural state was natural in the fourth sense—that is, it was a necessary part, an element, a constituent of human nature, something due to man by strict right; and understood in this sense, his system was false and deserving of condemnation. But it was condemned only in that sense, and no other.

On the contrary, when we hold that the supernatural state was necessary we by no means imply that it was a necessary element of human nature or a thing to which man had any right. We simply

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contend that God having created man for an end which could not be attained without supernatural means, it behoved his providence to furnish him with such means. God owed the supernatural state not to man, but to his own divine attributes of wisdom, of goodness, and of providence. Absolutely speaking, God could have left man without supernatural means for his nature and faculties, and whatever imperfect happiness he could have acquired by his unaided energies were already too great a boon for man to complain had he been left to his nature. But what God did not owe to man he owed to himself as a most perfect agent, as a most wise, supremely good provisor, who would not leave his intelligent creatures without enabling them to satisfy the craving he had implanted in their breast of basking in the light of his countenance and of drinking of the torrents of his bliss.

THE SAINTE BAUME.

Hæc est illa femina
Cujus cuncta crimina
Ad Christi vestigia
Ejus lavit gratia.
—*Ancient Liturgy of Auch.*

THE Sainte Baume * is a famous mountain cave about twenty miles north of Toulon, in which, according to one of the oldest traditions of Provence, the last days of the contemplative Magdalene were consumed in ecstasy and prayer. Every one is familiar with that most beautiful of Christian legends which brings the family of Bethany to the shores of southern France, where Lazarus puts on the mitre and wins the crown of martyrdom, Martha founds her choir of virgins, and Magdalene, after aiding them in the overthrow of idolatry, retires into the cleft of a lofty mountain rent asunder at the awful moment of the Crucifixion, and there, as Lacordaire says, resumes her converse with Christ, broken off at the Holy Sepulchre. As for the latter, you can scarcely take a single step in Provence without coming upon her traces. Her memory covers that poetic land like the cloud of silvery olives that wave and shimmer over the dreamy plains, pale and pensive with their sacred shades as she who consecrated them by her hermit life. There is the village of the Saintes Maries on the shore of the Camargue where she landed; the church of the Majour at Marseilles, on the site of the old temple of Diana, where she preached to the people; the hollow rock in the crypt of St. Victor that was once her oratory; the Aigalades a few miles from the city, and the Baume of Belon in the environs of Gemenos, where she essayed the solitary life, but found them too near the haunts of mankind; the chapel of St. Sauveur at Aix (or the spot where it once stood) in which she prayed with St. Maximin; the road near Toulon

* From the Provençal word *Baoumo*, signifying cave or grotto.

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still called by the peasants *lou camin roumiou de Santo Magdaleno*—the pilgrim road of the holy Magdalene; and the grand basilica at St. Maximin that contains her alabaster tomb.

The great Nostradamus, in his *Chronique de Provence*, says that Magdalene, "after converting the duke and all the people of Marseilles to the faith, went to seclude herself at *Baulne* in the hollow of a rock that has since become celebrated, having been rendered holy and venerable to devout and penitent souls by the thirty years that this *tant belle et illustre gentilfame* spent there in penitence, concerning which we once wrote a poem, in days when the Muses were favorable to us, that was not perhaps unpleasing or of too common a vein."

No place of pilgrimage in France has ever been more popular than the wild solitude of the Sainte Baume, perhaps because filled with that sublime, ineffable melancholy so attractive to the religious heart. Multitudes came here in the middle ages to weep and pray in a spot consecrated by tradition to repentance. Here kings have knelt, and queens kissed the rock once wet by tears of love and penitence—tears whose source seems dried up for us who only know the sterile tears of earthly woe. Those who have crushed "that flower of the virginal heart that never blooms but once" have come here to pray where she by penance and persevering prayer regained the purity of childhood who was the first to penetrate the scheme of divine mercy—the first, says St. Chrysostom, to beg the cure of her soul.

Petrarch, who visited the Sainte Baume more than once, says in his *De Vita Solitaria*, dedicated to Cardinal de Cabassole: "Escaping from her country, and transported into this region as into another world, she henceforth led a hidden life, having for her abode this rock hollow and bare which you have doubtless seen, as it is by no means distant. It is a sacred, venerable spot worthy of a journey from afar. I remember going there often in former times, and spending three days and three nights, experiencing joys very different from those tasted in populous cities."

The life of the great penitent here has always been a favorite subject among artists. Who that has seen it can ever forget the soft grace and pensive beauty of Magdalene in her cave as painted by Battoni in the gallery at Dresden, her drooping head raised from the ground to read the book lying before her?

"The dark, o'erhanging rocks, the long, fair hair,
The delicate white skin, the azure robe,
The full, luxuriant life, the grim death's head,
The tender womanhood, and the great book,"

are all brought here into sweetest harmony. In the background, through the low entrance, you catch a glimpse, as through a tunnel, of the golden air without, that contrasts with the dark, shaggy cave, only lit up by the radiance of Magdalene's beauty and the rippling waves of her golden hair.

And in the Royal Gallery at Madrid there is a painting by Claude Lorraine in which she is kneeling at the foot of a cross set up among umbrageous cliffs over which dash foaming cascades, and through an opening in the great forest trees you look off into a sunny valley bounded by mountains, with the towers of a city in the distance lit up as with the remembrance of past pleasures. The faultless perspective, the harmony

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of coloring, the happy gradation of lights and shadows giving brilliancy to the heavens and coolness to the leafy recess, and the moral beauty of the *motif*, covering the landscape as with the golden mist peculiar to the painter, make it one of his *chefs-d'œuvre*.

But what Christian artist is there of any age who has not painted Magdalene not only as the most beautiful of women, but the most touching of penitents? Every incident in her life, so full of picturesque capabilities, glows on canvas. Even the countless legends, so full of poetry, that have grown out of her history have been consecrated by art, if not absolutely sanctioned by the church. At Florence there is the secluded Rinuccini chapel in the church of Santa Croce, where her whole legend has been painted on the walls by Giovanni da Milano, the favorite pupil of Taddeo Gaddi, to whom the series was long attributed. We find it also told in several other churches of Italy, and still more in detail in some of the stained-glass windows of France, particularly at Auxerre.

Mediæval legends represent St. Mary Magdalene as of royal blood through her mother, Eucharia, who was of the line of David. The name of her father is uncertain, but she and Martha and Lazarus seem to have had different fathers, from whom they inherited great wealth. Martha had the estate at Bethany, Lazarus a great number of houses at Jerusalem, and Mary the château of Magdalon, from which she derived her surname, on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. The recollection of this château has not entirely died out of the land. An old voyageur of the seventeenth century tells how, when travelling along this sea, the Arabs pointed out some ruins known to them as the *tour de l'amoureux*. Lazarus was a soldier, and, to use the language of mediæval writers, trained to the practices of chivalry,* and Martha, aided by Marcella, administered not only to the wants of the poor but the necessities of the knights, while Mary by her resplendent beauty was led away and acquired the sinister name of the *pécheresse*. Raphael represents Martha leading her sister to the Saviour up a flight of steps, where he sits in a grand portico talking to the people; but a Syrian tradition says this first interview took place beside a well at Bethany where Martha herself first met him, and for this reason is still called Martha's Well. Near by is an oblong, black-and-white stone, called the Stone of the Colloquy, where he awaited Mary, of whom Martha had gone in search. This stone, from the remains around it, appears to have been formerly enclosed in a chapel, and it is still in veneration among pilgrims, who carry away portions of it as relics.

Franceschini has painted Magdalene pale and faint from remorse, surrounded by holy women, her jewels, which she has cast for ever away, scattered over the ground. In the Rinuccini chapel she is prostrate before Christ, her robe red, corresponding with her fervid nature, her hair falling over her shoulders, and the seven devils flying away under the form of black monsters. A little further on she is sitting calmly at his feet, while Martha is reprovingly pointing to the kitchen, where St. Marcella is to be seen cooking with a nimbus around her head.

* So Dante, in this same spirit, alludes to the lance used by Judas in tilting.

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After Magdalene's conversion she followed Christ with Susanna, Joanna Chuza (the wife of Herod's steward), and other holy women who ministered to the wants of him and his disciples. The facility with which she entered the house of Simon the leper makes it easy to accept the old tradition that he was her uncle, or at least a near relative. In Niccolo Frumenti's picture in the Uffizi gallery, Judas, with a livid, pinched, Calvinistic face, looks askance with a sneering, villanous expression at the wealth of perfume Magdalene is pouring out on the Saviour's feet. It was in memory of this holy prodigality the popes of the middle ages used to distribute more abundant alms to the poor of Christ on the eve of Palm Sunday.

At the foot of the cross Magdalene gathered up some of the earth wet with the most precious Blood, and put it into a vial, which she henceforth carried about with her, and which became celebrated in Provence under the name of the Sainte Ampoule.

An Oriental tradition says that after the ascension of Christ she spent seven years in attendance on Our Lady, and seven as a recluse at Bethany in a cell supposed to be part of Lazarus' tomb, where Martha conveyed her food through an opening. At any rate, she is believed to have come to Provence about fourteen years after the Ascension. Never was bark so freighted as that which the Jews set afloat without oars or sail or rudder, for it was freighted with saints. Some think Lazarus, who was the first bishop of Cyprus, did not come till a little later. But in the vessel were Martha and her servant Marcella, Magdalene and the Holy Maries, St. Trophime the apostle of Arles, St. Parmenas the deacon, St. Sidonius, and among others some say was Joseph of Arimathea. St. Maximin, one of the seventy-two disciples, was at the head. They brought with them many precious relics from the East, among others the remains of St. Anne, whose shrine became so famous at Apt.* An angel—and no wonder! — guided the bark across the azure sea, through the golden isles, to the seven-mouthed Rhone, to a land which by the softness of the air, the eternal smile of the sun, the luxuriance of its valleys, the perfume of its thyme-covered hills, was worthy, O Magdalene! to receive thee into the bosom of its mountains, worthy to embalm thy memory for ever.

When this shipload of saints separated on the shore of the Camargue the family of Bethany first went to Marseilles. But here they could find no one who would receive them into their household. So they took refuge in the portico of the temple of Diana, and when people came to sacrifice to the idols the compassion of the devout Magdalene was so stirred that she softly rose, and with a joyous face and ready-speaking tongue began to preach Christ and dissuade them from the worship of idols. And they were all amazed at her beauty, wit, and fair speech, though it is not to be marvelled at that the lips which had once piously kissed the feet of the Lord Jesus should utter his praises better than any other. Among them came the king of Marseilles to sacrifice to the goddess, he and the queen, that they might have progeny, and Mary Magdalene reproved them for so doing. King René of Anjou has painted this scene: Magdalene on

* Louis XI. used to swear by St. Anne of Apt.

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the steps in white drapery, and among her hearers René and Jeanne de Laval, as King and Queen of Marseilles, sitting on their thrones, with crowns on their heads and sceptres in their hands.

The following night Magdalene appeared to the queen in a vision and said: "Thou who hast such great riches, why dost thou leave the Lord's poor to perish of hunger and cold?" The queen feared to make this vision known to her lord. And the second night Magdalene appeared again, adding menaces if she did not admonish the king to come to the relief of the poor. Still the queen could not find courage to utter a word. Then the third time, in the darkness of the night, Magdalene appeared to the king and queen both, with a face of fire and wrath on her brow, and said: "Sleepest thou, tyrant and limb of thy father the devil, with thy wife, the serpent, who has not been willing to deliver thee my message? Reposest thou, enemy of the cross, who hast the gluttony of thy belly satisfied with divers meats, while thou lettest perish the saints of God with hunger? Liest thou in thy palace wrapped in coverings of silk, after seeing them without housing and comforts, and passing to one side? Thou shalt not escape thus, felon. Thou shalt not go unpunished as to that which thou hast so longed for." And having spoken these words, she vanished.

At this the queen awoke and gave a deep sigh. And the king, for a like reason, groaned and trembled. And she said to him: "Sire, hast thou also beheld the vision?" "I have," he answered, "and I am astonished and afraid. What shall we do?" And the queen said: "It would be more profitable to obey than to bring on ourselves the anger of the God she preaches." And they received the strangers under their own roof, and ministered to their wants. In a window at Auxerre they are on their way to the palace, Martha carrying the Gospel in Hebrew which she had brought with her from Jerusalem.

As the blessed Magdalene was preaching one day the king said to her: "Art thou able to give proofs of the law thou proclaimest?" And she answered: "Yea, I am ready to prove it, as the preaching of our master, St. Peter, who sitteth in the chair at Rome, is daily confirmed by miracles." To which the prince said: "I and my wife are ready to obey thee in all things if thou canst obtain us a son by the power of the God thou declarest." And the blessed Magdalene prayed the Lord that he would vouchsafe to give them a son. And her prayers were heard, and the queen conceived.

Some time after the king resolved to set forth for Rome to visit St. Peter, and find out if all that he had been told by Magdalene was true. The queen determined to accompany him, in spite of his warnings as to the perils of the sea. She threw herself at his feet, and by her entreaties obtained his consent. The sisters of Bethany, as is to be seen in the window at Auxerre, went down to the ship with them. Magdalene fastened a cross on their breasts, and the vessel set sail. After a day and a night had passed away a terrible storm arose, and the queen in her terror brought forth her child and immediately died. The sailors wished to cast her body into the sea, hoping by this means to appease the storm; but the king wrung his hands in despair, and by his

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prayers prevailed on them to stop at a desert isle, where he laid the body on the shore wrapped in a mantle. Under it he also left his infant son, that he might not have the grief of seeing it die for want of nourishment. While so doing he gave utterance to sad sighs and complaints against the saint: "O Mary Magdalene! to my grief and sorrow didst thou come to Marseilles. Why pray thy God to give me a son that I might lose it and my wife also in giving it birth? O Mary Magdalene! take pity on my grief, and at least save the life of my child." And so saying, he went away weeping.

At length he arrives at Rome, and St. Peter, meeting him by chance in the streets, sees the cross on his breast and enters into conversation with him. He learns his misfortunes, and assures him God is powerful enough to restore what he has lost. Then he conducts him to Jerusalem and shows him the places where our Lord wrought his miracles, the mount on which he was crucified, the tomb in which he was buried, and the spot from which he ascended to heaven—in all about fourscore places. After spending two years and upwards with St. Peter to be fully instructed in the faith, the king embarks for Marseilles. Coming to the island where he left his wife and child, he lands to weep over their remains. He sees a boy on the shore playing with the pebbles and shells. It is his own son, whose life has been preserved by the blessed Magdalene. The child runs and hides himself in the folds of his mother's cloak. The king follows, and is amazed to find her as fresh as if alive, and still more so when she opens her eyes and stretches forth her hands to him, as is to be seen in the Rinuccini chapel. She tells him how, while he was visiting the Holy Places with St. Peter, Magdalene took her likewise to Jerusalem, and she enters into a description of the places she has seen, which the king recognizes the truth of. They offer thanks to God, and joyfully set sail for Marseilles, where they find that Magdalene's preaching has induced the people to abandon the worship of the false gods and overthrow their altars. She baptizes them, or, according to others, St. Maximin does.

This legend is given in substance by Bernard de la Guionie in his *Speculum Sanctorale*, and by Cardinal de Cabassole, the friend of Petrarch, who was chancellor of King Robert of Sicily and one of the regents during the minority of Joanna I. It is one of those wild flowers of legendary origin that the church has allowed to bloom unchecked in its garden, and even to beautify its temples, as it allows the wild vines to grace their venerable walls.

Humanly speaking, it is not strange the family of Bethany should come to Provence when they escaped from the persecution of the Jews. All along the Rhone were towns of Phocæan origin. Marseilles was a port with vessels from every part of the Mediterranean, and was specially linked with the East. The language, customs, and religion of the people all savored of their origin. Diana was as great here as at Ephesus, where Magdalene had lived with Our Lady. And it was to no land of barbarians they came, like the rude countries of the north. At the beginning of the Christian era it had been a Roman province for a hundred years, and possessed the com-

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bined culture of Greece and Rome. The universal love of the drama is shown by the ruins of the immense theatres, like that at Arles. And all the remains of Roman times to be seen, not only in that city but at Nîmes, Orange, etc., are proofs of their cultivated taste—remains, as Lacordaire says, "worthy of that power which refused no one a part in her grandeur, because she had enough for the whole universe." It is impossible that the remembrance of those who first brought the Gospel to so enlightened a shore should ever die out, even though the national archives were repeatedly swept away in the devastations of the Saracens. It is the people, above all, who have preserved their memory. When Zwinglius, renewing the impieties of Celsus, demanded the abolition of the homage rendered Magdalene and the destruction of her altars; when Calvin ridiculed the account of her emigration to Provence, and her identity with the sister of Martha, as an invention of the monks, the people resisted the attempt to uproot their most ancient traditions, linked with the very origin of all that was to them sacred. And they applauded the numerous refutations, among which was the triumphant apology of the learned Bishop Fisher, of Rochester, England, written at the request of the faculty of Paris. And when that faculty condemned the distinction between her and Mary of Bethany, they welcomed the decree with enthusiasm. Particular churches, like those of Auch and Cologne, sang: "This is the woman who of all her crimes at Christ's feet was cleansed by grace."

When the Revolution overthrew the altars of Magdalene, the people, as soon as the storm was past, went to pray amid their ruins, and testified their opinion by flocking to the Sainte Baume in thousands.

It was M. de Launoy, the *dénicheur des saints*, who gave the greatest blow to the old traditions of France, but a great reaction has taken place, and many able writers have come to the support of the old landmarks. M. Faillon, above all, has triumphantly established the traditions of Provence, and published the life of St. Mary Magdalene as written by Raban Maur, a monk of Fulda in the ninth century, who became archbishop of Mayence—a work that had lain hidden for ages in the library at Oxford, founded on one of far older date. The Sainte Baume has been restored to the Dominicans, and, difficult as it is of access, has never been more frequented.

In the summer there is a regular communication established between Marseilles and the Sainte Baume to facilitate pilgrimages, but as they cease early in the autumn on account of the cold weather on the mountain (there is even an abundance of snow in the winter), we found they were already over when we went in the middle of October to the Dominican convent at Marseilles to ascertain the best means of reaching the Holy Cave. In accordance with the directions very kindly given, we left the city at a quarter to seven in the morning by the railway to Toulon. At Aubagne we changed cars for Auriol, where we found a diligence for St. Zacharie, a small town at the foot of the mountain of the Sainte Baume. We arrived at this village about ten o'clock, and, after ordering a carriage to ascend the mountain, went through the long line of plane-trees to the grim old church to see the Virgin's slipper,

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from which the town derives its arms. In half an hour we had left the olives and vines behind, and were ascending craggy heights among low bushes and stunted pines. Queens and princes of the olden time used often to make the ascent on foot, like St. Louis of Toulouse and his sisters—Mary, Queen of Majorca, and the Princess Beatrice, Marchioness of Este. While Magdalen lived on the mountain it is said no human being was ever able to go up. As soon as any one attempted it his limbs were seized with trembling, and his heart so failed him for fear that he was unable to proceed. But as soon as he turned back all his strength returned.

The way soon becomes very picturesque, winding as it does around the edge of the mountain ridges, and it is a pleasure to go slowly along, looking down the steep precipices at the left, now into the dry bed of a winter torrent, and again into tangled thickets parched and dreary. It is no longer the fair Provence of the pleasure-loving trouvère, but a wild, rugged mountain suited to stern, austere natures. Between one and two o'clock we came out of the narrow passes on to a high tableland, bare and desolate at first, but with a dense forest beyond, out of which rises a lofty ridge of solid rock, gray and utterly devoid of vegetation. In its side, not towards the sea but to the north, is Magdalene's cave. Half way up we could see, like a nest on a perilous crag, the white hermitage of the Dominicans that stands on the terrace beside the Sainte Baume, and on the very top of the ridge, against the clear heavens, the tiny chapel of the Saint Pilon. Just this side of the forest we drew up before a hospice for pilgrims. A Dominican lay brother ushered us in with a wintry smile, telling us the last pilgrim had left that very morning. We were not sorry. Utter solitude seemed more in harmony with the place. We wished to wander alone through the dark forest, to find ourselves alone in the holy cave, and climb the bleak heights of the Saint Pilon with no human voice to disturb our recollections.

The hospice is divided by a chapel. Men are lodged on one side and women on the other. The latter are served by tertiary sisters of St. Dominic, who only remain here during the season, and then go down to their convent in the valley for the winter. The chambers are like cells and named for the saints. They are paved with tiles, and have two chairs, a deal table and an iron bedstead, a crucifix instead of a mirror, and three nails on the wall. In former times no meat was ever served on the holy mount, but, though the rule is mitigated to suit the degenerate times, the bill of fare requires no profound consideration. As soon as we had dined we set out for the cave. The way lies through the wood, which is only a portion of the ancient forest of the Sainte Baume, once held so sacred that the kings of France forbade its being profaned under the most severe penalties. It consists of great oaks, yews, hollies, etc., the boles of which are covered with moss and ivy, and it is delightful to follow the winding paths full of freshness and religious gloom, like the contemplative aisles of a vast temple. There are very few birds, owing to the coolness and dense shade. The only thing to be heard was the autumn wind, that on the bare plain swept so wildly along,

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but here sighed slowly, plaintively through the forest. Here and there are great boulders by the way, covered with moss and lichens. There is nothing ferocious or venomous—no serpents, or scorpions, or noxious insects. Like the isles of Lérins from the time of St. Honorat, every pernicious reptile disappeared from the mountain at the coming of Magdalene. Here and there we came to one of the half-ruined oratories built by John Ferrier, one of the old archbishops of Arles, a Spaniard by birth, who had a great love for the solitary life. There were once seven of these—small vaulted *ædiculæ* with bas-reliefs telling the wondrous history of Magdalene. In the fourth the *donatore* had himself represented in a suppliant attitude beside Magdalene at the foot of the cross. In the seventh she was landing miraculously in Provence.

In three-quarters of an hour we came to the foot of the cliff. It is an enormous ridge of calcareous rock that rises perpendicularly hundreds of feet up. The wildness of this solitary spot must once have been appalling. It still produces a profound impression. Before steps were cut in the rock to enable pilgrims to reach the cave it must have been so nearly inaccessible that we may readily believe the legend that angels had to transport the holy penitent thither. Now there are two paths. That to the left winds up to the Saint Pilon. The right-hand path leads to a small shelf or terrace in front of the Holy Cave, overlooking an awful precipice. On one side are some waiting-rooms for pilgrims, and on the other a small house embedded in the side of the cliff for the fathers who serve the cave.

The original entrance to the Sainte Baume has been filled up by a wall, through which windows and a door have been cut. We were surprised to find the interior so spacious. It rounds up like a dome, and produces something of the impression of the Pantheon at Rome. It is one of nature's own temples, and has a stern grandeur about it that is truly imposing. There was not a person in it when we entered, and coming up out of the gloom of the sacred wood into this legendary cave, so silent and peaceful, the heart is at once disposed to prayer and contemplation. Ferns and mosses grow on the gray walls, and a coolness, as of running waters, pervades the air. The sun only enters once a year—on the 24th of June, towards night. It never strikes the terrace from the middle of October till the last of February, and the remainder of the year only for an hour in the afternoon. The perpetual dimness of the cave is only relieved by the lamps that burn here and there with a pale, steady light as in a sepulchre. The only sound is the melancholy dropping of water from the walls, falling slowly, drop by drop, like the tears of the penitent Magdalene. The main altar, which is nearly in the middle of the cave, is protected from the dampness by a baldacchino. The tabernacle is veiled in white silk, as in Italy, and over it is a statue of Magdalene with her vase. Behind the altar is a high rock in the shape of a tomb, where not a drop of water falls. Here Magdalene gave herself up to tears and contemplation before a cross on which an angel had graven the mysteries of Christ's life and passion, sometimes on her knees, sometimes reclining as she is represented in a statue on the rock. This rock is called the Sainte Péni-

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tence, and has always been specially honored by pilgrims. Robert, King of Sicily, had it in 1337 surrounded by an iron grille, and appointed four priests to serve the grotto and sing the praises of God, in memory of the four angels who sang hymns in their visits to the blessed Magdalene. Over the door of the Sainte Pénitence were the words: *Adorabimus in loco ubi steterunt pedes ejus*, alluding to our Saviour's appearing personally to Magdalene, the legend says, ten times. Within burned twenty-one silver lamps, given by princes, around her pale marble statue of exquisite workmanship, and near by stood the statues of Louis XI. and Charlotte of Savoy, set up by the order of that king. A great quantity of jewels were suspended around, stripped off by those determined to renounce the vanities of the world. The walls of the whole cave were lined with inscriptions and ex-votos, and from the top hung one of those stuffed crocodiles so often to be seen in old churches of the south—perhaps the offering of some traveller or seaman. The riches of the grotto became an object of temptation to robbers, and there were outworks and a crenellated wall in the middle ages to defend the place.

The years Magdalene spent in the Sainte Baume are said to have equalled in number those Christ spent on earth. Here she lived the life of a disembodied spirit, requiring no earthly sustenance. Seven times a day the angels bore her to the summit of the mountain to participate in the divine praises. When her clothes fell to pieces her hair grew still more luxuriant and covered her like a mantle of gold. She found the cave at her coming inhabited by a great dragon of horrid aspect and fetid breath, that was ready to devour her. She cried to heaven, and the archangel Michael descended to deliver her and drove the monster to the shores of the Rhone, where it was slain by St. Martha. Then Magdalene prayed that water might spring from the arid rock, and the sides of the cavern opened and gave forth a pure fountain, still to be seen behind the Sainte Pénitence. Going one day to the spring to bathe her tear-stained face, Christ appeared to her, resplendent as on Mount Thabor. Her eyes could not bear the sight. Angels were around him bearing crowns of flowers, palms, and branches of olives. He said to her: "Mary, it was for thee I prepared this place." But let us give the account of her life here as related by an Italian merchant who visited the Sainte Baume in 1370, and at his return described all he had seen in Tuscan verse—an account everywhere redolent of the poetry and mysticism of the middle ages. Among other things he speaks of a curious revelation made in his hearing by a Dominican friar called Frère Elie, who had spent eighty-six years at the Sainte Baume. Borne in the arms of his brethren into the midst of the pilgrims on the eve of their departure, this helpless old man, whose tongue alone retained the power of motion, saluted them cordially, and then said to those who bore him: "Place me on my seat, for to-day I will reveal the secrets of God I have hitherto kept to myself." What he called his seat was the holy rock of Penitence on which St. Mary Magdalene was accustomed to pass the night. When placed on his seat Frère Elie spoke as follows to the pilgrims who gathered around

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him, profoundly moved at his venerable aspect:

"My children, the time has come. The hour of death is at hand. Listen, therefore, to what I have to relate to the glory of the blessed Magdalene, and for the amendment of your lives.

"When, eighty-six years ago, I retired into this wilderness among the rocks to serve Mary Magdalene, I was at first seized with utter discouragement. I had not been here a month before I was filled with regret and began to think of making my escape. One night, while plunged in agony of soul, I saw the cliff open in the form of a cross, and the four quarters of the globe were revealed to my eyes. Above were the open heavens, and at my feet was an abyss. Terrified, I fell to the ground, and remained for a time deprived of my senses. Having by degrees recovered, I cried with all my heart for Magdalene to come to my succor. She immediately appeared with a face so radiant as to blind me to everything else. Her unbound hair fell loosely around her and covered her entire form. But her arms were bare and her feet hidden among garlands of flowers. 'Inconstant and unprofitable servant,' said she, 'it was on thy account this rock opened and I have appeared. I can, if such be thy will, bring peace to thy soul. Thou hast thought of leaving my service. Listen to my words, and afterwards thou shalt do thine own pleasure.

"'We came, several of us, you know, from Jerusalem to Marseilles, thrown into a vessel and abandoned to the mercy of God. Marseilles received us and embraced the faith of Christ, as well as most of the country around. Such was the consideration with which we were soon regarded that I became troubled, and began to think of flying from all commerce with mankind. An inspiration from heaven led me to this cavern. I was hardly here before I perceived in the obscurity an enormous serpent of which nothing can express the hideous aspect. It was a dragon. At the sight of me it rose up, and its hissing aroused an innumerable number of serpents of all kinds, that darted to and fro, their eyes fixed on me with fury. But the dragon surpassed them all. He caused me such terror that I, who did not fear death, did not venture to look at him. "Jesus, my God!" I cried, "if thou come not to my aid I shall be devoured or die of terror." At that moment the dragon, lowering its head, sprang forward, beating its wings and opening its enormous mouth. It seized me. I was between its jaws. But my trust in God did not abandon me. I could not utter a word, but I cried with confidence in the depths of my heart: "Jesus, after overwhelming me with benefits, wilt thou leave me in this wilderness to be devoured by a serpent?" Flying from heaven came an angel, who snatched me from the jaws of the dragon, saying: "Happy art thou, O Mary! for having believed." Then striking the dragon with his foot, "Go forth," said he, "thou and all thy brood." And the dragon and the serpents, the former flying and the latter crawling, precipitated themselves from the rock and disappeared in the wilderness. The angel, with his breath of flame, purified the cave of its foul odors, and left me filled with holy awe. Then I examined the cave, and, finding it inaccessible to mankind, I fell on my knees and exclaimed with tears: "Blessed be thou, O Jesus! for having fulfilled my desire. Vouchsafe,

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moreover, to cause water to flow from this rock for thy handmaid." And instantly the enormous rock divided before my eyes, and from its hard sides flowed the spring you behold. As I bent my knees anew to thank the Lord I beheld on the right side of the cave more than a thousand spirits; who sang in Hebrew: "Mary, it is not well for thee to give thyself up thus to constant prayer." I knew from such language they were demons, and as soon as I began to cry unto God I saw the archangel Michael, who said unto me: "Here am I; fear not," and he immediately put to flight the spirits of darkness. "Tremble no more in time to come," he added; "the Most High watches over thee." And as he spoke thus he planted a cross at the entrance of the cave. I fell down in prayer at the foot of this sacred sign, and for a long time did not rise. Then, feeling my bowels dried up by the emotion I had experienced, I tore up some roots at the mouth of the cave and ate them. This was my first repast in the wilderness, and I have never had another since.

"'The rest of the day and the whole night I remained at the foot of the cross. The morning sun surprised me there, gleaming like crystal. I was inundated with divine love. I thought I heard a choir of celestial spirits singing around me. But another vision soon succeeded to this. I was transported to the infernal regions, where sinners groan in direful torments of every kind. Then I was taken to the place of purification, where a throng of souls came flocking to meet me, earnestly crying: "Pray for us, Magdalene." "May God vouchsafe to hear me!" I replied. The angel who transported me to the abode of spirits set me down again at the foot of the cross. "Thou shalt remain in this place," said he, "as long as the Saviour lived on the earth." I lay at the foot of the cross all day, but when night came the angels took me and bore me to such a height in the air that I could hear the choirs of heaven. From that time I was seven times a day thus admitted to the participation of supreme joys. Inflamed with divine love, I became insensible to heat and cold. My garments fell to pieces, but my hair grew to such a length as to completely cover me. My life was spent in meditating on the mysteries of Christ. Before the eyes of my soul appeared successively Anna and Joachim, Mary and the Child in the manger, Calvary and the cross, the sepulchre and the livid Body, the resurrection and victorious descent into hell. My mind was filled with these scenes. I spent my days and nights in weeping. Several times in the last days of my life Jesus Christ himself vouchsafed to visit my retreat. Angels were flying around him, and he was glorious as on the Mount of Transfiguration.

"'Render thanks, therefore, O Elie! render thanks unto God on this rock, for it is a bridge of salvation over the sea of life. I was alone when I entered this place. Thy condition is better. Banish, therefore, the discouragement that overwhelms thee.' And so saying, Magdalene vanished."

Frère Elie himself expired as he finished this account; and immediately the bells rang out a joyful peal without any visible hand to put them in motion.

The gravest writers of the middle ages speak with respect of Magdalene's life in the cave. Petrarch,

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when he came here, offered her his homage in Latin verse, and left it on the wall himself as a monument of his devotion. It begins thus:

"Dulcis amica Dei, lacrymis inflectere nostris:
Atque meas intende preces, nostræque saluti
Consule, namque potes,"

and ends with these lines:

"Hic hominum non visa oculis, stipata catervis
Angelicis, septemque die subvecta per horas
Cœlestes audire choros, alterna canentes
Carmina corporeo de carcere digna fuisti."

Petrarch's example has been followed by several other writers. George de Scuderi, brother of the author of the *Grand Cyrus*, offered Magdalene also his tribute of verse, graven on a copper lamp, which he hung up in the cave.

Horace Capponi, Bishop of Carpentras, a Florentine, was so affected by his visit to the cave in the year 1600 that he left the following lines on the walls:

"Quæ tua tam rite hic lacrymis errata lavisti,
Fac talis culpas abluat unda meas.
Angelici cantus vivens in digno honore,
Spes mihi sit saltem perfruar ut moriens."

It was Pope Boniface VIII. who gave the Sainte Baume to the Dominicans. It once belonged to the Cassianites of Marseilles, established here by Cassian himself, who had been to the East to steep his soul in the knowledge and practices of the solitary life. He used to pass the season of Lent in a lonely hermitage on one end of the mountain of the Sainte Baume, the remains of which are still pointed out by the herdsmen. Near by is a spring called the Fountain of St. Cassian. All that part of the mountain, in fact, is called by his name. Many other hermits used to live in the caves and hollows of the rocks, and at one time there was a beguinage on the flanks of the mountain. St. John de Matha, founder of the order of the Trinity, a Provençal by birth and education, had a great love for the solitary life, and, out of devotion to St. Mary Magdalene, lived for some time at the Sainte Baume in great fervor of spirit.

Eight popes are known to have visited the Sainte Baume. The first on record is Pope Stephen IV., who came here in 816 on his way to consecrate Louis le Débonnaire.

All the old counts of Provence, and after them the kings of France, not only visited the Holy Cave but became its protectors. In 1332 five kings came here at once, accompanied by a throng of lords and ladies: Philippe de Valois, King of France; Alfonso IV. of Aragon; Hugo IV. of Cyprus; John of Luxemburg, King of Bohemia; and Robert, King of Sicily. It was the latter who went to meet his brother monarchs at the frontier of Provence and conducted them to St. Maximin and the Sainte Baume. St. Louis came here on his return from the first Crusade "in honor of the *benoite Magdelaine*," says the Sire de Joinville, who accompanied him.

Marshal Boucicaut, one of the great captains of the fourteenth century, founded a chaplainship at the Sainte Baume, as he says in the act, to promote his own salvation and that of his wife, Constance de Saluce. A Dominican was to be the incumbent, and a daily Mass was to be celebrated for the repose of their souls. This great lord wore mourning every Friday in memory of the Passion of Christ, and fasted every Saturday in honor of Our Lady. He made several pilgrimages to the Sainte Baume, and on one occasion gave a large sum to render the hospice more comfortable for pilgrims.

King René of Anjou made a visit

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here in the Lent of 1438, and founded a daily High Mass to be sung for ever in the cave for himself and his predecessors, "out of the respect he bore the sainted Magdalene, and his singular and fervent piety towards the Sainte Baume, where, with the aid of God, he had just spent nine days in devotion." His sister Mary, wife of Charles VII. of France, also came here and gave fifty florins to found a chaplainship. Louis XI., her son, came here when Dauphin. He endowed the Holy Cave, and had a baldacchino of white marble erected over the high altar to protect it from the water that constantly filters through the rocks, and on it were emblazoned the arms of France and Dauphiné. He did this, as he declares, "out of his *grant singulier parfaite et entière devocion à la très glorieuse Marie Magdeleine.*"

Louis XII. came here when Duke of Orleans, and after his accession confirmed all the privileges accorded the Sainte Baume by the old counts of Provence, assigning as his motive "the honor and reverence he bore the glorious Magdalene, who, among many other places, is specially honored at the Baume—one of the most devout spots in the Christian world."

Francis I. came here twice, and renewed all the ancient privileges, as he says, "out of the singular devotion we have to the glorious Mary Magdalene, who in this place did penance for the space of thirty years and more." The second time he came here was after the battle of Marignano. With him came his mother, Louise of Savoy, Queen Claude his wife, his sister Margaret, afterwards Queen of Navarre, and many lords and ladies. He ordered at the sound of the trumpet that no one should cut wood or hunt in the forest, or even enter it, without leave of the monks, under severe penalties. He gave a large sum to adorn the grotto and repair the roads. He had chambers made for the royal family. The queen's chamber and the Dauphin's were in the hospice. The king's was at the hermitage, and contained the portraits of all the popes and sovereigns who had visited the Sainte Baume. He also built a porch of rich workmanship before the cave. Over it was carved the Assumption of Magdalene, and at the sides were statues of the king and his mother kneeling before their patron saints—St. Francis of Assisi and St. Louis of France. In imitation of Petrarch he also wrote some Latin verses in praise of Magdalene.

Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. likewise visited the Sainte Baume. The latter ascended on horseback to the Saint Pilon, and then came down to the grotto, where he examined everything in detail. Neither he nor his mother would eat meat in so holy a place, though it was Jeudi Gras. After his mother's death he founded six annual Masses of Requiem in the cave for the repose of her soul, and had the act inscribed on copper and hung on the walls.

A steep, rough path around the ridge leads up to the Saint Pilon. It is no small task to make the ascent at any time, but the day we went up the violence of the mistral rendered it a formidable undertaking. There were places where we had actually to crawl, for fear of being swept over the precipice. We were benumbed, too, with the cold. Some days it is impossible to ascend, for the top of the ridge is bare, and there is nothing to break the violence of

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the wind. It is bleak and wild, and covered with boulders and fragments of rock. Sunburnt, wind-swept, nothing grows here but a few odorous plants in the crevices. But the view is superb on every side, it being three thousand feet above the level of the sea. To the south you can see the far-off Mediterranean lost in the blue of the heavens, to the north are two parallel ranges of mountains, one of them ending almost opposite with Mt. Aurelian, and beyond are the precipitous heights of Mt. St. Victoire, or Venture, at the foot of which Marius defeated the Cimbri and Teutons (B.C. 125) near the present village of Pourrières, that derives its name from the Campi Putridi, where a hundred thousand barbarians were slain. At the foot of these ranges is the town of St. Maximin, where Magdalene found a tomb.

The Saint Pilon is so called from a pillar that once marked the spot to which Magdalene was carried seven times a day by the angels. Here she left the imprint of her feet on the rocks. This pillar was afterwards enclosed in a chapel. In 1647 the Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne visited the Sainte Baume, and was so impressed by the place that she resolved to restore the chapel of the Saint Pilon and line it with rich marbles. This work was completed by her son, Cardinal de Bouillon. Over the altar was a relief in white marble of Magdalene borne up by the angels, on a black ground. This subject, so often chosen by the painter and sculptor, is known as the Assumption of Magdalene.* In the prose of St. Martha, in the ancient liturgy of Auch, she is thus felicitated as to these mysterious elevations of her sister:

> "Animam tuæ sororis
> Audisti supernis choris
> Ferri cum lætitia";

and Magdalene is thus addressed in the *Gaudez* sung at the Sainte Baume:

> "Gaude, quæ septenis horis,
> Es ab antro vecta foris
> Ad cœli fastigia."

The chapel is now half ruined. It stands on the edge of the awful precipice, hundreds of feet above the Holy Cave. Before it is a tall cross bent by the wind. You look through the grated door and see a rude altar where angels once stood around the ecstatic Magdalene.

At the Revolution all the rich offerings of kings and nobles were carried off. Maréchal Brune, called by Napoleon the *intrépide déprédateur*, being ordered to keep in check the royalists of the south, his soldiers, during the Cent Jours, went up to the Sainte Baume in a kind of fury. There was nothing left to excite their cupidity, but they dashed the remaining statues over the precipice and burned the buildings, leaving nothing but the bare rock and part of the ancient forest so long held sacred. Divine justice seemed to avenge these sacrileges by the miserable end of the maréchal, August 2, 1815. He became the victim of popular fury at Avignon, and his body was thrown from the bridge into the Rhone. It floated about for eight days, and finally stopped a little above Arles, on the estate of the Baron de Chartrouse, not far from the Aliscamps where the dead used to descend miraculously that they might be buried in the divinely-consecrated cemetery of St. Trophime. He was recognized by his

* This is the subject of the colossal group over the main altar of the Madeleine at Paris—the most imposing monument ever raised to the memory of the great penitent, and that, too, in the chief city of earthly pleasures. What an antithesis!

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lofty stature, and the body was sent to his widow.

In 1816 the Count de Villeneuve, prefect of Marseilles, visited the Sainte Baume, and at the sight of the ruins was inspired with a desire to restore the ancient altars. With this object in view he published an account of its condition which contains some curious details. He says a crowd of people were still in the habit of coming here on Whitmonday, particularly those who had been married during the year, according to the prevalent custom in Provence, where it is often stipulated in the marriage contract, the omission of a pilgrimage here being regarded as entailing sterility. They set up a little pile of stones in token of having fulfilled their vow. These are called *castelets*, or little forts, and are to be seen in great numbers in the forest and on the mountain ridge.

The result of this and other efforts was so successful that even Louis XVIII. and Pope Pius VII. encouraged the restoration of the cave and the rebuilding of the convent. The former was reopened for public worship in May, 1822, on which occasion eight bishops and a crowd of religious of all orders, as well as secular priests, ascended the mountain, followed by processions of penitents in their sacks, and village after village singing hymns of joy. The whole number amounted to over forty thousand people. The archbishop of Aix, after the service in the cave, took the Host and came forth on the terrace overlooking the forest and the plain beyond, and gave the solemn Benediction, which was succeeded by a universal acclamation from the throng, explosions of fireworks, and other testimonies of rejoicing.

Christ had risen anew in France, and once more seemed to reveal himself by saying, as of old to her who sought him at the sepulchre:

"MARIA!"

THE BURIAL OF PÈRE MARQUETTE,

JUNE, 1675.

SWEET sang the birds in the forest,
Softly the waves replied,
Breaking where Jesuit Mission
Nestled the lake beside.

Music of June in the forest,
Waves' low song on the shore,
Greeting a swarthy procession
Gliding the waters o'er.

Gently the light ripples parted,
Cloven by birch canoe,
Murmuring song to the shadow
Breaking their sunshine through.

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Solemnly Indian hunter
Bent to his paddle's stroke,
While through the silence of sorrow
June's rippling music broke.

Strong were the arms that labored,
Weary the hearts that wept,
Mourning the true love that, living,
Never grew weary or slept.

"Not by the Michigan River,"
Proudly the chiefs had said,
"Shall his rest be who so loved us:
Home we will bear our dead.

"Lonely the forests stretch round him,
Fiercely the north winds cry;
Bear we the bones of our father
Under his cross to lie.

"Under the smile of his Mother,
Whom e'er his heart held dear,
Well shall he sleep near her image
Blessing the house of prayer."

Sweet sang the birds in the forest,
Softly the waves replied,
Greeting the swarthy procession
Seeking the green lakeside;

Bearing afar to the Mission,
Over the waters broad,
Marquette, the patient apostle,
Marquette, lover of God.

Not alone faithful Algonquin
Sorrowed for pure soul fled;
Iroquois, old feuds forgetting,
Honored the holy dead.

Down by the Michigan River
Lonely were wood and wave,
Missing the sweet consecration
Spirit so saintly gave.

Over the makers of kingdoms
Lieth rich funeral pall—
Unto the dead that it covers
Love may bring tribute small.

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Banners of conquest-won countries
Over the kings' graves bend—
Unto Lake Michigan's waters
Earth could no glory lend.

Silence of sorrowing Indians,
Grief that of love had birth,
Honored the dead that had conquered
Kingdoms for God, not earth.

Reverent-hearted they bore him,
Ottawa, Iroquois.
Had he not won for their brothers
Heaven's unending joys?

Sadly the priests of the Mission,
Chanting a psalm of death,
Bore him they loved to the chapel,
Blessing the Indians' faith;

Under the cross gently placed him,
Under St. Mary's smile—
Hers who had shown him her Jesus
After earth's long exile.

Sweet sang the birds in the forest,
Softly the waves replied,
Slowly the bells of the Mission
Rang from the low lakeside.

Well sleep the olden crusaders,
Fervent in thought and deed,
Holding their life but as tribute
Waiting their Saviour's need.

Never a soldier more fearless
Fought in a nobler strife
Than he, who, loving his Master,
Gave for his flock his life.

Softly Lake Michigan's ripples
Sing to the sunny shore,
Cross of the Catholic Mission
Rising to bless once more,

Shedding the light of old glory
Over the waves hallowèd,
While still the sweet consecration
Rests of the saintly dead—

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Shield of the Ottawa Missions,
Indians' angel guide,
Whose living love, on earth kindled,
Burneth God's throne beside.

"BOREEN."

CHAPTER III.

"WHAT is the use of my calling on these swells?" the barrister asked of himself as he sat over a fried sole at breakfast next morning. "It demoralizes one, and yet in my profession everything turns in. I may as well take a peep at the inner life of the Marquis of Pomfret." He did not recognize Hester Branscombe in the transaction at all. Thus do we hoodwink our uppermost thoughts, but how thin is the hood!

Walter went down to the House of Commons, and, having sent his card to Mr. Le Fanu, was admitted by the burly but resolute policeman within the sacred precincts of the lobby. Mr. Le Fanu, after a chat over the proposed bill, passed the young barrister into the House underneath the ambassadors' gallery, and just as he entered Mr. Gladstone had risen to a point of order, and was engaged in blasting with the lightning of his eloquence an insolent juvenile member. Nugent's heart leaped hotly when came the thought that one day, perhaps, he might sit in that House, and win a seat not through the influence of broad acres—they had been swept from him—but by dint of hard work at his profession. As he passed along Westminster Hall he thought of Eldon, who when asked by an angry father what property he, a penniless barrister, was possessed of that he should aspire to the hand of his daughter, made reply: "The ground I stand on in Westminster Hall."

Hailing a hansom, he drove to the Horse Guards, and soon found himself in a palatial apartment looking out on the park.

"That must be the very elm-tree she sat under yesterday, and to-day—it seems so strange, like a dream."

Miss Branscombe received him graciously. She was attired in lustrous white all dotted with amber and black bows.

"Ethel will be here in a moment," she said. "She takes a *siesta* every afternoon. I told her that she might expect a visit from you, and it greatly disturbed her slumbers."

"She is a charming child."

"Thoroughly natural, at all events."

"It's rather a treat to meet a child with a doll nowadays. The age of children would seem to have passed away."

"Children are becoming horribly material, Mr. Nugent. They have ceased to believe in giants and giant-killers. They won't accept fairies, they discredit Little Red

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Riding Hood, and discard the Arabian Nights. What are we to do with them? They insist upon going behind the scenes, the little monkeys! Have you any little brothers and sisters?"

"I have one sister. She is seventeen."

"Is she in London with you?"

"No."

"You should have brought her over."

"We are very poor," said Walter, "and couldn't stand the expense"; and seeing that the girl was pained at the *contretemps*, he added: "I am here on Parliamentary business. I am a barrister, and to-morrow I plead from my first brief."

"Your first brief? The first of an illustrious line of descendants?"

"I don't think I have much talent, much reasoning power, Miss Branscombe. I am a dreamer, a visionary, and I am indolent by nature, though at times I feel as if I could undertake the task of Sisyphus."

The heiress was silent for a moment.

"Will you excuse my asking you if you have good prospects—I mean if you are likely to make the bar pay?"

"I fear not." He had become quite confidential with this young girl, and with his elbows on his knees, his hands clasped in front of him, leant over towards her. "You see a fellow, to get on at the bar, must know a lot of attorneys, and, if possible, ask them to dinner. I only know one, and he was my poor father's solicitor—the family solicitor. We *were* awfully well off, Miss Branscombe, but the estate has gone from us acre by acre, till we have only the house left. My mother has let it to an English family; perhaps you might know them—the Drake Howards."

"Of Yorkshire? Mr. Drake Howard is very fond of hunting; Mrs. Howard is an invalid; they have one daughter, Julietta, who paints like Millais," hurriedly exclaimed Miss Branscombe.

"The very people! Do you know them?"

"Intimately. Here," approaching an ebony bureau with lich bolts, and producing a letter—"here is an epistle from Julietta received this very morning, and dated Kil—Kil—"

"Kilternan," sighed Walter.

"She wants me to come and stay with her in the autumn. She describes the place as being exquisitely situated."

"And so it is," he enthusiastically exclaimed. "It is the most beautiful place in the world." And his bright, earnest face became clouded—a sad gray cloud born of sorrowful thoughts that turned toward the past.

Little Ethel came rushing in.

"O Walter! I'm so delighted to see you," she cried, putting up her rosebud of a mouth to be kissed. "Estelle will be delighted to see you; you must come up to my room. I have a tiny little playroom all to myself. Come!" tugging at Nugent's wrists almost as violently as Boreen had tugged at her unfortunate doll.

There was nothing for it but to obey, and the barrister was conducted by the little maid to an apartment, a very poem of pink ribbons and white lace, wherein upon a crimson satin dais was seated the bride, gazing sternly into space.

"O you darling!" cried the child, caressing Estelle. "Here's Walter come to see you. Speak to him."

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And pressing the springs, the doll squeaked "papa," "mamma" quite melodiously.

"She says she is enchanted to see you, Walter."

"I am equally pleased to see her," laughed the barrister. "Have you found a husband for her yet, Ethel?"

"I have. It's Sir Jasper Jyvecote, auntie's beau. You needn't make a face at me, Aunt Hester; I—"

"What a little prate-box she is!" interposed Miss Branscombe, blushing vividly.

Walter began to wonder what Sir Jasper was like, and if he had seen his portrait in the photograph album.

Ethel produced all her toys—and their name was legion—for the barrister's inspection, commencing with Estelle's bridesmaids, a gift from her aunt, and ending with a kitchen range.

"Auntie, has mamma invited Walter to come with us to Pulleyne on Thursday?" Ethel suddenly asked.

Nugent, recognizing the awkwardness of the question, at once exclaimed:

"On Thursday I shall be in Dublin, Ethel."

"Where is Dublin?" asked the child.

"In Ireland, you little stupid!" laughed her aunt.

"Oh! Ireland is where the savages grow."

"Isn't this too bad, Miss Branscombe?" said Nugent gravely.

"You must not take measure of a nursemaid's prejudices and a nursemaid's ignorance, Mr. Nugent. I used to be frightened to sleep by my nurse crying, 'Here's an Irishman,'" was Miss Branscombe's reply.

"You must not go to Ireland till after my birthday. I'll be seven on Thursday, and we're to go in the steam-launch from Maidenhead to Marlow and Medmenham, and I'm to cut the cake myself; and we won't dine at Pulleyne, but out in the woods; and I'm to hang up the kettle to boil, and to gather the sticks to make the fire, and to light it; and papa is to let *me* cut the cord of a champagne cork; and I'm to steer the launch, and to give Dawkins and Simpson and the other sailors beer; and O Walter! we're going to have an awfully splendid day, and you *must* come, and so will Estelle." And Ethel clapped her little hands and frisked round the room on one foot in the ecstasy of anticipation.

"You can scarcely say her nay, Mr. Nugent," said the heiress.

"I would not, indeed, but I would be utterly *de trop*."

"I know what you mean," cried Ethel; "*de trop* means in the way. That's what auntie said to me when Sir Jas—"

"Ethel, I shall buy a blue ribbon and tie up your stupid little tongue," burst in Miss Branscombe.

"No, you won't, auntie, and when you said—"

"If you go on prattling I'll ask Mr. Nugent to stop away. I won't let him come on Thursday."

This threat effectually silenced the child.

"Pulleyne is my brother-in-law's place, Mr. Nugent. It's very charmingly situated on the Thames, and is rather worth visiting. It adjoins Medmenham Abbey, the scene of the unhallowed revelry of the godless worthies who called themselves the Monks of the Screw. The day will repay you."

"I'm very much obliged, but, if not amongst the savages, I shall

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have work to do that will chain me to the oar."

"Where are you stopping?"

"At the Tavistock, Covent Garden."

"That is a sort of monastery, is it not?"

"Yes, it resembles the Isle of St. Senanus. No woman is allowed to set foot therein."

"What a shame!"

"Oh! it's a very quiet, respectable establishment," laughed the barrister.

"You'll come here early, to breakfast, on Thursday, Walter, won't you?" cried Ethel, as he rose to take his leave.

"*M'amie*, I cannot."

"He says he wo-o-o-o-n't co-co-co-come," boohooed the little maid; and it was only through diplomatic phraseology that Walter Nugent was permitted to depart.

"I'll move into a cheap hotel to-night," he said to himself as he walked up Whitehall; "that five-pound note was too much to spend, and I must send this exquisite child a bouquet that will cost me half a sovereign. What I would give to be of that party to Pulleyne! What a day for a poor fellow like me! Heigh-ho! I couldn't accept little Ethel's invitation, and Miss Branscombe could do nothing less than back it up; and yet I *do* think she intended it. She seems a sort of girl who wouldn't allow herself to be cornered by any *contretemps*. I wonder if this Sir Jasper Jyvecote is to be of the party? Of course he will be—it's a family affair. Imagine passing them on the river in a steam-launch of my own! I wish I was back among the Dublin Mountains. There is no place a man feels the want of a lot of money so much as *here*," glancing at the magnificently-appointed equipages that flashed past him to and from the park, their occupants reclining with aristocratic ease and indifference on the silken cushions. "Yes, here a fellow is something less than nobody; his latitude is simply nowhere. Fancy if I could keep up with the Pomfrets, ride in Rotten Row, meet this girl in society from a garden party at Marlborough House to a dinner at the Orleans. Pah! what a gulf yawns between a briefless barrister and the Right Honorable the Most Noble the Marquis of Pomfret, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for War; and yet, aye, such gulfs have been bridged over, not by a single effort it is true, but by a succession of efforts. Have I the stuff in me to win name and fame? That is the question. I do not think I have. A man requires to be moulded after an exceptional pattern to win in the great race of to-day."

He passed into Hyde Park by Apsley House, and, crossing the roadway, seated himself upon the railing, his feet twisted round a post. Now at a snail's pace, now at a spanking trot, flowed the carriage tide in the Row, bearing the high and the mighty of Merrie England. Family chariots such as our great-grandmothers used to elope to Gretna Green in, with coroneted panels, landaus swinging sensuously upon C-springs, broughams resembling opera-boxes on wheels, phaetons low, open, inviting, wagonettes of quaint form, basket carriages about the size of wine-hampers—what an endless procession, what a type of the wealth of modern Babylon!

A clarence, attached to a pair of chestnuts that would have fetched a thousand guineas at Tattersall's, and driven by a coachman in a powdered wig and plum-colored

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livery slashed with gold, two footmen in similar livery seated behind, drew slowly towards where Walter Nugent sat perched upon a rail.

"What a swell turn-out!" he muttered. "How those horses would have delighted poor Andy Gavin!"

He was gazing with such intense admiration on the cattle as totally to disregard the occupants of the vehicle, and it was only when he heard his name called in a childish voice that he looked upwards to find little Ethel kissing a dainty-gloved, fat hand to him, while at the same moment a mounted policeman dashed onwards, waving his hand in the air, a notification to all coachmen to pull up, as the Princess of Wales was coming along the Row.

Miss Branscombe lay back in the carriage beside a haughty, aristocratic-looking lady who wore *pince nez*. Nugent at once recognized the Marchioness of Pomfret, the likeness between the two sisters being remarkable.

Ethel, delighted to meet her friend, joyously clapped her hands as she cried:

"Mamma, mamma, look there on the top of the rail. *That's* Walter—Estelle's papa."

As the marchioness turned in the direction indicated the barrister suddenly recollected the ungracefulness of his pose, that he wore low, heavy shoes, and that his gray stockings, knitted by his sister, were darned at the heels. Sliding from his coigne of vantage, Nugent glided into the crowd of gaping foot-passengers, his face very red, and with a feeling of intense irritation.

"*She* wouldn't look at me—pah!" And giving a vigorous shake to his blackthorn, he strode towards Piccadilly at the rate of six miles an hour.

CHAPTER IV.

THE following day brought a letter from Kate Nugent to her brother. It contained a lot of that small gossip which is worth grains of gold when we are away from home.

"Mr. O'Meara was here," she went on to say, "and he says that your being specially retained before a committee of the House of Commons is *certain* to get you briefs. *He* ought to know. He told mamma that a Mr. Walsh, a solicitor, told him that he intended to retain you in a Westmeath fishing case. God be praised for all this! What a splendid career you have before you! Mr. O'Meara sent us a salmon that Mr. Heron caught at Connemara. *Of course* we invited him to come and dine to-morrow. At first he hemmed and hawed and said he preferred coming in the evening; but mamma insisted, so he will be with us. What a charming person Mr. O'Meara's sister is—"

"Why," exclaimed Walter, "this letter is all O'Meara. Oho! Miss Kate, sets the heart-breeze in that quarter? You might do worse, my sister. O'Meara 'takes silk' next term, and is making a cool thousand a year."

The letter gushed a good deal over a Mrs. Byseg, the sister alluded to, and wound up by a devout prayer for the young "barrister's" success on his forthcoming maiden effort. The postscript was as follows:

"I open this to give you a piece of startling but not unpleasant news. Who do you think has turned up? You will never guess—Andy Gavin! Dear old Andy is just as poor as when he left. He says he will never go back to America again; that he will die as near

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Kilternan as ever he can. The poor fellow cried and laughed and seemed strangely affected on seeing us again. His manner was curious. Mamma was afraid that he had been drinking; but no, he was as sober as a judge. I fear that disappointment has unsettled him. I asked him if he had made money at horses or farming, and he said, 'Not a cent'; then he laughed boisterously. His clothes, which are very good, were given him by a friend. We wanted him to take the little room at the back of the kitchen, but he refused point-blank. Poor fellow! it was as much as we could do to get him to eat some cold mutton. He amused Mr. O'Meara very much by his adventures out West. Mr. O'Meara and Andy started together to catch the tram-car from Roundtown. I hope O'Meara can do something for Andy. I spoke to him about it, and he said he would. When I told Andy of what I had done he began to laugh. I'm terribly afraid that the climate of America has affected his understanding. K. N."

"Poor Andy!" exclaimed Nugent, an intense sadness in his tone. "Something *must* be done for the dear, faithful old fellow. I've got to work for my mother, my sister, and Andy Gavin; and now for it." And snatching up the papers that lay on the breakfast-table beside him, he hurried on foot in the direction of the House of Commons.

The committee rooms at St. Stephen's are situated on the river side of the house. The apartments are large, lofty, and fitted up after the mediæval. The members of the committee sit horse-shoe fashion, facing the bar and the public, the former being provided with seats inside a railing. Walter Nugent, who looked very handsome in his horse-hair wig and stuff gown, proudly bustled to his place, and his senior, Mr. Calvert Sommerset, Q.C., being engaged on another case before "m' luds," the duty not only of stating but of making the case devolved upon the young barrister.

"I have my mother, and Kate, and Andy Gavin to work for," was the thought that flashed through Walter Nugent's mind, as, flinging his gown a little back and jerking his wig a little forward, he rose to lay the foundation-stone of the edifice of his future career. There were two Irish members on the committee, one of them Isaac Butt, who, Triton that he was, smiled encouragement and nodded approval toward the minnow who was commencing to swim in the troubled and eddying currents of the law; the other Mr. Mitchell Henry, the "man for Galway."

Nugent stuttered and stammered a little at first, the room seemed inclined to move round him, while the faces of the committee appeared as one white line; but by degrees the apartment came to an anchor, and individual countenances, especially those of Mr. Butt and Mr. Henry, assumed the outlines of graven images. The young barrister, never warming, always cold, clear, concise, argumentative, held himself well in hand, and when, after a prolonged intellectual effort of nearly two hours, during which he had shivered lances with three of the most experienced counsel at the Parliamentary bar without receiving a dint in his armor, he sat down, there was a very distinct murmur of approbation not only from the public but from the committee; and when the room was cleared in order to permit the committee to deliberate in private upon a point raised by the youthful advocate, Walter Nugent received congratulations from those who but a moment ago he had caused to reel at the point of his skilfully-directed lance.

"I hear you've made our case, Mr. Nugent," observed Mr. Calvert Sommerset.

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"I did my best, sir," was the other's modest rejoinder.

When the committee reassembled the chairman announced that the preamble had been proved, adding: "I speak the sentiments of the committee when I say that our decision has been arrived at mainly through the able, exhaustive, and complete argument of the junior counsel for the prosecution, Mr. W. Nugent."

Walter, wild with delight, telegraphed to his mother: "Had to do all the work. Have won. Complimented all round. This is grand luck."

"I hope the dear woman will have half a crown, as Gavin would say, 'handy' to pay for this telegram," he laughed as he crossed the lobby, divesting himself of wig and gown.

When he reached the Tavistock late that night—for he wandered out amongst the green lawns beyond Finchley—he found a note awaiting him in the mahogany rack under the letter N. The envelope was square, the superscription in a strange hand. On the back was a raised coronet in gold; beneath the coronet a monogram which he failed to decipher.

"It must be for me," he muttered, as he carefully cut along the upper edge. "'Walter Nugent, Esquire.' Could it be? By George! it must be from the Pomfret people."

The gilt-edged paper was so thick that it refused to unfold. Again the coronet and monogram met his eye while he read as follows:

"The Marchioness of Pomfret requests the pleasure of Mr. Walter Nugent's company at a *fête champêtre* on Thursday next, to be given to celebrate the birthday of her daughter Ethel. Rendezvous, the Guards Club, Taplow Bridge, 11 A.M."; and enclosed a tiny note written in round hand: "You must come, Walter. Please bring Boreen. ETHEL."

"Am I justified in refusing this invitation?" argued Nugent, gazing at the coronet and monogram. "If I am to go for Parliamentary business, the more I extend my connection in London the better. It is not every fellow who gets an invitation from the wife of a cabinet minister, and a marchioness to boot. They must wish me to go, or why this note? And yet, perhaps, it has been sent to gratify little Ethel, not out of a true spirit of courtesy to myself. *Noblesse oblige.* Her little ladyship started the question, and it was well backed up by Miss Branscombe. Why should I not go? Is it not doubting myself to permit hesitation to creep in on a collateral issue? The Nugents of Kilternan are as red in blood as the Pomfret-Branscombes. I say, why should I not go?" shaking the note wickedly, as though to elicit a reply from the missive through the medium of this action. "Am I not entitled to one day, one day of all sunshine? I have earned it. Fortune is fickle, and she is mine now. Why should I not suit myself to her mood? I'll go, aye, and bring Boreen. I'll quaff one goblet of the champagne of life ere I settle down to my usual small-beer." And uttering this sentiment half-aloud, Mr. Nugent lighted his candle at the gas-jet in the corridor, slipped off his shoes, and retired to his bedroom.

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CHAPTER V.

I SHALL leave Mr. Walter Nugent in London, and, crossing the Channel, ask my readers to step into the coffee-room of Spadacini's Hotel, in College Green, Dublin. It was the morning subsequent to the young barrister's Parliamentary triumph, and no less a personage sat at breakfast in this well-known hostelry than Andy Gavin. The ex-whipper-in, newspaper in hand and breakfast not yet disposed of, looked the very picture of solid respectability and comfort. His shirt was snowy white, the collar ascending to his red ears; his black frock-coat was sleek and satiny, as were his waistcoat and trousers. His boots, very new, were polished like the handle of the big front door so feelingly alluded to by Admiral Porter, K.C.B., in "H. M. S. Pinafore," and if his leather gave indications of conventional care, so did also his chin, which shone again, the direct and happy result of a perfect shave. Mr. Gavin had ordered himself an alderman's breakfast. On a dish right in front of him reposed three cork-nosed Dublin Bay herrings, taken that morning under the Hill of Howth; beside the herrings ham and eggs appeared in red, white, and gold; a couple of mutton-chops were "convaynient," and a pile of toast, built up in the form of a battery, completed a very delectable array of creature comforts.

Andy was engaged in perusing a paragraph in the *Freeman's Journal* that seemed to afford him the most exquisite delight, as he muttered while he read:

"More power," "Whisht!" "That's me darlin'," "I knew it was in the boy," "An' forninst all the Parliament," "Be the mortial, it's Harry Grattan we've a hoult of."

The paragraph appeared in the Parliamentary intelligence, and had been wired from the House of Commons:

"A young Irish barrister, Mr. Walter Nugent, has proved that the glories of the bar of Ireland have in no wise departed. At the hearing of Linadel and Drumkeeran Drainage Bill before a select committee of the House of Commons to-day, this gentleman, in the absence of Mr. Calvert Sommerset, Q.C., his leader, took the whole weight of the case upon his shoulders, and proved a veritable Atlas. His arguments were brief, concise, and cogent, his satire immensely telling, and his eloquence of the very highest order. No *début* at the Parliamentary bar has come off in a manner at once so startlingly successful and so thoroughly armor-riveted. Mr. Nugent completely took the committee by storm, and won what without his powerful aid would have proved a very shaky case. This young gentleman has a career behind his wig and gown."

"See that now," exclaimed Andy Gavin aloud as he plunged at the herrings. "Masther Walther will bate every man av thim yit, ay, Gladstone an' Drizzlyeye an' all. He'll sit in Parlimint for the county like his grandfather afore him, God bless him! Musha, musha! but this *is* a great day for the ould family, that was almost bet up intirely be the loose-heartedness av the poor masther, the Lord be marciful to him, amin!"

Andy, carefully folding the paper and placing it in his breast-pocket, finished his breakfast, a joyous chuckle coming to the surface almost after every mouthful, and, clapping a soft felt, unmistakably American hat upon one side of his head, strutted into St. Andrew

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Street, and paused opposite an archway to read upon a large brass plate the words :

D. & T. FITZGERALD,
Solicitors.

"Thim's my men," he muttered as he entered an office wherein half a dozen clerks were engaged in writing upon very wide-margined paper. "Is the boss in?" demanded Andy of a spruce-looking young gentleman with closely-cropped red hair.

"The what?"

"The boss, the head man."

"Mr. Fitzgerald?"

"Yis."

"I think so."

"Tell him, av ye plaze, that I want for to see him most particular."

"Your card, please."

"Is it the likes o' me wid a card? Go on o' that! Me name's Andy Gavin; that's hapes."

The young gentleman with the gory locks skipped off a high stool, skipped up stairs, skipped down again, and, jerking his head in the direction of the stairway, motioned to Andy to ascend.

"You're Misther Fitzgerald?" said Andy as he entered a Turkey-rugged private office.

"At your service, sir," was the reply of the solicitor. "Take a seat. What can I do for you?"

"I want ye for to read *that*, sir," exclaimed Andy, flattening out the *Freeman's Journal* and bringing his hand down upon the Parliamentary intelligence with an immense whack.

Mr. Fitzgerald adjusted a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, and, casting a glance at the paragraph, quietly observed :

"I *have* read it."

"Isn't that illigant? Isn't that shupayrior? Isn't that the best piece av work ye ever got done, as ould as ye are?" cried Andy, gesticulating vigorously.

"It was very well done," said the solicitor with a smile, "but—"

"Hould on for wan minnit. I know what yer goin' for to say: 'What's this man wastin' me time for?' *I'm* not goin' to waste yer time, or no gentleman's time," fumbling in his breast-pocket and producing a plethoric-looking book. "I heerd last night from the misthriss of the boy that done *that*," again whacking the paper, "that *you* was his employer. Now, I'm thinkin' that mebbe ye hadn't the manes, or that ye'd be thratin' the boy like a nagur because he *is* a boy; an' here's what I want ye to tell me: What's the highest fee yez ever paid to a barrister in all yer professional career?"

"At this moment I could hardly say."

"What wud ye pay Counsellor Butt?"

"To plead before a committee of the House of Commons?"

"Yis, sir, yis," exclaimed Andy eagerly—"just as Masther Walther done, an' won in a canther, good luck to him!"

"Well," said Mr. Fitzgerald, somewhat interested in Andy's earnestness, "we would pay Mr. Butt one hundred guineas on his brief as a retaining fee, and fifty guineas a day refresher."

"Is that all?" cried Gavin in a deeply-disappointed tone.

"That is what I *have* paid him."

"An' did ye give him nothin' extra whin he *won?*"

Mr. Fitzgerald shook his head.

"Nor for boord and lodgin'?"

"No."

"Well, but there's nothin' in the law for to prevint yer givin' him as much as ye'd like?"

"Nothing whatever."

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"Well, that's fair enough, anyhow," exclaimed Andy, as with a sigh of relief he proceeded to extract a sheaf of Bank of Ireland notes from his pocket-book.

"Misther Fitzgerald, I want ye for to pay Masther Walther five hundhred pound. Here's the money; let it come from yerself as a reward for winnin' that case." And Andy banged the sheaf of notes on the table.

The solicitor looked from the notes to the man, and from the man to the notes.

"I do not understand you," he somewhat coldly observed.

"Musha! but that's quare," retorted Andy. "Didn't Masther Walther win yer case for ye?"

"Mr. Nugent did his work entirely to our satisfaction."

"Isn't he a counsellor?"

"I should say so, and likely to prove an able one, with time."

"An' there's no law for to prevint you're paying him as much as the ouldest counsellor in the Four Coorts?"

"Nothing."

"Then here's his fee an' reward," taking up the sheaf of notes and again banging it on the table.

"This is strangely generous, and—"

"Arrah! don't be talkin' that way, sir. Generous! Shure wasn't I born an' reared at Kilternan? Didn't I larn Masther Walther for to take a double fence, an' got him his first broken collar-bone? Wasn't I 'stopper,' and didn't I hunt the hounds for the ould masther till he hadn't a horse nor a dog left, nor an acre for to run thim on if he had? Wasn't I his handy man, an' didn't he share his last lavins wud me? Generous! Didn't I go away wud me heart burstin' fur to seek me fortune, for to thry an' help thim? An' it was a lucky day I wint acrass the say. Didn't I go to New York, and didn't I dhrive a Third Avenue car for tin months, an' didn't I save eight dollars a week an' sind thim home to Father Tom Breen for the misthress, unbeknown to *her?*—she thought it was from some wan that owed the poor masther the money—till I met a man that was startin' for the Black Hills, poor Tim Murphy, the Lord be good to him! Didn't I go along wud Tim, an' didn't Tim, who was always as 'cute as a pet fox, buy, out an' out, a claim that belonged to a Pole no less?—a hard-dhrinkin' crayture, that died in a gulch wud the whiskey-bottle in the heel av his fist. Didn't Tim an' me work the mine till we got some goold, and thin more goold, and thin sich a sight av goold as niver was seen afore in Deadwood? Poor Tim cotch his death be raison av workin' day an' night, an' whin he seen he was dyin' sez he, 'Andy,' sez he, 'I haven't a sowl belongin' to me. There's not wan,' sez he, 'av me breed, seed, or gineration alive,' sez he, 'so I make over this mine,' sez he, 'to you,' sez he; an' me poor darlint had it wrote out, sir, on paper, an' med over to me reglar; an' it's meself that hated that same goold whin I seen Tim Murphy cold foreninst me. Didn't a company that was riz in San Francisco sind a man out fur to buy the mine, and didn't I sell it to him for—faix, it takes me own breath away whin I think av it—for a half a million av dollars?—that's aiquil to wan hundred thousand pounds. Didn't I run home the minit I got the money, and didn't I purtend for to be jest as poor as whin I wint away?—for I don't want the

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family for to think they're goin' for to git back th' ould estates through the likes o' me. I'm as alone in the world as poor Tim Murphy ever was, an' Father Tom Breen, that knows it all, sez I'm right in what I'm doin'; so now, Misther Fitzgerald, wud ye plaze hand this money to Masther Walther?" once more banging the sheaf of notes upon the table with one hand, while he removed the beads of perspiration from his forehead with the other.

"Shake hands, Mr. Gavin," said the attorney, starting to his feet and clasping Andy's bony palm; "one reads of these things in romances, but facts *are* stranger than fiction."

"A more curiouser thing ye never heerd tell of, sir, nor this," said Andy humbly. "Only for to think," he added, while his fine blue eyes lighted up with honest pride, "that Masther Walther will be huntin' over th' ould property, an' every acre av it his own. Father Tom is seein' about buyin' it in promiscous, sir, an' it was he that tould me ye was wan av the rale ould respectable sort av attorneys, that wasn't up to the dirty thricks that tuk the sod from undher the poor masther's feet, bad luck to thim that done the like!"

Andy's bitter disappointment when Mr. Fitzgerald informed him it was utterly impossible to convey the £500, or any part thereof, to Walter Nugent is simply indescribable. This was a pet, a cherished scheme, it seemed so easy of execution.

"He wudn't touch a pinny av it if it kem from *me*," moaned the faithful retainer; "an' how am I to git it to him at all, at all? Could we do it this way, Misther Fitzgerald? Suppose I sint it be way av restitution. That's it, sir," added Andy, slapping his leg delightedly; "it's many a pound I could have saved the ould masther av I had the same sinse that's in me now."

"Don't trouble your head about that, Mr. Gavin, just now. Let us see how we are to buy the estate without having to pay for it through the nose."

"That's the talk!" exclaimed Andy. "Father Tom's at work, and betune ye yez'll make a good job av it, I'll go bail."

It was after two good hours' *tête-à-tête* with the solicitor that Andy Gavin emerged into St. Andrew Street.

"That's the knowledgeablest man in all Ireland," muttered the ex-whipper-in, as he strolled in the direction of the tram-car that was to take him to Rathfarnham. "The way he got at the map, an' put this an' that together, was shupayrior. Faix, he'll have th' ould property in Masther Walther's possession afore we know where we are. Murdher! murdher! av th' ould masther was alive to see this day."

CHAPTER VI.

I AM bound to say that Walter Nugent made a careful, nay, a *very* careful, toilet upon the June morning that was to take him to Taplow Bridge. The parting of his hair gave him "no end" of trouble, one curl absolutely refusing to be discounted, while the choice between a blue and a rose-colored sailor's knot led to what theatrical people term "a stage wait." At ten o'clock, however, he reached

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the Paddington depot, blackthorn in hand, the joyful Boreen at his heels, and in a few subsequent minutes was speeding away from the mist of London. Glimpses of a keener, fuller blue began to appear, the gardens were green with the early foliage of summer, the songs of birds rose high above the rattle of the train, and the barrister felt like a very child in his enjoyment of this glorious rush into fragrant country. The rapid motion, the silvery light, the sweet air, the glimpses of mill-streams, and orchards, and farmsteads, and lordly domains—all were a delight to him, while the anticipation of the hours to be spent in the refined society of the people he was about to meet added additional zest to the charm of that moment.

Arrived at Taplow Bridge, he leaned over the parapets, gazing at the silvery Thames, crowded with skiffs radiant in many-colored cushions, and its banks lined with emerald velvet lawns striped with ribbon borders like strips of Persian carpets, at villas of every sort, shape, size, and description, from the prim, red-bricked mansion of the days of good Queen Anne to the imitation Swiss châlet erected by some rich citizen after an autumn rush through the valley of the Engadine.

Nugent strolled round to the Guards Club, and asked of a haughty and supercilious being attired in a gorgeous livery if the Marchioness of Pomfret's party had yet arrived. At this query the human flamingo deigned to be respectful, and was good enough to intimate that he would make inquiries. While this superior being absented himself, and while Nugent was engaged in gazing at a picture representing the Russian attack at Inkermann repelled by the Guards, a voice exclaiming "That's Boreen" attracted his attention, and he turned round to behold little Ethel putting up her rosebud mouth to be kissed. She was all white frills, and ruches, and laces, and insertions, and looked a very charming little fairy, as, indeed, she was. Hester Branscombe, also attired in diaphanous white, stepped forward, saying as she shook hands with him:

"How good of you to come! Let me present you to Ethel's mamma. Julia, Mr. Nugent."

The marchioness expressed herself very pleased to meet the barrister.

"You have quite stolen the affections of the sole daughter of my house and heart."

"A proud victory for me," he laughed, "and strangely achieved. This is the first great cause, your ladyship," touching Boreen lightly with his boot as he spoke.

"He is beautiful in his ugliness, Mr. Nugent."

"His heart is in the right place, at all events," exclaimed Hester. "His gaze of affection at his master is as strong as anything Landseer ever painted."

"Come, Walter," cried Ethel, "I want to show you the launch; but you haven't spoken to Estelle yet. Go away, Boreen. You sha'n't touch darling Estelle. Please to carry her, Walter. Oh! my, how awkward you are; you shouldn't crush her petticoats. See how she opens her eyes at you, and the darling smile on her beautiful lips. Don't put your thumb into her back hair. That's better. Now give me your other hand, and we'll go on board the *Ethel*. I want to introduce you to the engineer, and the stoker, and the steward, and

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the boy. I won't introduce you to Sam Dicker. I don't like *him;* he made a face at me. He did, mamma, and put out his nasty tongue, and—"

"Your little tongue will have to be tied, Ethel, if you rattle on at such a rate; besides, when *I* was a little girl I invariably carried my own doll."

"But Walter is Estelle's papa, mamma, and hasn't seen the darling for oh! ever so long."

Down the velvet and sun-kissed slope to the shimmering river Ethel led the way, holding Nugent tightly by the hand, and skipping as though every pied daisy beneath her dainty feet had been red hot. Boreen, barking joyously, bounced before her, and in very wantonness indulged in playful and idiotic snappings at her rustling laces, while ever and anon he would spring high in air in an abortive attempt to become possessed of one of Estelle Lafarge's blue satin, pink-rosetted shoes, that dangled temptingly over Walter Nugent's left arm.

The steam-launch lay moored to the rustic jetty, her coroneted pennant flying in the caressing summer breeze; and as the party approached, the engineer, clad in snowy white, blew a long and energetic blast upon the shrill steam-whistle, to which Ethel responded by waving her tiny parasol covered with point lace, a birthday gift from the Duchess of Leinster, her godmother. The joyous child dragged the barrister on board, and compelled him, *bon gré mal gré*, to assist at the demi-toilette of Estelle, whom she put to bed in one of the luxurious berths, with all possible state and formality, holding her daintily up that Walter should kiss her ere she closed her china blue eyes for the *siesta*. Then Ethel pulled Nugent from one end of the launch to the other, presenting him to all hands, and revealing the entire resources of the boat, from the latest novel of William Black to the ice-house, wherein reposed a shape of ice representing the "Minuet de la Cour," after John Everett Millais. Presently she bounded to the deck with a cry of "There's papa!" and sped across the grass to meet a spectacled gentleman clad in blue flannel, a glazed, horn-pipish-looking hat, and buff cricket shoes. From the pockets of the rakish little jacket bulged forth official papers bound with the stereotyped red tape, and in his right hand the most noble the Marquis of Pomfret, K.G., bore a scarlet morocco despatch-box bearing the all-potential initials V. R., being those of his sovereign lady the Queen.

Ambling beside Miss Branscombe was a gentleman attired in white flannel, very open at the neck, the broad, rolling flannel collar being confined by a sailor's knot of delicate pink, while between the ends of the "All in the Downs" trousers and the varnished patent-leather shoes peeped forth stockings of the same hue as the tie—this being the "correct form" on the river Thames. The man was handsome, languid, and of the crutch-stick and tooth-pick class. He was one of the charmingly-dressed lay figures one sees in the bay-windows of the palatial clubs in St. James Street or Pall Mall.

A sting of what? Was it jealousy? Bah! A throb of pain beat in Walter Nugent's heart as he recognized in Miss Branscombe's companion Sir Jasper Jyvecote.

"This is Walter, papa," cried Ethel, as she led her father on board by the handle of the despatch-box.

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"Ah!" casting a Treasury-Bench glance at the barrister. "How do, Mr. Blantyre?" extending three whole fingers.

"Nugent," exclaimed my hero, flushing scarlet.

"Ah! look like Blantyre. Have a habit of calling a certain set of young men Blantyre. Like a type. Fine day." And the marquis, who in his language combined the Socratic method with the Jingle ellipsis, passed into the saloon, where he soon became immersed in papers which he extracted from the scarlet despatch-box.

"Beauclerc," exclaimed his wife, "can't you let those horrid things go for *one* day?"

"Cawnt, my dear. House sitting. Fifty questions to awnser. Secretary to meet me at Cookham Lock, another at Marlow, a third at Pulleyne."

"Who *would* be a cabinet minister, Mr. Nugent?" laughed the marchioness. "I have a nominal husband, Ethel a nominal father. I believe that he is alive, that he resides beneath the same roof with me. I *know* that he sleeps. I cannot say that he eats or drinks. As for reading, like the brook he goes on for ever. How I wish that Mr. Disraeli would throw over the reins of government to Mr. Gladstone!"

"By Jove! if he did you'd have your husband in Opposition," drawled Sir Jasper Jyvecote.

"Any change would be for the better, Sir Jasper."

"Haw! haw! Really, that's awfully good. I must tell that at the club. By the way, you heard what the Duchess of Sutherland said the other night at Lady Dudley's dawnce." And the baronet proceeded to relate, with many chuckles and any number of "aw you knows," a very pointless, long-winded story, beginning with nothing and ending in less.

"I am not the guest of these people. I do not swim in their sun-lighted waters," mused Nugent bitterly. "I have been invited to amuse their child; to put on cap and bells, spread out my ragged carpet, and tumble for her." And making a sign to the watchful Boreen, he hastily rose and strode forward, where he seated himself upon a brass cannon that shone in the June sunlight like burnished gold.

It was a beauteous scene, the silvery river smooth and full of serene lustre as a mirror, the lilies and reeds, and wild flowers and trees, reflected "full fathom five" the sky of a full keen blue painted with tree-tops, the outer edges of the leaves white in the glorious dayshine. Trout and perch and barbel leaped high in air, leaving soft, billowy rings on the glassy surface, through which the sharp bows of the saucy launch cut mercilessly. Now they passed a green field, the grass languidly nodding to the scythe-man, now by a deep, shadowed wood emitting the odor of pine and cedar, now in front of a lawn of emerald velvet glowing with blood-red geraniums and lobelias, and golden calceolarias and scarlet snapdragons, backed by a lordly villa, the children saluting the steamer with hats and croquet-mallets and joyous shouts. Now they darted beneath a bridge of antique shape, its gray stones apparently held together by the clinging clutches of lichens and mosses and ferns, yokels in blouses and straw hats gazing downwards on them as they scooted in, and ready with open eyes and open mouths when they emerged at the other

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side. Ever and anon they would come upon white-flannel-clad youths towing their skiffs, their companions lying at full length on gaily-colored cushions in the boat, or poling long, unwieldy punts after the fashion of the Venetian gondoliers. They skimmed close to elderly gentlemen seated upon wooden chairs in flat-bottomed boats, fishing for barbel, each man with a red cotton handkerchief across the back of his neck and an open umbrella in the disengaged hand. The laughter of picnic parties from the woods rang upon the drowsy hum of summer, mingled with the lowing of cattle and the barking of jealous dogs, who, espying Boreen, gave him to understand that, were he bold enough to set foot on shore, he'd be driven to take the water again and make that his natural element. Oh! it was a glorious day in June, and what so fair in the whole jewel-case of Dame Nature?

Walter Nugent, seated astride the brass cannon, gave way to bitter thoughts.

"I knew I would be in the way, and yet I was weak enough to remain in London for the purpose of —what? To spend a day on board the steam-launch of a marquis. I suppose if I was a friend of the engineer, or the steward, or the pantry boy I could have done the same. Ay, how they laugh! The idiotic jokes of this gilded baronet go off like *feu de joie*. I do not admire your taste, Miss Branscombe. I suppose it's all right; eh, Boreen, old man?" To this Boreen responded by a violent barking, directed at a sleepy-looking cow that was standing knee-deep in the cool water beneath the shade of a horse-chestnut in full bloom.

"You have deserted us, Mr. Nugent," said Hester's sweet, low voice.

"Please not to mind *me*," exclaimed Walter. "I am enjoying this thing immensely."

"'Least lonely when most alone.' Who is it that has said that?"

"Miss Branscombe," he retorted, "I am not alone. Am I, Boreen?" Whereat Boreen dashed madly from side to side of the launch, challenging every living thing on either bank of the river to mortal combat.

"Have you been up the river before, Mr. Nugent?" seating herself on a camp-stool.

"Never. My Thames has been done on the penny boats between London Bridge and Westminster."

"It is charming along here, is it not?"

"Absolutely." And gazing outwards, he was silent.

"We are approaching Marlow. You can see the church-spire above the trees. That red brick house with the wooden cross-beams is the celebrated Angler's, an inn that old Izaak Walton used to visit for possets. Sir Jasper Jyvecote proposes that we shall land for a few moments to taste the Moselle cup for which the hostelry is so famous."

"I'll see him hanged before I taste *his* cup," resolved the barrister.

Miss Branscombe, who knew every reed on the river, chatted gaily and charmingly, relating anecdotes historical and gossipy; and, seeing with woman's instinct that the barrister was "not i' the vein," kept the shuttlecock to her own battledore, never so much as affording him the chance of exerting himself by sending it back to her.

"Here's Marlow lock, and now for our cup," she cried, as the launch glided into the fern-clad chamber.

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"No cup for me, thanks," said Nugent.

"But it will be *lèse-majesté* to refuse it."

"I owe no allegiance to Sir Jasper Jyvecote, Miss Branscombe."

At this moment the baronet sauntered forward.

"By Jove! I thought you had gone overboard, Miss Branscombe," he observed, adding, "Whose is the cur?" casting a disgusted glance at Boreen, who was gazing sidewise at the varnished shoes.

"That is *my* dog, sir," said Nugent sternly.

"Aw! He's Irish."

"He is."

"I thought so."

"I should imagine you *thought* very little about anything." And Walter turned contemptuously upon his heel.

I do not seek to excuse my hero. I have already said that he was but four-and-twenty and full of hot Irish blood—blood that leaped into flame as the match struck. I am telling a plain, unvarnished tale, and my reader will take my hero with his imperfections, such as they are.

"I beg pardon, Miss Branscombe," he said, turning on his heel and bowing; then, calling Boreen, he lightly sprang ashore.

"I'll stop that ninny-hammer's sneering," he lightly laughed to himself, as he wandered, his hands deep in his coat pockets, into the trim, glowing garden attached to ye ancient hostlerie, nor did he rejoin the party until the whistle from the launch announced her instant departure.

"Nearly left behind, Blantyre," chuckled the marquis as Walter leaped on to the deck. "Take a cigar? Irish Bar, eh? Rum lot; wild; clever. Young fellows Home-Rulers, old fellows Whigs—rascally Whigs, by Jupiter! Hate Whigs, Blantyre. Lord O'Hagan—orator—flowery. Dowse doosid funny—clown."

Ethel, who had spent her morning in the engine-room, now appeared with Estelle, whom she had attired in a suit of waterproof.

"We are going to have a white squall, Walter, and see how splendidly Estelle is prepared for it."

"Take your friend astern, Baby. Have to meet another secretary at Pulleyne, Blantyre." And his lordship returned to his all-absorbing scarlet despatch-box.

Nugent mentally resolved to avoid both Miss Branscombe and her gilded admirer for the remainder of the day.

"I'll just see this thing out as I would a comedy of high life; and so here goes for treating the marchioness much as Dick Swiveller treated his titled dame over a game of cribbage." And the barrister joined his hostess, with whom was Ethel.

The Marchioness of Pomfret was a superb horsewoman. She had ridden with the Pytchley and Queen, and contemplated in the near future a run with the Galway Blazers. Upon the subject of horses Nugent, thanks to Andy Gavin, was an expert, and the moment the topic was started her ladyship and her guest were completely *d'accord;* nor did they cease a very animated and mutually interesting conversation till the launch glided into a tiny harbor which bore all the appearance of a gigantic bath.

"You should see Miss Eileen O'Meara ride with the Blazers," cried Nugent, his eyes on fire, his cheeks all aglow. "I'll tell you what happened last season but one. We were a field of fifty, going at a

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slapping pace till we came to Sir Val Blake's demesne wall. The fox took a break in the wall, and the dogs followed him. Every man in the hunt rode up to it and balked, preferring to trust to the gate. Miss O'Meara was coming along, her white teeth set, her hands well down. 'Give me room, gentlemen, *please*,' she cried, and she cleared it like a bird. We saw nothing but the bright steel shoes of her plucky mare. When we rejoined her she was standing by the side of the mare, whose girths had been loosed; and no one but herself and the dogs had seen that fox killed. Captain Candy, of the Ninth Lancers—they called him Sugar Candy—and I measured the height of that jump, and it was five feet eleven and a half. Miss O'Meara is a brick."

"I don't admire masculine girls," observed Miss Branscombe coldly, as, taking Sir Jasper Jyvecote's arm, she went ashore.

"Mamma, you must go with papa. I want Walter. I have oh! so many things to show him," cried Ethel. "Estelle is asleep, and 'Toinette will mind her. Come, Boreen, Boreen! Hi! cats! cats!"

Pulleyne, the princely seat of the Marquis of Pomfret, is situated on the right bank of the Thames as you ascend from Taplow. The house is Elizabethan, of red brick. It encloses a square court with an arched cloister, pale blue forget-me-nots clinging tenderly to the walls, and a fountain plashes into a circular basin in the central grass-plot. It stands on a sort of plateau some ten feet above the level of the surrounding park, the descent from the higher to the lower level being accomplished by flights of broad stone steps. This plateau is laid out in elaborate gardens, the hues of the flowers being graduated and patterned out according to the latest refinements of chromatic art. Along the front of the house extends a broad, gravelled walk bordered by a regiment of huge red earthenware jars such as would serve admirably in the Morgiana scene in "Ali Baba," solely devoted to creeping plants of a dead gray. Under the southern wing of the house a smaller walled-in garden is kept in the Queen Anne style—Nature in ruff and farthingale and high-heeled shoes. The great park outside, with its five thousand rolling acres of turf and brake, is studded with clumps of burly oaks and ancient, rugged thorns, and a stately avenue of over two miles in length, bordered with towering horse-chestnuts and lime-trees three deep on either hand, leads up to the house.

Oh! it was fair to behold stately deer, with tender limbs and poised antlers, passing along the golden bars that glinted through the deep boughs. Oh! it was delightful to walk beneath the shadowy haunts on a carpet of moss softer than Aubusson, or Tashmeghar, or Persian.

Ethel, having selected a site for the *fête champêtre*, the grass was soon in an azalean bloom of lobster salad and *pâté de foie gras*, while solemn servants silently busied themselves with elaborate and seductive prandial preparations. Boreen had to be tied to a tree, but not until he had polished off a chicken-pie and had become the happy possessor of an entire lobster, which he worried as he would a combative and recalcitrant cat. Sir Jasper did Ganymede to Miss Branscombe; the marquis, having bundled off a third secretary with

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the despatch-box, applied his spectacles to the contemplation of the tempting viands; and Walter, whose appetite always stood him in good stead, laid on like Macduff. Ethel's health was drunk in champagne, and the party then proceeded in a wagonette to the house; Ethel having carefully collected sticks with the aid of Walter, wherewith to build a fire to make the tea on the return to the launch.

In the cloister Nugent was thrown beside Miss Branscombe, Sir Jasper having entered the house with the marchioness.

"I hope that stupid remark of Sir Jasper Jyvecote has been erased from your memory," she said.

He turned and met her eyes, and then he felt how beautiful she was.

"I'm very sorry—that is, for *your* sake. I'm awfully sorry I let myself go that time, Miss Branscombe—and—and, you will please let me say good-by."

"Good-by!" And the girl looked at him with wondering eyes as she echoed the word.

"Yes."

"*Now!* Why?"

He grew very pale.

"I want to get back to Ireland. I am not fit for this sort of thing. I'm sorry I came. Don't be offended with me!" And suddenly taking her hand and lifting the tips of her fingers to his lips, he flung one long, hungering look into her eyes, and the next instant he was gone.

CHAPTER VII.

If the statue of Admiral Nelson that adorns the pillar in Sackville Street, Dublin, had descended, walked out to Rathfarnham, and, stepping into the modest little parlor in Mrs. Nugent's modest little cottage, had invited Walter then and there to go through the jubilant evolutions of an Irish jig, the young man's astonishment could not have been exceeded when Mr. Fitzgerald's letter arrived announcing in cold, legal phraseology that the town-park of Clonfinnan, together with the townlands of Ballybottery and Turbury, was restored to the possession of the Nugents of Kilternan. At first he regarded the letter as a practical joke played off upon him by some witless scapegrace of the "Hall," and was about to tear it into a thousand pieces when the genuine appearance of the document stopped him. Could there be any mistake? There in the corner stood his own name, correct in every particular. There in the body of the missive were the townlands succinctly set forth. Clonfinnan had gone first to pay the losses upon Fly-by-Night's defeat at Punchestown; then followed Ballybottery, where the hounds were once again entrusted to his father's mastership; and lastly Turbury, that filtered away in the reckless extravagance consequent upon entertaining the viceroy, the Earl of Carlisle, when half the county was invited to meet him.

Could it be possible that this letter was intended for somebody else, and that in the hurry of business his, Walter Nugent's, name had been erroneously inserted? Yes, it must be so; and as Mr. Fitzgerald had been so attentive and courteous, it behoved him to call upon that gentleman without delay, and

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set to right this palpable and painful error.

"No mistake, my dear sir," was the solicitor's remark as Walter handed him the letter.

"No—mis—take!" he echoed in a dry, choking way.

"None whatever. Do not be excited, Nugent. There is such a thing as good luck." And Fitzgerald busied himself with papers, in order to let the first high heart-beats throb off.

"I—I—don't understand this. Am I dreaming? Is this real? What does it mean?" gasped Nugent, grasping the table till his knuckles shone up glassy and white, and staring with dilated eyes and mouth wide open at the solicitor, who, cool as the parchment he was engaged in handling, appeared not to notice him.

"I congratulate you, and—"

"But what does it mean?" burst in the young man, beads of perspiration now trickling down a face that flamed and paled alternately.

"It means that the estate formerly in the possession of your lamented father has been purchased in fee and restored to the family."

"Who purchased it?"

"A client of mine."

A flush of joy illumined the barrister's heart, only to leave utter darkness. "Your client's name, please"—this haughtily.

"*Stet nominis umbra*," laughed the other. "Let me call him Junius."

"You shall call him by his proper appellation, Mr. Fitzgerald. Although a beggar, I wish to thank this unknown Dives while I refuse his alms."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Mr. Nugent. Sit down now—sit down, I say—and listen to me for just two minutes. I must be in court at 11.20," glancing at a Louis Quatorze clock that peeped from behind a bundle of mouldy-looking law papers. "The case stands this wise: An old man enormously rich, a bachelor without kith or kin—Father Breen knows all about him, and this has been done with the reverend gentleman's entire concurrence—has been under mountain loads of obligations to your family at the time when the Nugents held their heads as high as their own race-horses. He, I might say, lived at Kilternan, and his earliest associations have been connected with the place and the race. He loves Kilternan, he loves the family, and a dream of his life is to see the Nugents enjoying their own again. Accident has enabled him to gratify this all-absorbing desire. The lands were in the market; he has purchased them in fee. Here are the deeds, my dear sir, and allow me to offer you ten thousand congratulations and three thousand a year. I shall be late, and the Master of the Rolls will strike me off the rolls." And snatching up his hat and a bundle of papers, Mr. Fitzgerald hastily withdrew.

Walter gazed at the deeds that lay within his reach, gazed out at St. Andrew's Church, gazed at the tin boxes, and maps, and acts of Parliament, and the dread paraphernalia of the law by which he was surrounded; then he bent over the table, lower still, until the backs of his hands rested upon the parchment that gave him rank, and wealth, and station, till his forehead rested upon his hands. And thus he remained until one of the clerks came into the apartment to ask him if he felt unwell.

"I cannot go home," he said to himself. "I must try and pull my

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thoughts together." And hailing an outside car, he drove to the Phœnix Park, and there, under the fragrant horse-chestnuts, meditated upon this marvellous turn of the wheel of his fortune, and upon the superb generosity of his unknown benefactor.

"I can meet Hester Branscombe on equal terms *now*," was the triumphant thought that fluttered high in his jubilant heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

"KILTERNAN, July 28.

"DEAR MR. NUGENT: As we have but a few days ere we retreat from this fortress with, let us hope, *all* the honors of war, I would be very pleased if you would favor us with a visit, in order that I may render an account of my stewardship. With best regards to your mother and sister, I remain very truly yours, JULIA HOPE HOWARD.

"P. S. I shall send to Clonfinnan to meet you."

A burning desire to visit the old home seized possession of Walter Nugent as he perused this epistle, and without a moment's hesitation he telegraphed—he had removed with his mother and sister from Rathfarnham to the Shelburne Hotel, Stephen's Green—his acceptance, adding that he would leave for Kilternan upon the following day at two o'clock.

The Howards had received a polite notice to quit Kilternan—in other words, were informed that at the expiration of the year terminating the 31st of July the proprietor would take possession; hence this note.

It was a lovely summer evening as Walter Nugent, with Boreen at his heels, entered the old-fashioned gateway leading to the home of his race. In his telegram he requested of Mrs. Howard not to send any vehicle to the station, and he now trudged, on a brave pair of low-heeled shoes, up the elm-lined avenue to the house. Mrs. Clancy, the lodge-keeper, fairly wept for joy as he stepped into the lodge and took a cup of tea with her, and Patsy Farrel, the gardener, with trembling hands fastened a magnificent Maréchal Niel rosebud in "the young masther's" buttonhole, who now, "glory be to God! come back for to live amongst his own agin."

As Walter neared the house the tide of past recollection and that of present happiness met in one great wave that washed over his heart, and a tear stood in his eye as for a moment he ever and anon paused to gaze at some well-remembered spot, some landmark recalling a past no longer soured with a deadly bitterness. It was during one of these pauses that he heard the rustle of a woman's dress, and, imagining it might be some of the domestics or people employed about the place, he stepped aside. Boreen, who was considerably in advance, having travelled miles after impossible rabbits, suddenly set up a joyous barking, followed by whines indicative of pleasure laid on at high pressure.

"Somebody that Boreen is acquainted with," thought Nugent. "I wonder who can it be? He never was here before. I'll answer for the dog. How jolly he is, to be sure!" And he stepped from behind the trees into the avenue.

A young, girlish figure stooped over the terrier, caressing Boreen with dainty hand. The barrister's

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heart leaped as in the figure he recognized Hester Branscombe.

"Why did you leave Pulleyne that day?" she asked, without looking up and still fondling Boreen.

Walter was silent.

"Why did you leave Pulleyne?" she repeated, still stooping over the dog. Her tones were low, and her voice, despite an ill-concealed effort at firmness, quivered from agitation.

"May I, *dare* I tell you?" he blurted, and in surprising the secret of his own heart he learned that which lay enshrined with his own image in hers.

Oh! that stroll beneath the elms at Kilternan, Boreen, the inimitable Boreen, chasing rabbits with hoarse and roystering bark, till the dew descended like a *tulle illusion* veil upon the grass, and the moon hung like a gem on the brow of the sky. Are there not moments in all our lives when life seems not to belong to earth, the very remembrance of which awakes echoes of sweet melody in the heart?

"I liked you from the very moment you stood opposite to me with dear old Boreen, his pink tongue covered with sawdust," she murmured.

"And yet you treated me—"

"Like a—what a big goose you were!"

Miss Branscombe had come over to visit her friend, Miss Howard, even before the sun of the London season had set. She was anxious to see Walter Nugent's birthplace and his home.

"How strange it all seems!" he said, as they emerged into the open space before the house; "you have got *my* old room."

The Nugents live at Kilternan, and by the Nugents I mean Mr. Walter Nugent, his wife, his heir, his mother, and his sister. By the way, Mr. O'Meara, Q.C., intends removing the latter young lady to Merrion Square in the course of the coming autumn. Andy Gavin, whose secret is still faithfully preserved, occupies his old quarters at the stables, where he is as happy as his own honest conscience can make him, and that is completely happy. Little Lady Ethel is on a visit with her aunt just now, and takes the heir—she is out of dolls—for an airing in a very pretty little wicker carriage. Is it drawn by a pony? No. A goat? It is harnessed to our exulting and jubilant

BOREEN.

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HAS HISTORY BECOME A NOVEL?*

EVER since Carlyle called historians Dryasdusts we have ceased reading statistical reports, tabulated lists of manufactures, appendices to maps, and other dull matter once deemed of necessity to complete the annals of a nation. Poor Dryasdust cannot write history, even if he can give facts. Your modern historiographer is nothing if not romantic. Demosthenes read and reread Thucydides in order to form his style and familiarize himself with Grecian history; but has not Grote proved that Thucydides did not know how to write history at all? It is true that the Greek historian was a personal actor in the wars which he describes, and a modern reader might be excused for supposing that he knew what he was writing about; but the modern reader must understand that the Athenian historian had no philosophy of history, and, in fact—he was a Dryasdust. He simply told what he knew. He had no subtle insight into the motives of generals who were so absurd as to fight without any motive at all. Now, in the Zulu war Lord Chelmsford always fights with a motive; whereas your ridiculous old Plutarchian heroes warred without any apparent reflection. It is painfully evident that they thought only of winning a battle, instead of watching its sociological effects upon an autocratic as distinguished from an oligarchic government.

The mention of Plutarch recalls a whole world of pleasant historical reading, even if such reading failed of the modern conditions of historical writing. How often we have laughed at the superstitious solemnity of old Herodotus, who takes us aside to tell us some "awful whopper" about what he saw in Egypt; or at such a story as that in Diogenes Laertes about a crocodile that completely floored the philosopher Antisthenes upon a question of metaphysics. One might suspect that the crocodile was a prototype of Mr. Barnum's wild men from the impenetrable forests of Tasmania, whose scaly fins defy comparative anatomy to explain, and whose knowledge of the English language puzzles philology. The ancient historians chronicled everything they saw, heard, or read; and the great value of their writings is owing to the circumstance that they never dreamt of philosophizing upon what they wrote. Perhaps the greatest charm of Homer is that he is profoundly convinced of the truth of what he sings. Nor does such a conviction altogether destroy the historical value of the writings of the ancient annalists. Criticism can very readily sift the chaff from the wheat. In even the unpoetic and practical records of ancient Rome it is questionable whether trustworthy history antedates Suetonius. Who shall decide whether the *Agricola* or the *Germania* of Tacitus is history or romance?

We fear very much that modern English historians have been given to romancing. The necessity began with concealing the shameful spoliation of the monasteries in

* *A History of Our Own Times.* By Justin McCarthy. 1879.

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England, as also the hiding of the real causes of the Protestant Reformation. We do not say with De Maistre that for the last three hundred years history has been a grand conspiracy against the truth, for we are profoundly convinced that truth is stronger than any conspiracy; but it is certainly true that history, in the hands of Englishmen, has been little better than a novel, and it is with regret we note the deepening of this viciousness in contemporary English historical essays. What are we to think of even the possibility of such a book as J. A. Froude's *Life of Thomas à Becket*, the very shamelessness of which nearly deterred Mr. Freeman from exposing its countless misrepresentations, and even documentary falsifications? If, as Mr. Froude says, since his withdrawal from the ministry of the Church of England he has no other resource for making a living than that furnished by literature, can he not turn his imaginative powers to romance, and not outrage history? Half of the elaborate description spent upon his theory of the criminality of the Queen of Scots, put into a certain style of fashionable novel, would have made him a quicker, and at least as adequate, pecuniary return. If he had described some imaginary proud, haughty, impure, and vulgar prelate in a sort of mediæval romance, instead of calling such an imaginary person Thomas à Becket in a pretended history, he would have made as much money, besides saving any historical reputation he may affect. It is honorable in literature to call a novel a novel, as Lockhart says, speaking of Sir Walter Scott's romantic *Life of Napoleon*, which might have been made admirable as a story, but which, as a biography, is of no worth.

Swift said of Bishop Burnet's *History* that it was a lame and spavined old horse tottering under the weight of all the ecclesiastical filth that had accumulated in the Church of England from the days of Cranmer. The expression is vulgar, but the dean was not mealy-mouthed. This same old steed has been alternately coaxed and driven to carry also a most weighty pack of political lies; and if the galled jade winces, that is no matter for surprise. If we except the simple and touching biography of Cardinal Wolsey, written by his man-servant, there are few trustworthy histories of England or of Englishmen, from Henry VIII.'s day, until we reach Lingard.

Hume began the graphic and romantic style of English historical writing, of which we have the imitation in Macaulay, Carlyle, Froude, Green, and, in a quieter way, Justin McCarthy. Hume did not care whether he was right or wrong—a very proper mood indeed for writing history. It is not probable that he believed in his own philosophical theories, but the man who wrote that right and wrong are only conventional terms, invented by a degraded priesthood to make money, is hardly a safe guide. His characters in his history are well drawn, and his analysis of motive displays that critical faculty which, his admirers boasted, was triumphantly exercised in his refutation of the possibility of miracles; but after all one feels that they are only the etchings of a skilful drawer who positively believed that all his royal characters were a great deal worse than he painted them. It is curious to notice that whereas Froude's pencil is dipped in celes-

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tial hues, Hume works in dark pigments. But neither of them is a historian; and as Henry VIII. on the canvas of Froude appears rayed with a halo—a veritable if rather burly saint—and about as like him in personal appearance as the Bluff Hal on the English tavern, so Hume's graceful and melancholy picture of Charles I. resembles him as much as the famous portrait by Vandyke.

The apotheosis of historical romance was reached in Thomas Carlyle, who set to work to overturn every preconceived notion we ever had on the subject of history. He had one idea, which he has hammered out into the thinnest plates in all sorts of writing. That idea is the supremacy of physical force over all other kinds of power. Endowed with a marvellous command of the epithets expressive of force, he proceeded to hurl them with what his devotees call Titanic fury, but which others would designate by a far rougher term. Taking as a text, "To be weak is to be miserable," he began ringing the changes. The world has grown tired of his savage growl at its weakness. It refuses to believe in the omnipotence of muscle. No doubt it is a very desirable thing to be able to walk a thousand miles in a thousand quarters of hours, or to snap an iron bar like a pipe-stem; but how is it if we all cannot be Milos?

Carlyle calls the pope a "bundle of old rags," and of the whole line of Roman pontiffs admires only Julius II., who went to war with Venice, bullied Michael Angelo, renovated St. Peter's, and, we are afraid, dealt rather summarily with certain religious malcontents. Not every pope can be a Julius, and the church does not often choose a pontiff who loves the sword of St. Paul more than the keys of St. Peter. Nor does society as a rule prefer war to peace, brute force to moral power, the hangman's rope to the priest's exhortation, or, in civil rule, Saul to Solomon. The French Revolution was a misfortune, Mirabeau a demagogue, and Frederick the Great a despot. All the dreadful energies of the Carlylean heroes did not effect a particle more than the quiet and potent working of good ideas which, instead of being "clad in hell-fire," might have been spoken in a whisper by the church, sung by the poet, or penned by the scholar.

The brilliant historical romances of Lord Macaulay put the finishing touch upon the Dryasdusts. Goldsmith's *Natural History* is not so interesting as a Persian tale, but Macaulay's *England* is. The balanced sentence, the deft touch of character, the cunning close of chapters, after which we expect to read, "To be continued in our next," the minute attention to scenery, the mingling of grave and gay, and the panoramic effects, all mark the great romance of English history. Gibbon is learned, diffuse, and generally exact. Macaulay is sparkling, rapid, and—imaginative. Let us put away the latest novel, and fancy we are improving our mind by reading serious history.

It is too much to expect that Justin McCarthy should have escaped the influence of the romantic school of English history. Where more pretentious and ambitious, though not always abler, men have led the way, it was unavoidable for him not to have followed. Besides, he is a novelist, and a good one. This *History of Our Own*

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Times reads like so many episodes out of the great romancers—Fielding, Smollett, or Thackeray. The judgments upon the men and the women of the Victorian era are simply admirable from a novelistic stand-point but false historically, as time and the matured judgments of posterity will indicate. Mr. McCarthy cannot afford, politically, to put down in full the estimates of characters at which he hints. It is quite easy for him to weave out a series of motives for his political characters which is sufficient for the day. Beaconsfield is drawn as a successful adventurer. He is this, but more. O'Connell is described as a demagogue, not scrupling to abuse certain feelings and tendencies of the Irish people. But he was a great orator, and deserved and wore with honor the name of tribune of his people. Cardinal Newman had a mystic as well as a logical mind, and this sufficed to make him leave the Establishment. But he also had the grace of God. Prince Albert was a most affectionate father, and therefore did much to preserve the tranquillity of the English court, etc.

Out of a few such actual or assumed traits in his heroes Mr. McCarthy evolves a very readable analysis of their characters. His "villains," too, are melodramatically ruffianly, and his heroines are all that can be desired. His survey of literature suggests a very narrow range of reading on the writer's part.

The chief excellence which Mr. McCarthy brought to the writing of his history is the minuteness of detail afforded him by his experience as a journalist. The man who has not only read telegraphic despatches and newspaper correspondence for years, but has also written upon them, may err in judgment, but not in intimate acquaintance with those little facts, incidents, phrases, and popular opinions which go far to make up history. Macaulay's later volumes of his *History of England* are condensed newspaper; and if Carlyle had not the *Moniteur* at hand the most vivid chapters of the *French Revolution* could not have been written. McCarthy's *History* impresses us much as a scrap-book in which leading editorial articles have been pasted, among which at proper intervals is sandwiched a "letter from our own correspondent at the seat of war." We have in the opening chapter a very interesting account of the death of William IV., with the very latest intelligence from the sick-room and touching incidents of the trying scene. Next we have political "leaders" on the Peel, the Melbourne, and other ministries, in the style of a confidential secretary of the government, who is cautious about letting the people into important state secrets. As Sir Patrick O'Plempo, in the *Irish Ambassador*, would say, "Situated as I am," Mr. McCarthy declines telling us all he knows; and we are left in great uncertainty as to the real designs of France in the Crimean War.

The excellence of the portraits of eminent Englishmen in this *History* may be inferred from the fact that years ago Mr. McCarthy had the reputation of being the best "interviewer" upon the London press. The word has an unpleasant hint of vulgarity to American ears; but in England the interviewer would not, and, in point of fact, does not, set at defiance the canons of etiquette and courtesy. In most cases a public man gives

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his views at a large banquet; but where such a medium of communication is absent he has no objection to meeting an authorized member of the press. The series of articles on distinguished men which Mr. McCarthy wrote some years back for the *Galaxy* gave a good idea of an English "interview." There was a certain amount of "puffery," but no violation of domestic or of social privacy, and a fair statement of the "views." Our own idea of what history should be is magnificently illustrated by Bossuet in his discourse on universal history. Still, if any one likes to read novels under the disguise of history, he will find such a book as Mr. McCarthy's very agreeable. Most of us will give such a reader the same credit for his historical knowledge as we should to the philosophical gentleman on whose chess-table we find two huge tomes, bound in morocco, and entitled *The Works of Bishop Berkeley on Idealism.* The title may be a little deceptive, but the contents furnish much amusement.

A PEEP INTO TWO BURIED CITIES.

In this month of August the people of Naples are celebrating the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius which took place in the year A.D. 79, eighteen hundred years ago. It is a rather peculiar *in memoriam*, but it has a singular interest, and the Italians enjoy the memory and benefits of the old catastrophe. Indeed, they are justified in this; for it has done more, in the way of preserving a true knowledge of men and things as they existed at the beginning of our era, than all the classic writers. Volcanoes certainly have their own uses in the providential order of human progress.

The first mention of Pompeii occurs under date of B.C. 300, at which time the Romans took the coast country of Campania from the Oscans, Samnites, and others who had possessed it. The little city occupied a small eminence at the base of Vesuvius, about a mile from the strand of the Bay of Naples; the site having been raised by some former overflow of lava, which had become covered with soil in the course of ages. The first settlers must have fancied that the volcano had ceased to be dangerous, and they covered the place with vineyards and cornfields. The soil was wonderfully fertile, and the circle of Campania round the bay was a circle of natural enchantment, earth, sea, and a beautiful climate combining to make it the paradise of Italy. When Rome had become mistress of all the peninsula, her rich citizens recognized the attractions of the locality and built villas at Pompeii, Baiæ, Naples, Herculaneum, and other places, all in sight of the volcano. Cicero had a villa at Pompeii, as he tells us in his Epistles, and he must have often speculated on the next eruption of the great hill, which never allowed the inhabitants to forget its character for any length of time. Smoke was almost always visible at its summit, owing

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to the interior lava-combustion, which was always kept up by the sea-percolations from the Adriatic. It is now a recognized fact—first suggested by an Irish Protestant bishop, Dr. George Berkeley, of Cloyne—that the great volcanoes of the world are on the edges of the ocean, or very near them, as the reader may observe by looking on the maps. The thousand volcanoes of the globe are nearly all in sight of salt water.

In the process of time the hydrogen of the Adriatic troubled the lonely repose of Vesuvius; and a great earthquake, in A.D. 63, shook Pompeii, Herculaneum, and other towns, as we are told by Seneca. The people of Campania propped and repaired their walls and went on gathering their harvests for sixteen years longer, till the great catastrophe came in A.D. 79. Pliny the Younger has left us (in his letter to Tacitus, Epist. vi. 16) a description of it, apropos of the death of his uncle, the natural philosopher. The eruption began with showers of dust, pumice-stones, and hot cinders, which were succeeded, for a week, by torrents of liquid matter and lava. At the end of that time the beautiful country was covered over by a gray coating of ashes and *scoriæ*, and the inhabitants had vanished, leaving silence behind them. It was considered that the residents of Pompeii had amounted to twenty-five thousand persons; and these had time to escape for the most part. The skeletons subsequently found seemed to indicate that much less than a thousand lives were lost, and that those who perished had calculated on the quick subsidence of the storm and remained in their houses. The same catastrophe reached Herculaneum, about three miles off on the coast; but lava found its way to the latter along with the hot cinders, filling the houses and subsequently rising to a height of seventy and a hundred feet of hardened lava above them.

No lava reached the high site of Pompeii, and the preservation of its ruins is owing to the lighter and dryer covering of sand and cinders, which was only about twelve feet deep on the average. Under this covering it had a long sleep. Scarcely any mention of it was made by subsequent historians, and in all probability it received some further accumulations of dust from a number of later eruptions. The Emperor Alexander Severus made some excavations at the place, and succeeded in obtaining a number of columns and other architectural fragments for the adornment of Rome; but no one thought of Pompeii any more, as a place of residence, for nearly seventeen hundred years.

The resurrection of Pompeii began in 1750 under the auspices of the Bourbon kings of Naples, whose curiosity had been excited by some chance discoveries on the deserted site. Malefactors, felons, and Turkish captives were first employed in the excavations, which soon began to reward the explorers. The relics were carried to Naples, and there arranged in the Museo Borbonico, which has become the great "curiosity-shop," so to speak, of the kingdom of Italy. It was found that Pompeii was a very valuable appendage of Naples; and Bourbons, Bonapartes, Murats, Garibaldis, and Sardinians have in turn cherished it accordingly. It has quite thrown into the shade its sister-sleeper of Herculaneum, which received a number of lava-streams, and was more deeply and durably

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buried by more than one overflow. The digging of a well on the site of the latter town in 1709 led to the discovery of its exact position; and then a *mining* process began different from the lighter work of Pompeii. The hard lava-rock offered great resistance, and only a space of 1,800 feet by 1,000 has thus far been explored by shafts—for nothing has as yet been opened to the light of day. In this slow way a large theatre has been discovered capable of seating 8,000 spectators; a basilica with curious paintings, mosaics, and a number of other things duly recorded in the *Antichita di Ercolano*, published at Naples in 1792. The houses, built of brick, were of one story, and the streets very narrow. Among the discoveries were 2,000 rolls of ancient MSS.; but they were so blackened and decayed by the action of heat and damp that only two or three of them could be deciphered by the most careful modern experts. One of them, a treatise on music by one Philodemus, was published in Naples, but had no merit. The "Herculaneum Chamber" in the Museo Borbonico has a great variety of old relics and curiosities — bronze statues, fresco paintings, busts, candelabra, lamps, vases, surgical instruments, mirrors, cooking utensils, and loaves of bread left too long in the oven.

Pompeii, on its lava-ridge, is about three-quarters of a mile long and about half a mile across, covering nearly one hundred and sixty-one acres of ground and surrounded for the most part by walls with parapets and towers of the Oscan period. Only about one-third of its area has been uncovered. It has eight gates: one leading northward to Rome, another to the south; another is the gate of Herculaneum. Its streets are very narrow, as they cross one another at right angles and divide the city into "islands" or blocks. They are usually about twelve feet wide, including the little sidewalks, and are paved with large, rough blocks of lava-stone, set in their places by the paviors of nineteen hundred years ago. That narrowness of streets in ancient cities was owing to a love of shade rather than sunshine in warm climates—as in the East at present. It was the Roman fashion; and Tacitus complains that Nero spoiled the city with his wide streets after the great fire. On the whole, those classic thoroughfares must have presented a very poor and shabby appearance; and in Pompeii they look worse than ever. But the little city has its compensations in some large spaces and buildings, such as the Forum, 300 feet long by 100 feet broad; an amphitheatre (430 by 330 feet); two theatres and half a dozen temples, a court of justice, granary and other structures, visible in their lower walls and pillars, etc. From those temples have been extracted hundreds of marble statues, bronzes, paintings, and mosaics.

While the public buildings exhibited the Greek and Roman styles, the domestic architecture was more after the manner of the Oscans, Etruscans, and other Italian peoples. The outsides along the narrow streets were blank, like those of Asia Minor, and furnished on the ground-floor with a succession of little shops or booths, in which hucksters and artificers carried on their business. The finest houses had such appendages, and Cicero in one of his letters speaks of those clinging to his own villa, and yielding him a handsome year-

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ly revenue. In an advertisement discovered on one of the city walls a lady named Julia Felix announces that she has about ninety of such little booths to rent on her property for a term of five years. Pompeii had within its walls a number of very aristocratic houses, such as that of Sallust, of Pansa, Meleager, the Tragic Poet, the Faun, Castor and Pollux, Lucretius, etc. — designations adopted from some prominent name or feature belonging to those buildings. In them were found beautiful mosaics, pictures, vases, bronze figures, coins, and a great variety of other brilliant relics. Beyond the gate of Herculaneum the visitor finds himself in a narrow way, with some villas on either side—notably those of Cicero and Diomedes—and especially lined by a succession of tombs and monuments of the dead, thus brought very close to the daily footsteps and memories of the living, according to the rather sociable and pathetic fashion of the old Greeks, Italians, and other races. In this place were the Mount Auburn and Greenwood of Pompeii; and those mortuary records could preach a short sermon to the most careless of the passers-by.

In glancing at the remains of Pompeii, or reading a description of them, one is apt to think it could not be a place of "population"—that is, of those poor and working classes that belonged to Rome and other large cities. We find nothing but what has some connection with artistic elegance and the means and appliances of the wealthy classes, and no traces of the dens and hovels that shelter the industrial workers of our own times. But this may be partly explained. Pompeii was a colony of the higher orders—a sort of Brighton or Newport for those weary of the

Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ,

and longing for the sea-breezes of the Adriatic. The mass of the people in such places belonged to them as slaves and servants—people never liable to suffer the physical misery of workmen who were free. The lower classes of Pompeii lived chiefly with and on their masters and were not paupers; and one reason why they have left so few traces of their mode of life may be that they had their lodging in the top stories of the villas—timber accommodations which would quickly perish under the action of hot cinders and the lapse of time.

And yet there may be found among the relics of Pompeii many things to show that the city had its workers and busy people who lived by their daily industry; and the habits, manners, and social shifts and contrivances of such folk—discoverable in many words, traces, and relics of that age—are better calculated to come home to the feelings of people in general than any of those artistic refinements and decorations imitated from the Greek and Roman fashions of high life. A little room with its cooking-stove, a pot and a kettle with a sort of poker, and the skeleton of a cat would be more likely to interest the reader at this distance than a temple of Neptune with its bronzes, pillars, cornices, mosaics, and painted stuccos. Some of the inscriptions and *graffiti* found on those exhumed walls give curious insights of the ways and thoughts of those who composed them. One of them refers to that cherished passion of antiquity, the love of sport and amusement. We have the placard of one Sittius, a comfortable *maitre-d'hôtel* and city

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showman who does business at the sign of the "Elephant," and who announces that he will have in his place, on such a day, a good fight of gladiators and an "awning." This last intimation was an agreeable piece of news for the pleasure-seekers of Pompeii, who attended such spectacles in open places, and probably thought an awning the best part of the entertainment. Another "caterer" announces that "the public baths will be dedicated on a certain day at the expense of Cneus A. Nigidius Maius; and that on the occasion there will be a grand baiting of wild beasts, wrestling of athletes, a handsome sprinkling of perfumed water, and an awning." The notice ends with "Success to Maius, chief of our colony!" Maius certainly deserved success; for those elegantly-arranged and commodious *thermæ* must have been a blessing to the little city, furnishing accommodations for men in one department, for women in another, and for slaves in a third, the admittance being probably free, or fixed at a very low figure, according to the excellent fashion of the Greek and Roman cities. Martial speaks of a man who, when he has paid his "farthing" and had his bath, will walk off like a king—*rex ibit.* In this respect the ancients had much happier notions and practices than the people of our modern cities, enjoying much larger water facilities.

It has been observed a great many little shops were found lining the street-fronts of the dwelling-houses. Among them was a *restaurant* or cook's booth with marble slabs, several kitchen utensils, earthen pipkins, ladles, bronze trays, an iron tripod, and a cooking-stove. Little advertisements were read on the walls, such as *Cor. opt.* —*i.e.*, "Best Corcyra Wine"—and "Old Luna," reminding us of the Londoners' "Old Tom" and the "Old Rye" of places nearer home. In one of the ovens was found a batch of bread, forgot by the baker when the shower began and greatly over-baked, in 1843. Among the *graffiti*, or scribblings, on the walls or posts are many words showing that a municipal election was to take place about the end of that month of August. One of them says: "Vote for [such a one], for he is the worthiest." There was certainly some public spirit in the city; for it had its *decuriones* of the senate, and its *comitia*, or "common council," its *augustales*, or priests, its ædiles, etc. These were, no doubt, the wealthier citizens, distinguished from the artisans who were their "clients" and the great body of the workers living in the condition of serfs. The latter had little or no voice in public affairs, except at the amphitheatre and the theatres, in which they found their chief enjoyment.

Though the great body of the citizens escaped from Pompeii, there are many evidences of loss of life and suffering. In the House of the Faun—as it is called—two skeletons were found in an oven, those of an old man and a little girl, who had tried, no doubt, to escape from the hot air of the apartments. In the house of Diomedes were discovered the skeletons of twenty adults, with those of a boy and an infant, gathered together at the foot of a staircase. The master himself was found at the front-door, accompanied by a slave with a silver vase and about two hundred gold and silver coins. The entire family had remained in their beautiful villa after the flight of

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their neighbors, hoping, no doubt, that the storm would subside. Diomedes tried to go out in search of help, but the hot air suffocated him and soon reached all the rest. From the ruins were gathered, along with the skeletons, a number of ornaments, such as necklaces, armlets, rings, and coins bearing the effigies of Vespasian and Galba. The family might have escaped if they had fled on the first alarm, without waiting to secure their valuables. In other places several skeletons of women were discovered, indicating that they had clung to their homes and the hope of ultimate rescue or escape, and so perished in the vaults and crypts to which they had retired. In some cases their actual forms as they first lay dead on the ground may be gazed upon. The streams of heated mud that accompanied the discharges of ashes flowed in upon them, enveloped them, and then hardened by degrees, at the same time taking the shapes of their bodies. When this tufa-casing was broken by the excavators it was found that the figures had shrunk to a few bones within the mould; and under the care of the Cavaliere Fiorelli (who became superintendent in 1861) the relics were cleared out and the hollows preserved or restored in such a way as to retain their dimensions. Liquid plaster was then poured into those hollows and allowed to get hard; after which the rude moulds were broken and the shapes of the dead, first made in A.D. 79, presented to the gazers of the nineteenth century.

Among the thousand traces and tokens of ancient life in Pompeii there are others of a more cheerful character, especially found in connection with the little business booths built in the fronts of houses. Over a drinking-saloon two men are shown running along, *tandem*, with a liquor-cask slung on the pole they carry on their shoulders. In another place, over a small schoolhouse, may be seen the figure of one boy horsed on the back of another, while a third urchin is administering an admonition. This, no doubt, was the wicked work of some outsider; for no schoolmaster would put such a "sign" over the door of his academy. Other striking facts, as they may be termed, are the bottles and drinking-vessels found in wine-shops. They are of glass, which some have regarded as among the modern inventions. But the ancients certainly knew the uses of glass and could manufacture it. Panes of glass have been found in some of the broken windows of Pompeii. Readers may remember the old story of Archimedes and the burning-glass with which he used to set fire to the sails of the Roman ships at the siege of Syracuse. Aristophanes, in one of his farces, represents Strepsiades as boasting that with his secret burning-glass he destroyed the writ of a bailiff who came to arrest him. No doubt the moderns have been slowly re-discovering a great many things familiar to the old Phœnicians and Pelasgians. But the most amusing of all those Pompeian facts is a pill-box. No traveller contemplates it with a grave countenance. It was found with veritable pills in it, and beside it was the little rope of blackened matter from which those pills were chopped off.

The excavations of Pompeii — and of Herculaneum as well—have been of late years carried on more actively than heretofore, though many are of opinion that the work

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should be done more quickly—especially the Americans. But the Italians are more deliberate in their ways. When an Englishman once asked Cardinal Consalvi why the Roman *scavi* were not carried on more rapidly, his eminence laughed and said they should leave something for the next generation to dig up. At the present rate of operation the excavations of Pompeii, which is about one-third extricated, will last for the next hundred years, preserving to the city of Naples one of its most curious attractions. And yet in this case it might be a perilous thing to prophesy. The volcano may interfere to put a stop to the work and fling another pall of silence over the corse of the old Campanian city. Of late years Vesuvius has become more violent than ever. From 1794 to the present time it has had more "paroxysms" than it exhibited in the preceding seventeen hundred years. In the above year (1794) a terrible flood of lava, containing, says Prof. Breislak, about 46,000,000 of cubic feet, destroyed the town of Torre del Greco, and entered the sea in a torrent 1,200 feet wide and 15 feet deep. In 1822 another eruption broke the head of the cone into a chasm three miles in circumference and 2,000 feet deep. In 1866 about eleven smoking cones broke out within a mile of Torre del Greco, and an earthquake shook the circuit of the bay. In 1867 and 1868 other formidable eruptions took place; and in 1872 a flood of lava, running for months, destroyed the villages of Sebastiana and Massa, while the streets of Naples were covered with hot dust to the depth of three inches. The causes which have made Vesuvius the chronic terror of Campania are still at work, deriving force from the sea-water, according to the philosophic idea of Bishop Berkeley, and exhibiting themselves just now in the powerful throes of Mount Etna. The latter is far larger than Vesuvius and twice as lofty; and for that reason Signor Spallanzani terms the latter a "boudoir-volcano." But the terrible record of the Italian mountain tells another story; and that story may have some chapters as terrible to follow.

The Italians, as has been observed, are rather proud of their formidable volcanoes, so grandly spectacular in their nature and performances, and so profitable to the people among whom they stand. Latterly the citizens of Naples have made a railroad from the city to the very edge of the crater of Vesuvius, and have added other conveniences of travel along its sides. Among the attractions of the mountain is a handsome observatory, constructed about half way on the road to the summit, and presided over by Prof. Palmieri. None of these improvements have as yet reached Etna, which still retains the formidable roughness of its Titanic days. But it will be softened and civilized in time, though its terrors may continue to be as lively as ever. Those of Vesuvius are very menacing; and another shower and torrent like those of 79 would soon obliterate the railway and the observatory, and perhaps put a stop to the interesting excavations of the Cavaliere Fiorelli among the rubbish of Pompeii.

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NOVEL-MONGERS.

How do books get written? How do spiders weave their webs? Does the one imply more labor than the other? Every one knows how birds put their nests together, and some books are not unlike nests. A mosaic of past experience, a piecing together of pleasant, graphic remembrances, a shred of romance, a tuft of some deeper feeling lining the inner side, and within all some favorite axiom or personal hobby, and sometimes an original theory, the reception and due hatching of which form the reason which caused the whole nest to be. A book that is like a spider's web is something different from this. The whole thing is the product of the writer's own individuality; every separate circle and every connecting hair tends to one personal centre, his own busy brain; only the extremities touch any outside objects, even as the web hangs from three or four ropes hooked to a distant bough, or to the slender stalks of tall grass, or again to the beams of an old roof. But of these books a man hardly ever writes more than one in a lifetime, because his whole spirit is embodied in it; it becomes the essence of himself, and if circumstances so order it that writing is either a profession or a necessity to him, the rest of his productions will be nothing more than "pot-boilers" are to the artist who has poured out his soul in portraying the despair of Hero for Leander, or in lovingly reproducing any heroic, spiritual phase of man's nature. It is not always the book which makes an author's reputation which is really his best, the essence of his higher nature. The popular taste often seizes on a book and gives it a literary apotheosis which makes the writer's fortune, it is true, but can never bestow the subtle stamp of spiritual beauty and perfection on his work. Some obscure sketch, hidden away in an old number of a magazine published long before popularity had lifted the writer out of poverty, may be richer in soul-beauty and truth than anything he has written since the tide turned in his favor. A Spanish king once said: "I can make a knight or a count at any time, but only God can make a gentleman." It is no less true in the world of books; popularity confers a sort of rank as easily as the Queen of England turns a silk-weaver into a knight, but the true distinction is not conferable by any mortal tribunal. We say *mortal* advisedly, and not human, because the unseen tribunal where real worth is recognized, the shrine in which it is reverenced, is human, but formed by the deathless part of humanity, by the aggregate of spiritually cultivated minds which pronounce a secret verdict on the productions of a writer. For instance, the name of Harriet Beecher Stowe is known all over the reading world, but not for the delicately-shaded *Minister's Wooing*, a tender domestic picture of a holy home, and a vehicle for the writer's best and highest spiritual aspirations. The sensational and often untrue *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is the pedestal on which she stands in the world's eye. Lamartine's *Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses*

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is a far finer and more perfect work than his *Méditations*, which became "the rage" and made his reputation. It is more Christian, more chastened, fuller of soul insight because fuller of personal experience.

Works of pure imagination never stir the heart in the manner of those that reflect the writer's individuality. A certain egotism is the secret of good book-making. It is a mistake to suppose that the more of yourself you put into your work the less successful it will be. A human being is the microcosm of humanity, and there are thousands to whom the written word will bring home thoughts like unto yours, yet to themselves original. Books should be as spokesmen to the multitude of dumb poets that live in the world. It will be objected that many who have rare faculties of expression have nothing but diseased aspirations to express. True; but that only increases the necessity of healthy minds who have the same, or even lesser, faculties pouring themselves forth simply, naturally, spontaneously for the benefit of their neighbors. Those whose minds and works are morbid are not living *true* lives; they are unfaithful to the nobler part of their nature, and intent upon crushing the more healthful promptings of their soul. A good test of this is that there are very few—perhaps none—of these who would willingly allow young and innocent persons, their own sisters and daughters, or even young strangers, to read the outgrowth of their perverted genius. Something undying rebels within them, and they shelter themselves behind specious excuses to the intent that such things are written only to suit certain people, to paint certain stages of life, to relieve certain impulses within themselves. It is not only evil men and women who lead untrue lives and write untrue books. With some it is frivolity, the force of circumstances and the weakness of character, the loss of time and waste of brain-power. They go down with the current and comfort themselves with the thought that they do no great harm. It is a question, however, whether that kind of neutral morality is enough; was that the purpose for which free-will was given to all and genius to some? But from no matter what cause this unreality of life, and consequently of writing, comes, one thing is certain, and that is the consciousness of the fact of artificiality on the part of the livers and writers. Just as there is no absolute atheist on earth, so there is no man who has not the consciousness of what is and what is not the *true* life. We might repeat this in a thousand forms or illustrate it by a thousand examples; it is enough for our purpose, however, to suggest it to every one's mind, and let each one say whether it squares with his most intimate experience. As far as it bears on the subject of book-making, we mean to make it an introduction to a kind of dissection of the books which the public buys and reads. Any one who has read many novels will follow us with an amused reminiscence of pages and pages skipped, and of the same wearisome old mould repeated over and over again. Of course we do not ask for originality in the usual run of works of fiction, but surely we may ask for common sense. Now, the flourishes and sentimental positions and stereotyped scenes of most novels lack just this one element, without which real life would be a nuisance, and indeed in many

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cases an impossibility. No doubt we read novels with an exasperatingly matter-of-fact mind, for we so often come to scenes that have overstepped the delicate boundary between the sublime and the ridiculous. First of all the language is perpetually on stilts; every word that recalls the common duties of every-day life is carefully avoided, and a set of phrases used for this intellectual "feast of reason and flow of soul" which bear to ordinary speaking the same relation that the "best china" for "company tea" bears to the common ware of the family meals in households of the rural pattern. We do not hear of houses, rooms, meals, etc., but of residences, mansions, chambers, apartments, banquets, all the synonyms with long-drawn, high-sounding syllables, words that roll from the lips with a suggestion of importance. In the same way conversations go in masquerade and trip along with unaccustomed stiffness, laden with "I presume" and "alas!" and such like unnatural expressions. People in novels generally talk as if they had the public before their eyes, as some bad actors do on the stage. Death-bed scenes are often a stumbling-block in book-making, and the real sacredness is lost in the affectation of suitable talk. Scenes of love-making are wonderfully artificial; the lovers beat round the bush in a sort of aimless, high-strung manner, more like the speech of a man just in the first stage of intoxication than like that of one who is choosing a partner for life. Religion is mostly brought in as a *sauce-piquante*, a topic on which some harmless jokes may be legitimately spent, and are even expected. Every subject is treated more or less lightly, as if it was ill-bred to be very much in earnest about anything, and as if the writer were ashamed to be betrayed into any outburst of enthusiasm for fear of being ostracized from the pale of calm, correct "society."

One of the most fruitful sources of nonsense is the conventional use made of music. This has struck us as conspicuous in almost every novel, English and American. The heroine sits down to the pianoforte, and her "white fingers wander over the keys" exactly as if they were guided by mediums or were themselves "materialized" portions of spirits. Some marvellous chords follow, and her soul seems to pour itself out in strains of the most touching melody; in fact, this is the perfection of improvisation. Probably the heroine is a musical genius, a woman given up to her art, or at least one who practises five or six hours a day and cares for little else. In that case she might possibly achieve the performance attributed to her. But it is no such thing. She is merely a sentimental girl, generally very young, and, as you can find out by the context, one whose life is spent in social pleasures or perhaps domestic duties, with neither time nor inclination for hard practising, and whose real knowledge of music is derived from a year or two of musical drudgery at a fashionable school. Is it likely that she can do what the writer makes her do in order to put a touch of poetry into his tale? The touch is even too stereotyped by this time to provoke anything but a smile; it is a stage-trick which every average reader knows by heart. Yet, like many an acknowledged stage-trick, it is retained by mutual consent, and every successive author does not scruple to make use of the

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clumsy machinery. What an accomplished artist would find it hard to do is unhesitatingly attributed to an untaught girl! Besides, as a fact, do those who *have* the power thus to translate their thoughts ever do so under such theatrical circumstances? An artist is far from being a sentimentalist; his strains are the outcome of healthy life, a calm mind, and regular hours, not the wild, chance ravings of a soul hurried out of its normal state of peace by grief or passion.

Another very common and heedless bit of stage-effect is produced by making the hero wander into a deserted church, and, finding his way to the organ, sit there for hours playing divine improvisations or the most elaborate works of dead and gone musicians. Now, a common-sense question will soon bring down this poetical edifice about the writer's ears—viz., Where was the blower? This trick we have repeatedly seen used by novelists.

Personal appearance is of course a mighty engine in the hands of the writer of fiction. If the subject had not already been handled at length in a clever article in an English magazine two or three years ago, we might say a good deal with reference to the prominent part played by hair in modern novels. Black hair, with bluish shading, used to be the correct thing for a heroine; now, upon the whole, auburn has taken its place. Yellow hair and moustaches are rather in vogue for a hero, and an abundance of fine hair has come to be very nearly a synonym for freedom of behavior, not to say worse. Watch the novels of the day, and you will find virtue mostly coupled with scanty hair of a dusty, lustreless kind, and a figure to match. Fair-haired personages used to be the lay-figures of romance: the girl who screamed at sight of a mouse, or fainted on hearing a peal of thunder, invariably had light hair; the *blondes* were the clinging ivy, the china-shepherdesses, the wax-dolls of the novel, while black or brown hair went with courage and resolution, and strength of character. Now, on the contrary, we often find flaxen-haired heroines "with a wrist of steel" and a heart of adamant; witness Miss Braddon's fascinating "Lady Audley," the *petite*, lovely, infantine beauty who has murdered her first husband, and attempted to take the life of the only person who has the secret of her crime. Novelists never seem to take into consideration that coloring and complexion are chiefly physical results of known causes, and are determined rather by race than by temperament. Until quite lately it was the fashion to play Hamlet in a black wig, because his character is melancholy and saturnine, the fact of his Scandinavian origin being wholly overlooked. The dark beauty of a Syrian and the yellow, floss-silk hair of a Northern damsel may both conceal a weak character or evince a hardy one; the outer covering will have little to do with it. It is said, indeed, that the stronger the vitality of the subject the more marked is the coloring of the hair; but we believe this applies to the various shades of each color rather than to the relation of one color to another.

The color and expression of the eye is also a favorite "*deus ex machinâ*." How weary one gets of "lustrous violet eyes," which the writer describes as possessing as

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many shades of color as the soul does shades of feeling. It is quite a relief to come across a book whose personages are the plain ware of every-day life, and not all the choicest specimens of egg-shell, china people whom there is no need to describe beyond the description which their words and proceedings give of themselves; people whose temper gets ruffled, and their clothes tumbled, and their hair out of curl, and their gloves shabby.

Real stories of home-life, such as Mrs. Whitney's, Miss Muloch's, George Eliot's, and, in German, Wilhelmine von Hillern's, and many more not unknown, either, but widely read and appreciated—such are the models on which sensible novels should be written. George Macdonald and Oliver Wendell Holmes among men are not bad specimens of writers of home-stories—stories that find an echo in your own experience, that show you people who are the very portraits of many whom you know, and that deal with life in its simplest forms, such as no human heart can be ignorant of. Dickens, of course, is pre-eminently a novelist of real life, but his word-painting is often pre-Raphaelite, and its minuteness is sometimes as painful as the realism of Millais and Holman Hunt. But, popular as many of these writers are, it is impossible to say that home-stories and likely stories are the best liked and the most read. The thing that best meets the public taste is a showy unreality, the picture of the feverish, exceptional phases of life, the morbid and unhealthy frames of mind. Books are written for the majority, based on exaggerated incidents of the life of the minority. Life in all essential points is the same in all classes, but many writers make the mistake of dwelling chiefly on the accidents that make the difference between classes. It is equally unhealthy reading for rich and poor: for the former because it narrows their sympathies and turns their thoughts selfishly inwards; for the latter because it creates envy and discontent, and, moreover, gives a most mistaken view of what is vulgarly called "high life." Disraeli's novels deal almost exclusively with the highest circles of English society; each individual character is truthfully drawn, talks naturally, and acts just as his bringing-up would lead one to suppose; but if you look into it you will find in him a simplicity which will astonish the penny-a-liner who laboriously draws great people for the weekly papers. Still, with all this truthfulness, which is the exceptional luck of a writer who is moreover a social and political magnate, Disraeli's novels become tedious, being too plentifully buttered with titles and high mightinesses. If any one would read a probable and natural description of some phases of English social life among cultivated people, let him try Trollope's *Barchester Towers*, and especially *The Last Chronicles of Barsetshire*, and Charles Lever's *Lord Kilgobbin*. Reading these, he will be spared the questionable glories of rooms fitted up and lighted as the palaces of the *Arabian Nights*, for many novels are in that respect much like advertisements of superfine upholstery. We do not say that there are not, here and there, a few people who do indulge in such enervating and on the whole degrading luxuries, but luckily they are few and far between and no one scruples to laugh at them.

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Their life is unreal, useless, and barren; they will leave no trace when they die, and no one will be sorry when they are gone. Rather a high price to pay for a bad imitation of "Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp."

No doubt it has struck the least observant novel-reader that women are made to cry for hours and yet look all the better for it; indeed, it enhances their beauty in the eyes of their lovers. Any one who has lived in a household of women could disprove that touch of would-be pathos. Perhaps an old bachelor would believe the pretty fib, but his faith would not survive the first experiment of its truth. Women know how unbecoming tears are, and how the concession that often follows this last resource is rather the result of impatience than of pity. Men hate an unpleasant sight; they resent being tacitly shown up as tyrants, and above all things they dislike "scenes"; and to all this women owe the forbearance which is often nothing but an error of judgment on the part of the husband or lover. Even sham tears, those that can be controlled at will and made to serve a purpose, scarcely add to the beauty of the weeper, and they certainly show an ugly spot in her moral nature. No sensible man would long consider them an improvement on the charms of his lady-love. In one respect novels are true to life, and most unfortunately so—*i.e.*, in the staginess of certain relations between men and women. The incipient acquaintance and vaguely defensive attitude which lead to love-making generally make a breach in the reality of people's demeanor. Notice the people about you, and you will find a certain flutter of manner and inaneness of speech, during the phase of acquaintance which is tending towards courtship, that is altogether foreign to every-day life. In this the novel is faithful enough to real life. It is a sad literalness, for it shows how conventionalism has eaten into even the most solemn things. There is more of fashion than of sacredness in the first stages of love-making, and yet what can be more immortally fresh, in theory, than the linking together of two souls, to walk through life, helping one another? In some places and some lives customs and education are so earnest, so natural, that this ever-new poem is seldom vulgarized. We remember to have read a scene which to our mind was the perfect type of what is called a proposal. The lovers had been to church together, and the text of the sermon had been, "This is my commandment, that you love one another." On the way home the man said to his companion, after a long silence, "Sarah, will you help me keep this commandment?" And she silently put her hand into his. Any true woman would prefer such wooing as that to the gallantries of a ball-room, and a proposal made in full-dress in a conservatory artificially lighted. True, the simplicity of heart, "the spirit and the truth," might be in the latter as well as in the former; the lover might turn out a tender, domestic husband, and the girl a careful and loving helpmate; still, the first bloom of the fruit would be missing, and the hallowing remembrance of the first asking would fade in the glare of the uncongenial surroundings.

The novel is full of these got-up scenes, interludes in the real business of life, where the hero and

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heroine meet in their best clothes, with their "company manners" on, and play at make-believe gentility. Many a woman whose daily life lies in hard work, and even drudgery, indulges herself in this dangerous game for the brief period between girlhood and marriage. The majority of mankind is still under the curse pronounced on Adam, and is forced to work in the sweat of its brow. Recreation, healthy and natural, ought to exist for these workers by necessity, but it should always be suited to their condition and within their means. Unfortunately that chosen by most of our girls and young women is not of this kind, and this dangerous tendency is fostered by the novel, which, unreal in most other respects, is but too faithful a copy in this. Is there not a sense of unfitness, of bad taste, in this straining after effect, this assumption of leisure, among people whose real condition is that of toil, and whose means are scarcely enough to cover their real wants? Whose mind would not revolt from the overdressed figure of a young girl, sitting among her admirers, dealing out unmeaning giggles, and labored phrases, and all the paraphernalia of flirtation, when he knows that her real life lies behind this unusual show, in homely details of domestic toil, in the kitchen, the laundry, the shop? Is it dignified? Is it womanly? And do the men, whose addresses are often as unreal as her encouragements, think the better of her for it, even while they laugh and joke with her? If women could know what men really think of them there would be less untruth in their behavior in their presence. When a man wants a wife he seldom takes the showy girl with whom he has flirted in the parlor, but the girl whom he has seen to be a careful, modest, unassuming person, a good housekeeper, a likely helpmate, a nurse in sickness, a mental companion, and a religious guide. If he has seen her at work, so much the better; he will have more confidence in her, though no girl of this sort would ostentatiously lay herself out for this kind of inspection. If he has seen her during her short hours of rest, she will have been quietly and neatly dressed, not decked out in cheap and showy finery, aping a dress she could not afford. Her "accomplishments" will be of a solid, useful character, and instead of chattering unintelligible French or moulding wax flowers, she will know how to bake cakes and biscuits and bread of exquisite lightness, and to make preserves, to sew and cut out and fit, and above all to see at a glance how things may be saved and altered, so as to make them do twice as much as any other woman could. This tact and deftness come of experience, and though much of it is an innate gift in some, yet a good deal of it can be acquired. Nor need it be supposed that, because these are our model girl's accomplishments, she is never to have any leisure time, never to see her friends and enjoy innocent amusements. But the manner in which she does these things marks the difference between her and the showy, unreal woman of whom we have been speaking. She will never feel the worse for her amusement the next day. It will not make her languid, idle, or dissatisfied; she will not hate her work and pass her time in looking forward to another such interruption of her ordinary duties. She

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will not think of men as beings made to flatter and admire her, to bring her presents and pay for her amusements, and then in the dim future of one singled out from the rest, who will doubtless revenge on her the blandishments she unskilfully exercised on his sex in general by making her, instead of a helpmate, a drudge and a victim. On the contrary, her thoughts on men and marriage will be earnest and full of dignity. Before marriage they will be to her as persons with whom to associate in sober and useful intercourse, perhaps to influence for good by her behavior and even her words; after marriage the chosen one who will be her own will be, in her eyes, a soul for which she has pledged herself to God, a man for whose every action she will be responsible, a man to influence, to cherish, to obey and yet to guide. On every subject her thoughts will be simple and earnest; life for her will be a holy task, a noble burden, not "sicklied o'er" by a false sense of romance and an expectation of wonderful advancement or change. Now, very few novels help forward the real, the soul-life; it reproduces all this restlessness, this feverishness of untrue life, and glorifies it, while sober reality is made to appear dull, stupid, old-maidish.

Novel-mongers have stereotyped phrases as well as stereotyped scenes. One move follows the other as inevitably as in a game of chess, and certain situations are pretty sure to bring out a certain corresponding form of language. Just as there is newspaper clap-trap, so there is novel clap-trap. There are the hackneyed comparisons of a "rosebud of a girl" and "a complexion blending the rose with the lily," and other such well-known expressions, which save the writer the trouble of giving a description of a beautiful woman which shall suggest to the mind of the reader something more than the perfection of a wax doll. How often do writers describe what they have *seen?* Every one has at some time of his life known some woman whose very imperfection of features was an attraction, and whose behavior was more winning than the mannerisms which pass current among novelists for refinement and knowledge of the world. But a flesh-and-blood heroine would never do. We must have a succession of handsome, gallant men and worldly, fascinating, improbably lovely women, such as no one ever meets in real life. Then the writer laboriously hunts up as many witticisms as his memory or reference to a good collection of *bons-mots* will supply, and manufactures an improbably brilliant "assault at arms" such as, at least in Anglo-Saxon society, would be as ridiculous as it is practically unlikely. The subject of marriage generally provokes a lot of commonplace reflections and jokes which mark the ordinary novelist as more used to the secondary than the best circles of social life. There is so much "padding" that you wonder how the author had the patience to build it up. We have somewhere seen a sketch called "Skeleton Novels." It contained the full substance of an English three-volume story in a dozen chapters consisting of short headings. And the events were rather crowded, too, somewhat more so than in many a long-drawn novel, with descriptions and moral reflections which use up a good third of the paper and type.

One great fault of novels in

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general is that no person of ordinary faculties can help foreseeing the end and guessing at many of the intermediate details. A foreign tour and a brain-fever are common incidents; few books end without one or the other. If towards the middle of the story the love-making takes a particularly favorable turn, you know that of course some trifling accident will interfere and part the lovers till the orthodox time appointed for the end of the novel and the consequent marriage ceremony. In fact, there are no surprises now, just as there are no more undiscovered continents to tempt a new Columbus. By the bye, *that* is rather a commonplace phrase, but it just expresses the weariness of novel-reading nowadays. Even the sensational has ceased to be startling, and we read placidly of ghosts, murders, Bluebeard closets, fires and wrecks, and even of hospital and morgue scenes, because they have become as common a seasoning to our literary breakfast as Chili and Cayenne are to that of the *bon-vivant*. The newspaper has accustomed us to "sup on horrors," and the newspaper has become the groundwork of the novel. Our authors divide their forces between the prison calendar and the fashionable vapidness of the drawing-room. In both extremes there is a morbid, exceptional element; if there is reality there is no normalness. Both are phases of life, but only passing ones, occupying a shorter portion, for the most part, even of the time of bad or frivolous people, and certainly belonging only to the life of a minority of human beings. True, these unpleasant phases are the most prominent, but we have been so surfeited lately with minute expositions of them that it is no wonder if they no longer contain even the element of novelty and excitement. We may expect a reaction soon. But it must be confessed that if this reaction sets in it will be a strain on the powers of our writers. It is far easier to concoct a story of crime and deviltry than one of domestic life. We shall need more skill, more delicacy, more tact in our novelists. Few writers ever attempt a story of quiet household life without falling into the "milk and water" style. Even Miss Muloch, after giving us *John Halifax*, has also given us trash. Perhaps Mrs. Oliphant is the most even and pleasant writer of household stories; her Scotch ones are certainly unrivalled, and her *Chronicles of Carlingford* are as life-like as George Eliot's *Middlemarch*. Of the latter book we have heard some of the uninitiated say that it is dull. Then, again, we have read tales of domestic life which are acknowledged to be delightful, and which we found simply silly; whose they are we will not say, for fear of being taxed with bad taste. We came across a book quite lately, entitled *True to Life*, which is a most pleasant example of a story of home-life in England, with not one extravagant or out-of-the-way occurrence, and the only novel-like device being the loss and subsequent finding of a will. But even this reads as if it were copied from some personal reminiscence, for the treatment is very unlike that of the common run of such subjects. The writer (anonymous) has lived among the best people in England, and describes their life simply and unaffectedly. True, she has put only the best specimens into her book, and, though saying that she doubts if she can write what will

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suit the popular taste, she ends the preface with these words: "There are so many unpleasant pictures of home-life published in these days—too true, I fear—that I am not sorry to add to the minority of stories which try to bring out the better side of every-day life."

Perhaps in embodying the views of the thinking and reading public on some of the books presented to them under the auspices of popular booksellers, and with the help of "puffs" from the newspapers and magazines, we have overlooked one important item. The life hidden behind the work that comes to us in the shape of a dull book or a sensational drama may sometimes be a very sad one. Some writers write what they know to be below them because it will sell and they have their bread to earn; many write for the same reason that orphan girls of good family but no means become teachers and governesses. Necessity drives many a respectable man or woman to contrivances which they shrink from with disgust. In this case the writers are more to be pitied than the readers and buyers of their trashy books. This is not the lowest depth, this is not a wilful degrading of the mind; but what can be more deplorable than the sight of an author who is in love with his bad material, and thinks his sham pictures of "life" the acme of literary ability? When the sense of doing something derogatory is gone, when self-respect has sunk before self-interest, then has a writer of fiction reached the lowest point of intellectual degradation. His position then is no better than that of a ballet-dancer or tight-rope performer, or any of those given to make the lowest and most contemptible tricks and forms of what people still complacently call "art," attractive to the multitude who know no better. Such work is lowering and perverting, and for such will the writer be held accountable. If the novel with us has not yet reached the pitch of moral perversity which it has in France, it is fast tending that way, and we want an army of better writers to stand in the breach. Where shall we find them?

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A NEW GLANCE AT AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Of all poets, except Homer, Shakspere was the least of an egotist. He nowhere appears to paint his own character or to apologize for his own defects. Even his sonnets afford no clue to his personal history. Of Shakspere only that abides which was essentially immortal, that which time cannot change or fashion cast into the shade.

As long as there are human hearts and human understandings Shakspere must remain the one transcendent seer and interpreter of human nature in all its phases. Homer was the Shakspere of his age, the poet of action, of passion as it is the proximate cause of action, of human nature as it is embodied in sensible effects; but the world of thought, the mysterious springs of our affections, sympathies, and presentiments, were to him a world unknown. But Shakspere's intellect was more profound. It was not only that of the deep-thinking philosopher versed in the logical demonstrations of reason; of the poet passionately loving the grand, the beautiful, and the good; of the dramatist minutely observant of the differences of character, of the partial eclipses which are produced on the understanding by passion, folly, or ignorance, and able to set forth in glorious words and vivid impersonations all its conceptions, whether philosophic, poetic, or dramatic; but it was also metaphysical, and in some sort theological. He did not, indeed, turn the theatre into a conventicle; he wrote neither sermons nor sacred dramas; nor did he abound in allusions to the religious disputes of the time.

Shakspere, as a lay poet, wisely and reverently abstained from frequent allusions to religion either in comic or serious vein. How, then, was his genius theological? Because in fathoming the abysses of human nature he transcended nature and explored the hidden regions of the soul, discovered instincts, prophetic yearnings, and unutterable depths of thought which nothing in the world of sense or intellect can satisfy or fulfil.

> "Those obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things,
> Fallings from us, vanishings;
> Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized,
> High instincts before which our mortal nature
> Doth tremble like a guilty thing surprised."

Because Shakspere penetrated the sanctuary of belief, the holy place where faith alone should dwell, but which, alas! too often since the first temptation has been invaded by vain, mistrusting curiosity, the tool of sensual selfishness, striving to make the things above sense subject to sense, and enslave spiritual powers to earthly purposes.

In reproof of this desecration of man's possible sanctity the genius of Shakspere created the tragedies of *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. Whether foreseen and designed or not, these dramas show the evil and confusion which would result in the moral world from sensible communication between natural and supernatural agents.

Shakspere wrote in an age when men deemed that no impassable

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gulf divided the things seen from the unseen powers; they had no molecular theories to guard them against the shapings of a passionate imagination, from forbidden hopes, blind fears, and thoughts that go astray in the wilderness of possibility. That in his youth he listened, with a faith sincere, to all fireside traditions may be regarded as certain. That he ever totally and confidently disbelieved them is doubtful. But his fine sense and knowledge of the soul, which his imagination extended to all conceivable cases, informed him of the moral unfitness of such intercommunion, and, if it did not prove what has never yet been demonstrated, the physical impossibility or logical absurdity of the popular belief in spirits, intimated its inconsistency with the moral welfare of man, and consequently with the revealed will of Heaven. The proper state of man can be maintained only in sympathy and communion with his fellow-men. All motives, rules, and purposes of action must be universally intelligible. All salutary knowledge must be communicable to every understanding. But it is manifest that one who acted on information derived through, or received orders from, a disembodied spirit would be separated from human sympathy and communion. His knowledge would no longer be "discourse of reason," and out of that knowledge duties, or apparent duties, would arise, widely diverging from, and frequently crossing, the prescribed track of human conduct, abrogating the common law of conscience. Hence an inward contradiction, a schism in the soul; jarring impulses, and the harmony of thoughts and feelings,

"Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."

Hence in impetuous natures crime impelling crime, and in meditative spirits a paralyzed will, a helpless, melancholy madness rendered the more insupportable by an unimpaired understanding.

May not the character of Hamlet be partly elucidated upon this principle? Few historical and no fictitious characters have given rise to more controversy. Some commentators hold him up as the pattern of all that is noble and wise; others condemn him as a mass of inconsistency. Goethe, in his *Wilhelm Meister*, says that Shakspere's intention was to exhibit the effects of a great action imposed as a duty upon a mind too feeble for its accomplishment. Here is an oak-tree planted in a china vase, proper only to receive the most delicate flowers. The roots strike out, and the vessel flies to pieces. A pure, noble, highly moral disposition, but without that energy of soul which constitutes the hero, sinks under the load which it can neither support nor resolve to abandon. Observe how he turns, shifts, advances, and recedes; how he is perpetually reminding himself of his great commission, which he nevertheless, in the end, seems almost entirely to lose sight of, and that without recovering his former tranquillity.

Now, surely, feebleness of mind, the fragility of a china vase, lack of power and energy, are *not* the characteristics of Hamlet. On the contrary, he is represented as fearless almost beyond the strength of humanity; he does not "set his life at a pin's fee." He converses unshaken with what the stoutest warriors have trembled to think upon, jests with a visitant from darkness, and gathers unwonted vigor from the pangs of death. Nor in all

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his musings, all the many colored mazes of his thoughts, is there anything of feminine softness. His anguish is stern and masculine, stubbornly self-possessed, above the kind relief of sighs and tears and soothing pity. The very style of his serious discourse is more austere and philosophic than that of any other character in Shakspere. It is not the weight and magnitude, the danger and difficulty, of the *deed* imposed as a duty, that weighs upon his soul and enervates the sinews of his moral being, but the preternatural contradiction involved in the duty itself, the irregular means through which that duty is promulgated and known.

Presumptuous as it may appear to offer a new theory on a subject which has exercised so many minds before, or to pretend to know what Shakspere intended where his intentions have been so variously conjectured, we will yet venture to take a cursory view of this most Shaksperean of all Shakspere's dramas, and attempt to explain—not justify—the most questionable points in the character of the hero.

Let us for a moment put Shakspere out of the question, and consider Hamlet as a real person, a recently-deceased acquaintance. In real life it is no unusual thing to meet with characters every whit as obscure as that of the Prince of Denmark—men seemingly fitted for the greatest actions, clear in thought, still meditating mighty works, and urged by all motives and occasions to the performance, whose existence is, nevertheless, an unperforming dream; men of noblest, warmest affections, who are perpetually wringing the hearts of those whom they love best; whose sense of rectitude is strong and wise enough to inform and govern a world, while their acts are the hapless results of chance or passion, and to themselves hardly appear their own. We cannot conclude that all such men have seen ghosts (though the existence of professed spirit-seers is certain); but they have generally, either by a course of study too remote from the practice of life, or by designs too pure and perfect to be executed in earthly materials, or from imperfect glimpses of an intuition beyond the limits of common knowledge, severed themselves from the common society of human feelings and opinions.

Such a man is Hamlet—an habitual dweller with his own thoughts, preferring the possible to the real; refining on the ideal forms of things till the things themselves become dim in his sight, and all the common doings, duties, and engagements of the world a weary task, stale and unprofitable. His father's death, his mother's marriage, and his own exclusion from the succession; grief for one parent, shame for another, and resentment for himself, tend still further to confirm and darken a disposition which the buoyancy of happy youth had hitherto counteracted. Sorrow contracts around his soul and shuts it out from cheerful light and wholesome air. It may be observed in general that the men of thought succumb more helplessly beneath affliction than the men of action. How many of his dearest friends may a soldier lose in the course of a single campaign, and yet find his heart whole in his winter-quarters, the natural decease of one of whom in peace and serenity would have robbed his days to come of half their joy!

In this state, then, is Hamlet first introduced to us, not distinct-

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ly conscious of more than his father's death and mother's dishonor, yet haunted with gloomy suspicions and undefined presentiments, weary of all things, most weary of himself. His best affections borne away upon the ebbing tide of memory into the glimmering past, he longs to be dissolved, to pass away like the dew of morning. This longing after dissolution, this fond familiarity with worms and graves and epitaphs, is, as it were, the background, the bass accompaniment, of Hamlet's character. It sounds at recurring intervals like the slow knell of some pompous funeral. No sooner is he left alone, in the first scene after his entrance, than he wishes that the

> "Everlasting had not fixed
> His canon 'gainst self-slaughter."

In the last—*in articulo mortis*—he requests of his only friend—

> "If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
> Absent thee from felicity awhile,
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
> To tell my story."

So little does the dying man love life that he holds it the utmost sacrifice of friendship to endure it. Yet this desire is prompted not by any anticipation of future bliss. He dreams neither of a Mohammedan Paradise nor of a Christian Heaven. His yearning is to *die*, to *sleep*, *not to be*. He delights in contemplating human nature in the dust, and seems to identify man with his decaying relics. Not that he does not believe in a nobler, a surviving human being; but the spring of hope is so utterly dried up within him that it flows not at the prospect of immortality.

It might be imagined that the appearance of a departed spirit—admitting it to be authenticated—would, so far from a curse, be a most invaluable blessing to mankind, inasmuch as it would remove every doubt of a hereafter, and demonstrate the existence of a spiritual principle. He who knew what was in the heart of man, and all its possible issues, has declared otherwise: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

In fact, the knowledge which finds no companion in the mind, which remains an isolated wonder, may cast a doubt on all that was believed before, but can never of itself produce a fruitful or a living faith. Seeing is not necessarily believing; at least, it is not *rational conviction*, which can only take place on one of two conditions: *first*, if the new truth be itself conformable with former convictions; or, *secondly*, if it be able to conform and reconcile all other truths to itself and become the law and centre of the total being. The latter is the blessed power of Christian truth when, being received by faith to faith, it renews and quickens the regenerate soul. The former is the condition of all growth in mere human knowledge.

All the movements of Hamlet's mind, and consequently all his words and actions, would be explicable on the supposition that the ghost were, like the air-drawn dagger in *Macbeth*, a mere illusion. But the belief of Shakspere's age, the necessities of dramatic representation, and the very nature of poesy and art, which deal not with the invisible processes of mind, but with their sensible symbols selected, integrated, and realized by the imagination, require that the ghost should be considered as an *objective* existence. Accordingly the appearance is authenticated with the most

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matter-of-fact, judicial exactness. It is produced before several witnesses, and in the first instance to impartial ones—to Horatio and the rivals of his watch—before Hamlet is even apprised of the visitation. There is a circumstantiality, a minuteness in the details of the exhibition worthy of particular remark. First we have the chill night, the dreary platform, the homely routine of changing guard, the plain courtesy of honest soldiers, the imperfect narrative, interrupted by the entrance of the royal shade, the passing and repassing of the perturbed spirit, the wide guesses and auld-warld talk of the sentinels, calling up all records of their memory to bring their individual case under the general law and dignify it by illustrious example:

"In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."

The images of superstition are not always terrible. The halo, no doubt, is an unsubstantial, it may be an ill-omened, vision; still, it is the halo of the pure and lovely moon.

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

With what consummate skill this introductory scene prepares the way for the subsequent disclosure! The wonder, the terror of the ghost, is shaded and humanized; the spectator is familiarized to his aspect before he becomes a speaker and an agent in the drama, and is thus enabled to sympathize with Hamlet, who almost forgets the speaker in the father:

"I'll call thee Hamlet, king, father, royal Dane."

It is not easy to reduce this ghost to any established creed or mythology, though some commentators have taken pains to prove by chronological arguments that he must have been a pagan. A pagan, however, would scarcely complain that he was

"Cut off even in the blossoms of his sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd."

And yet would not a true Catholic spirit have requested prayers and Masses rather than vengeance? The poet here happily seizes a transitional condition of Christian belief still mingled with pagan reliques.

To Hamlet, a son, what motive of revenge so mighty as the purgatorial pangs, the indefinitely protracted sufferings of a parent whose virtues might have entitled him to immediate bliss, had they not been taken in company with casual infirmity? Is not the desire of revenge, even on an adulterous murderer, one of the imperfections that must be burned or purged away? One who believes a purgatory proportioned to the degree of sinfulness adhering to a soul endued with the principles of salvation may indeed be tempted to take vengeance for the dead.

While the spirit is present Hamlet displays the affectionate reverence of a son for his departed sire, of an earthly to a spiritual being. But no sooner does the presence of human mortals break in upon him than he treats the fearful vision with ludicrous irreverence; calls him—in his own hearing, be it remembered — "Truepenny," "fellow in the cellarage," "old mole."

While the spirit is present Hamlet's mind is absorbed and concentrated. His composing powers are suspended. He feels the reality

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of his moral relation to the incorporeal visitant, and is upheld by the consequent sense of moral obligation. Even after the "Adieu! remember me," his soul is still collected and retained in unity with the one great object. He is still out of the body; earth glimmers away into non-existence. But the bare recollection that there are other creatures—creatures with whom he is newly placed in the relations of utter estrangement and irreconcilable enmity—occasions a partial revulsion. His human nature is resuscitated in an agony of wrathful scorn.

The sound of living voices, the sight of living bodies, further remind him that he is still in the flesh, but charged with a secret that must not be communicated, which alienates him from the very man who, not an hour since, might have read his heart in the light of day, which turns his former confidants into intrusive spies. Hence the wild and whirling words, the half-ludicrous evasions, the struggle of his soul to resume its accustomed course and effect a dominion over the awful shapes and sounds that have usurped its sovereignty. From this period the whole state of Hamlet may aptly be likened to a vast, black, deep river, the surface whereof is curled and rippled by the passing breezes and seemingly diverted into a hundred eddies, while the strong under-current, dark and changeless, maintains an unvaried course towards the ocean.

The points in his character which have been most controverted are his seemingly causeless aversion to Polonius; his cruel treatment of Ophelia; his sceptical views of a hereafter, spite of ocular demonstration that to die is *not* to sleep; his treachery to his early friends Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and his tardy, irresolute, and at last casual performance of the dread vow which he has invoked heaven, earth, and hell to witness. Of Polonius in his prime it might have been said that wisdom and cunning had their share in him. His honor and honesty were of the courtier's measure, with more of the serpent than the dove. Even his advice to Laertes is altogether worldly and expedient, such as a worldly-wise man might derive from the stores of experience. He has the true court genius for intrigue, and the circuitous and furtive acquisition of information. He is a master of ceremonies and compliments, and abounds in prosy criticisms.

Between such a personage and the moody, metaphysical, impatient, open-hearted Hamlet there must needs have existed an utter antipathy; and though antipathy is not synonymous with hatred, it is on the high-road to it. When natures are entirely discordant small provocation suffices to produce personal hostility. Now, Polonius is the confidential adviser of the king, and may be supposed to have had a hand in directing the succession. He is Ophelia's father, and as such has enjoined her to deny her company to Hamlet—prudently enough, no doubt, but paternal prudence rarely escapes the resentment of the disappointed lover. The plainest dictates of parental duty are ascribed to sordid and unworthy motives. That Hamlet imputes such motives to Polonius is evident from the ambiguous epithet, "*fishmonger*," and from his ironical admonition, "Let her not walk in the sun," etc. But more than all Polonius betrays his intention of *pumping* Hamlet; and the irritation naturally consequent on the

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discovery of that purpose is heightened by contempt for the manœuvring imbecility with which it is pursued. It is, therefore, not unnatural, though quite unjustifiable, that Hamlet, in his behavior to the inquisitive old chamberlain, should lose sight of the reverence which is ever due from youth to age, and, even when he has stabbed him behind the arras, should continue to the dead body the same strain of scornful irony wherewith he used to throw dust into the prying eyes of the living counsellor. But for wringing the kind, fond heart of Ophelia with words such as man should never speak to woman what can be said? There have been men who would tear open the softest breast for the satisfaction of finding their own names indelibly written on the heart. But surely the brave, noble-minded Hamlet would never be guilty of such cruel meanness, nor would Shakspere, who reverenced womanhood, have needlessly exposed Ophelia to insult, if some heart-truth were not developed in the exhibition. One truth at least it proves—the fatal danger of acting madness. Stammering and squinting are often caught by mimicry; and he who wilfully distorts his mind, for whatever purpose, may stamp its lineaments with irrecoverable deformity. But the best apology for Hamlet is to be found in the words of a poet who, perhaps, beyond all other critics had the clearest insight into the spirit and designs of Shakspere:

> "For to be wroth with one we love
> Doth work like madness in the brain."

Hamlet loved Ophelia in his happy youth, when all his thoughts were fair and sweet as she. But his father's death, his mother's frailty, had wrought sad alteration in his soul, and made the very form of woman fearful and suspected. His best affections are blighted, and Ophelia's love, that young and tender flower, escapes not the general infection. Did not his mother seem kind, faithful, innocent? And was she not married to his uncle? But after the dread interview, the fearful injunction, he is a man among whose thoughts and purposes love cannot abide. He is a being severed from human hopes and joys, vowed to other work than courtship and marriage. The spirit that called him to be an avenger forbade him to be a lover. Yet, with an inconsistency as natural as it is unreasonable, he clings to what he has renounced, and sorely feels the reluctant repulse which Ophelia's obedience presents to his lingering addresses.

Hamlet's, moreover, though a tardy, is an impatient nature, that would feel uneasy under the common process of maidenly delay. Thus perplexed and stung, he rushes into Ophelia's presence, and, in amazed silence, makes her the confidant of his grief, the cause of which she might not know. No wonder she concludes that he is really mad for her love, and enters readily into what to her appears to be an innocent scheme to induce him to lighten his overcharged bosom, and ask of her the peace which, unasked, she may not offer. She steals upon his solitude while, weary of his unexecuted task, he argues with himself the expediency of suicide. Surprised as with a sudden light, his first words are courteous and tender, till he begins to suspect that she, too, is set on to pluck out the heart of his mystery; and then, actually maddened by his self-imposed neces-

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sity of acting madness, he discharges upon her the bitterness of blasted love, the agony of a lover's anger, as if determined to extinguish in himself the last feeling that harmonized not with his fell purpose of revengeful justice.

This is, perhaps, the most terrifically affecting scene in Shakspere. Neither Lear nor Othello is plunged so deep in the gulf of misery.

The famous soliloquy which is thus painfully interrupted has been injured by its own celebrity. It has been so often quoted, torn from its vital connection with its parent stock, that we are hardly conscious that it derives its whole sense and propriety from the person by whom, and the circumstances in which, it is spoken.

Shakspere has been accused of inadvertence in putting such doubts into the mouth of one who had actually seen and conversed with a denizen of that

> "Undiscovered country from whose bourn
> No traveller returns."

But though an apparition might confirm the faith of a hereafter *where it pre-existed*, where that faith was not, or was neutralized by an inward misery implicated with the very sense of being, its effect could be but momentary or occasional; a source of perplexity, not of conviction, throwing doubt at once on the conclusions of the understanding and the testimony of the senses, and, fading itself into the twilight of uncertainty, making existence the mere shadow of a shade.

Hamlet in his first soliloquy talks like a Christian—an unhappy and mistrusting Christian, indeed, but still a Christian who reveres the almighty canon. But now, when his doubts have received that confirmation which should seem certain, he talks like a speculative heathen, whose thoughts, floating, without chart or compass, on the ocean of eternity, present the fearful possibility of *something* after death, but under no distinct conception either of hope or fear. The spirit has unsettled his original grounds of belief and established no new ones. That the active powers of Hamlet are paralyzed he is himself abundantly conscious. Every appearance of energy in others—the histrionic passion of the player, the empty ambition of Fortinbras, the bravery of grief in Laertes—excites his emulation and his self-reproaches. Yet day after day, hour after hour, the execution of his vow is in his hand. No fear, no scruple seems to detain him; and yet, after the play has caught the conscience of the king and every doubt of the ghost's veracity is removed, that very ghost upbraids his almost blunted purpose. The power of action revisits him only at intervals, and then his deeds are like startings out of slumber, thrustings on of his destiny. In one of these fits he stabs Polonius; in another he breaks open the commission of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and, without considering how far they might or might not be privy to his uncle's treachery, sends them by a forged instrument to the block.

At last, when the envenomed rapier has wound up his own tragedy, he finds new strength in his dying moment, and in an instant performs the work, and dies!

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THE CRISIS IN ITALY.

THREE noticeable communications under the title of "The Failure of the Catholic Party in Italy" were published in the London *Tablet* in its issues of March 15 and May 3 and 10, and introduced by the editor with the following remark:

"We have received a very thoughtful communication respecting the past and future of the Catholics in Italy, to which, as it is well deserving of serious attention, we have thought it well to give publicity."

The first of these communications raises the questions: "Where were the Catholics of the Pontifical States? Where were the Romans when Garibaldi and the Piedmontese moved against the Eternal City?" Then follow the answers given by Catholic politicians, which the writer analyzes and finds unsatisfactory. The third is principally occupied with the development of the writer's own answer contained in the second article, and with answers to supposed objections. It is to the second communication, which we publish entire, that we would call the attention of our readers:

"As we have seen, the indifferentism of the Catholics in Italy cannot be explained sufficiently by the terrorism of the revolutionary government and the limited electoral law; not by the political inexperience of the people; not by the want of a fixed programme; not by the attitude of the Holy See, and not even by the love of the united kingdom which is attributed to the mass. But what can be the true explanation? We have studied the conditions of Italy for a long time, and we come to the conclusion: It can be found only in the low social state of the country-people, who form 60 per cent. of the whole population of Italy. Misery and desperation is their daily life; they begin the day with hunger and finish it with hunger. They could not have any interest in defending an order of things which leaves them in misery; they could not feel enthusiasm for a government, and patriotism for a state, which does not make social and economical reforms calculated to elevate the people to a condition worthy of mankind. For the same reason they cannot now have any interest or enthusiasm for the new government, which has made the situation worse. For the same reason they cannot have any interest in the rising Catholic party, which promises, indeed, fine things, but which has nothing for their hunger. Therefore they do not care at all for politics and for political parties. Only a social reformation would help them; and therefore the Internationalists have some influence and excite some hope, and Garibaldi, who utters from time to time a cry of pain about the misery of the people, excites such great sympathy. But the mass of the people has yet too much religion and is not inclined to make a revolution. This is the condition of the Italian country-people. This is our explanation of a political indifferentism the like of which was never seen in the world before.

"The landed property in Italy is generally in the hands of landlords of the old nobility or rich citizens, who live for the most part of their time in the cities, and do not know the people who live on their estates. Very many of them take no trouble about their properties, and leave them completely in the hands of industrial capitalists, who live also chiefly in the cities, and cultivate the lands either through farmers or directly by a multitude of laborers with overseers. Every one of these gentlemen, landlords, capitalists, and farmers, look to get as much money as they can. That is, of course, natural. On the other hand, there is some necessity for it, because they have to pay very heavy taxes, and agricultural products are cheap in Italy, so that they find it often more profitable not to culti-

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vate the land at all. Therefore they try to get it cultivated as cheaply as possible.

"Now, there are a multitude of unoccupied people who offer their services for the cultivation of the land. Other work they cannot do, because there is no trade and no commerce. They must get employment from the landlord, or whoever manages the cultivation, so as not to die of hunger. And thus the landlord is absolute master of the wages, and acts accordingly. When he gives one lira, which is scarcely tenpence, a day, the laborer is very, very happy; if he could only earn tenpence every day he would be content all his life, and live with his wife and his children on that small sum. But the landlord often gives only sixpence, and even less. Very often there is no employment; for example, a long time in the winter. Improvements of the land or the roads, regulations of the rivers, etc., are made only in case of the greatest necessity, because that would cost money; then the capitalist or the farmer, who is only a temporary manager, has no interest in improving the land for those who may succeed him; moreover, once, asking a farmer why he left the land in such a miserable state, we got the answer, 'My condition is all the better for it, because otherwise the landlord would raise my rent at once, and all my work would go for nothing.' In these days of idleness the laborer and his family must live, as every one will see, hungry and discontented; from his small savings, if any, he can spare nothing. And, moreover, the laborers cannot all get work when there is work to be done, because there are too many. What can they now do? Live idle and hungry or become brigands. Imagine, for a better view of this condition, a town of from one to ten thousand inhabitants in the country of Italy, nicely situated either on a hill—and that is the rule—or in the valley. There are a few poor priests, who cannot afford to buy a newspaper, some policemen, and some trades-people; the other fashionable people consist of from one to five 'signori,' landlords, or capitalists, or farmers. All the other inhabitants are people who possess nothing, who have no work of any kind besides the work on the property of the landlord—on the land, in the vineyard, the olive-garden, the wood, the stalls, where they are sometimes occupied. That is Italian country-life.

"We repeat here that we speak about the general condition of Italy; that there are exceptions we know very well, but they are exceptions. In some parts the peasants have their own property, in others you find manufactories, especially in the north of Italy. Some of the people also find a way to improve their condition; they go into cities and become servants, and send some money to their families in the country. Some go for many years abroad—to Austria, Germany, and France—are employed there in the heaviest labor in tunnels and on roads, and return with what they have gained, more or less demoralized. Many emigrate for ever, and the latest official statistics, which are of about the year 1876, show that in that year not less than sixty thousand countrymen emigrated. Some go with hand-organs through the world, and so live better than their families at home. In Southern Italy many sell their children to rascals who take them to other countries either for immoral purposes or to gain money for the 'padroni' by begging and playing. I think Englishmen know a little about these poor children. This is for many the way to improve their condition; these are results of the miserable state of the country.

"Could you expect now that these people would assemble to oppose Garibaldi's attacks and to defend their princes? Could you expect that these people would rush to Florence, to Rome, to Naples, to offer their blood in defence of the old order? Can you expect that these populations will defend the new government against a new revolution? Can you hope that they will hear with any interest about the programme of a new Catholic party which will bring back the old order of things? Although, I think, you can understand that these people are enthusiasts, at least for some days, when Garibaldi comes and says 'I will help you,' and when he orders out bread and wine from the houses of the landlords and the convents. This policy is understood by every one and interests every one. You can understand now, also, why so many of these people swear vengeance on a society which is so cruel to them, the laws of which do not give them the power to live as human beings. You can understand too, I think, why all the people like brigands, as a living

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protest against society, and why all help them, and why they show not the slightest interest in helping the policeman and the government to put down brigandage.

"But is there nobody who takes the part of the people in this state? Yes, some helps they have: the first is the climate of Italy, which makes hunger and bad clothes and miserable dwellings more easily borne than in northern countries. Secondly, there are some landlords who have feeling hearts, and provide at least the most necessary help against misery, although they do not think about any radical and durable change. And formerly there were the convents, which gave the greatest relief to the poor, people may say about them whatever they like. Every one who suffered hunger could go to the convent and he got some help and refreshment, and, therefore, hunger was not so general in Italy, and nobody died from starvation. But now the convents are destroyed, their property is in the hands of city-people, Jews and other 'patriots'; and these legalized brigands, who have made the unity of Italy for themselves and not for the people, have no interest in the despised peasants. When you, therefore, make a journey in Italy and many come to you in the country and beg an alms, do not be angry with them, do not say, Why do you not work? Look them in the face, and you will see that it is great suffering which compels those to be beggars who are naturally as proud as any other nation.

"We have spoken freely and clearly about the social misery which we have seen in Italy, and which we believe is the first cause of the political misery. Now we conclude: Only a party which promises the people a better social condition and makes arrangements for their improvement can gain the support of the population and guide the future of Italy. The Catholic party must, therefore, here begin and accept a social programme. Otherwise it will never succeed; otherwise it will find the same indifferentism in the future which the legitimate governments found in the past."

It is plain to any one who has paid attention to what is passing in Italy that its social and political affairs cannot remain as they are. The question which is now coming rapidly forward is: Who shall take the lead and direct the Italian people to those needed reforms which alone promise an enduring peace and future prosperity? Shall it be the revolutionary party now led by Garibaldi, who seems actuated by a diabolical hatred to religion, and whose followers are made up of the worst elements of Italy? Or shall it be an enlightened Catholic party which, while securing the rights and independence of the Holy See, shall at the same time maintain as an integral part of its programme those necessary social and political reforms which will secure tranquillity and a better and brighter future for their country?

There is always a tendency among the influential and ruling classes to forget that society and the state are organized not for the special benefit of the few, whoever these may be, or whatever may be their titles or their possessions, but for the common good—that is, for the equal good of all. The ruler, the statesman, or the legislator who does not keep this great end steadily in view ignores his functions, and if he deviates from it he is derelict in his essential duties.

Whence do Internationalism and Communism, two of the most dangerous tendencies of our times, find the main reason for their existence unless in the evils arising from the petty political divisions of peoples closely related, if not of the same race and land; and in the evils which come from the imperfect laws which hitherto have controlled and directed the ownership of the soil? Now, it is for Catholic statesmen to see and appreciate these evils if they would be equal to the duties which their

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position demands, gain the affection of the people who suffer most from these evils, and become their leaders. "Catholicity fears no progress that is not downward. It loves the people; it sojourned with them in the Catacombs; it delivered them from pagan imperialism, protected them from the Mohammedan yoke, and struck from them the chains of feudal serfdom. It rejoices in the expansion of their justly-regulated rights and powers, in which, as in a dilated breast, its free spirit respires with ease."*

He is a superficial thinker who fails to detect the fact that the truths which these false movements contain, and which give their promoters a certain hold on the people, are fragments separated from the great truths of Christianity, which alone reveal the intimate relations of brotherhood between man and man, and those rights and duties existing between man and all the natural gifts that go to make up this habitable globe. The aspirations which give force to these misdirected efforts have a legitimate basis. Satan always clothes himself in the garb of light when he would deceive men, and makes false promises of a real good when he would lead them astray. What makes these movements dangerous is not the truths which they contain, but their exaggeration. Reform by evolution should be the watchword, and not by revolution. No one would recommend a man as a skilful surgeon who to set a broken finger would break one's back.

What else is the unity of peoples and of nations than the transfer to the political order of that divine bond of unity which has ever existed in the church—a natural aspiration of the human heart which Christianity has quickened into greater life, and realized more or less perfectly in the ages of faith. What else is that political equality of which so many speak than an approximation of the laws of the state to that equality which has always prevailed among the household of the faith in the bosom of the Catholic Church? Not many centuries ago, Europe was covered with primeval forests, peopled by barbarians whose instincts and habits were not far removed from our primitive Indians. What superior force tamed those wild inhabitants of the woods of the north and transformed them into civilized men? Who taught them the arts of civilization, and changed that vast wilderness into teeming gardens, populous cities, and organized those turbulent tribes into great nations? Question the authentic pages of history, and its unmistakable voice proclaims, that force was the Catholic Church, those men were her apostolic missionaries. Catholicity is the well-spring of life of modern civilization, and its inevitable and constantly recurring problem from generation to generation is, how to bring the national, social, and political relations of men more completely in harmony with the universal principles, the ideas of justice, and the common brotherhood of men which the Catholic Church ever maintains and always teaches? These problems cannot be set aside until the ideal of Christianity is realized, and it is for Catholic theologians, philosophers, and statesmen to come forward with the courage which their faith inspires and take a leading part in the solution of these difficult problems, and, instinct with a supernatural

* Aubrey de Vere. Preface to *Irish Odes and Other Poems*, The Catholic Publication Society.

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energy, contribute by their studies, earnestness, and activity to the advancement of this providential movement of true progress.

There are times in the affairs of nations when they are called upon to choose and to determine their line of action for future generations, and on this choice depends either a course of error, crime, ending in ruin, or, by a noble act of fidelity to truth, a career of increased justice, a profounder peace and greater prosperity. This period comes to every nation in its turn, and Italy now appears to be passing through its crisis. To prevent the people from being led astray and becoming the instruments of demagogues and revolutionists, Catholics have no other escape than by a fresh presentation of the great truths of Christianity in popular language and attractive forms before the eyes of the people, and by making it plain to their comprehension that the more practical application of its principles would remedy all existing removable evils and satisfy every legitimate aspiration. God has not abandoned noble Catholic Italy, and as in times past, so now its providential men will not be wanting.

Catholics fall far short of their high mission when they are content to range themselves among the advocates of any one form of political government, or as the promoters of particular dynasties, or as partisans of the political divisions of a country. This is not to say that Catholics are not animated by the noble sentiments of love for their country, whether by birth or adoption, or that they do not prefer its institutions to all others, or that they are not free to co-operate with any honest political party and its just measures; to say this would be to join in with the calumny against Catholics invented by the Prussian liberals so-called. Catholicity has no sympathy either with a one-sided exaggerated naturalism or supernaturalism, and no such party would deserve or receive from them their support. Catholicity means universality, and takes up in its scope all the true interests of man.

The true aim of a Catholic is to promote the reign of God in souls, and a glorified humanity in the ampler world to come; but he never forgets that the fruit of God's reign in the individual is the establishment of his kingdom upon earth, and the gate to the kingdom of heaven above is opened only by the key of his earnest and sincere and heroic labor in establishing this kingdom of heaven here below. For the aim of Christ was not partial or sectional in its scope, but universal. The end of his mission was the restoration of all things. He embraced in his design both heaven and earth. His was "the dispensation of the fulness of times, to re-establish all things, that are in heaven and on earth." They have studied Christianity but slightly who entertain the idea that it has exhausted its power for good in the social order and political condition of things which now reign everywhere in the civilized world. O utopian schemer! there is a vista before the vision of Christ's church of future things, and to which she is ever reaching forward and approaching, infinitely more perfect than that you so vainly dream.

When Christ, nailed upon the cross, uttered with his expiring breath the cry, "It is consummated!" he proclaimed that the enfranchisement and glorification of

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the universe was essentially achieved. Since that supreme moment God's providence has conducted the order of grace, the whole course of nature, all creatures, the movements of history including its crimes and revolutions, to converge to this: either the world must throw itself into the arms of its Redeemer and Mediator, or return to barbarism and perish miserably.

Universal enfranchisement, in view of universal glorification, beginning here and now in the soul and embracing the whole universe in its consummation, this is Catholicity, because it is Christianity. Christianity holds individual men and society to this higher than a mere natural destiny with a more than deathless grasp. This aim alone is worthy of man's highest devotion, as it is alone adequate to his uttermost action.

Unity among nations and peoples, more perfect justice between man and man, and the reign of universal brotherhood upon earth; the realization of these noble aspirations is to be found nowhere except in the divine force which gave them birth. Not in a further departure from, but in a closer approach to Christianity is the direction in which lies the road to safety, progress, and the glory of the world. Christ reigns!

The timely pointing out and condemnation before the civilized world of the leading, active, modern errors by the Syllabus, the value and importance of which is being better appreciated as these errors display their real character, was a noble act of Christian heroism on the part of the chief pastor of Christ's flock. A Christian church whose authority dares not expose and condemn the threatening errors and vices of an age, no matter how popular these may be or who their teachers, is a sham and worthy of no respect. And he who knows how to interpret rightly the Syllabus will read in it the same answer essentially which Christ gave to the arch-enemy on the mount when, after his lying promises, he commanded him, in the might of his divine authority, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" The church is Christ's body, and it is Christ who speaks by the mouth of St. Peter's successor authoritatively to every age.

But the church in condemning the errors of an age aims neither at stopping the progress of society nor at resuscitating a dead past, as some ignorantly or maliciously would have men believe. Her work is not one of mere negation, important as that at times may be, but one of building up and establishing God's kingdom of justice and peace upon earth. Hence the separation of the truths contained in these errors, and which give them currency and make them so formidable in the mouths of demagogues; and the pointing out the way of turning their destructive threats into precious blessings, this is a still greater and nobler and more heroic labor. This is the task now incumbent upon Catholics, and under the never-failing inspirations of God they will not fail in its accomplishment. O providential necessity! that compels the demonstration of the great truth before a sceptical world that Christianity is no less the preserver of the family, society, and the state from impending ruin, than the saviour from its sins of the individual soul. The church will never fail by the virtue of the indwelling presence of Christ to save the world until its consum-

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mation. Christ is the Saviour of the world—*Salvator mundi!*

The times are out of joint, and it depends on Catholics to lead the way and set them right. Let enlightened Catholics but speak out from their deep convictions, springing from the common and divine source of their natural instincts and the teachings of their holy faith! For it inspires the soul with heroic courage, the loftiest hope, and an enthusiasm for improvement which is illimitable. The noble attitude of Leo XIII., now happily reigning, is well calculated to inspire the Catholics of Italy and throughout the world with that lofty faith and courage which the present crisis demands; and the light which his course sheds on the problems of our day is the unerring finger of God's Providence pointing out the way to a fresh triumph of Christianity, the renewal of society, and for mankind a better future!

THE VICTIMS OF QUIBERON.

It is becoming the fashion with certain writers on both sides of the Channel to undertake the rehabilitation of the men and of the deeds of '93. Those who are disposed to waste their admiration on objects so unworthy would do well to ascertain beforehand to what they pledge themselves.

"On the 9th Thermidor," said Count Joseph le Maistre, "some scoundrels sent other scoundrels to execution"—that was all; but the present sketch is intended to portray one of the sanguinary acts in that long tragedy, the French Revolution, which prove that the proscriptive genius of the Convention survived its domestic quarrels, and that the so-called *Sacre de l'humanité* was one continuous massacre, which nowhere offered more lamentable scenes than at Auray, Vannes, and Carnac, where nearly two thousand prisoners of Quiberon, most of them mere youths, were murdered in cold blood, and this by order of the Convention. About two miles from Auray, where the roads meet from Pluvigner, Auray, and Sainte-Anne, is a grassy opening of a circular form almost surrounded by woods. In its centre rises a Doric column of blue granite, supporting a globe surmounted by a cross. From one side of this open space, which bears the name of the *Champ des Martyrs*, a sombre avenue of firs leads to an oblong quadrangle, surrounded by a green terrace planted with rows of trees. At the farther end of this space stands a "Chapel of Expiation," on the frieze of which are the inscriptions, "*Hîc Ceciderunt*" and "*In Memoria Æterna erunt Justi.*"

When this chapel was built the renaissance of Christian art in France, inaugurated later by Rio, Montalembert, and Guéranger, had not yet dawned. Instead, therefore, of the early Gothic forms so common in Brittany and so suitable to all its associations, rose this gloomy Doric temple, full of a melancholy befitting the massacre it commemorates, but lacking the

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heavenward aspirations of faith and hope stamped by our forefactors on the Christian architecture of northern Europe. Each column supporting the façade is a monolith of granite from St. Malo, and, like the rest of the edifice, dark with damp. The one window, at the farther end, serves but to show the forlorn and unfinished state of the interior, where for fifty years the walls have been awaiting their frescos and the altar its ornaments. Owing to the constant succession of governmental changes in France the monument has never been completed.

From the *Chapelle Expiatoire*, erected on the very spot of one of the massacres of which we propose to give an account, the visitor returns, by the fir-tree avenue, to the *Chapelle Sépulcrale*, also of Grecian architecture, and built against the church of the Carthusian convent. The fact of its having been raised by public subscription is indicated by the words inscribed beneath the portico: "*Gallia Mœrens Posuit.*"

Occupying the centre of the interior rises a mausoleum of white marble. In the end which faces the entrance is the bronze door of the sepulchral crypt, while the farther end faces the altar. The tympanum of the upper sarcophagus, surmounted by a cross, represents France, covered with a widow's veil and leaning against a tomb, with the inscription: "QUIBERON, XXI. JULII, MDCCXCV." Below this, in hemispherical niches, are the busts of De Soulanges and De Sombreuil, and beneath them the words, "*Pro Deo, Pro Rege, nefarie Trucidati.*" On the farther end are the busts of Mgr. de Hercé, Bishop of Dol, D'Hervilly, and De Talhouet. On the sides of the monument are engraved the names (all that could be ascertained) of 952 of the more than 1,500 victims whose remains are piled in the crypt beneath.

After the return of the Bourbons the curé of Auray carefully collected the remains of the victims of Quiberon and transported them hither. A rare engraving of the time represents the visit of the Duke d'Angoulême to this vault in 1814. In it the prince and his aides-de-camp are kneeling before a pile of skulls and bones, four metres in height, covering a space of not less than twelve metres square, while a priest, standing by, recites the prayers for the dead. On the 20th of September, 1823, the Duchess d'Angoulême, daughter of Louis XVI., laid the first stone of the two chapels, which were inaugurated October 15, 1829, by the bishops of Vannes, St. Brieuc, and Quimper, in presence of a concourse of 20,000 men, come in procession, with their clergy, from two hundred parishes of Brittany.

Thus, thirty-four years after their unrighteous deaths, the brave soldiers of Quiberon received funeral honors, and the Restoration hastened to put in possession of their last abode these victims of the First Revolution, as if under a presentiment that its time was short, and that ere long it also would be overwhelmed by the freshly-gathering clouds already darkening the horizon.

We will briefly retrace the manner in which these unfortunate men fell into the power of the Convention.

On the evening of the 21st of July, 1795, Fort Penthièvre, the key of the peninsula of Quiberon, and one of the last strongholds of the

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royalists, was taken, rather by ruse than by superior numbers.* The secret approach of the republican troops in the increasing darkness was further favored by a terrific storm. Peals of thunder, heavy rain, the roaring of wind and waves around the rocky promontory, effectually concealed the sound of columns advancing simultaneously from three different directions, while within the fort three republican subalterns and a number of privates, who had enrolled themselves among its royalist defenders, had conspired with the besiegers without to deliver it into their hands.

Still further to secure the success of his stratagem, General Hoche had placed in the van more than a hundred republican soldiers in royalist uniforms. These men, having obtained the password, gained easy admittance from their accomplices within. The soldiers of Rohan and Périgord, who defended the gates, were instantly overpowered and slain. Hoche had commanded that no quarter was to be given. "General Humbert," he had written in his order of the day, "will take the fort, and kill all whom he finds in it, unless the fusiliers join his troop. The officers, infantry, sergeants, and artillery-men are to receive no quarter."

The *coup-de-main* succeeded but too well. It was not until late in the evening that the multitude assembled in the lower part of the peninsula learnt that the only barrier that protected the royalists had fallen. The terror was intense among this unarmed population of old men, women, and children, who had come from all the surrounding neighborhood to seek refuge near the royalist camp. The republican columns drove all before them, and the cries of the panic-stricken people, as they rushed towards the port of Orange, greatly disheartened the royalist troops, which, owing to the tempestuous sea, had only then been able to disembark from the *Loyal Emigrant*, protected by the guns of the English squadron. "These unfortunate beings," wrote an eye-witness of the scene, "leaping into already overcrowded boats, perished among the equally crowded rocks. From sea and land shrieks of despair rose above the intermingling roar of the waves, the storm, and the republican guns pointed upon the fugitives." Amid this dire confusion M. de Puisaye, commander-in-chief of the army of disembarkation, after giving orders to the young General de Sombreuil, and promising to support his movements, turned his horse's head towards the coast, and from thence furtively escaped in a boat to the English vessels.

De Sombreuil, around whom, after the cowardly disappearance of Puisaye, all that remained of the royal troops had rallied, found them wholly unable to withstand the attack of the enemy, who was far superior in numbers. For more than five hours, therefore, he with remarkable firmness and skill conducted the retreat until he had reached Fort Neuf, an insignificant place near the village of Fort Haliguen, and the extreme point of the peninsula. Here again, from the republican ranks, was repeated the shout which from time to time had been heard ever since the commencement of the struggle:* "Lay down your arms, brave emigrés!

* A full account of this disastrous night is given by M. Alf. Nettement in *Quiberon* (pp. 179 et seq.) Paris: Lecoffre.

* See the account of M. de la Touche, p. 112.

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No harm shall be done to you. We are all Frenchmen!"

This invitation was now accompanied by more emphatic protestations than before.

De Sombreuil thought not only of his men, but also of the helpless multitude besieging the few boats which the English fleet was able to send to their rescue through the tempestuous sea, and which, were he to strike one last and hopeless blow, must inevitably fall into the hands of an irritated conqueror. He therefore consented to a parley.

On a little elevation between Fort Neuf and the fountain that supplies Fort Haliguen the conference took place between De Sombreuil and Hoche.

"After it had continued a long time," wrote Count Harscouet de St. Georges, "our brave young chief rode towards us, and said in a loud voice: 'Gentlemen, I have obtained a promise that the lives of all shall be safe, my own life only excepted. Let those who do not trust to the capitulation join the English squadron by swimming or otherwise, if they are able. As for me, I remain.'"

We quote the testimony of another eye-witness, M. de Chaumereix, who wrote immediately after the event.

"Arrived at Fort Neuf," he says, "M. de Sombreuil collected the débris of the different corps. The English corvette, the *Lark*, anchored near the coast, was firing on the central (republican) column, while the two other vessels manœuvred so as to protect us. M. de Sombreuil advanced alone towards the enemy, and made a sign with his hand. The column halted. General Hoche, who commanded it, advanced a few steps, accompanied by two officers of his staff. M. de Sombreuil said in a loud voice: "The men whom I command are resolved to die under the ruins of the fort. If, however, you allow them to embark, you will spare the shedding of French blood.' To this Hoche replied: 'I cannot allow them to re-embark, but all who lay down their arms shall be treated as prisoners of war.'

"'Will the emigrés also be included in this capitulation?' asked General de Sombreuil.

"'They will,' was the answer. 'Every one is included in it who lays down arms.'

"M. de Sombreuil, returning to the fort, said: 'Gentlemen, I have obtained the most favorable conditions of which circumstances admit, and I have engaged to lay down arms. Lay them down, therefore, and tell the English corvette to cease firing.' Some persons who understood English then went down to the beach, and called out for the sloops to retire farther from the shore, as a capitulation had taken place."*

Some, who had not any confidence in the promise given, preferred to trust themselves to the stormy sea, but of these only a small number reached the English fleet in safety. And now there were no more combatants, no more enemies; there were only the French republican soldiers and their French prisoners of war.

The general feeling manifested by the bulk of the republican army when the struggle was over, far from being hostile, was favorable to the royalist prisoners. Even Tallien, who, immediately on re-

* We are the more careful to give from authentic witnesses the details of the capitulation of Quiberon, on account of the attempts made by certain modern French writers either to throw a doubt on its having ever taken place or else to deny it altogether.

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turning into the revolutionary atmosphere of Paris, showed himself so violent against them, appeared for the moment touched by their situation. It is also worthy of notice that by far the greater part of the army which had fought at Quiberon, not being influenced by that fear of the Convention which actuated Hoche and Tallien, persisted to the last in regarding the royalists as prisoners of war, and in treating them as honorable captives, not as guilty criminals.

On that same evening of the 21st of July Hoche ordered that the prisoners should be marched to Auray, six and a half leagues distant.

They departed in three columns. The first was composed of some thousands of the weak, aged, and helpless of every description, who, driven from their homes, had sought for safety with the royalist army. This column, after slowly advancing a league, was commanded to disperse. The two other columns, formed of the *débris* of the royal army and of Chouans, and amounting to about five thousand men, were taken by different roads to Auray. General Humbert, who commanded the escort, foreseeing that many of the prisoners might profit by the darkness to escape, demanded, after again assuring them that they should receive no harm, their word of honor that they would not attempt escape. They pledged their word, and the signal for departure was given.

The length and difficulties of the way, the blackness of the rainy night, the proximity of the woods, the fatigue of the escort, and the sympathy of the country people, all favored the escape of the prisoners. But when all had had time to arrive at Auray not one was missing. Some who had lost themselves among woods or marshes followed the rest on the return of daylight, and of their own accord rejoined their fellow-captives.

The first column reached Auray about eleven at night. The streets of the quaint old town were silent and deserted, but there were lights in the houses. "All the women," wrote M. de Chaumereix,* "were at the windows with lights. Tears were streaming from their eyes, and I saw on their faces an expression of the tenderest compassion."

The prisoners of the first column were crowded into the church of St. Gildas, and those of the second, who arrived some time after midnight, into that of the Cordeliers. In each of these improvised prisons, which were too small for the numbers thrust into them, a single lamp threw its dim light over the captives, many of whom were wounded, and who lay, without even a little straw, on the bare stone floor.

"I passed this first night," wrote the Chevalier de Grandry,† "on the steps of the high altar, nearly suffocated by the weight of my weary comrades, who lay stretched upon me. Many arrived in small bands, without escort, and, not knowing where to go, lay down in the street. None had tasted food since an early hour on the previous day."

On the morning of the 22d the officers were separated from the soldiers and removed to the great prison called the *Prison des Anglais*. The misgivings to which this proceeding gave rise were increased when, later in the day, the

* *Rélation de M. de Chaumereix*, p. 12.

† The Chevalier de Grandry, one of the few survivors of the army of Quiberon, knelt, eight years afterwards, on the steps of this same altar, by his bride, a near relation of De Sombreuil.

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prisoners, strongly guarded, were marched to a place about a mile from Auray, where were assembled three thousand troops. This time, however, the republic contented itself with counting its victims. When they re-entered Auray the inhabitants openly expressed their joyful surprise, and requested permission to assist them. The republican authorities, willing to be saved expense, granted the request, and from that time it was to Catholic Auray that the prisoners were indebted for food, medicine, and clothing, as well as consolation and services of every kind, the people treating as honored guests those whom the government regarded as its prey.

On returning M. de Sombreuil was separated from the rest, and kept under guard in the principal inn of the town. Some days passed, and in the course of that time Hoche, who had given his word for the lives of the prisoners, took his departure. Tallien, who had witnessed the capitulation, had already quitted Auray, while his more violent colleague, Blad, remained at Vannes. Nearly all the troops that had fought at Quiberon, and were therefore aware of what had passed there, received orders to march to distant quarters. This careful removal of the authors and witnesses of the capitulation increased the existing apprehension as to what might be about to take place in Brittany.

On the evening of the 26th De Sombreuil was brought back to the prison in an unconscious state from a pistol-shot in the forehead. The soldiers who carried him alleged that he had shot himself—a story which appeared highly improbable to the prisoners, knowing, as they did, the knightly and Christian character of their young chief. They believed it to be an invention of his guards to conceal the fact of their having assassinated him in order to despoil him of the rich booty of guineas they expected to find in the possession of a commander-in-chief lately returned from England. It was, in any case, evident that he had been rifled of every object of value. It is, however, possible that, when the frightful prospect of the non-observance of the terms of capitulation broke upon him, together with the thought that, in bidding his brave men lay down their arms, he had delivered them over to the executioner, the blow for the moment unhinged his reason, and in a paroxysm of agony he may have attempted suicide.

When, on the following day, General de Sombreuil and some of his companions were taken before a council of war, he answered his judges with a dignity and firmness which won all their sympathy. He desired nothing for himself, but demanded the fulfilment of the promise that the lives of his men should be safe. Then, turning to the soldiers who filled the hall, he said:

"Ready to appear before God, I swear that there was a capitulation, in which I received a promise that the emigrés should be treated as prisoners of war. I call you to witness, grenadiers!"

As one man they answered:

"It is true!"

And the commissioners separated, declaring by the voice of their president, Laprade, that they had no right to judge prisoners who had capitulated.

General Lemoine, the republican chief of the department, furious at their resistance, immediately nom-

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inated a new set of commissioners,* to whom he declared that he would not suffer any refusal to act nor any allusion to the capitulation. Before this commission De Sombreuil, the Bishop of Dol, Count Joseph de Broglie, the Count de Landelle, and fifteen of their companions were brought on the afternoon of the 9th Thermidor (28th of July), 1795.

After the Count de Broglie had energetically reproached the council of war with its breach of faith, and De Sombreuil had reiterated his protest, they and their comrades were condemned to death for having borne arms against the republic. They were chained together in a wagon and taken to Vannes, sixteen kilometres from Auray, arriving there at midnight, before the sounds of the celebration of this republican festival had died away. The dancing was still going on when the wagon passed heavily along the street, laden with the victims for the morrow's butchery.

They were shut up in the two towers surmounting the city-gate by the Garenne; this, the favorite promenade of the inhabitants, being selected as the place where they were to suffer. The chasseurs forming part of the nineteenth demi-brigade, and who had fought at Quiberon, had been told off for the execution, but officers and soldiers alike refused to do the work of assassins. It was undertaken by a battalion of the Paris volunteers. While General Lemoine was in search of executioners, his victims, aided by the holy prelate who formed one of their number, calmly prepared themselves for death.

On the morning of the 29th of July the prisoners, whose number was augmented by the addition of fourteen priests, were taken to the Garenne, the clergy reciting the prayers for the dying and their companions making the responses. When they reached the appointed spot an executioner approached to bandage the eyes of De Sombreuil. He signed the man back with his hand, saying, "I am accustomed to look my enemies in the face." Then, with his last breath protesting against the slaughter of his comrades, he knelt down on one knee, bade the soldiers aim a little to the right, so as to be sure to strike him, and gave the order to fire.

Thus, at the age of twenty-five, died Count Charles de Sombreuil,* one of the noblest victims of the Revolution. Besides heroic courage he possessed high qualities as a commander. Full of truth and loyalty, he knew not how to believe in meanness and falsehood in others, and even his enemies were struck by his remarkable personal beauty.

Next to him fell the Bishop of Dol, still praying for his murderers. His was the death of a saint side by side with that of a Christian knight.

The signal having thus been given by the death of General de Sombreuil and his companions, the

* It was only after the most imperative and threatening orders from General Lemoine that a new commission was formed. In *Le Récit Sommaire de M. Chaumereix*, pp. 17 and 30, we find the following: "Tous les officiers ayant refusé, le général Lemoine ordonna que l'armée prît les armes, et il menaça de faire fusiller sur le champ celui qui n'accepterait pas sa place dans une commission."

* General de Sombreuil was brother to the heroic lady who drank a cup of blood to save the life of her aged father. Before leaving home, having a presentiment that he should never return, he laid a piece of black crape on the bed of Mlle. de la Blache, to whom he was engaged. On the morning of his execution he cut off a lock of his hair, and, together with her miniature, which he always wore, placed it in the hands of a republican officer, who promised to convey it to this lady. She afterward became the Comtesse d'Haussonville.

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massacres were for more than a month to be continued on three points of the Morbihan—namely, Auray, Vannes, and Quiberon. Of the four military commissions now set up at these places, two were at Vannes, whither, on the 31st of July, a part of the prisoners were sent from Auray.

"This time," wrote M. de St. Georges, "we walked in broad daylight, escorted by a double file of soldiers, and found strong detachments posted at intervals along the four leagues of road which separate the two towns, in case the royalists of the country should attempt our rescue. On the way our conductors despoiled us of the best of our clothing, which they replaced by their own tattered uniforms, so that by the time we entered Vannes we looked like a band of brigands.

"We were taken first into the court of an ancient convent, and left for two hours a spectacle to the revolutionary soldiers of the garrison, a troop selected for the sanguinary task it was shortly to fulfil. At this exhibition preparatory to our execution (to which it made an additional pain) none of the true people of Vannes appeared. We saw only those hang-dog visages which seemed everywhere to spring from the ground to assist at the hideous festivals of those miserable times. From thence we were taken to the church of the *Grand Séminaire*, called Du Mené, and chosen as our prison on account of its isolated position. The church was then surrounded with troops, and fifty soldiers of the line placed on duty in the interior. The day had been intensely hot. We had left Auray before ten in the morning; it was now past six. No food had been given us, and we were fainting from exhaustion and fatigue. As at Auray, so also at Vannes, the authorities offered us nothing. It was their business to kill us, not to keep us alive. However, they announced that 'if any persons chose to assist the prisoners in the Church du Mené, the republic, in its munificence, would not hinder them from taking food to its captives.'"

This was enough, for the people of Vannes, like those of Auray, were eager to follow the promptings of their generosity and courage; for, in those times of tyranny, the interest taken in the victims pointed out their consolers to proscription. Rich and poor rivalled each other in testifying their sympathy. In a few minutes the pavement of the vast church was strewn with fresh straw, upon which were laid long rows of mattresses, while provisions flowed in abundantly and assistance of every kind was eagerly rendered. The women especially, as at all times when an immense woe calls forth a measureless pity, seemed to the prisoners like the compassionate angels sent to sustain and comfort man in his distress. And during the three weeks that followed the same acts of generosity were daily renewed before the eyes of those who daily went thither to take new victims.

"On the 1st of August," wrote M. de St. Georges, "a captain of infantry, with a hideous countenance and a red cap, appeared at the prison, accompanied by a detachment of *sans-culottes*, and announced that he must have ten of us instantly. As no one showed any inclination to answer this rough summons, he became furious, and, seizing a prisoner near him, swore that unless he were immediately obeyed he would run every one of us through. His threat would

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doubtless have been carried out had not twelve of those who happened to be nearest followed at random, and disappeared, never to return. Some hours passed. Suddenly we heard a loud detonation; then all was silent. . . . One of the officers on guard, observing the anxious expression on our faces, said with a malignant smile: 'Do not be afraid, gentlemen; it is only the springing of a mine by our *major de place*. I may as well warn you that he will spring several more of the same kind in the course of the day.'

"One of the prisoners answered indignantly: 'We are soldiers and know how to die. Do you happen to be a coward yourself, since you impute cowardice to us? What heart can you have, who rejoice at our misfortune and mock us when we are face to face with death?'

" . . . We who remained then profited by the respite (at the suggestion of one of the elder noblemen) to divide our number into sections of ten or twelve persons, ready to march to execution at the first summons. Scarcely were these sections formed before another band of victims was summoned. The machinery of death was doing its work quickly." On this first day about one-third of the prisoners were shot.

At Auray it was on the 4th of August that the executions began. The few who effected their escape have left touching narratives of the scenes which passed within the prisons. In that in which were confined the remains of the heroic company of the old Chevaliers de St. Louis, the aged knights, after exhorting their younger companions to die like Christian soldiers, worthy of their lineage and of their cause, knelt and recited with them the prayers for the dead, while their guards, wondering to find themselves moved, joined them in repeating the psalms of the church.

"In a side chapel,"* wrote the Count de Montbrun, "the emigrés, nearly all naval officers, were prostrate in prayer. . . . When straw was offered for them to lie upon they preferred to remain on the damp ground, and to be allowed a light by which to read the prayers. Some one having suggested taking a little food, 'Let us rather,' said M. de Kergariou, 'busy ourselves with our souls'; and he began the office for the dead, the rest answering and smiting their breasts, while the sound of their voices re-echoed solemnly in the gloomy church.

"Several ladies, having obtained permission to visit once more those to whom they had been as sisters and mothers, found the prisoners kneeling along the balustrade of the choir, while the aged Count de Soulanges, wounded and ill, was fulfilling for the last time the functions which were on the morrow to devolve upon M. de Kergariou. Leaning for support against the altar, he was saying the prayers for the agonizing. The soldiers at this sight remained silent and respectful. The women wept.

"'Your charity, my ladies,' said M. de Soulanges, 'follows us, then, even until death!'"

The young Chevalier de Volude having been urged to state his age as a few months less than it was, asked M. de Kergariou-Locmaria, his uncle, whether life was worth the sacrifice of truth. ("*La vie, est elle d'un prix egal au prix de la verité?*") "It is better to die than purchase life by a falsehood," was the answer; and shortly afterwards uncle and nephew were walking

* Since called the Chapelle de l'Agonie.

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side by side to execution, the former barefoot in imitation of our Lord and his sacred Passion.

One of the commissioners, touched by the youthful appearance of the younger De Lassenie, suggested to him the same means of escape by saying: "You are very young; you could not have been sixteen when you joined the emigrés?"

"Yes, monsieur," he replied, "I was sixteen. I cannot save my life by telling a lie."

He was sixteen years and four months.

At Quiberon the condemned were crowded into a garret until the hour of execution. This took place by the sea-side, and the corpses were carried away by the waves. Twenty were shot at a time, and as there was only one soldier for each, very few died at the first shot. The local traditions affirm that each chose his own executioner, whom he paid for shooting him to the heart. For those who still had the money to pay, the tariff for each of these murders was a guinea * and the habiliments of the victim.

An officer, M. de Kerauten, during an execution which happened to take place at nightfall, broke from his guards, and, plunging into the sea, gained an English vessel anchored near the coast. Another, M. d'Houaron, also burst his bonds and fled, throwing behind him from time to time a gold-piece, and thus delaying his pursuers until he had reached a farm, where a young girl concealed him in a haystack until in three weeks' time he escaped in safety to his family. But these escapes were very rare; few attempted them, and still fewer succeeded.

At Auray and at Vannes a ditch was dug every morning in proportion to the day's slaughter. The prisoners, bound two and two, were ranged along its edge, with their faces towards the trench and their backs towards their executioners, so as to fall when shot, whether alive or dead, into the pit. Then the *sans-culottes* threw themselves upon the bodies, stripping them completely and carrying off their clothes. If in these they found money or valuables, they were compelled to share them with their superiors. The trench, dug each day, was not covered over until the morrow; then, if any of the victims it contained still breathed, they were either despatched or buried alive.*

At the spot we have already mentioned, where the roads cross from Auray, Pluvigner, and Sainte-Anne, is a solitary meadow on the border of a salt marsh through which, over its shallow and rocky bed, flows the Loc. At the time of which we write a winding path led to this meadow, which, surrounded by lopped and decapitated oaks, had a singularly dreary aspect. Here it was that, in the fourteenth century, Charles de Blois lost his crown and life at the battle of Auray, after crossing, contrary to the advice of Du Guesclin, the narrow valley of the Loc to attack the English battalions, motionless upon the farther bank, under the command of the gallant Sir John Chandos. This field, already the scene of bloodshed in fair fight, was now to be the theatre of sanguinary tyranny and crime.

Hither it was that, during three weeks, the prisoners were brought from Auray and shot, twenty at a time. The women of Auray, provided with disguises, concealed

* Muret, *Histoire des Guerres de l'Ouest*, tom. iv. p. 204.

* Account of M. Harscouet de St. Georges.

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themselves in the woods of Kerzo, in readiness to facilitate the escape of any of the victims; but so close was the surveillance around the field of carnage that four or five only were able to avail themselves of this assistance. One of these, De Boisairault d'Oiron, threw himself on the ground at the moment of the discharge; then sprang up and darted into the woods. The young Marquis de Rieux, the last of an illustrious race, had nearly succeeded in saving himself by the same expedient, but while making his way through the marshes he was pointed out to the soldiers by a cobbler of Auray. They fired, and he fell, mortally wounded. The wretch who had thrown him back into the hands of his murderers, on returning home that evening, took up a hatchet to chop wood. With the first blow he struck off his left hand—the hand he had stretched out to betray the fugitive.

The commissioners were no less implacable at Quiberon than at Auray and Vannes. The sick and wounded prisoners, unable to appear at the bar, were condemned unheard, and shot in their beds or upon the straw that had been thrown to them.* Not to *one* was mercy, or rather *justice*, shown. For all there was but one sentence —death.

Thus perished in cold blood, within the narrow triangle of which Vannes and Carnac form the base and Auray the apex, nearly two thousand men, among whom were the flower of the chivalrous *ancienne noblesse* of France, besides a large number of the brave and loyal peasantry of Brittany. From the 29th of July until the 26th of August the malignant vengeance of the Convention here pursued its murderous path, prolonging crime as others prolong pleasure, and intensifying its cruelty by pretended respites. Hope was held out (1) to those who were not more than sixteen years old at the time of emigration; (2) to the sick, and (3) to those of plebeian origin; nor was it until the 24th of August that all these hopes were crushed, and the prisoners given to understand that those only who came under the category of extreme youth had any chance of respite.

This announcement was merely a snare laid by craft and cupidity; the messenger sent to take these youths before the commission informed them that the interrogatory they were about to undergo was a mere form, and bade them carry with them all they possessed instead of leaving it in the prison, "*whither they were certain not to return.*"

Youth is credulous, and these young men joyfully believed in the treacherous hopes held out to them. "The young prisoners," says the Count de St. Georges, "took away with them not only the money and various articles given them for their own use by the people of Vannes, but everything also which we, who had before us nothing but the immediate prospect of death, insisted on giving them. We also charged them with letters for our families."

No sooner did these youths, who at Vannes were thirty in number, appear before the council than they were asked their names, bound together in couples, and marched off to execution. One of these innocent victims was Louis de Talhouet, whose father had been killed

* This account, taken from the MS. narrative of M. le Comte Harscouet de St. Georges, helps to explain the fact that the official list of the executions published by General Lemoine contains no more than seven hundred and ten names. The sick and wounded who were shot in their beds figure conveniently among those who "*died in prison.*"

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at the head of his regiment on the 16th of July. Being seriously ill, his widowed mother and his sister, by persevering entreaties, and after surmounting immense difficulties, had obtained leave to remove him from prison to be nursed at the house of a relative at Auray. There also he was under the close surveillance of a soldier, who nevertheless showed himself considerate and humane, and the family ventured to hope. One morning, however, when the poor youth, scarcely convalescent, was walking, supported by his mother and sister, two gendarmes appeared with an order to take him back to prison. This was the 25th of August, the day of his fête. The next morning he was shot at Vannes.

To atrocity of act was frequently added atrocity of detail in the execution. M. d'Antrechaux, an officer who escaped, relates a display of cold-blooded cruelty on the part of General Lemoine which shows to what manner of man Hoche had left the command of the Morbihan.

"There was amongst us," he writes, "one of the handsomest men I ever saw in my life. His name has escaped my memory. He could not have been more than twenty years old at most. He drew admirably. General Lemoine, having seen some of his drawings, took him to make his plans and take his portrait. He made him share his table, showing him every attention, and soon he was the favorite of all the officers of the staff. We regarded him as saved. When the revocation of the respite arrived no one for a moment supposed that it would apply to him. The general had him, as usual, to dinner, and treated him with even greater friendliness than ordinary. At the end of the repast he called a corporal and four soldiers, and had him shot under his windows! The officers were indignant, and, at the risk of being disgraced, did all in their power to save the unfortunate youth."

We will conclude this (still incomplete) narrative of these atrocities with an extract from the account given by M. de St. Georges of his own escape.

"We were," he says, "transferred (August 25) to the Tour au Fou, a dependence of the old fortifications of Vannes, and found there a large number of our companions. After the final interrogatory we were led back to prison. On the morrow we were to die. On the 26th, therefore, fresh victims were sent for every two hours. The prison was emptied story by story, beginning from below, without choice or order; all whom it contained being destined to perish. I had contrived during the whole day to elude the attention of the purveyors of death, and, with five of my companions, was so fortunate as to escape notice. We concealed ourselves among the rafters of the roof, and, when night came, succeeded in purchasing our lives of the sergeant and corporal of the guard for three hundred and fifteen louis d'or with which I had been furnished by some kind relations."

Such were the events which followed the disaster of Quiberon, and which, in spite of the vain and iniquitous apologies attempted at the present time for the crimes of the Convention, furnish of themselves abundant proof that, after as well as before the fall of Robespierre, this exterminating assembly retained to the full its murderous instincts and its implacable passions.

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The memories of that time, related from generation to generation during the long *veillées* or *fileries du soir*, have remained engraved in the hearts of all true Bretons. Often may the peasants dwelling near the scenes of massacre be seen, on their way to and from their daily work in the fields, kneeling at the foot of one of the wayside crosses so common in the ferny lanes of Brittany, to say a *De Profundis* for the souls of the noble victims of Quiberon.

THE CHURCH OF THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

One evening in the year of grace 1815, after a day of excessive heat —the heat of a Spanish summer— the aged cura of San Pedro, a village a few leagues distant from Seville, returned from a round of parochial visits, weary and exhausted, to his poor presbytery, where awaited him his worthy sexagenarian housekeeper, Señora Margarita.

No one, however accustomed to the sight of poverty could have failed to observe the extreme bareness of the old priest's dwelling— a bareness all the more noticeable from a certain air of pretension in the arrangement of the few poor articles of furniture, which made the nakedness of the walls and the more than doubtful condition of the floor and ceiling still more evident.

Margarita had just completed the preparation of a small dish of *olla podrida* for her master's supper, which, except the sauce and the pompous name, consisted of the remains of his dinner, seasoned and disguised with the utmost talent.

"God be praised! Margarita," exclaimed the cura, as he inhaled the appetizing odors which welcomed his return. "The fragrance of your *olla podrida* would give a dying man an appetite! By St. Peter, comrade, you ought to recite the whole rosary as an act of thanksgiving at finding so good a supper."

Margarita, looking round at these words, saw that her master was followed by a stranger. Her face, suddenly disconcerted, expressed a curious mixture of disappointment and annoyance. Darting a glance first at the unknown personage and then at her master, the latter said, with the apologetic tone of a child before a wrathful parent, "Bah! enough for two is enough for three, and you would not have had me leave a poor Christian, who for two days has not tasted food, to die of hunger?"

"Holy Virgin! a queer sort of Christian, I should say, when he looks more like a brigand." And she left the room muttering to herself.

The guest during this doubtful reception remained standing motionless near the threshold. He was a man of lofty stature, clad in garments that were torn in all directions. His flowing black hair, flashing eyes, and long carabine made, in fact, an *ensemble* little calculated to inspire interest or confidence.

"Well?" he asked, "am I to go away?"

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With an emphatic gesture the cura answered: "Never shall he who seeks shelter beneath my roof be driven from it! Never shall he seek in vain a welcome! Put down your carabine; let us say *Benedicite* and sit down to table."

"I and my carabine never part company. The Castilian proverb says, 'Two friends are one.' This is my best friend. I can sup with it between my knees; for, though *you* may suffer me in your house instead of turning me out of it before I have a mind to go, there are others who would not show me the same consideration. Now, then, to your good health, and let us begin."

The temperate cura of San Pedro was struck with amazement at the voracious appetite of his visitor, who, not content with devouring nearly the whole of the *olla podrida*, emptied the wine-flask and left nothing of an enormous loaf. While occupied in thus clearing the table he looked from time to time uneasily around him, started at the slightest sound, and, when one of the doors suddenly slammed in the wind, sprang to his feet, grasping his weapon like a man who was determined to sell his life dearly. Then, recovering from the alarm, he sat down and continued his meal.

When this was finished he said to his host: "You must now put the finishing stroke to your kind reception. I am wounded in the thigh. Give me some linen rags, and then you shall be rid of me."

"I do not want to be rid of you, my poor fellow," said the cura kindly. "I am something of a surgeon, and can at any rate dress your wound better than a clumsy village barber. You will see."

So saying, he took from a cupboard a bundle in which were rolled up old linen and other needful appliances, and, turning up his sleeves, prepared to exercise the functions of a surgeon. The wound was deep. A ball had traversed the thigh, and it must have required no small amount of courage and endurance for the man to have continued walking.

"You cannot go farther to-day," said the cura as he probed the wound with the satisfaction of an amateur. "You must be content to pass the night here. A few hours' rest will give you fresh strength, lessen the inflammation, bring down the swelling, and . . ."

"I must go to-day, and at once," interrupted the stranger. "There are those who expect me," he added, sighing, and then, with a fierce smile, "and others who seek me. Now, then, have you finished the dressing? Good! I feel quite fresh again. Give me a loaf. Take this gold piece for your hospitality, and *adios!*"

The priest pushed back the money indignantly. "I am no innkeeper, and I do not sell my hospitality."

"As you please; and pardon me! Farewell."

Then, taking the loaf which Margarita, at her master's bidding, had unwillingly brought, the strange visitor plunged into the woods which surrounded the cura's lowly dwelling.

An hour later, in the same woods, the sound of repeated firing was heard, and the stranger again hurried feebly into the presbytery, bleeding from a wound in the breast and pale as death.

Hastily putting down some gold pieces, he said to the priest: "My children—in the ravine—near the little river."

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He fell exhausted on the ground. The Spanish gendarmes rushed in, gun in hand, and found no resistance on the part of their prisoner, whom they bound tightly, and then permitted the cura to dress his wound; but, heedless of the priest's observations on the danger of removing him in his present state, they placed him on a cart and prepared to take their departure, saying, "Whether he dies now or with a halter round his neck, his business is settled all the same. He is the famous brigand, José."

José looked his thanks at the cura and whispered, "Water!" As the priest leant over him, holding the cup to his lips, he said faintly, "You understand?"

The cura nodded assent.

No sooner had the men departed with their prisoner than, regardless of the voluble representations of Margarita of the danger of going through the woods at night, he hastened, as quickly as the deepening twilight would permit, in the direction of the ravine. There, by the corpse of a woman, killed probably by a chance shot, he found an infant and a little boy about four years old. The latter was pulling his mother's arm and calling on her to awake.

The feelings of Margarita may be imagined when she beheld her master re-enter the house with two children.

"Saints of Paradise!" she exclaimed, "and what are you going to do with them, señor? We have barely enough as it is to live upon, and here are you bringing in two children! Well, I suppose, then, that I am to go begging for you and them from door to door. And after all, what are they? The sons of a vagabond, a gypsy, a brigand, and perhaps worse! For certain they are not even baptized!"

At this moment the babe in swaddling-clothes began to cry.

"And how is this child to be fed?" she resumed. "You can't pay a nurse; and as for the sleepless nights *I* am to have with it, what will they matter to *you*, sleeping at your ease all the same? Holy Virgin! it cannot be six months old. Luckily there is some milk in the house, which only wants warming."

Then, forgetting her displeasure after having thus relieved her feelings, she took the infant in her arms, kissed it repeatedly, and, raking the fire together, set an earthen pot of milk upon the embers. When the little one had been fed and laid carefully to sleep, the elder boy had his turn. Whilst Margarita undressed him and improvised a bed with an old cloak of her master's, the good man related where and how he had found the children, and how they had been bequeathed to him by their father.

"This is all very good and very fine," said Margarita; "but the chief thing is to know how we are to feed them and ourselves too."

Laying his hand on the Gospels, the cura answered: "'Verily I say unto you that whosoever shall give a cup of cold water to one of these little ones as being my disciple, he shall not lose his reward.'"

"Amen!" answered Margarita.

Next day the priest buried the woman found near the ravine, and recited over her the prayers for the dead.

Twelve years afterwards the cura of San Pedro, who was at that time seventy years old, was warm-

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ing himself in the sun at the presbytery door. It was winter, and for two days not a ray of sunshine had until then pierced the clouds. By his side a lad of eleven or twelve years of age was reading aloud the breviary, and from time to time glancing somewhat enviously at a youth of sixteen or so actively working in the little garden. Margarita, nearly blind, was listening.

The sound of approaching wheels was heard, and presently a splendid carriage on the road from Seville, instead of passing, drew up at the door. A servant in rich livery got down, and, going up to the old priest, asked him for a glass of water for his master.

"Carlos," said the cura to the younger boy, "fetch a glass of water for his lordship, and some wine also, if he will accept it—quick!"

The nobleman then alighted from the carriage. He was a man of about fifty years of age.

"Are these boys your nephews, padre?" he asked.

"Far better than that—they are my children; that is, of course, my children by adoption."

"How so?"

"I will tell you, señor mio; for, besides that I could not refuse to answer the inquiries of a great nobleman like yourself, I, who am poor and old, with no experience of the world, have need of good counsel to direct me how I am to provide for the future of these young boys."

He then related their history, asking, as he concluded his recital, "And now what would your lordship advise me to do with them?"

"Make them ensigns in the Royal Guards, and, in order that they may keep a suitable establishment, allow them a pension of four thousand ducats."

"Sir, I did not ask you to jest, but to advise."

"And then your church must be rebuilt, and close by we will have a new and commodious presbytery with a garden. The whole shall be enclosed in a fence. See, I have the plan in my pocket. Does it suit you? When it is finished we will call it *The Church of the Cup of Cold Water.*"

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked the bewildered cura. "What are you saying? Stay! I seem to have some vague recollection of these features, of this voice?"

"It means that I am Don José della Ribiera," was the answer, "and that twelve years ago I was José the brigand. I made my escape from prison; times are changed, and they have made the robber-chief the chief of a political party. You have been a hospitable host to me, and a father to my sons. Embrace me, my children!"

And he folded the boys in his arms.

Then, holding out his hand to the cura, he said, "Well, father, will you not accept the Church of the Cup of Cold Water?"

The cura, greatly moved, turned to old Margarita, who stood behind him weeping for joy, and said: "Did I not remind you that 'whosoever shall give even a cup of cold water to one of these little ones should in no wise lose his reward'?"

A year afterwards Don José della Ribiera and his two sons were present at the consecration of the Church of San Pedro of the Cup of Cold Water—one of the prettiest churches in the neighborhood of Seville.

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FIGHTING FITZGERALD.

THE name of "Fighting Fitzgerald" still exists, and comes to the surface when any mention is made of duelling as naturally as that of William Kidd as the typical exemplar of piracy. The figure of Kidd has been taken out of the cloud of vague tradition and set distinctly and prosaically in the last volume of Macaulay's *History of England;* but Fitzgerald, who flourished much later, and in a time which has furnished some of the most graphic sketches in English anecdotical literature, has thus far failed to be shown to the public in any human or possible form. He is vaguely known as the chief of duellists in the place and time—Ireland at the end of the last century—when duelling was carried to its highest extravagance; but Sir Jonah Barrington, who gives such a full account of the society of fire-eaters and the notable duels of his time, makes only incidental mention of "Fighting Fitzgerald." He had ended his career before Sheil's time, and was not a member of the bar, so that he missed furnishing a parallel portrait to that of Lord Norbury, who was one of his almost innumerable antagonists in the "fifteen acres." Yet "Fighting Fitzgerald" was one of the most notable as well as notorious persons of his day, a type of the Protestant gentry of Ireland at the time of our Revolution, and remarkable in his character and career to a degree that seems a prodigy to us, like a Nero, or the strangest compound of ferocity and foppery that ever lived.

George Robert Fitzgerald was born in the latter half of the last century in his father's mansion in the beautiful vale of Turlough, north of the town of Castlebar, in the county of Mayo. He was of the noble Geraldine family on his father's side, coming, as he boasted, of the elder or Desmond branch, which was banished from its possessions in Waterford to the wilds of Connaught by Cromwell. His mother was Lady Mary Hervey, daughter of the Earl of Bristol, and sister of the acquiescent husband of the bigamous Duchess of Kingston, Foote's enemy, and of the Earl Bishop of Derry, who for a time assumed to lead the Volunteer movement in Ireland with the pomp and ambition of a king, and, after the disappointment of his pretensions, lived in Italy in a haughty and epicurean idleness, and a contemptuous disregard for the duties of a bishop of the Established Church and of public opinion about his course of life, perhaps more astonishing than anything in ecclesiastical history.

There was a saying that "God made men, women, and Herveys," and the vagaries of the race were never more singularly marked than in this Irish collateral descendant. Nothing but what is favorable is known of his mother, from whom he probably derived the sweetness of manner and affability which usually distinguished him when not enraged. She had been a maid of honor to the Princess Amelia, and her transfer to the mansion of a Connaught squire such as it was at that time, with its riot, coarseness, and barbarism, must have

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been a somewhat similar shock to that which Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler has recorded of her experience at the South Carolina plantation of her husband. The father of George Robert Fitzgerald was one of the worst specimens of his class. The Protestant country gentlemen of those days lived in a state of riot, ignorance, and brutality quite unparalleled in any modern civilization. Hunting by day and orgies at night were their habitual occupation, diversified by duels. George Robert's mother was soon compelled to leave her husband and return to England, while he paraded his debauchery by seating his mistress beside him on the bench of the assize court on its periodical visits to Castlebar. We can form an idea of the state of society in which such a thing was tolerated without any special opprobrium. It must be remembered that he was not an obscure man, but a representative of one of the noblest families in Ireland and the owner of an estate of five thousand pounds a year, equal to at least fifty thousand dollars in our experience.

George Robert was educated at Eton by the instigation of his mother's family. At sixteen years of age he received a commission in the army, and was stationed at Galway, the very focus of the wildest riot of that day. He soon earned the sobriquet which distinguishes him in history. He fought with a Mr. French, who had the presumption to bring him a challenge from a tradesman whom he had cudgelled. They locked themselves into the parlor of an inn and commenced to shoot. Fitzgerald missed his man and French's pistol flashed in the pan. Young Fitzgerald stepped forward with courteous generosity and proffered his powder-horn to supply the priming. Alarmed by the shot, the people of the house broke down the door, and there was an end to that duel. A second duel in Galway was caused by his petulance toward an elder officer, whose manners he did not like, and in this he received a crack in the skull from the pistol-bullet which he carried to his death, and which may charitably be supposed to have added to the wildness of his temper. It was found necessary to trepan his skull, and on the operating-table he begged the surgeon to spare his toupee. He was soon the most famous of all the ready fighters of Connaught in his eagerness for personal encounters and daring and insatiable recklessness. From Mayo he went up to Dublin, preceded by his fame, which was soon established on a metropolitan basis by half a hundred encounters. In Dublin George Robert fell in love with the prettiest and richest young lady of her time, Miss Connelly, a sister of the great commoner, Mr. Connelly of Castletown, and a cousin of the Duke of Leinster. Fitzgerald was extraordinarily handsome and of very fascinating manners with ladies, nor is it likely that his reputation for recklessness and bravery injured him in the estimation of a spirited Irish girl. Mr. Connelly did not approve of such a brother-in-law, and consequently there was an elopement, with a reconciliation afterward and a grand wedding journey to Paris on the wife's fortune.

Here Fitzgerald was the wonder of the hour from his magnificence, his profuseness, and his reckless daring. Louis XVI., who was lazy and peaceable, said sneeringly, "Here comes Jack, the giant-killer,"

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and Fitzgerald has been credited with the sublime impudence of the remark concerning the identity of the thief, on seeing his majesty's portrait hung beside that of the Saviour. It has been attributed to many others on as many different occasions, and it is really doubtful if it was ever uttered by anybody; but it suits Fitzgerald's "style" better than most of its supposititious authors. He was a companion of the Count d'Artois in the wildest dissipation, and had the proverbial ill-fortune which accompanied games of hazard with that accomplished prince. He astonished all the royal hunt by leaping on horseback a wall with a descent of fourteen feet into the Seine, and swimming across to bring the deer to bay, and had the distinguished honor of handing the knife to the king to cut the poor animal's throat. But the fate overtook him which usually befalls the brilliant spendthrift. And here crops out that part of his character seemingly so inconsistent with his courage, his haughtiness, and his recklessness, but which the record shows to be characteristic of many of his class. Thackeray depicts it very powerfully in the *Luck of Barry Lyndon*, but his hero was not of the blood of the Fitzgeralds nor a gentleman by breeding. Impatient at being without money, Fitzgerald bet at the gambling-table when he could not pay his losses, engaged in questionable jockeying transactions, and, strangest of all, had fits of abject cowardice, as though his spirit was contaminated by embarrassment and meanness. As if to complete a parallel to Pope's portrait of his famous ancestor in

"Pride that licks the dust,"

he was ignominiously kicked from the door of a gambling-room by the Count d'Artois, without resenting it, for dishonoring a bet.

He soon returned to Dublin and resumed his spirit and his honor with a supply of money. The tradition of his appearance long survived in society. He is described as rather low in stature but elegantly made, and he dressed in the most elegant French fashion, the button and loop of his hat, his sword-knot and buckles all brilliant with diamonds, his garments of brocade and velvet, a muff on his arm, two enamelled chains with a multitude of seals dangling from each fob, and an appearance so light, foppish, and yet distinguished that it was impossible to believe him the author of the desperate and ferocious deeds credited to his name. His career was wilder and more reckless than ever. Among other exploits he fired a pistol in the streets at Denis Browne, high-sheriff of Mayo, and struck "Black Jack" Fitzgibbon, afterward Earl of Clare, a blow in the face; and out of his violences these two deeds at least were fully avenged in the future. About this time he retired to his estate in Mayo, and there, according to account, actually took an interest in the welfare of his tenants. He endeavored to encourage the growth of wheat and to establish a linen manufacture. Wild as he was, he showed that there was something more to his character than the mere bully and spendthrift. A debauchee, it may be said, he never was. His tastes were moderate in all indulgence of the appetites. His wife died, leaving an infant daughter, and Fitzgerald, who had always been a most tender and devoted husband, was nearly frantic with grief. He started with the

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body for the burial-place of her family in the county of Kildare, where she had requested that she might be buried, and traversed the whole distance in the dead of winter with a long procession composed of his servants and followers. At the inns he had the coffin brought into his room to lament over it. At one place the innkeeper objected to having the *foreign* corpse brought into the house, as it might bring ill luck, and was nearly made a corpse himself by the furious mourner, who drove him out of doors with his sword. On his return Fitzgerald took up the wild habit of hunting by night, and rode over the hills of Mayo in the chase, accompanied by servants with flaming torches to show the way, like a veritable demon huntsman. The memory of the midnight hunts, the wild chorus of dogs and the shouts of "mad Fitzgerald" as he tore headlong by, is yet a tradition in the region about Turlough. Among his exploits was his leaping his horse over a precipice for a bravado to the gentlemen of the hunt. The poor animal was killed, but he escaped without injury. Equally characteristic was his driving a person from table because he was too fat and the sight of him eating would shock his delicate sensibilities. This compound of the exquisite and the dare-devil must have been a strange being to the squires of Mayo.

During the latter part of his life on his estate Fitzgerald acted as though he were "*fey*," to use the Scotch expression for one doomed to a violent death by his own conduct. He quarrelled with the Brownes, the all-powerful family in the west, the head of which was Lord Altamont, and a member, Denis Browne, the sheriff, whom he had shot at in Dublin. For some fancied pique he rode up to the hall-door of Lord Altamont and shot the watch-dog on the porch, leaving word that while he would not allow the men to keep dogs, he would graciously permit the ladies of the family to keep a lapdog each. Next he rode up to the door of Denis Browne, called him a coward, and dared him to come out and fight. Browne could not refuse so open an affront, and offered a meeting, stipulating that the weapons should be broadswords, inasmuch as he was heavy and clumsy and no match with small-sword or pistol for so accomplished a duellist. To this Fitzgerald agreed, but when he came to the place of meeting he was seized with a sudden spasm of ferocity and fired a pistol at Browne, who fled into a house. He quarrelled with Dick Martin, who

"Ruled the houseless wilds of Connemara,"

and was afterwards known as the Henry Bergh of his day in the British Parliament. They met in the streets of Castlebar and fought, Martin being wounded in the breast. On this occasion, as on some others, Fitzgerald was accused of wearing a bullet-proof undergarment, but he was generally acquitted of this suspicion in popular estimation. At a duel in Belgium in which that gallant Irish gentleman, Hamilton Rowan, was his second, the test was proposed, and it was conclusively proved that he was not guilty of such treacherous cowardice. Not satisfied with having quarrels on his hands with the Brownes and the Martins, he one after another insulted the Blakes, the Bodkins, the Frenches, and all the proprietors of his neighbor-

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hood, so that he was without a single powerful friend within it. Not only did he alienate all his equals and associates, but he could not restrain himself from acquiring the enmity of the peasantry by shooting their dogs and in other ways wantonly injuring them. He had no support or faction in the county except a set of desperate followers. Their places were no sinecures, and he was fond of trying their courage by some desperate freak. On one occasion he fancied that he wanted an attorney, and engaged one in Dublin to go down to Mayo for permanent service. On getting into the carriage at night for the journey the attorney found a speechless person in a fur coat on the seat beside him, and woke up in the morning to find he had been riding beside a huge black bear, one of Fitzgerald's pets. Fitzgerald ordered the bear to kiss the attorney, and in the struggle of the bear to put his muzzle in his face he broke out of the carriage and ran away amid the wild laughter of his employer.

Fitzgerald became involved in a lawsuit with his disreputable father for the arrears of a rent-charge on his estate settled at the time of his son's marriage and never paid. In accordance with Fitzgerald's views of justice he took his father a prisoner and carried him off to his own house. An attempt was made to rescue the old man, and his son removed him to a fortification which he had constructed on a hill in his demesne and armed with the cannon of a Danish ship which had been wrecked on the coast. An appeal was made to the central authority in Dublin Castle, and a detachment was sent to reduce the fort. They found the guns dismounted and spiked, and that Fitzgerald had taken his father with him in a boat to one of the islands in Sligo Bay. Finally the old man agreed to sign the necessary papers for a settlement and was taken by his son to Dublin. As soon as he got there he had his son arrested for abduction. Fitzgerald was tried, fined a thousand pounds, and imprisoned in Newgate, from whence he published *An Appeal to the Public* in the shape of a pamphlet written in the elaborate language of those days, but with very considerable eloquence and force, and but few signs of that extravagance which might have been expected from its author. He was pardoned by the government; so strong and jealous was family influence that no crime could alienate it in any contact between one of its members and authority.

Fitzgerald returned home after his release wilder and more ferocious than ever. One Patrick Randal McDonald, a coarse and bold attorney, had been engaged in actions against him, and his punctilious pride prevented his meeting him in the usual way because of his low birth. McDonald was fired at and hit in the leg from behind a hedge as he was riding home at night. He accused Fitzgerald of being the instigator of the attempt at assassination, and caused a tenant of his named Murphy to be arrested. Murphy was discharged for want of evidence. Fitzgerald had a warrant sworn out against McDonald for the arrest and false imprisonment of Murphy, and proceeded to execute it in his own summary fashion. McDonald and two of his followers were captured by Fitzgerald and taken to his mansion, and there confined for the night. In the morning they were

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started on their way to Castlebar under an escort. Not far from the house shots were fired from behind a hedge, and the escort, turning upon the prisoners as though they feared a rescue, shot and killed them. The news soon spread over the country. McDonald was captain of a militia company in Castlebar, and, besides, a man of strong faction. The volunteers and the faction gathered and poured along the road toward the mansion at Turlough, armed with guns and scythes and sticks. Fitzgerald was warned, but, by that fate which sometimes confounds the bravest, and is particularly liable to fall with sudden panic on such impulsive spirits, he was seized with a fit of dastardly trembling and could not even mount the horse which was brought to the door for him to fly with. He hid himself, and was found by the fierce crowd under a pile of clothes in his bedroom.

"What do you want, you ruffian?" he cried out when found.

"To dhrag ye like a dog's head to a bonfire," said a huge peasant named Morran, who seized him by the breast of his coat and drew him out.

A pistol was snapped at his head, but it did not go off, and he was finally dragged and hustled along the road until he was delivered to the jailer at Castlebar. That night the sentry was overpowered and an attack made on him in his cell. Several shots were fired at him, one of which hit his thigh and another broke a ring on his little finger; a bayonet was broken off between his teeth, and he was thrust through the arm. He fought with the ferocity of a wildcat until he was left for dead under the table and the lights were extinguished.

The trial speedily followed, in which the jury was summoned by Denis Browne, and John Fitzgibbon was prosecuting attorney. The conviction was speedy, and the sun was not allowed to set on the execution. The sheriff and the prosecuting attorney appeared to fear lest a pardon or a reprieve should be obtained by the family of Fitzgerald if there was a day's delay. At six o'clock in the evening he walked from the jail to the gallows, the executioner, with a mask on his face, preceding him. He was dressed in sordid garments, a faded scarlet coat and a hempen cord substituting the usual diamond loop of his hat. On reaching the gallows he sprang up the ladder with a light step, and, as soon as the rope was around his neck, flung himself off. The rope broke. That touch of death chilled all his bravado. He was the coward again, and besought and wept and prayed for mercy, for life, for minutes of time to pray, until the crowd lost their savage exultation in contempt and pity. A new rope was brought and the miserable wretch hanged in writhing violence under the eye of the exulting sheriff. According to custom, the mob stoned the executioner to the imminent danger of his life.

The body was taken to the house at Turlough, and so complete was the plunder of all its magnificent furnishing that it was waked by candles set in the necks of bottles, not a single candlestick being left. A few of his trembling followers attended the last rites and saw the body buried in the family tomb on the estate.

He was thirty-eight years of age.

Such a fiery spirit, unbalanced in brain and afflicted with blood-drunkenness, yet not without kind-

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ly qualities, generosity, and courtesy, alternating between desperate bravery and fits of wretched cowardice, capable of chivalrous sacrifice and of taking mean advantage according to the moment, might seem impossible without insanity; but our Wild Bills and desperadoes of the Western frontier are very often after a similar pattern, making allowance for difference in culture and surroundings. It grew to an evil end in an Irish gentleman amid the worst society in the world. In more favorable circumstances it brought honor and glory to Charles XII. and Lord Peterborough.

A SUMMER IDYL.

MINE is no lay of long-past days,
There breaketh through its singing
No echo of a Godfrey's lance
With knightly prowess ringing;
It holdeth no cathedral state
Save that the forests bring it:
The birds that pair 'mid budding leaves
I think might fitly sing it.

One summer, when the lengthened heats
The city streets were burning,
And languid footsteps sought the hills
To coax the spring's returning,
There gathered, 'neath a farm-house roof
That sheltered kindly faces,
A motley handful from the town,
Haunting earth's quiet places.

No waterfall that eyes had seen
Half-hid among the mountains,
But eager feet must scale the cliffs
To track the silver fountains;
No solemn mountain lifted brow
To catch the sunlight tender
But ardent voices called to it
Heart's secrets to surrender.

No wonder that a small foot's tread,
A brown eye's liquid gleaming,
Should mingle with the fountain's voice
That sang through some hearts' dreaming;

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No wonder that the forest seemed
To lie in sunshine ever
When twinkling foot and shining eyes
Made leaf and heart-strings quiver.

So one, amid the careless group,
With earnest soul life living,
Soon learned to treasure for one's sake
All that he had worth giving.
His sunshine grew the soft brown eyes,
His clouds the drooped lids veiling,
His guide on every mountain side
The firm foot far heights scaling.

Soon grew one maiden's heart to be
Calm sea for his ship's sailing,
Her breath, the wind that filled its sails,
Her absence, its light's failing;
Soon grew the valley 'twixt the hills
A little glimpse of heaven,
And earthly joy wore heavenly state,
Grown sweeter with love's leaven.

A puzzled joy it was to watch
Her swift and busy finger—
As hearkened she his earnest speech—
O'er glancing needle linger;
A half-real dream to hear her voice,
As clear as thrush's singing,
Out speak her thoughts—whate'er their path,
An upward way still winging.

Would she outsoar him, nor look back
To learn his earnest loving?
So lifted unto light that soul
Earth-love seemed unbehoving.
All through the summer grew his hope,
His love each day increasing,
The faithful service of true heart
At her feet laid unceasing,

Half fearing her heart's mystery
To loose with thoughtless speaking,
Lest closed for ever be the gate
To honor's dearest seeking.
We noticed in an idle way,
Who watched the glamour growing,
The tender little courtesies
From constant thought o'erflowing;

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The careful breaking, as she passed,
Of forest boughs unruly,
The fear to help, on broken cliff,
A foot so firm, unduly;
The harebells gathered near the sky
To win her gracious keeping,
The blueberries' great, luscious globes
Her tin cup's measure heaping.

So ran the idyl's golden thread
Our dulness interweaving,
The homely pattern of our life
From its thin lines relieving;
So rang the poem's silver words,
With life prosaic blending;
So sweet the strophe of each day
We almost feared the ending.

But, as May's bloom is perfected
In happy June's completeness,
Her woman's heart at last gave out
Its mystery of sweetness:
One day the silent hills betrayed
Her quick pulses' fluttering,
And love's entreaty words awoke
Too dear for common uttering.

Unto the summer's subtle siege
The citadel surrendered;
Captive and conqueror only knew
What faith the treaty tendered.
King Alexander, in his quest,
Heard but the song of heaven:
To this love's quest on northern hills
Was Eden's vision given:

Not glimpse alone of cool green palms
Above the closed gates waving,
But living draught from sparkling stream
The meadow grasses laving;
With vision of celestial hills
Not any nightfall darkened,
That fairer grew in lovers' eyes
As each the other hearkened.

At last came from the city's walls
Relentless call of duty,
And faded from our daily paths
Our idyl of life's beauty;

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True, was the maiden's happy face
A little space left shining
Along the forests' shady ways—
Our hearts her thoughts divining;

True was it, heavy letters came
To kindle her lips' smiling,
But not for us the sacred hoard
Heaped but for her beguiling.
And with the early snow that capped
Our hills, with autumn burning,
Faded our mountain ways of life,
Each footstep homeward turning.

Still, ever, as at winter hearth
We tell that summer over,
We see in shade and sunshine rise
The forms of maid and lover,
While, with the grayness of life's days,
Still is the gold thread braided,
Tying that dream of perfect love
In those two hearts unfaded.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

At the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, held this year in Saratoga, a discussion respecting the view which sound Presbyterian orthodox believers ought to take of the Catholic Church arose, which still continues in the newspapers of that denomination, and at the time attracted some general attention. The great question with the clerical and lay elders was: Whether the Catholic Church is a Christian church or an absolutely anti-Christian religion. A second question, subsidiary to the first, was: Whether Catholic baptism is valid baptism, a true sacrament of Christ, or an entirely new invention of the Catholic hierarchy, substituted for the genuine sacrament.

This second question is a very trivial one. On the so-called evangelical theory, sacraments are mere signs without any efficacy. The question of validity or invalidity cannot be raised, for it has no meaning except in view of a supposed effect which is produced or not, according as the sacramental cause is or is not really placed.

The first question is the real one for Presbyterians and Protestants generally. The history of the discussions and decisions in the Presbyterian Assembles is briefly this: When the Old and New School Presbyterians were divided into

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separate bodies, the Old-School Assembly passed resolutions, or emitted what they call "deliverances," in which it was declared that the Catholic Church is not the Christian Church or any part of it. The late learned Dr. Hodge, a man highly respected by all men who knew his character, and one of the chief ornaments of Princeton College, together with some others, strongly opposed these acts. The New-School Assembly abstained from passing any of a similar nature. These two bodies having now been fused into one, one consequence of the fusion is that there is not the same general agreement in respect to the substance of orthodox Presbyterian doctrine in the united Presbyterian denomination as there was in the separated Old-School fraction. Accordingly, when the Catholic question came up this year there was a difference of opinion dividing the elders into two parties. The one party wished to reaffirm the former "deliverances." The other party wished to fall back upon the position of protest against certain doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church, without going to the length of declaring that these have altogether destroyed the very essence and substance of genuine Christianity in the Roman communion.

The two contrived to make a compromise, of which the upshot is that the Catholic Church in general is a branch of the Christian Church, whereas the hierarchy is a kind of anti-Christian corporate body which has usurped dominion over the laity who compose the communion recognized as a portion of the Christian Church.

The dispute has become warmer and more perplexed than ever since the Assembly adjourned, some on both sides claiming a victory for their own view, and others again denouncing the decision in no measured terms. Their petty disputes and mutual recriminations have no interest for any except those who are concerned in them. We dismiss them altogether, to pay attention to the only aspect of the discussion worthy of notice.

The extreme and violent faction among the Presbyterians can hold their own orthodox doctrines in conjunction with their anti-Catholic prejudices sincerely and honestly, only as ignorant and deceived by misrepresentations. The progress of knowledge and the augmentation of study and observation, in the period of the last half century, have led to a very great diminution of the force and extension of these prejudices among orthodox Protestants. A large number of them, including their best scholars and thinkers, have discovered that they cannot undermine our foundations without shaking dangerously their own fabric. They have also learned to understand and appreciate more correctly the Catholic Christianity of modern, mediæval, and ancient times, and the great writers of the Catholic Church, its ancient doctors and early fathers. They are unwilling and unable to isolate themselves from the universal and historical Christendom. They have been, therefore, carried to a position from which the view which they take of the Christian Church and Christianity presents a different aspect from that which is taken by those who are still in the valley of ignorance, surrounded by dense mists of prejudice. They regard the Christian Church as in some general sense one, with substantially the same faith and religion, and

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their criterion of essential orthodoxy adapts itself to the exigency which requires that a common measure shall be found applicable alike to Catholics, Greeks, and orthodox Protestants; to modern, ancient, and primitive Christianity, as they apprehend the actual state and character of the things designated by these terms.

The extremely Protestant and violently anti-Catholic party in the several Protestant denominations is naturally irritated by this disturbance of old-fashioned, hereditary prejudices. It is impossible, however, to resist successfully knowledge, enlightened thought, sound reasoning, by obstinate adherence to prejudice and to an authority which cannot establish any valid claim to the submission of the mind or the will. Protestants cannot help in the long run, and in a general sense, using the right they have always claimed to investigate and decide for themselves, on their individual responsibility, all questions pertaining to doctrine and religion. The Catholic Church is before them, and their own controversies only present her doctrinal and ethical and historical character in a clearer light and a more commanding position. They must examine, and inquire, and reflect concerning this great phenomenon which cannot be ignored. They must account in a rational and satisfactory manner, and in a way consistent with their own professed Christian principles, for the origin, growth, and universality of the Catholic Church. They must also, each separate form for itself, render an account to Christendom and the world of their own reason of being, of their origin, and the validity of their pretensions. The more the Catholic Church is discussed in their assemblies the better pleased are we; and as for the harsh epithets, the damnatory resolutions, the loud assertions which are exploded on these occasions, we smile at them, and so does the world. Whatever real scholars and honest thinkers among them may say on their side shall receive our respectful attention.

IMPENDING CHANGES IN GERMANY.

There seems to be no room for further doubt as to the actual resignation of Dr. Falk, the framer of the May Laws. This, coupled with other signs, leads one to believe that the May Laws themselves will soon be a thing of the past, or will be so altered as to admit of the *modus vivendi* between the Catholics of Germany and the state which Prince Bismarck has for several years past professed earnestly to desire. It has been admitted long since, even by those who, through prejudice against Catholicity or actual short-sightedness, at first welcomed them, that the May Laws proved a disastrous failure. They were framed to strangle Catholic life in Germany. They undoubtedly wrought great material havoc in the church, the record of which has appeared time and again in the pages of this magazine. Yet, as a matter of fact, they succeeded in giving not a new but a stronger and more heroic life to the German church. With sees despoiled and bishops banished; with altars unserved and schools and seminaries closed; with the religious of both sexes wandering over the world, we have seen these resolute Germans welded together by the very blows of the persecution that fell so fiercely upon them in the shape of the May

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Laws. They did not rebel, neither did they whine and stretch out useless hands to heaven. They seized fast hold of what they had. They had votes and they knew how to use them. They had the press, and they learned how to use that. They had that happiest of combinations, an intelligent and faithful priesthood and an intelligent and faithful laity. They knew exactly what they wanted, and they made for it courageously. Nothing could daunt them. When their bishops, priests, or editors were fined, they paid the fines. When they could not pay them they went to prison. If they were banished they carried the story of their wrongs abroad. Meanwhile they kept their eye on their votes, and returned able men to represent them in Parliament. They were denounced by the government, by Prince Bismarck himself, as traitors. They responded by returning members who could make even Prince Bismarck wince, and whose intelligence and power and nobility of life and character were an honor to all Germany.

Time went on, and time is always on the side of the right. In the first flush of his victory over France the sympathy of the world had been altogether on the side of Prince Bismarck. As the smoke of battle cleared away truths that were hidden began to appear. Prince Bismarck's own character began to show not quite so godlike as had been thought. He quarrelled with his friends; he quarrelled with every one in turn. He was bent on having his own way, as most of us are; but in this game it is one against a world, and in the long run, in these days especially, the world wins, and has sometimes a rude way of winning. Outer sympathy began to fail the prince; and when the enthusiastic German people came to foot the bills entailed by the chancellor's heroic policy, the great victories, the fortresses, the Krupp cannon, the mighty armies, the horses, the bayonets and rifles and uniforms, began to wear quite a new aspect. They all had to be paid for, and somebody had to pay for them. Where were the French milliards? Gone! And with them was gone German industry and German thrift. War had wrought its debauch, and the people were left poorer than ever.

Hence arose the conflict of parties, and fuel was added to the fire of socialism. Meanwhile the Catholics were working bravely as ever, though the persecution was trying them fiercely as ever. They returned more members to Parliament at each new election, until at the elections forced on by the chancellor, in view of the attempts on the life of the Emperor last year, the Catholics found themselves with the balance of power in the Reichstag. Prince Bismarck was in despair for allies. He prides himself on his gastronomic ability. After much hesitation, and much looking this way and that to see if there was no escape, and many a wry face, he sat down to perform the most difficult feat of his life: he swallowed himself!—or, in other words, everything he had ever said, or done, or written, or instigated against the Catholics. Let us hope that his dish will agree with him. He has gone over to the "traitors" to save his government.

THE CHURCH AND THE EMPIRE.

To say that there is a complete reconciliation between the German

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Government and the Catholic Church would, of course, be premature. But matters are plainly tending that way. Dr. Falk gave as the excuse for his resignation that he now saw a possibility of such reconciliation, and he was too patriotic to stand in the way of it. It is needless to discuss Dr. Falk's patriotism or to waste hard words on him now. There is room, too, for higher motives in the renewal of good offices between the courts of Berlin and the Vatican than Prince Bismarck's need of a Parliamentary majority. The attempts on his life seem to have opened the eyes of the German Emperor to dangers which he scarcely suspected to exist in the empire. When great dangers threaten men naturally look around for help, and the conviction came to him at last that the Catholics were after all among the most loyal of his subjects. They had been tried as no other class of his subjects had been tried—in every way short of absolute torture of the person—yet never had they gone beyond the fragments of law left to them in seeking redress. Were the Catholic Church, as had been freely alleged, an agent of disorder, it had every incentive to exercise its great power, which had never been denied. But the honest convictions of any thinking and observant man must force the truth upon him that the Catholic Church now, as always, is the prime agent of order in this world for order's sake, irrespective of this or that form of government. The socialists themselves in Germany, as all the world over, regard the church as a deadlier foe to their nefarious schemes and attempts than all the monarchs and rulers put together, while it goes far beyond them in its appeal for, and defence of, what is really owing to humanity. The Emperor was prepared, therefore, to listen to the calm, clear voice of the Holy Father, Leo XIII., appealing for peace, not in the name of this or that man, but in the name of God and of humanity. The German Emperor is certainly not without a strong religious belief. He has given frequent expression to this belief, and his expressions deepen and widen with advancing years. Perhaps the most significant of these was uttered as recently as June 17, at the commemoration festival of a religious society in Berlin. The substance of the speech, as reported in the London *Times*, was this:

"If there is anything capable of acting as a stay to us in the life and turmoil of the present time, it is the support alone to be found in Jesus Christ. Let not yourselves, therefore, be misled, gentlemen, by the tendencies prevailing in the world, especially in our days, and do not join the great multitude who either entirely leave the Bible out of account as the only source of truth, or falsely interpret it in their own sense. You all know, gentlemen, that I, of full and free conviction, belong to the positive (not positivist) union founded by my deceased father. The ground and rock to which I and all of us must cling is the unadulterated faith as taught us by the Bible. There are many who do not pursue the same path; every one does as best he can, according to his knowledge and his conscience, shaping in conformity therewith all his acts and all his ways. I esteem, honor, and tolerate them; but whoever also wishes to enter the society will always be received with open arms. . . . Each one can act as his conscience dictates, but all must, nevertheless, build on the ground alone of the Bible and the Gospel."

If that be not a proclamation of freedom of conscience to all his subjects, then plain words have no

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meaning. Certainly Catholics ask no more liberty than the measure there laid down—to shape their acts and ways in conformity with their knowledge and their conscience.

THE CIVIL MARRIAGE BILL IN ITALY.

ROME, June 17, 1879.

IN my last contribution I alluded to a law, then under discussion in the Italian Parliament, establishing the precedence of the civil celebration of marriage before the ecclesiastical ceremony. On the 19th of May it was sanctioned, to wit:

ART. 1. The omission of the celebration of the civil marriage before any religious ceremony whatsoever constitutes an offence which is punished according to the following articles. The civil marriage may be celebrated at any time, and such a celebration annuls the penal action, provided it takes place before sentence is pronounced. The penal action is suppressed also by the death of one of the parties united by the religious rite.

ART. 2. The minister of any form of worship who gives his voluntary assistance to the religious rites contemplated in the preceding article, without having evidence that the marriage was first celebrated in the form established by the Civil Code, shall be punished with imprisonment for not less than one month and not more than six.

ART. 3. The spouses who commit the offence enunciated in Article 1 shall be punished with imprisonment, which may be extended to three months. The witnesses who assist voluntarily at the celebration of the religious rite before the celebration of the civil marriage shall be subject to the same penalty.

For a thorough understanding of the spirit and the object of this law enough has been quoted. The most competent critic in the world has already examined and made it the subject of another of those documents which have contributed largely to rendering his name famous and respected even in the ranks of his bitterest opponents. I speak of Pope Leo XIII. On Pentecost day, the 1st of this month, he addressed a letter on this bill to the archbishops and bishops of the provinces of Turin, Vercelli, and Genoa. The style of the letter is, as usual, dignified, the tone temperate, and the reasoning irrefragable. After commending the zeal with which these prelates opposed the projected law from the outset, the Pope reasons, first, on the nature and institution of marriage. Not a creation of the state, but an institution of God for the propagation of the human race, and raised, in the law of grace, to the dignity of a sacrament, marriage is essentially a sacred and religious act, the regulating which naturally belongs to the religious power, not by the delegation of the state, but by the commission of Jesus Christ.

In the second place, he disposes summarily of the sophistical disassociation of the contract from the sacrament, as upheld by the state. Such a disassociation is dogmatically impossible, and contrary to the conception of Christian marriage; because the bond of marriage, sanctified by religion, is identified with the sacrament, and constitutes therewith one sole object and one reality. As to the examples adduced of Catholic states (France and Belgium) in which a similar law is in force, they prove nothing. For, in the first place, those nations, being the prey of social disorders, were obliged to submit to such a reform, while the reform itself was either imposed by heterodox influences or by the tyranny of the rulers. In the second place, the results of the reform are anything but satisfactory, while the strictly Catholic conscience of the people has always been opposed to it.

The Holy Father then repudiates the false accusation that the church wishes to invade the province of the state in the affair of matrimony. No one ever denied to the state the right of regulating matrimony in its civil effects according to justice. But the state can exercise no influence whatever over the august bond in its intrinsic nature, even as it

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cannot bind, nor loose, nor change. For the profound morality inherent in the sacrament of matrimony the state wishes not only to create, but to impose under penal sanction, a connubial morality of its own, entirely human, and under merely forensic forms. Such a morality cannot render the marital union either lawful, honorable, or lasting. The law is injurious to religion, to the priesthood, and to the liberty of conscience of the people. It is injurious to religion, because it presumes to dispose of a matter not in its sphere; it is injurious to the priesthood, because it subjects to penalties the minister, who merely performs a sacred duty in blessing the marital union; it violates the liberty of conscience of the people, because, besides imposing the civil form before the religious, it declares this last not only null in effect, but an illegal concubinage! Yet with glaring inconsistency the law takes no notice of the enormous number of real concubinages already existing.

Judging from all this, and from the fact that the minister who assists at the religious ceremony is subject to a greater penalty than the principal offenders—who, after all, can escape punishment by the subsequent civil celebration — the Holy Father is not without the suspicion that the law is dictated more by the desire of afflicting the church and her ministers than by a sense of order and social rectitude.

In fine, he recommends the archbishops and bishops to teach the people that the origin and sanctification of marriage are of God. As for the civil prescriptions regulating marriage before the law, he recalls the wise instructions of different pontiffs—instructions which give the people full liberty to follow the law after the essence of the dogma and the dignity of the sacrament have been provided for.

What is the declared object of this law? To diminish the number of "illegal concubinages." Would you know what these concubinages are? Nothing more nor less sacred than the marriages celebrated before the church alone. The sacramental union of itself, without the celebration of the civil ceremony, is declared a concubinage, and the law refuses to recognize the issue of such a union. This is actually the law. The new law proposes to *punish* such a union as criminal, and yet it leaves unpunished real concubinages!

Statistics prove that the number of purely ecclesiastical marriages is far superior to that of the civil marriages. Therefore, according to law, there are so many illegitimate families in the land. This is the evil the government would remedy by the new law. It is certainly a great evil, and is to the uninquiring and superficial mind a powerful argument in favor of the new law. But waiving the palpable malice of the new law, the odious distinction between the celebrating minister and the principal subjects under consideration, and the fact that it makes no provision whatever for really criminal unions — considerations which would brand it with infamy in any land professing the shadow of Christianity—let us go back a step or two in Italian legislation and discover the real cause of the evil which they would now remedy. We find it in a law of the year 1865, which declares null and of no civil effect whatever the marriages celebrated before the church alone without the civil celebration, either previous or subsequent, it was then immaterial. The baneful consequences of such a law began to appear immediately. Unprincipled men, whose only desire was to satisfy the basest passion of man, married unsuspecting maidens *coram Ecclesia*, and then heartlessly deserted their victims, knowing that the law was against them. Thus it was the state that created the illegitimacy in the first place by refusing to recognize the sacramental bond which had from time immemorial been the sole legitimate form of marriage. It was the state that gave full license to the profligates, constituted the so-called illegitimate unions; and the remedy which it now proposes, be it even in good faith, is worse than the original evil. *Novissimus error pejor priori!*

The law has not passed the Senate,* and well-founded hopes are entertained by the Catholics that it will not receive the sanction of that body, or that it will, at least, be remanded with substantial modifications. Meanwhile, protests against the law are pouring in from all sides. There is not a Catholic society in the land which has not already formulated a remonstrance against the project. The most recent is that of the Society of St. Francis Regis. The object of this

* It has since passed.—Ed. C. W.

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society, which is blessed and fostered by the church, gives the lie to the government when it accuses the church of being opposed to the state's regulating marriage in its civil effects. Its principal purpose is to induce parties who cohabit unlawfully to legitimize their union by the blessing of the church, and then by conforming themselves to the prescriptions of the law. In the past year of 1878 it procured the legitimization of four hundred and ninety-four unions. Of these only one hundred and eight had not observed the law—a consummation brought about by the society.

We have only to go back to the discussion of the law in Parliament to discover its true purpose. One of its promoters defined it to a nicety when he called it an act of reprisal against the church. Such, indeed, it is. It is one of that long series of outrages and injuries to the Catholic Church and to nearly twenty-seven millions of baptized Catholics. It exasperates still more that moral dualism now existing in the land, and which is the real enemy, and will in the end be the total destruction, of its political unity. I speak not of moral unity. That is gone, or going fast, and will disappear entirely unless Providence interposes.

The false proclamation by Cavour of the maxim, "Free church in a free state," will be the ruin of this last, because it tends to destroy the moral unity of the country. There never was a wise legislator yet who did not aim at promoting the moral unity of his people as the foundation-stone of political unity, independence, and prosperity. Why is it that Italy to-day, despite its unity and independence, gives but equivocal signs of life? Why is it that the blood does not circulate freely and healthily in the now reunited body? Because its soul is languishing under the frequent and disloyal attacks of the government. Because its moral unity, the effect of the one, only, apostolic faith which bound the people together, is tottering.

In a country like the United States of America the admission of the maxim "Free church in a free state" is not only wise and feasible but necessary. Hence the separation of the various churches—in general—and state was a necessity towards the preservation of political, and the ultimate obtaining of moral, unity. And as every religion is free to act and develop and diffuse its influence, so that religion which has the most vitality, the greatest cohesive power and influence, or rather that religion which has the life sustained by eternal truth will in the end prevail, absorb the rest, and establish the moral unity of the people.

In Italy it is different. Here the people were morally united before political unity was accomplished. And the first efficient impulse towards obtaining Italian unity and independence was not only supported and aided, but even sanctified, by that idea of moral unity. Why was it that Italy was almost delirious with joy when Gioberti published that wonderful book called *Il Primato d'Italia?* Because as the foundation of the new and independent edifice which he would construct he placed the glorious Catholic faith with its pontiff, its clergy, its religious; and because as the natural and moral head of Italy he placed the Roman pontiff. Although Gioberti's idea was not realized, owing to the treachery and malice of the sects, still that idea of making the Catholic religion the inseparable companion of political unity and independence was retained, at least in semblance. Every annexation, from that of the little duchies to that of the Eternal City and its territory, was preceded or accompanied by solemn promises to preserve and respect the religion of the people. It was declared as the religion of the state! The latest interpretation, however, of that article shows whither the government tends, and brings us back to the question, the decay of moral unity. In a recent decision the Roman Court of Appeals declared that, according to the interpretation imposed by circumstances and by modern progress, the first article of the Italian Constitution means merely that the state entertains a *quasi* predilection for the Catholic religion!

Now, to the detriment of this religion which is universal in the land, the government has opened the door to every form of error and religious extravagance under the sun. It has itself become a preacher of immorality in its Parliament, where its members, representatives only of the immoral minority, expose doctrines in which it is difficult to decide whether gross immorality and unbelief prevail, or absurdities. It has banished the religious, sequestrated their

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goods, subjected priests to military service, placed a detective surveillance on the preaching of the Gospel, and now it would constitute Christian marriage in the category of illegal concubinages. They call all this only a war against the priests, who are the sworn enemies of the country. But no ; it is the war of the state against its twenty-seven millions of subjects, for these in the mass, and not the priests alone, constitute the church. The dualism then in reality is between Catholic subjects and state. The state may be a political unity, but it not only has not the cordial, unreserved sympathy of the people which is necessary to the maintenance of a thorough unity, but it is for ever warring against their dearest instincts. Hence anarchy, hence disorder, hence discontent among the people, hence a paralyzing of the nation's energies.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MOONDYNE: A Story from the Under-World. By John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: The Pilot Publishing Company. 1879.

This is, we believe, the author's first venture as a story-writer in prose, and he is to be congratulated on having achieved something far higher than a *succès d'estime*. The "under-world" depicted is Australia, and Moondyne, the hero, is a convict, who afterwards turns into a sort of Jean Valjean or Monte-Christo. His purpose, however, is higher than that of either Alexandre Dumas père's hero or Victor Hugo's. Moondyne has no crime to wash out, and his noble nature enables him to rise above the spirit of revenge. How he is suddenly changed from a rough and, for all the reader knows, untutored convict into a cultivated gentleman at whose wisdom and insight British cabinet ministers and high officials and journalists stand appalled, is not explained. All we know is that he has the secret of the gold-mine of the Vasse, that he is accepted as a brother and ruler by the natives, and is thus provided with that commodity which most modern heroes lamentably lack—a quite unlimited supply of cash. As a rule, it is only the bad men who are rich in stories. Virtue and poverty are generally inseparable companions, thus bearing out the consoling dictum that "virtue is its own reward" or "virtue alone is happiness below."

The purpose of our ex-convict hero is to ameliorate the condition of convicts and prisoners by appealing to the better feelings which, he holds, only lie dormant, never wholly dead, even in the worst natures. On this subject several discussions are held between himself, a cabinet minister, and other important persons, wherein he very easily gets the better of everybody, and where we must often forgive his vague and sometimes absurd talk for the sake of his high and honest purpose. Apart from all this, however, the story has a genuine and sustained interest of its own. Some of the chapters, indeed the whole of the first book, are written with remarkable power, in a clean, nervous style, and here and there with a vivid play of imagination. The author constantly displays a true dramatic instinct, the real pathos of a tender heart, and, indeed, a variety of gifts from which everything good is to be hoped. *Moondyne* is a much better story than two-thirds of those that come to our table from far more pretentious authors. There are a few features we do not care about in it and would like to see absent. For instance, there is something of the cant of transcendentalism in hunting after capitals for very plain words, such as manhood, truth, word, idea, thought, principle, crime, sin, death, and so on. Words of this kind our transcendental friends would deify by beginning them with a capital and throwing a sort of mist around them, as though they were too awful and too sacred to approach.

Mr. O'Reilly has fallen into this affectation, and occasionally slips into their windy phraseology. But in the main the

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story will be found to be one of exceptional interest and power, the Australian scenes being especially rich in color and novel in scenery and incident to the average reader. To our own liking a minor character—Officer Lodge—is one of the best drawn in the book. His first introduction furnishes a capital bit of character-painting, given in the quietest but truest colors and a subdued humor that is very charming. We hope to hear from Mr. O'Reilly again in this very useful and, we trust, not unprofitable field.

LOUISA KIRKBRIDE: A Tale of New York. By Rev. A. J. Thébaud, S.J. New York: Peter F. Collier. 1879.

To see the learned author of *The Church and the Gentile World* and *The Irish Race* in the gay guise of a story-writer is, to reverse a well-known simile, like seeing Saul armed with David's sling. In *Louisa Kirkbride* will be found many thrilling scenes of New York life woven around a story whose great object, as the author tells us, is to describe American life in New York, and to warn the people of this country against some social dangers which all must admit are only too real and might be the cause of untold calamities.

THE TWO BRIDES: A Tale. By Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, L.D. New York: Carleton & Co. 1879.

In this charming and pure love-story the learned author of the *Life of Pius IX.*, the *Mirror of True Womanhood*, and, in fact, of a small library of delightful and useful books, has concentrated his gifts. Dr. O'Reilly is a writer of extensive knowledge and observation, lightened by a bright imagination. In the works with which his name has been hitherto connected his imaginative powers have necessarily been subordinate to facts. In the present instance they have had the fullest and happiest play. The time he has chosen for his story is previous to and during the civil war in this country. The troubles that led up to that disastrous struggle he touches with the hand of a Catholic priest and of a man of the world. The characters and scenes are in the main American; but scenes in other lands are introduced, as the author would say, with "a deft hand" and with admirable effect. Dr. O'Reilly has been successful in the effort of making his learning and knowledge popular. Those who read between the lines in the present story will find something more than a very pleasing tale to amuse them. They will find rare information regarding men and places and things which can only be accumulated in many years and by a person of much native insight and cultured observation. For the lazy summer days, or indeed for any days, we can recommend no more pleasing and profitable companion than *The Two Brides*.

SADLIER'S EXCELSIOR COMPLETE SPELLER, ORAL AND WRITTEN. By a Catholic Teacher. New York: William H. Sadlier. 1879.

This seems an intelligently-prepared and useful speller, giving all the gradations of words from their simplest to the most compound form, with accompanying lessons in dictation and rules for pronunciation. We question very much the perplexing use of so great a variety of points and marks intended as guides to pronunciation; still, as they are in vogue, we suppose each new speller must exceed its predecessors in the ingenuity and intricacy of its points and devices for giving every shade of pronunciation, and in this Mrs. Sadlier's speller excels. The result is not pleasing to the eye, and we doubt if it is an efficient guide to the ear, but this criticism may be applied to *Spellers* in general. Mrs. Sadlier's has many excellences of its own.

THE INNER LIFE OF THE VERY REVEREND PERE LACORDAIRE, O.P. Translated from the French of Rev. Père Chocarne, O.P., by the author of *Knights of St. John, St. Dominic and the Dominicans*, etc. (with the author's permission). New York: P. O'Shea, Agent. 1879.

Father Chocarne's *Life* of the great luminary of his order in these latter times is one of the books of the day, and is too well known to need any recommendation at our hands. There is nothing more interesting than the study of this life, so grand and heroic in these days that are thought to be so common. Its

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reading is happily not at all restricted to those of the Catholic faith. Father Lacordaire has been the admiration of all men who ever looked at him or at his works. In these days of restless searching and keen inquiry nothing better could be recommended to those who are really seeking after truth than a vision of the workings of the spirit of one who, by yielding to God's grace and inspiration, passed from great darkness and despair into great light and faith. Our young people especially should study this volume, which they will find far more interesting than most of the books that attract them. Such biographies as this, and the *Life of Ozanam* by Miss O'Meara, furnish the very brightest and best reading for people of all classes.

LA NOUVELLE ATALA, OU LA FILLE DE L'ESPRIT: Légende Indienne. Par Chahta-Ima (de la Louisiane). Nouvelle-Orleans, 1879. Imprimerie du Propagateur Catholique, Rue de Chartres, 204.

This is a prose poem in French, embodying the ripe fruits of a gifted poetical soul. The author is an unfeigned lover of solitude, views all things in their divine aspect, and rarely descends from the heights of contemplation. Almost every page of this volume, small in size but weighty if judged by the value of the contents, is enriched with original thoughts, profound views, and rare suggestions on religion, the arts, man, nature, society, and the state, clothed in charming language by a skilful master of style.

This volume is a gem in its way, and belongs to a class of books like *Joseph of Arimathea*, by St. John Damascene, Johnson's *Rasselas*, and Châteaubriand's *Atala*. The author's appreciation of the mystical side of man's nature in relation to the visible creation reminds us of Novalis and passages in the writings of that sublime master of and writer on spiritual life, St. John of the Cross, and of certain chapters in that inimitable work, *The Following of Christ*.

The book is unique, and could only have been written by a descendant of the Celts, a born poet, and a Catholic priest who has the courage of the deepest convictions and faith in the holiest aspirations of his soul. It is a literary *chef-d'œuvre*, and rich treasures are to be found in its pages.

CANTICA SION; or, English Anthems set to Latin words, for the service of the Catholic Church by a priest of the Society of Jesus. London: Novello, Ewer & Co.

The first number of this proposed work gives a full anthem by Dr. Boyce, to which has been adapted the Latin of the psalm "Super flumina Babylonis," *minus the last verse*. The high merit of the music is incontestable, but we fail to see the fitness of this production "for the service of the Catholic Church." It is true the psalm is one of the five appointed for the ferial office of Thursday's Vespers, which are nowhere sung except in a few monasteries, but it is quite evident that the monks would never think of abandoning their sweet, simple, holy chant for such complicated harmonies as these, to say nothing of leaving out the last verse, or of their being obliged to call in some boys or women to do the soprano and alto parts. These anthems have, in fact, no legitimate place whatsoever in the "service of the Catholic Church." At a time like the present, when such earnest efforts are being made in all parts of Christendom to purify the celebration of the divine offices of the church from the musical exhibitions which have so notoriously hindered the intelligent devotion of the people, and so shamefully mutilated and garbled the liturgy in its every part, we cannot but regard this attempt to thrust Protestant anthems into what is styled our "service" by putting them into a Latin dress as something quite unworthy of the source from which it emanates. It is high time that we got rid of the church concert and turned our attention to giving the faithful a chance to hear the Catholic liturgy celebrated in its completeness as the church commands it to be done.

LESSONS IN PRACTICAL SCIENCE; OR, GENERAL KNOWLEDGE REGARDING THINGS IN DAILY USE. Prepared expressly for schools and academies. By the author of *The Neptune Outward Bound*, etc. New York: P. O'Shea, Agent. 1879.

A very useful and entertaining volume, containing a variety of practical information, set in catechetical form, regarding common things around us.

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LITERARY BULLETIN.

THE attention of the directors of schools and academies is asked to our catalogue of SCHOOL BOOKS published elsewhere in this sheet. Our line of School Books is being completed as fast as it is possible to do so. Orders should be sent in early, so as to give us a chance to fill them all promptly and in time for the opening of the schools.

The second edition of FATHER HECKER'S pamphlet on the **Catholic Church in the United States**, etc., is now ready. Several of the reverend clergy have ordered 100 COPIES at a time to distribute. The price of 100 copies is only $6. We give some extracts from notices of the press, which, as was expected, view it in various lights. The non-Catholic press it was not supposed would be pleased with the showing. *Zion's Herald* says:

"In a very calm and positive way this Paulist Father, himself a contribution from the Protestant to the Catholic Church, rewrites our American history, giving Romanism a much more conspicuous position in the work of laying the foundations of the republic, and formulating its liberal and fraternal principles, than our established authorities, like Bancroft, have done."

And the *Presbyterian* thinks

"It possesses significance and value, as giving the Romanist's view of the posture and progress of his church, and ought to be generally read. We propose to comment on its statements, but cannot do so this week."

The Chicago *Interior* remarks:

"The Catholic Publication Society, of New York, to whom we are indebted for many courtesies, send us a pamphlet on the Catholic Church in the United States which has for its object to show that civil and religious liberty, as they exist in this country, are wholly due to the genius, labors, and tendencies of Roman Catholicism. Having proven this proposition to his own entire satisfaction, the author next proceeds to show that Protestantism is utterly inimical to liberty and to republican institutions. In justice to the author, the Rev. I. T. Hecker, we must say that he succeeds in this feat of logic quite as well as any reasonable man should expect that he could."

The Chicago *Times* comments as follows:

"Rev. I. T. Hecker, whom ill health has too long kept out of polemical literature, which his pen both enlivens and adorns, contributes in pamphlet form, *The Catholic Church in the United States*. He writes of 'the original elements in the Catholic Church in the United States, her relations with the republic, the causes of her growth, and her future prospects.' The article is comprehensive, energetic, and argumentative, and is pervaded by that strong Americanism which characterizes all the literary work of this distinguished convert. His brochure is full of statistical information which will surprise many who imagine that all forms of revealed faith are in decay."

And the *Daily Graphic* says:

"*The Catholic Church in the United States* is a thoughtful and comprehensive review of one of the most curious and important factors in the history of our country. The author traces in a clear and terse manner the origin and history of the church, passing to the consideration of its principles as the basis of political liberty, and concluding with an argument designed to demonstrate the harmony and consistency of Catholicism and republicanism."

The Providence *Evening Press* thinks that

"Father Hecker's article on *The Catholic Church in the United States* is interesting in its enumerations, but weak in that part which discusses the relations between the church and the republic. Father Hecker says virtually that this church is more republican than any Protestant sect, and in discussing the legal status of his church he quotes, not the Constitution, not the courts, but—the Declaration of Independence. The latter is not law, however, but a state paper."

The second edition of Father O'Brien's **History of the Mass** is nearly sold and a third edition will soon be called for. We find the following letter in one of our Catholic contemporaries. It explains itself:

"MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,
"EMMITTSBURG, MD., June 23, 1879.

"MESSRS. EDITORS: Having been called to task by a few clerical acquaintances for a statement made in my recent work on the *Mass and its Ceremonies* (p. 53), to the effect that the use of the cap of a doctor of divinity, or four-cornered berretta, is solely confined to the doctor's chair, in order to be consistent with what I have stated in the preface

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of that work—viz., that I have made no statement which I cannot substantiate by the best authority—I now beg to add (what I could have added before, but did not for special reasons) that, according to a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, the four-cornered berretta has no place whatever among clerical insignia, and that it is expressly forbidden to be worn either at Mass, Vespers, or any other sacred function. This decree, which overrules every other authority, is dated December 7, 1844.

"Most respectfully, etc.,

"JOHN O'BRIEN."

The New York *Nation* gives it the following excellent notice:

"The arrangement of this book is somewhat peculiar. It does not present the history of the Mass as a whole in chronological order, but rather a separate history of each particular detail. It commences with a short dissertation on the different liturgies in use in the East and West at the present day. It then gives an account of the origin and meaning of the word Mass, and of its different kinds, such as 'High Mass.' 'Low Mass,' 'Bridal Mass,' etc. It then takes up the ceremony as it is ordinarily performed in Catholic churches, and beginning with the preparations of the priest for its celebration, it follows each step minutely down to the dismissal of the congregation, which is also the conclusion of the book. IF A PERSON WHO HAD NEVER ATTENDED A CATHOLIC CHURCH WERE TO TAKE HIS SEAT IN ONE AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE CEREMONY, AND AT EVERY STEP IN ITS PROGRESS THE PRIEST WERE TO STOP AND GIVE A HISTORY OF ITS ORIGIN, A FULL DESCRIPTION OF THE INSTRUMENTS EMPLOYED, AN ACCOUNT OF THE DIFFERENT CUSTOMS IN DIFFERENT CHURCHES, AND OF THE MYSTICAL MEANING WHICH THE CHURCH ATTACHES TO THE MINUTEST DETAIL, THE LISTENER WOULD COME AWAY WITH VERY MUCH THE SAME IMPRESSION THAT IS LEFT BY THE PERUSAL OF THIS BOOK.

"One thing is throughout apparent, the unyielding rigor with which the Church insists upon a strict adherence to the minutest detail of her ritual, while at the same time with wonderful skill she dispenses with almost any part of it when she is satisfied that the object to be attained is worth the sacrifice. Thus, at the altar, when in actual celebration of the Mass, no one, 'not even the highest dignitary,' may have the head covered, but the missionaries in China are exempted from the rule because the Chinese regard it as 'indecent for a man to appear in public with his head uncovered.' In chap. xi., which treats of 'Crucifixes and Crosses,' is a passage to which we invite the attention of the publishers of 'Webster's Unabridged.' Under the word 'Cross' the latter work says: '3. Triple cross; carried only before the pope.' Prof. O'Brien says (p. 127):

"'Triple Cross.—A cross with three transverse bars or transoms is generally denominated the Papal cross; but this is nothing more than pure imagination, for no such cross ever existed among papal insignia, and it exists nowhere to-day. When the Holy Father moves in procession nothing but the simplest kind of cross, viz., that with one transverse beam, is carried before him. . . . A triple cross, therefore, is a misconception, invented by painters, but never authorized by the Church.'

"As everything connected with Russia has at the present time special interest, we will mention that the ceremonies of the Russian, generally called the Greek Church, are treated with nearly as much fulness of detail as those of the Roman Church. The author has, in one respect, precluded all criticism. He says that no attempt whatever has been made at what is usually called *style*, but only to give a plain and intelligible statement of facts. In this he has certainly succeeded, and the book will prove hardly less interesting to the general reader than to the members of his own Church."

The following notice from the *Freeman's Journal* will give the reader an idea of one change that has been made in the second edition:

"*A History of the Mass and its Ceremonies in the Eastern and Western Church*, by Rev. John O'Brien, has reached a second edition, which is a very encouraging note for a work of its character. Of especial interest to the reverend clergy, it has, in fact, found a grateful acceptance among a large number of the well-educated laity. This second edition will be still more welcome, as revised and corrected of some errors occurring in the haste of the first publication. The most important of these is a note on page 140, in which the excellent author followed some Greek writers in regard to the paternity of St. James the Less, in a matter not pertaining to the subject-matter of the liturgy ascribed to him. Our attention was first called to this by the learned Dr. Mahar in the Cleveland *Univers*. The note in the present edition, to conform to the correction made by the author, Father O'Brien, can, by pencil-marks, be made to read that this St. James, called '"Brother of the Lord," because allied to him as cousin, was the son of Alphæus. He was appointed Bishop of Jerusalem,' etc. He was not *cousin-german*, or *first* cousin either, of our Lord, which would imply that St. Joseph was not a *virgin* spouse of the Immaculate Mother, or of the Most Blessed Virgin, which would imply that St. Ann, the mother of Our Lady, bore any other child—either of which suppositions is abhorrent to Catholic acceptance.

"We are very glad that this volume has been so well received, and hope it may continue to be far more widely circulated. It contains a great deal of accurate and valuable information not accessible to ordinary readers."

How many readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD have procured a copy of this admirable book? Every one of them ought to have it. Even the most learned of them will find in it something he did not think of or know before.

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THE (LONDON) TABLET.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER AND REVIEW.

(ESTABLISHED 1840.)

AN effort has been made of late years—and it has proved in every respect successful—to raise the character of the TABLET to a level with the tastes and cultivation of the most highly educated classes among English-speaking Catholics. It has attained a wide circulation not only among the clergy and the educated Catholics in the British Empire, but is also extensively read in the London clubs, and by Statesmen and Anglicans, and such as, from either religious, social, or political motives, desire to keep themselves informed on important Catholic events, or to test from week to week the state of the Catholic mind and feeling. It is now obtaining an extended circulation among the clergy and laity of the United States.

In politics, the TABLET belongs to no party. It professes to be simply Catholic, and to sustain the principles of truth, justice, morality, and honor in whatsoever party these may be found. In the words of Magna Charta: "Imprimis volumus ut Ecclesia Deliberа sit."

An important feature in the TABLET, and one which will commend it to the Catholics of America, is its carefully prepared editorial chronicle of the week's news, which is no confined to purely English or political topics, but gathers up each week the chief events of Catholic interest in Christendom.

Those interested in Catholic and general literature will find reviews and notices of some ten or twelve publications in every number of the TABLET.

With regard to Roman news, the TABLET has peculiar advantages on account of its exceptional and reliable sources of information.

All official documents published by the Holy See, having any kind of public or general interest, are carefully translated and printed in the TABLET. And in order to render this journal a complete and, for many, an indispensable work of reference, a carefully digested index is printed at the end of each half-yearly volume, together with an appropriate title-page, and forwarded to all subscribers.

The TABLET consists of from thirty-two to forty pages each number.

A reduction in price has been made in favor of American *annual* subscribers who prepay. Henceforth the paper can be had, *if prepaid*, for $7 00, currency. Draw a money-order to that amount at your nearest post-office in favor of Mr. JAMES DONOVAN, Manager, and forward it, with name and address, to the TABLET OFFICE, 27 Wellington Street, Strand, London, W. C.

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"Catholic Books for Catholic Schools."

☞ *We most respectfully call the attention of the heads of colleges, academies, and schools to the following list of*

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History of the United States of North

America, for Catholic Schools. By J. R. G. Hassard, author of "Life of Pius IX.," "Life of Archbishop Hughes," etc. With Introduction by Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria. 1 vol. 12mo. Illustrated, . . . **$1 50**

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SPECIAL TERMS FOR INTRODUCTION.

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WORDS OF PRAISE.

WE give below extracts from letters received from several of the Most Rev. Archbishops and Right Rev. Bishops:

"Having submitted Hassard's 'History of the United States' to the inspection of competent critics, I can cheerfully recommend it as an interesting and useful text-book for our schools.

"Yours, in Christ,

"✠ JAMES GIBBONS, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*"

"PORTLAND, OREGON, Sept. 21, 1878.

"I am indebted to your kindness for a copy of 'A History of the United States of America.' This interesting history fills a void which has long existed in the Catholic schools of the land. . . . We congratulate the Catholic Publication Society for its success on the present occasion, and its zeal in the cause of Catholic schools. Yours truly,

"✠ F. N. BLANCHET, *Archbishop of Oregon.*"

"I have had your School History of the United States examined by competent persons, who all give it the highest praise. We are awaiting a favorable opportunity for its introduction in our own schools, and I should be delighted to hear of its being adopted by all our Catholic schools throughout the land.

"Yours truly, in Christ,

"✠ JOHN J. KEANE, *Bishop of Richmond.*"

"I have received from you a copy of Mr. Hassard's 'History of the United States.' I have read it with pleasure. It is clear and concise, plain and interesting. It cannot fail to be pleasant reading and study to children in schools, and I think all classes of persons will be satisfied with its fairness and impartiality.

"To-day I have received your editions of 'History of the Middle Ages,' 'A Catechetical History of the United States for Schools,' and 'Deharbe's Catechism of the Catholic Religion.' The last is a most excellent and valuable book. For all accept my best thanks. Faithfully,

"✠ THOMAS FOLEY, *Bishop Admr. Chicago.*"

"Having looked through Hassard's 'History of the United States,' we can safely recommend it as a complete and correct history of our country, admirably adapted for the use of schools.

"I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant in Christ,

"✠ JAMES F. WOOD, *Archbishop of Philadelphia.*"

"I have looked over the 'History of the United States' for the use of schools, by John R. G. Hassard, and am so well pleased with it that I would wish to see it substituted in our schools for all other books treating of the same subject. . . . Yours sincerely,

"✠ T., *Bishop of Erie.*"

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"I am pleased to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of your 'History of the United States.' From a cursory examination of the book I judge it would be most acceptable to our people, of great service in our schools, and I recommend it for use in the Diocese of Ogdensburg.

"Very truly in Christ,

"✠ E. P. WADHAMS, *Bishop of Ogdensburg.*"

"An 'Introductory History of the United States,' issued from the press of the Catholic Publication Society Co., has just furnished me an hour's useful reading. This learned little book contains a wonderful amount of historical facts, so clearly written and arranged that the youngest pupil in a school-room can understand and remember them.

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"The 'History of the United States of America,' written by John R. G. Hassard, for the use of schools, is a book of rare merit, and such as we have been looking for in vain for a long time. . . . I have already drawn the attention of some of our schools to this clear, able history of the United States, and strongly recommend its use to teachers and pupils.

"✠ THOMAS F. HENDRICKEN, *Bishop of Providence.*"

"I regard Mr. Hassard's 'History of the United States,' for the use of schools and colleges, as the very best in our language. I have read it with much care, and cannot too highly praise its style and accuracy. . . . It seems to me to supply a want long felt, and I feel sure that the more it is used the more it will be valued. "Yours very truly,

"THOMAS S. PRESTON, *Vicar-General and Chancellor.*"

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF HASSARD'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

From the American Catholic Quarterly Review.

WE warmly welcome this work, and rejoice that the task of preparing it has been undertaken and ably performed by the accomplished writer whose name it bears. It is one of the most important contributions that have yet been made to our Catholic school literature. It is admirably adapted to its purpose—that of a school text-book. The narrative is condensed, yet lucid, continuous, and interesting; the style clear and simple; the description of events graphic.

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From the New York Freeman's Journal.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has lately published a "History of the United States of America, for the use of Schools, by John R. G. Hassard," with an introduction by Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Ill.

It is with unfeigned and unexpected pleasure that we commend this volume as remarkably adapted to its purpose. Our satisfaction is unexpected, because school histories are usually made vehicles of inculcating *opinions*, more or less covered up, on political subjects. . . . Even in recording the events of the last twenty years of strife, the author's synthetic method is as *colorless as crystal*, and if what are given as facts and figures be not always accurate, it is because the means of ascertaining the exact truth are not available.

From the Ave Maria.

This is without question one of the best school histories of the United States ever published. The simple, graphic style in which it is written is admirably fitted to attract the attention and impress the imagination and memory of the young mind. The illustrations add much to the beauty of the volume, as well as to its historical value; they are well selected and admirably executed. The attention given to the pronunciation and derivation of proper names will also prove most acceptable to the student.

From the Western Watchman, St. Louis.

Whatever may be the opinions entertained of the other school-books issued from the presses of the Catholic Publication Society Co., no Catholic, no friend of education, can peruse this last without rendering a decision of "Well done!"

From the Northwestern Chronicle.

The Catholic Publication Society Co., of New York, are to be congratulated upon the series of school-books which are being issued from its press. Aside from their non-Christian and to that extent anti-Christian character, the foulest blows at Catholic faith have been dealt in the public schools of the country by the perversion of history—of our own country with the rest. Facts were not left to tell their own story, but, when stated at all, were often so garbled that the student received not the story of what really had occurred but the opinion of the writer of what should have taken place. To remedy these evils so far as the future may be concerned the "Young Catholic's Series of Readers and Histories" have been prepared, of which this is one.

From the Bookseller.

This is a very creditable addition to the "Young Catholic's School Series" of the Catholic Publication Society, in excellent type, well made, with good illustrations, and otherwise up to the American school-book standard.

From the Notre Dame Scholastic.

The author of this school history of the United States, Mr. John R. G. Hassard, is well known to the public as an author. He has accomplished his task in a thorough and able manner. In his treatment of the matter coming within the scope of his work he has displayed the utmost fairness and impartiality. It is a book that places the part played by the Catholic Church in the history of our country in a true light, and will tend to enkindle anew the patriotism of the young Catholic American.

From the New York Telegram.

A history of the United States at once so compact and useful we have never seen. . . .

Mr. Hassard has long been known as an able journalist and a cultivated writer. His style, not alone in this volume, but in all of his other compositions

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as well, has the great merit of being lucid and graceful. While never sacrificing sound to sense, while not, perhaps, consciously applying the rules of rhetoric, his sentences reveal that variety of construction which is essential to the pleasure of the ear. Herein consists the charm of reading him aloud and of hearing him read. In numerous cases he has brought before us, in a few apt and vivid strokes, a panorama of significant events, and this without straining language.

From the New York Herald.

Mr. John R. G. Hassard's "History of the United States," for the use of schools, is a book the value of which will at once be recognized. It is written in a clear and simple style, and is marked by that honesty of purpose conspicuous in all this author writes.

From the Dubuque Telegraph.

This new history of the United States proves by its manner of presenting facts, and by its selections of facts to be presented for information, that none of our school histories of the United States were as perfect as such histories should be. We do not know of a school history of the United States that we have not read, and our judgment is that this new one of Mr. Hassard's is the most perfect and best of them all.

From the Independent.

The book is a scholarly and remarkably well proportioned account of American history from the discovery by the Northmen, in the ninth century, to the centenary of American Independence. It is written by a Catholic; but this will not make it the less interesting to some Protestant readers at least, for Mr. Hassard brings into relief several points that are commonly passed over with brief mention or none in our school histories—as, for instance, the early explorations and settlements of the Jesuits from Maine to the Mississippi, and the relations of the rival colonies, Protestant and Catholic, with each other in Maryland at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

From the Evening Post.

Mr. John R. G. Hassard has prepared "A History of the United States of America, for the Use of Schools," which differs from other school histories chiefly in the prominence it gives to the progress and present state of the Roman Catholic Church, and in the author's conception of the work and worth of that Church as a restraining influence in our own democratic land. He has managed to preserve so much of the life of our country's history while reducing it to small compass, he has told the story so directly, so clearly, and so well, and he has so manfully avoided the common error of giving the color of his own political predilections to the story—in a word, he has written it with so much breadth of view and liberality that it might profitably have been adopted in all of our schools but for its one peculiarity—it is Catholic.

From the New Orleans Star.

AN INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.—This abridged "History," we are glad to say, strikes us most favorably in many respects. Its size is convenient and its illustrations attractive for young pupils, its binding strong and price low (only forty cents), while its terse and incisive style is admirably adapted to the desired purpose of conveying information to the youthful mind. But what chiefly pleases us in this little history is its just recognition of the most important services rendered by faithful Catholics in the discovery, settlement, and development of our great country.

From the Library Table.

The separate system of education advocated and adopted by the Roman Catholic Church necessarily demands separate text-books. The Catholic Pub-

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lication Society Company has undertaken to supply this demand, and it has issued, among other school-books, a number on history. Among them are "A History of the United States of America," by John R. G. Hassard, and "An Introductory History of the United States," arranged on the catechetical plan. Mechanically these works are very good. They are well printed, bound, and illustrated, the larger one almost profusely so, with maps, scenes, and portraits. The author, Mr. Hassard, is a well-known writer of elegant English, and holds a prominent position on one of the daily papers of this city. He has done his work well, and has given a concise and sequential narrative of our country's progress from its first settlement to the election of President Hayes.

Ancient History, Roman History, and History of the Middle Ages.

From the Boston Pilot.

ANCIENT HISTORY—ROMAN HISTORY.—The presentation in English dress of the historical works of the Rev. Father Gazeau, either as literal translations or as substantive works—retaining all the really valuable parts and eliminating what has no universal interest or signification—is a work that not only reflects great credit on the discrimination of its originators, but one that will be productive of great good to our omnivorous reading American youth. Gazeau has obtained abroad a very enviable reputation as a historiographer of profound learning and strict impartiality; and his writings, condensed into the smallest possible compass consistent with usefulness, have therefore acquired in Europe a degree of popularity and authority unknown to ordinary authors on this side of the Atlantic. His "Ancient History" is a model of brevity and accuracy; while the history of Rome as a monarchy, a republic, and an empire—from the fabulous days of Romulus and Remus down to the fourth century of our own era—though forming a somewhat larger volume, is yet as compact and as terse as the proper treatment of so great a subject will permit. Of course these two books are elementary; but when we consider the very short time that the average pupil of even our academies and higher schools is allowed to devote to the study of history, we must confess that such class-books are likely to be much more productive of good than more elaborate works. At all events, they give authentic outlines of past events, which the student, if so disposed, at a subsequent period can easily verify and fill in by reading the productions of more elaborate writers.

HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—There is no period in authentic history, ancient or modern, about which so much has been said and of which so little is actually known as that embraced between the fall of the Western Empire and the capture of Constantinople by the Turks—generally called the mediæval age. To the ignorant and prejudiced this most interesting chapter in the world's history seems as but one dark, ineradicable stain on human character, in which cruelty, superstition, and barbarism ruled supreme. To persons of more pretensions to enlightenment it appears as a never-failing quiver from which to draw the poisoned arrows of cant and hypocrisy. Even some Catholics, otherwise well informed, are in the habit of speaking of the "dark ages" apologetically and as something to be passed over as lightly and quickly as possible. Yet all those people, the uninstructed, the rural, and the weak, should be taught that the middle ages were in reality the most glorious in the annals of human progress, civilization, and true enlightenment. It was during those centuries that the foundation of all our present systems of government was laid; that the divine spirit of Christianity spread its beneficent influence over the most savage tribes of Europe, and conquered, in the cause of peace and justice, the very races that had so ruthlessly overturned the corrupt Roman Empire; that feudalism and chivalry—the new political

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and domestic codes—then sprang up and developed into one harmonious scheme of human government. During the so-called dark ages the brightest lights in statesmanship, science, and philosophy are observable; some of the most illustrious divines, poets, artists, and scholars are to be found, whose names and labors are at this advanced period more familiar to the intelligent than those of the most prominent actors of the past century; and, above all, it was during this prolonged contest between the Church and barbarism that most of our religious orders were founded—organizations which kept the lamp of learning perpetually burning, and carried a knowledge of God's law to the ends of the earth.

A book covering so fruitful and interesting an era in human affairs, written in a spirit of fairness and with a full knowledge of the facts, cannot but be useful to society and a source of practical instruction to the youth of America. The original work, by the learned Father Gazeau, has already received the commendations of the scholars of Europe; the adaptation from it, the first presented in the English language, is even an improvement on the French editions, as far as matter and arrangement are concerned. To give the work a character of more general usefulness, much that was merely of local interest or of a purely speculative nature has been left out, while additions have here and there been made and deficiencies supplied with a cautious and discriminating hand. The questions which are appended to each epoch and chapter will also facilitate the labor of the teacher in recalling the minds of his pupils to the substance of what they have previously studied. In these respects the book before us may properly be termed not a translation, but an adaptation from the celebrated French author. But in one principal regard we are happy to find the American editor has closely adhered to the form and spirit of his prototype: he has preserved religiously the clear, concise, and condensed style of the gifted Jesuit, and retained, as much as possible, his dates and figures as the best aids to the memory and the proper understanding of the variety of occurrences which crowded thick and fast on every country in Europe during so eventful a period as that which saw the rehabilitation of society and the restoration of arts and letters in the Old World. This fidelity in composition, coupled with some well-considered additions and a very valuable appendix, will make the "History of the Middle Ages" not only a valuable book for students, but a most readable one for persons of more advanced growth; for, though primarily intended for the use of academies and colleges, we regard this work as being in scope and design much more than a class-book. Its usefulness ought to be in proportion to the variety and importance of the subjects with which it deals, as well as its manner of treating them; and while all of us can read it with advantage, we can and ought to circulate it among non-Catholic brethren as the best available authority on questions upon which we and they so widely differ.

From the Library Table.

Another work in the historical line is issued by the same publishers—"History of the Middle Ages," adapted from the French of the Rev. P. F. Gazeau, S.J. This is one of a series of histories by the same author, the other volumes being "Ancient History," "Roman History," and "Modern History." That period of Europe's history commonly known as the Middle or Dark Ages, beginning with the overthrow of Theodosius the Great, the Emperor of the West, in 395, to the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, is generally regarded as a period of transition, during which the kingdoms of modern Europe were formed out of the broken empire of the Romans. The history of this period is not as generally well known and understood as that of the ages which preceded and followed it. The annals of the various nations are, of course, to be found in the histories of those nations, but a work which will present a view of entire Europe during those dark years would be a valuable and instructive one. Such a work is the one before us. Father Gazeau is an enthusiastic French Jesuit, and therefore we necessarily expect

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that in his work the Catholic Church is credited with all the good done in those long years, and her enemies charged with all the evil. Bearing this fact in mind, the student may go to this book and learn much from it. Father Gazeau divides his subject into five principal epochs, the first extending from 395 to the death of Pope Gregory I. in 604. In this epoch the invasion and conversion of the barbarian is considered. Next comes the period from 604 to the death of Charlemagne, 814, in which the subject is the formation of Christian Europe; third, the period from 814 to the accession of Pope Gregory VII., in 1073, in which feudal Europe is treated of; fourth, from 1073 to the death of King Louis IX. of France, in 1270, in which the Papacy and the Christian republic is the subject; and, finally, from 1270 to the capture of Constantinople in 1453, in which the author treats of religious and political anarchy. It would be exceedingly interesting but would occupy too much space to give extracts from various portions of the work illustrating the views held by the reverend author. They would no doubt commend themselves to the Catholic student, and equally without doubt be repugnant to the Protestant reader. But the work was written for Catholics, and as such presents the Catholic side with ability and learning, and the facts of history are necessarily the same, no matter what may be the religion of the author.

From the Catholic Universe.

HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—This historical adaptation is from an author world-renowned in successful educational efforts. His text-books are unsurpassed for Catholic youth. The review questions at the end of the volume are an excellent addendum. The Catholic Publication Society Company is doing a most useful work in these translations, which yield us the fruits of European industry and solidity, placing before the American student truths undistorted by prejudice or sordid motive.

From the Catholic Times.

HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—This is a compendious history of the most important epoch in the history of the human race. The Middle Ages were a period of transition. At the death of Theodosius the Great, in 395, the three great powers in the world stood in opposition to each other. These powers were the barbarian world, the Roman Empire, and the Catholic Church. They were antagonistic in principle, and the survival of one involved the destruction of the other two. They entered into a contest which, according to our author, continued for eleven hundred years. At the end of that time Christianity was triumphant. The history of the Middle Ages is a narrative of the events which tended towards this ultimate triumph. To a Christian, therefore, this epoch of history must be exceedingly interesting. Writers on the Middle Ages do not agree as to when they began or when they ended, but they are there somewhere, more or less.

This history is a valuable addition to English Catholic literature, and we recommend it to those who wish a reliable history of the Middle Ages.

From the Northwestern Chronicle.

HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—The above is another of the Catholic Youth's Series to which we have before referred, and in this, as in the rest, the publishers have followed the Yankee maxim, "Get the best." The author's reputation is well established; his text-books upon historical subjects are unsurpassed for clearness of style and correctness of statement. The Catholic Publication Society Company deserve a most liberal patronage from all educators—as we hope they receive.

From the Catholic Telegraph.

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From the Catholic Columbian.

"The History of the Middle Ages," taken from the French of the Jesuit Father P. F. Gazeau, S.J., and published by the Catholic Publication Society Company in a little volume, is the only approach to a respectable school-book on that subject we have ever seen in English. Hallam's "Middle Ages," treating the Church as a part of the politics of the time, leaves the Middle Ages out; and the others are more or less similar to it.

From the Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.

HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—In giving this little book to the public the Catholic Publication Society Company has supplied a want long felt.

In arguments with Catholics our Protestant friends never rely upon reason. It is impossible to argue with them by laying down principles to show from nature or the providence of God that there must be such an institution as the Catholic Church. Instead of trying to refute such arguments, their favorite mode is to turn to the "corruptions of the Church." Again, although they have much to say about "the Bible and the Bible alone" being the rule of faith and the supreme judge in all controversies, nevertheless if you meet them on their own ground, and clearly prove any Catholic truth from Scripture, they, after a few futile attempts to explain away the meaning, thus abandoning their own principle of the "Bible only," and adding thereto their own explanation, come around to the same standing argument, and exclaim, "Look at the Dark Ages!"

For example, suppose the controversy should be on the real presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist. You state the argument of our Lord in the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and show clearly that Christ himself would put no other than the literal meaning to his words. You supplement it with the argument of St. Paul, where he first tells us of the obligation of believing, acting according to our belief in receiving the "body and blood of the Lord." And you crown all by the express words of our Lord, "This is my body; this is my blood."

They at first attempt to explain away these plain words and arguments of Scripture, forgetting that in so doing they abandon their rule of "the Bible only"; and when they perceive that there is no use of this, since the arguments and words of the Scripture are too plain against them, they are apt to say, "But how about the Dark Ages?" Strange as it may appear, no matter where the controversy commences—in nature, reason, wants of man, the goodness and wisdom of God, the Scriptures, infallibility of the Church, or any other doctrine—it is pretty certain to be carried into the Middle Ages. There seems to be a sort of obscurity there, in which those who "love darkness rather than light" wish to envelop themselves. History, in the hands of our enemies, has been distorted to represent the Church of the Middle Ages as the most hideous creature imaginable. Therefore the necessity of a book containing a correct history of this time, published in cheap form so as to be accessible to all. This is why we say the Catholic Publication Society Co. has done such a good work. We hope the book will have a large sale.

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From the American Catholic Quarterly Review.

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From the Dubuque Telegraph.

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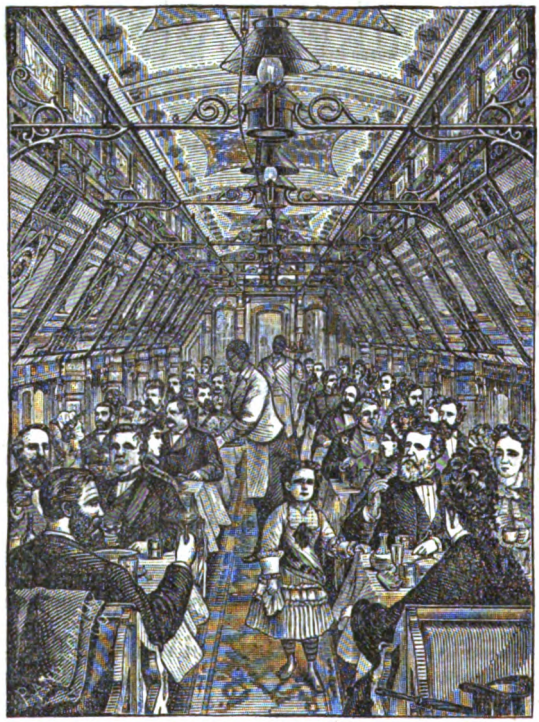

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SEPTEMBER, 1879.

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IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?*

DOUBTLESS every one who will read this article knows already something of the writings of Mr. Mallock, which have lately startled the educated world of England and the United States, and excited no little attention. His *New Republic* contains an acute and closely-reasoned analysis of the chief varieties of positivism lately gaining adherents in England, often so tersely expressed, and with such condensation of matter, that it becomes abstruse and is almost equally hard reading with Dr. Brownson's *Convert*. Like the *Convert*, it has a narrative and dramatic frame-work surrounding the purely philosophical argument. The great doctor, however, takes his story from real history and biography. Mr. Mallock's is in form fictitious, although some of the principal characters are drawn from real life, most of them are commonly reported to be studies from life, and, for all we know, the incidents which make the plot of the story may be founded in fact. The *New Paul and Virginia* is a caustic satire, a laughable comedy, in which keen-edged argument takes the shape of merciless, not always very delicate and refined ridicule, after the manner of Aristophanes, albeit in the form of plain, narrative prose. It is not nearly so fine a composition of its class as the *Comedy of Convocation*. It is too broad and farcical to please a fastidious taste, and the intended effect would have been better produced by the grave and serious satire which is really the author's *forte*. Besides some other minor pieces which we cannot speak of, as we have not yet had the pleasure of reading them, the next most remarkable production of Mr. Mallock's pen was an essay contained in two articles which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, published in the numbers for September, 1877, and January, 1878, bearing the same title with the present volume and furnishing its basis. This essay we have considered since reading it a few months ago, to speak now merely of its literary merit, as a specimen of the most perfect excellence attainable in the line of serious and argumentative writing

* *Is Life Worth Living?* By William Hurrell Mallock. New York: Putnams. 1879.

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of the species adapted for a periodical review. Although so very different in every respect except in fitness for the pages of a review, it is comparable for its successful felicity of execution to Macaulay's brilliant and famous articles in the *Edinburgh Review*. We were, therefore, agreeably affected, as by an incident making life, for the time at least, a little better worth living than it sometimes appears on the arrival of a parcel from the editorial office, when the neat and attractive volume from the publishing house of the Putnams greeted our eyes, mutely asking, like a young cadet just graduated who presents himself with his diploma under his arm before his mother and sisters and other admiring friends, "Am I worth looking at, am I worth having?"

Mr. Mallock evidently thought life worth living while he was a student, and lived it in an intellectually and morally worthy manner. He has thought "the game worth the candle" which he has burnt with serious and earnest purpose, while producing the elaborate works of his fine mind which have made him, although yet a very young man, a warrior of marked prowess in the intellectual arena. The style in which he writes is remarkable for one unusual quality betokening both a rare metaphysical faculty in the author's mind, and a very assiduous labor in the cultivation of rhetoric. It is a truly English and idiomatic style, and at the same time it is adequate to the exact presentation of logical and metaphysical ideas and arguments derived from Greek and Latin authors and modern writers whose works are technical and scientific. Together with this exactness and terseness of expression, there is combined a felicity of diction, a grace and charm of manner, a happy way of illustration, a sparkle of wit, an eloquence, a vivid play of imagination, which make the close argumentation with which the thesis is unremittingly pursued readable and intelligible for a much greater number of persons than are ordinarily secured as willing listeners by men who reason well, but cannot or will not allure an audience by rhetorical art. Mr. Mallock is a very young man, producing his first works, and a certain juvenility might be expected and may be pardoned. That there is sometimes an excess of imagination, a coloring which comes from feeling not quite controlled by reason, an exaggeration on one side, a diminution or partial ignoring or overlooking on another side, a want of balancing and harmonious exposition, a forensic rather than a judicial presentation of his case, has been said by other critics, and we cannot say that we wholly disagree with them. The set of men attacked by Mr. Mallock find it difficult to meet and controvert him on the main issue. His logic is a little too trenchant and powerful for men whose drill and discipline have not made them especially strong or adroit in wielding logical weapons. To criticise, point out faults of detail, expend themselves in rhetorical displays which burn as much powder as Mr. Mallock's, but propel no balls like his—such are the shifts to which his adversaries are reduced. Mr. Mallock, as he grows older, may improve. They never will. They are bound by a logical necessity to become continually worse and more false than they are, whether they are Protestants or non-Christian rationalists and positivists of any descrip-

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tion. We do not mean by this that any individual Protestant or unbeliever, or any certain, definite number of such, must necessarily become worse by a continual progression in error. Individuals and collections of individuals may be, and often are, illogical in their belief and conduct. But the drift of logical sequence acts irresistibly on the whole and in the long run. The logical necessity must carry down, and is carrying down, all systems of Protestantism and unbelief toward the lowest deep, the abyss of nihilism. But we must be careful not to exaggerate the evil in respect to concrete and individual persons, as if they were doomed by a physical *vis inertiæ* to go down with their systems.

Besides thus discriminating between systems and persons, we must also distinguish, even in systems of opinion and belief, between the logic of their false and that of their true premises. It is true that the Protestant premises in Protestant systems, and the premises of negation and doubt in the systems of unbelievers, have their necessary sequences in worse and worse heresies, and in negations of rational truths which descend continually toward absolute negation. But Protestant systems have also Catholic premises and systems of unbelief have rational premises. When Protestants reason from Catholic premises they can confute those who are more heretical than they are, or who are unbelievers. So, also, those who reason from sound rational premises can confute the deniers of rational truths. The more advanced and logical in following the sequences of error can only demonstrate the inconsistency of their opponents, and point out contradictions in their conclusions to some common principles which all hold alike in opposition to the universal truth, rational and revealed, contained in Catholic teaching. But they cannot confute or subvert the truths themselves, or the sound arguments which uphold them, by a course of reasoning which really proves only one thing—viz., that those who hold any portion of truth ought to hold truth in its integrity, and by denying a part of it are logically bound to deny other parts and the whole, in order to be consistent with themselves. Here lies the gist of the *argumentum ad hominem* with all those who occupy the intermediate ground between Catholicity and absolute scepticism. The occupants of a position nearer the abyss say to those who are higher up: You ought to come down to us because of that which you deny. We say to them: You ought to come up to us because of what you affirm. To a believer in revelation, whether Jew or Christian, we say: You ought to be a Catholic, because you believe in revelation. To a theist we say: You ought to be a Catholic, because you believe in God. To any man who has not totally abjured reason we say: You ought to be a Catholic, because you are a reasonable being. But it is not in accordance with sound philosophy or theology to make out that the divine authority of the Catholic Church is the sole and indispensable preliminary truth and first premise from which the proof of revealed or natural religion depends, or that the existence of God stands in a similar relation to all metaphysical and ethical truths; although the dependence of rational truths on the principle of causality which virtually contains the truth of the existence of God, is nearer and closer

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than the dependence of revealed theology on the doctrine of the authority of the church.

We say this, lest Mr. Mallock's readers should suppose that all his broad and sweeping assertions are acceptable to Catholics. They are not so; and are frequently such as a Catholic cannot possibly assent to. For instance, on p. 27 Mr. Mallock asserts that "the doctrine of a future life was first learned by the Jews from their masters during the Captivity." In his twelfth chapter, he asserts that "criticism has robbed the Bible of nearly all the supposed internal evidences of its supernatural character, it has traced the chief Christian dogmas to non-Christian sources," and more in the same strain, and develops these statements, which are mere assumptions, and in fact unprovable and false, with considerable rhetorical amplitude, but without producing anything to convince any mind not already prepared to accept his statements without argument. So, also, in his postulates and the reasoning which he deduces from them against the defenders of a merely natural and rational theology, there is the same fallacious assumption of a complete inability on their part to sustain their ground against positivists and scientific sceptics. The utterly baseless pretence of the whole subversive and destructive school of critics and scientists, that they have demolished the evidences of the credibility of natural and revealed religion, lies at the basis of the whole course of argument by which, in all his writings, Mr. Mallock endeavors to convince the world that it is bound to go headlong and speedily to the devil, unless it can be rescued by some absolutely supernatural intervention. This supernatural rescue, he argues, if at all possible, must come through the infallible authority of the Catholic Church. But here, also, he appears to have a notion of infallibility and authority which is a creation of his own imagination, and quite different from that of Catholic theology and of the church herself. He seems to confuse infallibility with inspiration, authority with the power to reveal doctrines by virtue of immediate communication with the very primal source of truth in God. Historical, metaphysical, traditional, documentary evidences are put aside, as insufficient for an intellectual conviction. A divine authority, submitted to by a purely moral and voluntary act, a spontaneous, mystical, logically unverifiable act, which no exact and intellectual criterion of truth can measure and justify, must supersede rational light and knowledge, and a faith which is self-supporting become the basis of all certainty in respect to supra-mundane realities.

There is a striking similarity in this view to that of another philosophical sceptic, De Lamennais. The backward swing from extreme rationalism to extreme fideism, from doubt to a blind faith, is frequent and natural. But the one is no more a place of rest than the other. The sound Catholic doctrine discriminates between the natural, the rational, the purely human, and the gifts of grace, the illumination of faith, the superhuman elevation of nature through the Incarnation. It does not subvert the lower, or substitute for it the higher, but completes and corroborates it in its own order. In respect to all things within the domain of reason and the natural will of man, revelation and grace are morally necessary to supply a deficiency and strengthen an infirmity

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and alleviate a difficulty, so that nature may be efficaciously aided and supported in the work of which it is inherently capable; but are not absolutely necessary as first principles of all knowledge and virtue.

For the disclosure of truth absolutely superrational, and the communication of a faith, a hope, a love, absolutely supernatural, revelation and grace are absolutely necessary. But even here a preamble of rational conviction, and a correspondence of free-will with grace, are requisite, for reasonable and free acts of faith and obedience.

The veracity of God revealing is the direct object of faith, and not the authority of the church. The voluntary submission of the will to God's authority presupposes a reasonable motive for believing that he exists, that he is veracious, and that he has revealed the doctrines proposed. The authority of the church is the ordinary external criterion for determining what God has revealed. Philosophy, and the inspired documents of revelation, are to a great extent weak and inefficacious instruments for producing the intellectual and moral improvement of the mass of mankind, without the authority and the powerful agency of the church. And especially, when heresy and unbelief and scepticism have done a long and desolating work in the world, we may affirm it as morally certain, that regeneration and renovation cannot be effected by any power except that which Christ has lodged in the Catholic Church. So much as this Mr. Mallock has very conclusively and powerfully proved, and his argument is not substantially damaged by his exaggerations and omissions.

He is as one who has been deprived of the positive traditional belief of English Christianity, and is searching anxiously through the intellectual world for a substitute which shall be better and more satisfactory. The result of his search has left him with the conviction that all things are being swept toward shipwreck, and can only be saved by a divine, supernatural religion. The only religion which presents the appearance and awakens the hope of being true and adequate, is the Catholic religion. The alternative is between Catholicity and Nihilism. In the present volume this alternative is expressed under the more general and abstract form of the question whether life is worth living or is not worth living. Its worth, if it have any worth, is moral. It cannot have moral worth unless the soul is immortal and the offspring of God its first and final cause. Moreover, if God has given to human life this supreme worth derived from its end and object, the Catholic Church must be the medium of its attainment. Such is the partial solution of the question proposed by the author: *Is Life Worth Living?* which is given in the present volume, and is a summing-up of all he has written in his previous works.

No one has ever asked the question seriously of himself whether life is worth living, until he has begun to doubt that it is, and to feel discontented with life. Yet, a great many have asked and are asking the question, and some have determined it for themselves in the negative. One of our most famous generals related to the writer the following incident of the late civil war. Visiting his outposts one night, he found a sentinel fast asleep. The man was awakened,

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and the general asked him if he knew he was liable to be shot then and there for his delinquency. He replied in a very nonchalant manner that he was perfectly aware of the fact. "Suppose, now, I should have you shot!" said General R——. "I would not care one single God damn!" answered this model soldier, a fair specimen of the large class who were the dregs of our volunteer army. Plainly, that sort of men did not consider their life worth living. There are millions of such human beings, whose life, taken as it is in the concrete, present, and actual value which it has, and prescinding from any higher virtual worth latent in its possibility, is as worthless to them as the life of this miserable wreck of manhood was to him. Moral and physical wretchedness, idiocy, lunacy, hopeless disease and irremediable pain, make the mere animal life which is all that remains to those who live in abject misery, not only worthless but a nuisance to themselves and to all others who are burdened with the care of them, if we look merely to the present and sensible good of living. If we exclude the moral motives for respecting the persons and the lives of these unhappy beings, we must reasonably conclude that the best thing for all parties would be to put them out of existence, as one does justly and mercifully a suffering animal. There are many cases in which this would be the greatest act of kindness we could perform, even for the innocent, the good, the tenderly loved, as for instance in a case like that of Virginius and his daughter, or in the case of one who had the hydrophobia.

For a still greater number, in fact for a great multitude, life, taken in its totality, is certainly, for the present good which it contains, not worth living, although not so completely miserable.

That there is a great deal of good and enjoyment naturally contained in sound and healthy human life, is unquestionable. Let all the good which is suitable to human nature be possessed in sufficient abundance and in permanence, and, assuredly, life is worth living for its own sake; and its indefinite, even endless prolongation is desirable. Take it in its most favorable ideal aspect, and it is a great good, if only its perpetuity can be secured. Take it in its practical aspect, and we doubt if the constant and habitual enjoyment of life which even the most happy persons can possess through any long period after their youth has terminated, suffices to make life really worth living for its own sake alone. Let any one who is pretty well on in life, who is not looking forward to any great change for the better after the manner of young people, and who is not at present in the enjoyment of some special temporary pleasure, but in an every-day and commonplace mood of mind, ask himself if he would care to go back to infancy, or wish to live for ever exactly as he is now living, without any change for better or worse. For ourselves, we freely confess that we would not willingly live over again the past, or any part of it, for the pleasure of it, or care to have a perpetual existence no better than the present one. If in this life only we are to find the be-all and end-all of existence, then for each individual and all mankind life is a trivial, unimportant thing at the best. At the worst, it is a nuisance, only not a frightful tragedy, a

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portentous evil, an insupportable misery, because its brevity makes its miseries as insignificant as the disturbance created in a hornet's nest by placing a bunch of lighted matches in the aperture of its floor. Probably, every one of our readers can recall some days of tediousness or pain, or at least some hours of that sort, which seemed at the time of interminable length and scarcely endurable. It is to be hoped that we have all sometimes felt happy enough to be able to sympathize with the exclamation which a little girl of the writer's kin once uttered: "O mamma! *I am so glad it's to-day!*" What, now, are those past pains and pleasures, unless they have left something lasting in our life by their effects? They are as if they had never been. If all things are evanescent, like a boat's track in the water, and all human beings suffer an extinction of life when they expire, then nothingness is the only absolute reality, and all the good and evil of life is a triviality. Trivial and evanescent things may be worth something, and commonplace life may be worth living, in relation to that which is permanent, and sufficiently good to correspond to a high, ideal conception of being. Apart from this, they are assuredly not worthy of being esteemed as something desirable in themselves. Let life be all made up of that part of it which is enjoyable, if it comes to an end at death, it is really not worth living. An Eastern legend relates that an angel appeared to Mathusala when he was five hundred years old and advised him to build for himself a house, instead of bivouacking under a tree, as he had done hitherto. The patriarch, having inquired how long he had yet to live, and learned that it would be less than five hundred years, replied that he did not think it worth his while to make the change. "We have here no continuing city," and unless we "seek one to come," the old patriarch's indifference to the comfort of this life is the most reasonable sentiment one can have about life in general. Considering the other side, the evil of life, especially for the majority of persons, it would be better not to have existed.

"After this opened Job his mouth, and cursed his day. And Job spake, and said, Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night wherein it was said, There is a man-child conceived. Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life to the bitter in soul; which long for death but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures; which rejoice exceedingly and are glad, when they can find the grave?" Such is the language of an afflicted saint of the olden time, who was not in despair, and did not murmur against God, but gave plaintive utterance to the sentiment of the natural heart when oppressed with pain, that this present life considered by itself alone is a nuisance to the miserable.

St. Paul, too, declares that "if in this life only we have hope in Christ," such as he was, and such as were his persecuted fellow-Christians of that time, "are of all men the most miserable." So far as present enjoyment is concerned, the same may be said of a great number of the best people in the world.

One of our popular novelists shall furnish us with another illustration of the same sentiment which we have just now lighted upon by

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chance at the beginning of a story which as yet remains unread:

"'Now I am going to ask you another question,' said Mrs. Beresford. 'Suppose you had a patient very ill—I mean hopelessly ill, beyond all cure—do you think it is right to keep them alive as you do now, struggling to the last, staving off every new attack that might carry them off in quiet, fighting on and on to the last moment, and even prolonging that, when it comes so far, with cordials and stimulants? Keeping their breath in their poor suffering bodies till you get to the end of your resources—your dreadful cruel resources, that is what I call them. Do you think this is right? I'll tell you what I should like you to do if it were me,' she said eagerly. 'When it was all over, when you were sure I could not get better, when there was nothing more in life but to suffer—suffer, then I should like you to make a strong, sweet dose for me to put me out of my trouble. I should like James to give it me. Do you remember what was said that time in India, in the mutiny? I don't know if it was true, but people said it. That the husbands of some of the poor ladies kissed them and shot them, to save them; don't you remember? That is what I should like you to do—a sweet, strong dose; and James would bring it to me and kiss me, and put it to my lips. That would be true love!' she said, growing excited, the pale roses in her cheeks becoming hectic red; 'that would be true friendship, Mr. Maxwell! Then I should not be afraid. I should feel that you two stood between me and anguish, between me and agony.'"*

We do not know anything further about the history of the Beresfords. But, when it comes to such a point of wretchedness with a woman that she begs of her husband to kill her, and with a man that his wife whom he loves makes such a request of him in earnest, we give our opinion that if such is the final conclusion of all the good of life for them, they would have been better off if they had never been born.

* *Carità*: a Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant. Chap. i.

This morning, the newspapers contained the sad news of the untimely and tragical death of the *ci-devant* Prince Imperial of France, who fell under the murderous assegais of the Zulus. What a termination to an innocent and noble young life, to aspirations looking toward an imperial crown, to a dynasty so renowned in history! Was it worth living to the young Louis Napoleon, to have enjoyed his brief glory, or the illusions of his vain hopes of a future recovery of the extinct empire of his house, if death at the hand of ferocious Africans was the absolute end of his existence? What shall we say of the one for whose indescribable sorrow there is no alleviation except in the resort of a Christian soul to the compassion of a merciful God, and the hope derived from Catholic faith of reunion in the future life? Could life be worth living which ends in such inconsolable grief, if these divine consolations were a baseless vision of the imagination?

There can be no doubt whatever of the practical effect which the universal abandonment of belief in God and immortality would have upon all or nearly all men. They would look for the strong, sweet dose to put them out of their trouble, and rid them of the cancer whose first symptom is discontent and whose last torment is the anguish and loathsomeness of a corruption devouring both soul and body. The strong, sweet dose is the momentary pleasure which relieves the gnawing of the disease of life while it lasts, and ends in death. As for moral worthiness in life, the very notion of it must vanish from a world completely dereligionized.

Why, then, is life actually es-

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teemed and prized as worth living, by those who live chiefly for this world, and think little of any other life? It is because they forget that this life is not perpetual, and do not think of death, so long as they are occupied and concerned with the present. Besides, they have a latent and virtual religion in their sentiments, and some undefined expectation that they will live for ever and be fortunate enough to secure their happiness in that future life, unless they have become altogether reckless, or wholly unbelieving. The conviction of the moral worth of life is universal, and survives the illusion which makes it seem worth living for its momentary enjoyments. And even those modern unbelievers who are called by Mr. Mallock the positivists, who profess a great contempt for the Epicurean view of life as only worth living for its enjoyments, and an equal contempt for the religious view, avow a high esteem for the moral worth of life. This is, argues conclusively and truly Mr. Mallock, because they are not completely dereligionized. They have latent and virtual religion in their moral sentiments, although they have banished the pure and simple form of it, just as we have salt in our food, though we abstain on purpose from using any from the salt-cellar.

This is a singular phase in the evolution of English Protestantism, for it is in the English mind and out of Protestant elements, mixed with other elements the product of scientific and critical investigations, that this new, curious form of grave, serious, moralizing unbelief has been produced. It is not the unbelief which springs from a desire to be wicked which has evolved itself in this strange shape. The cause lies in the unreasonable, incredible absurdities of Protestantism, its contradictions, its impotence, its utter failure to give out a sound philosophy, a coherent and tenable theology. The belief in God and immortality has been swept away by the force which has undermined the belief in Christianity. Yet, there remains the longing for an ideal world, the anxiety to find the deepest causes, the aspiration after the first truth, the supreme good, the beautiful in essence. On this account, the doubters and unbelievers who have got lost in the mazes of the physical and moral labyrinth into which they have wandered, without clue or light to enable them to emerge at the other end or retrace their steps, are worthy of compassion, of kindness, of a kind of respectful consideration, which wilful, impious apostates from the Catholic faith do not deserve.

Mr. Mallock, although he pours out a torrent of unsparing ridicule upon their absurdities, does, nevertheless, in the volume before us, argue with them, patiently, seriously, respectfully, and in a manner which we may call, without meaning any exaggeration, worthy of Aristotle. We do not place him on an equality with the greatest of pagan philosophers, but we consider him as one whom Aristotle might have been proud to acknowledge as one of his worthiest disciples. His analysis of the moral basis of positivism, and his demonstration of its worthlessness, cannot be surpassed in the line of metaphysical and logical argumentation. It is more tersely expressed in the review articles than in the volume. For general reading, the more diffuse style and copious illustration of the expanded form

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in which it appears in the book before us, is an advantage. It is a very superficial criticism, however, which ascribes an excess of the imaginative over the reasoning faculty to Mr. Mallock. No man can be a successful exponent of philosophy to a large number of auditors, who cannot bring a vivid imagination into play, as a subservient instrument to reason. Reason predominates in Mr. Mallock's mind and in his writings. Let his critics try to refute him seriously, and they will find it out. This, however, is precisely what they cannot do and will not attempt. For, as he strongly and wittily says, "The things we wrestle with are principalities and powers, and *spiritual stupidity* in high places" (p. viii.) It is not a universal ignorance, or any gross and revolting form of vice, with which the contention is waged. By an unheard-of moral paradox and *lusus naturæ*, "the insolence, the ignorance, and the stupidity of the age has embodied itself, and found its mouthpiece, in men who are personally the negations of all that they represent theoretically. We have men who in private are full of the most gracious modesty, representing in their philosophies the most ludicrous arrogance; we have men who practise every virtue* themselves, proclaiming the principles of every vice to others; we have men who have mastered many kinds of knowledge, acting in the world only as embodiments of the completest and most pernicious ignorance." We have already given our explanation of this phenomenon. The deformed Christianity of Protestantism has suddenly come into collision with a superior force which has shattered it. Bewildered by a great accession of scientific and historical knowledge, and a much vaster mass of plausible theory which surrounds the nucleus of solid fact like a nebula, the English mind has been thrown from its course by the shock of the solid body, and dazzled by the haze of its cometic tail, so that it has gone flying toward the chaos of atheism, in a state of utter confusion. The offspring of the English Church and her universities, being without any adequate theology or philosophy to keep them steady and direct their rational investigations, have gone crazy over the mystery of human life and human destiny. In the higher philosophy, and the region of the more spiritual ideas of rational truth, they have become lunatics. They still continue to use high-sounding moral phraseology. They pretend to assert that life is worthy to be prized and venerated for moral reasons, and to advocate moral motives of aspiration and exertion. But they can give no rational justification of their declamatory rhetoric, when they are pressed by close interrogation. They can only assert, and declare, in a preaching and hortatory tone, spread themselves for poetic and sentimental flights, repeat over and over their set of choice phrases, but by no means argue or furnish proof. They are unwilling to give up all the ethical part of religion, but they retain it only as an effect of their Christian education, and as a residuum of the Christian tradition. They have thrown away the pure salt and broken the salt-cellar, but they continue to set out their table with dishes seasoned with the discarded mineral, and invite their guests to taste, and be satiated, and admire

* Say rather practise partially some of the virtues.

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the wholesome flavor of their entertainment.

Assuredly, the positivists are bound to render a reason for the faith and hope which they profess respecting the moral value of life. The question is not, whether pains or pleasures actually overbalance in human life taken in respect to some portion or the whole of the human race. It is not whether life can be accidentally made a desirable thing, or whether many find it, in their personal experience, worth living. It is, whether, from moral motives, it ought to be esteemed and found worth living by all, for its intrinsic, essential worth. "At present, as we all know, it is called sacred, solemn, earnest, significant, and so forth. To withhold such epithets is considered a kind of blasphemy. And the meaning of all such language is this: it means that life has some deep inherent worth of its own, beyond what it can acquire or lose by the caprice of circumstance, a worth which, though it may be most fully revealed to a man, through certain forms of success, is yet not destroyed or made a minus quantity by failure" (p. 4). Can this significance which men actually attach to life stand a rational analysis? Is it wine of the finest brand and highest cost, as many suppose, or like gooseberry champagne which a boy sniffs over and slowly tastes with the delighted and conceited air of a connoisseur, because he is told that it came from the choicest stores of Epernay and cost two hundred francs a bottle? They who affirm the high and sacred worth of life, but deny that it springs from the deathless essence of the spirit which informs the human body, and the eternal relation of man to the infinite and most perfect Spirit, are bound to answer the question—*What* is this worth?

Mr. Mallock puts them to the question, but his analytic rack and thumbscrew fail to elicit an answer from the tortured victims of his merciless logic. It is worth, it is worth a great deal! It is the common, universal good of the human race, which subsists perpetually as a species, although its individuals all singly become extinct. For this common good all individuals must live and work, and be contented to sacrifice their private good, abandoning all hope and desire of any perfect and imperishable good for themselves personally. This is all the answer which can be extorted from the positivists, and it is no answer at all, but arrant nonsense and babyish prattle. What we want to know is, what is the good in its essence and qualities, which being secured for all mankind, will make their life in itself worthy and supremely desirable. Whatever it may be, it is evident that its final result and consummation is some kind of happiness which all enjoy in common. This common happiness in the aggregate, can be nothing but the sum of the happiness of all the individuals who compose the whole multitude of human beings. All are agreed in this, that every being having consciousness seeks for happiness by a necessary propensity and law of nature. By the very same impulse which is the motive power propelling him in the direction of the object which is apprehended as his desirable good, he is impelled to seek for the happiness of other individuals whose happiness is a part of his own, or subservient to his individual enjoyment. A rational being, if he

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acts according to reason, must seek that happiness which is consonant to his nature, and in a way which reason approves. He will not blindly follow a mere impulse, but he will consider what is the true and proper object and end which he ought to pursue; he will judge reasonably and conscientiously that he has a right to acquire and possess a certain good, before he will strive to obtain it; and he will determine that certain ways and means of securing it are just and good, before he will adopt them. Moreover, over and beyond his natural sentiment of common life and sympathy with other individuals of his own kind, reason will present to him the same intrinsic worth as existing in the life of all rational beings in proportion to their grade and excellence, and cause him to estimate the happiness of every being possessing consciousness at its just value.

We cannot, however, at one and the same time, maintain the supremacy of ethical principles and motives, and also set forth happiness simply; merely regarded as consisting in the gratification of a natural appetite, as being only pleasurable sensation or emotion; in the attitude and relation of a final term and object, or, in other words, as the highest good in itself, and without reference to something deeper and more ultimate. The consideration of the object of complacency precedes the consideration of the subjective, complacent rest in the object, which is what we mean by happiness. The consideration of the worthiness of the object determines every moral judgment respecting the worthiness of the act which tends toward or rests in the object with complacent desire or delight. Take away objective difference and distinction between real and apparent good, superior and inferior good, the good which is consonant to reason and nature and that which is dissonant from both, founded on the idea of an ultimate end for which all beings exist, and the whole moral order vanishes. The moral order is only a spiritual, elevated railway, for conducting rational beings safely, speedily, and in a direct line, by a road raised above the dirty highways of sin, to their destination. If men have no first and final cause in God, no immortal destination, no attainable good except the happiness of a short life which becomes extinct in death, all words which express moral notions or imply a moral worthiness in life, are empty sounds. Good means simply enjoyment, without respect to anything but your mere pleasure. Evil is only a privation of some pleasure. Reason dictates but one common law. Whatever promotes the common enjoyment of the pleasures of life is good for the community, whatever hinders the same is bad for the community. There is also but one law for each individual. Secure the greatest amount of enjoyment for yourself which you can obtain without depriving your fellow-men of their share, and do your part toward promoting their enjoyment. Let us suppose that all men really acted out these rules, and that mankind in general, and all individual men singly, should attain the *maximum* of that mere earthly and natural happiness of which human nature is capable, would life then have the worth, the sacredness, the solemnity, the highest good of which the positivists preach and write in such vibrating tones of poetry and eloquence? Mr. Mill

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thought not, and we think not; and if the reader still hesitates, let him read attentively Mr. Mallock's abundant and conclusive arguments for the negative. We have not space to pursue the subject any further in this review.

The ethical school of positivism will prove to be ephemeral. Its leaders are men of exact thought in so far as they are adepts in exact sciences, and they have helped the cultured world to appreciate and require exact thought. But in their moralizing essays they have utterly abjured exact thought, and therefore their ethics will soon pass into oblivion. There must be some movement on one or other of two logical lines leading in opposite directions. It is necessary to dereligionize completely, or to return to religion and faith. This is Mr. Mallock's thesis. And the presentation which he has made of the extent to which the dereligionizing process has gone on, and of the results which must follow its further progression, strongly corroborates what our Catholic theology teaches, of the inefficiency of mere philosophy, or of religion without organic power and authority, to sustain and promote the cause of natural or revealed truth concerning things divine among the generality of men. We have already said that if Mr. Mallock's sweeping assertions of the destructive effect of positivism are to be taken literally, in the sense that all sufficient motives of credibility for rational theism or the supernatural revelation whose beginning is coeval with the human race, except the one motive of the infallibility of the Catholic Church, have been proved inconclusive; we cannot accept them. In a modified sense, that they have been rendered practically inefficacious to convince the generality of men, we assent to them. Philosophers and divines speak and write many reasonable things, and they must exert some influence in retarding the progress of error. But philosophy and theology, even when they are sound and do not contradict faith, are weak for convincing the greater number of men, weak for resisting popular errors, and impotent for regaining lost territory, unless they are integrated in the complete, synthetical unity of Catholic doctrine, by subjection to infallible Catholic authority. It is impossible to deny the fact of a deep and general lapse from belief in revealed and even natural theology, and it is proved that a lapse from all ethical first principles must follow the religious aberration. Mr. Mallock's own mental attitude, as he explains it candidly in his writings, is an instance and a strong proof of the way in which the great issue is shaping and defining itself gradually but quite rapidly as a choice between all truth and no truth, Catholic faith and total unbelief. His very mistakes and misapprehensions make him all the better representative of the multitude who have been shipwrecked and left struggling in a sea of doubt in consequence of the disasters caused by the Protestant mutiny. He can see nothing firm and stable except the divine and infallible authority of the Catholic Church, no adequate reason for anything except the word of God bearing in itself, and making audible in its very intonation, its own supernatural evidence that it is God's word, uttered through his organ, the Catholic Church.

This is God's way of converting the world. The world never did

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and never will learn to know God in a saving manner by wisdom. It is necessary to know enough to believe in a reasonable manner, but perfect wisdom comes after faith. We believe that we may understand, and the true sages, like St. Paul, their master, "speak wisdom to those who are perfect." This is the way which is suited to the actual condition of mankind. God might have made all men on an intellectual level with the *élite* of the human race, and made these more intellectually perfect than they are. The Son of God might have kept himself hidden, and taught men only through prophets and apostles. The revealed truths might have been so manifested, and the intelligence of mankind so adjusted to the revelation, that the divine light would strike all minds immediately and compel their assent. There would then be a certain and universal philosophy, amply sufficient in respect to all rational truths for all men, and a similar revelation equally immediate, clear, and certain to every man, in respect to the supernatural mysteries. But it has pleased God to appear personally among men, and teach them through their miseries that their only resource is in a Divine Saviour. He has made the mass of mankind dependent on instruction for wisdom, needing to learn through revelation and religious teachers even the truth which is knowable by natural reason, as well as that which is supernatural. He has so revealed the divine truths that they are not immediately evident, but are made known through a medium, in such a way that the will is free to determine the assent or dissent of the intellect. He has made the church the medium, with infallible and sovereign authority to teach and command in the doctrinal and moral order. The light of reason does not practically suffice for men without the light of faith, or philosophy without revelation, even in the natural domain of knowledge and virtue, although it does accomplish something. Revelation itself, when dissociated from the organic unity of the church and the regular current of tradition, and thus more or less altered and corrupted, though not without power and efficiency for partial good, does not suffice for the complete result intended by Providence, either in the natural or supernatural domain of truth and holiness. The perpetual objection by which this plea for the necessity of Catholic authority is traversed is, that even the Catholic Church does not suffice. Suffice for what? Compelling the assent of all mankind, and effectually subduing the will of all men to obedience to the divine law? But this is not the intention of God. The freedom of the will and the moral discipline of life are not superseded, but elevated and aided, by the law of faith and grace. Religion is spiritual and not wholly physical; it is a dynamical, not a mechanical, force. Liberty to resist and struggle against it, scope for the action of opposing forces, intellectual, voluntary, and physical, are left intact, that they may be, not reduced to nullity, but continually overcome in a conflict which, through many vicissitudes, is gradually progressing toward a final triumph. The precise charge of failure against theism and Protestantism is, not that they fail to suppress resistance, but that they fail to show a force superior to the resisting force, that they fail to overcome in the conflict with this

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force, and are not tending toward a final triumph; but, on the contrary, are perpetually growing weaker, receding, and approaching toward a surrender of their quadrilateral, and toward decisive defeat. Are there very many highly intelligent and educated men who confidently expect that the mass of Catholic and Oriental Christians, of Jews, Mahometans, Buddhists, and other pagans, are ever going to become Protestants, and that Protestant Christianity will prevail throughout the world as the universal religion? Is it probable, even in the opinion of any considerable number of enlightened Protestants, that Anglicanism, Presbyterianism, Calvinism, Unitarianism, or any other specific form of *soi-disant* genuine Christianity, is ever going to prevail generally and be acknowledged by mankind as the one, true religion which came from heaven? We think not. And for ourselves, we are convinced that there is a moral impossibility, equivalent to a physical impossibility, that any such result should ever be accomplished.

On the other hand, it cannot be shown impossible or unlikely that the Catholic Church should attain any given approximation to this grand totality of success, in the future. The argument from her past and present, from her constitutive elements, from the trending of all events since the world was created, from all that converges from every side and is focalized in her Catholic character, is entirely in her favor. Supernatural intervention is necessary, but this is secured by the promise of Christ.

The alternative is chaos, the *Malebolge* of scepticism and nihilism. Mr. Mallock presents the two alternatives in such a manner that a person must shut his eyes in order not to recognize them. We have only dipped into, but not exhausted, the great topics proposed in the extraordinary book we have been reviewing. We regret not to have space for more extensive quotation from its pages, and we hope that many of our readers will be induced to peruse it carefully for themselves. In concluding a discussion which we leave with regret, we borrow one of Mr. Mallock's closing paragraphs, in which his and our own argument is brought to a fine point, gold tipped with iridosmin, reasoning terminated by an aspiration of humility and prayer, which we devoutly hope may open the heart of the author, and of readers like-minded with himself, to the grace of God.

"It may be that faith will succeed and conquer sight—that the precious treasure we cling to will nerve us with enough strength to retain it. It may be that man, having seen the way that, unaided, he is forced to go, will change his attitude; that finding only weakness in pride, he will seek for strength in humility, and will again learn to say: '*I believe, although I never can comprehend.*' Once let him say this, his path will again grow clearer for him. Through confusion, and doubt, and darkness, the brightness of God's countenance will again be visible; and by and by again he may hear the Word calling him. From his first assent to his own moral nature he *must* rise to a theism, and he *may* rise to the recognition of a church—to a visible embodiment of that moral nature of his, as directed and joined to its one aim and end—to its delight, and its desire, and its completion. Then he will see all that is high and holy taking a distinct and helping form for him. Grace and mercy will come to him through set and certain channels. His nature will be redeemed visibly from its weakness and from its littleness—redeemed, not in dreams or fancy, but in fact. God himself will be his brother and his father; he will be near akin to the Power that *is* always, and *is* everywhere. His love of

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virtue will be no longer a mere taste of his own ; it will be the discernment and taking to himself of the eternal strength and of the eternal treasure ; and whatever he most reveres in mother, or wife, or sister—this he will know is holy, everywhere and for ever, and is exalted high over all things in one of like nature with theirs, the Mother of grace, the Parent of sweet clemency, who will protect him from the enemy, and save him in the hour of death."

IN THE VALLEY OF THE PEMIGEWASSET.*

THE river flows from lofty fount,
The arid sands caressing;
The mists that float above the mount
Have sent them down a blessing;
The light of heaven, the sun's warm beam,
Deck fair this vale's pine-cradled stream.

The gracious rain that drops to-day,
On naked deserts falling,
From barest peaks of granite gray
A hidden life is calling
To bud and shoot in tenderest green,
Bear flower and fruit of men unseen.

Unseen by us the germs that start
To life beneath our sowing;
But if within our souls one dart
Of love to God be glowing,
Although no blooms our cares confess,
Like heavenly dews our love must bless.

Pour forth thy best, O human soul!
No stint nor scantness knowing;
Who gives himself must *give*, not dole,
With measure overflowing,
Nor heed, if well the vase be filled,
How much be by the wayside spilled.

If minds seem dull, and hearts be cold,
Inflame them with thy loving;
If arid wastes of self are rolled
Around thee, patience proving,
O'erflood them with the generous tide
Of good-will, pouring free and wide.

Good will, kind words, and blessèd deeds!
Is not life worth the living
When such as we to human needs
May minister such giving?
When lowliest soul 'mid mortals placed
With such a regal crown is graced?

* An Indian name, said to mean "The crooked mountain pine place."

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PEARL.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA, AUTHOR OF "IZA'S STORY," "A SALON IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE," "ARE YOU MY WIFE?" ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LADY WYNMERE'S LITTLE SCHEME.

IT was certainly very tyrannical of the War Office to refuse Captain Léopold congé to come to Paris for the marriage of his sister; and everybody was surprised that his mother's zeal and his father's influence had failed to obtain so reasonable a concession—assuming, of course, that they had applied for it. Indeed, Mme. Léopold's lamentations over the disappointment placed the matter beyond mere assumption. But, be it as it may, Léon was not present at Blanche's wedding. Pearl was, and looked charming in pale-blue silk. Mme. Léopold was very affectionate to her, and smiled knowingly at Blanche when that young lady threw her arms round her bridesmaid and prophesied that she would wear the bridal veil next of any of the hundred wedding guests.

When the fuss of the preparation and the excitement of the wedding were over, and Blanche was gone, the days were very dull to Mme. Léopold.

"The house seems so lonely without her!" sighed the mother to Mrs. Monteagle.

"It *is* lonely without her," was the emphatic rejoinder; "every place is lonely when the young life that used to fill it is gone."

"You are carrying off Pearl next week, are you not?" said Mme. Léopold.

"Yes. She comes to me on Saturday. You all go off on Monday, don't you?"

"The baron must run down to-morrow, but we sha'n't go till Monday. There was a telegram this morning asking for instructions about the felling of a tree which they say is in the way of the new window, and it is impossible to decide without being on the spot; the steward is always for cutting down old trees, but I never let them be touched if I can help it. I think it is such a pity."

"It is a murder," said Mrs. Monteagle; "the man who strikes down a full-grown tree without necessity is capable of any villany under the sun. I hope the baron will stand out against his tree being killed."

Mme. Léopold was amused at the vehemence with which she spoke, and glad too; it was more like Mrs. Monteagle's old self. She had lost some of her old spirit of late, people noticed.

"You look better to-day than you did on Sunday, chère madame," said Mme. Léopold.

"I am better to-day; not that I was particularly ailing on Sunday."

"You looked tired."

"I was tired. I generally am now. But I am getting used to it; one grows used to everything."

"Pearl will désennuyer you a little; you are too much alone. It is bad to be alone. I know it now

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by bitter experience." And she heaved a deep sigh.

"Three days can't have taught you much of the bitterness of it," said Mrs. Monteagle with a chuckle; whereupon Mme. Léopold discovered that it was time for her to say good-by.

The minister set off to Gardanvalle next morning by an early train. The distance was only four hours by rail; he would arrive at the château in time for déjeuner; if the day was fine he was to sleep there and return the next morning. Mme. Léopold expended a vast amount of pity on herself for this bereavement of four-and-twenty hours, but she managed to pass the day without absolutely dying of ennui. She had multitudes of visitors coming to congratulate her on her brilliant new maternity, to all of whom she responded by a reproachful appeal for condolence.

"Ma chère fille was everything to me! Now that she is gone, I feel as if there were nothing for me to do in life. But I draw courage in my isolation from the thought of her happiness. The dear child always declared she would never make any other marriage than one of affection. This gave me much anxiety; those ardent young natures are sometimes carried away by their imaginations, and I could not but tremble at the danger which my Blanche's sensitive heart held for her peace. But she has chosen well, and I have reason to be thankful that I left her free to follow her own instincts. The dear child is so happy!"

Many believed this. Perhaps Mme. Léopold believed it. It is so easy to persuade ourselves that what flatters our self-love is true.

Mme. Mère and Pearl were to have dined with her that day; but Pearl begged off. She was suffering from headache, and preferred to remain at home. Headaches are a most useful institution. It is hard to see how society could get on without them; they are messengers ready at a moment's notice; they start up like danger-signals to avert fatal collisions, to create happy coincidences; they furnish opportunities, excuses, combinations; and they are so quiet and unassuming that they escape notice where more important agents would be sure to provoke it.

Pearl's headache was not one of these social auxiliaries; it was a bona-fide pain in her head. But she was thankful to it, though it was very disagreeable and compelled her to go to bed the moment Mme. Mère had left the house. The misery and excitement of the last fortnight had put a great strain on her, and she began to feel her strength giving way a little; she had suffered from intense headache for several days, but this evening she was utterly worn out and gave up struggling.

The next morning the pain, instead of being better, was worse, and she was so feverish that Mme. Mère grew uneasy.

"You are not well, ma petite; I will send for the doctor. I don't like this headache lasting so long."

Pearl made a faint protest, but she was not sorry to be ordered to her room to lie down till the doctor came.

An hour passed, and she had just fallen into a restless doze, when the shrill tones of Mme. Léopold's voice roused her, and Mme. Mère entered the room hurriedly.

"Mon enfant, we are starting for Gardanvalle, my daughter and I. My son has met with an accident."

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Pearl sat up and pushed the hair from her flushed face.

"What has happened to him?"

"He was thrown from his horse on his way to the train this morning. The steward says there is nothing to be frightened about, but we are going off with a surgeon. Ma petite, I am so sorry to leave you alone; but you won't mind it for a day or so? Marianne will take every care of you, and old Pierre says he will watch over you like his own child till I come back. The doctor will be here before I go, I hope; but if not, you know what a kind old man he is. You will not be afraid of him."

"Of course not. But don't think of me. I am so sorry about M. Léopold! You will write a line to say how he is when you get to Gardanvalle?"

Pearl was on her feet in a moment, losing all thought of herself in anxiety for Mme. Mère. She did not wait to arrange her disordered dress, but hurried out, with her hair tumbling about her, to Mme. Léopold, who was waiting in the drawing-room, counting the minutes impatiently.

"Has a telegram been sent to Léon?" said Mme. Léopold when they were ready to start.

"Yes. Pierre took it. Now good-by, ma petite!" And she embraced Pearl.

"Au revoir, mon enfant, au revoir," said Mme. Léopold to Pearl, and kissing her with a kindness awakened by the pain that craved for sympathy. "Priez pour moi, pour nous tous!" she added, her voice trembling.

And Pearl returned her caress, forgetting everything except that the woman who had been unkind to her was in trouble.

The brougham drove away with the anxious wife and mother. Pearl stood and watched it out of sight from the window, and then her own pain, which sympathy with a greater one had momentarily suspended, came back with increased violence. She grew faint, and it was all she could do to get back to her own room and fling herself on the bed.

The doctor came in the course of the afternoon, and the cook, in her new capacity of sick-nurse, assisted at the consultation.

"Nothing serious; with care and rest she will be all right in a few days," was the medical man's verdict. Marianne rose at once to the emergency; she entered on her functions quite naturally. She put Pearl to bed, administered the prescribed tisane, and was at once as much at home in the sick-room as amongst her saucepans in the kitchen.

Pearl felt as if she were in a troubled dream for two or three days. She was too weary to care much what they did with her; but she was docile, and let Marianne have her way in everything. It was a relief to be alone and quiet, and if it had not been for the pain in her head and the feverish nights, the enforced rest would have been enjoyable. Mme. Mère had written to say that the fracture, though not dangerous, was serious, and it was impossible for her to leave Sophie alone with the sufferer until he was past all cause for anxiety.

"So you had better go to Mrs. Monteagle without waiting for my return, ma chère petite," she added. "I shall be spared, at any rate, the pain of seeing you go out of my house—that lonely house which you so brightened by your youth and sweetness during the too short time I had possession of you. But,

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it is not adieu, only au revoir, n'est ce pas?"

Pearl's first impulse was to send off this note to Mrs. Monteagle; but there was no one near her at the moment, so she put the letter under her pillow, intending to give it to Marianne by and by. Before the cook returned, however, Pearl had changed her mind. If Mrs. Monteagle came she might write to them at home, and there was trouble enough for her mother without that. With the boys just getting through their typhoid fever, and Polly and the colonel away, what could Mrs. Redacre do? She would want to come over immediately to nurse her, and this was impossible. Confused as her head was with that hammer at her temples, Pearl was able to follow this chain of reasoning, and it led her to the determination to send no message to Mrs. Monteagle. Several days went by, and she was feeling better, and then she began to wonder that Mrs. Monteagle did not come to see her. Saturday was the day they had fixed for her to leave the Rue du Bac for the Faubourg St. Honoré, and it was odd that not a sign had come from Mrs. Monteagle either to herself or to Mme. Mère. She would not be fit to make the change on Saturday; the doctor said it would be a risk for her to venture out for some days later. But Mrs. Monteagle knew nothing of this, and it was strange, moreover, that she should not come to repeat her welcome at least. On Saturday morning Pearl wrote a line, telling her old friend that she wanted to see her. She waited all day for the answer, but it did not come. In the evening she said to Marianne:

"I begin to think Mrs. Monteagle must be ill; Pierre must go to-morrow morning and see if there is anything the matter."

Pierre did go, and came back with the news that madame had slipped on the stairs and sprained her ankle, and that she was condemned to her chaise-longue for at least a month. She was not able to write, being obliged to lie on her back, but she hoped mademoiselle would come to her as soon as possible—that is, as soon as she had the doctor's permission.

Pearl was wild to be off that very day to nurse her old friend; but Marianne waylaid the doctor on the stairs, and he came in with a violent protest against such an act of rebellion. She was much too weak and nervous to undertake the fatigues of the office of sick-nurse; he would not hear of it; there was no foreseeing what might come of it if, in her present state of nervous exhaustion, she had another feverish attack; it might end in typhoid fever; he would answer for nothing. Pearl justified the assertion as to her nervousness by bursting into an hysterical fit of crying; but the threat of typhoid, and the thought of what this visitation would be to her mother, cowed her, and she made no attempt to rebel against the doctor's commands.

She sent loving little notes every day to Mrs. Monteagle, and received verbal answers through Pierre, who acted as postman. Letters came from home, also, that cheered her in her weariness and made the days less long. Her mother wrote in her usual tone of cheerful courage and thankfulness: the boys were getting on beautifully; this warm weather would help on their convalescence better than anything. The colonel was very happy with Cousin Bob, and had hopes of getting "something to do." Polly was

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well and in great request; the county was doing its best to cheer her under these trying domestic separations.

But Polly had her own troubles that Mrs. Redacre knew nothing about. Even Polly herself was far from knowing the full extent of them yet. She saw that a change had taken place in Mr. Danvers, but she did not know to what to attribute it or how deep it really went. He had not returned to Lamford since that day when he had opened his mind to Lady Wynmere; he had gone back to London the next afternoon, and not written her a line since. She had no idea what he meant to do, or if he had made up his mind to do anything; he had seemed to her too evenly swayed by conflicting motives to be able to come to a decision, unless some new influence were thrown into the scales to make them dip to one side or the other. His conduct was open to severe blame; but there was something to be said in excuse of it. Polly should have told him the truth; its unpleasantness did not justify her withholding it, though it excused her to a certain point in Lady Wynmere's eyes, and she could not help wondering that it did not do so in Percy's. When a man is really in love with a girl he is ready to invent excuses for her where they don't exist. But that was just it. Was he really in love with Polly? And Polly—did she love him? Lady Wynmere, after watching her closely during the period of quarantine, when Polly and she were thrown into such close companionship, came to the conclusion that she did. This conclusion was the result of no direct or indirect admission on Polly's part. Nothing could exceed the dignified indifference which she displayed concerning Mr. Danvers. She never alluded to him, but if his name was mentioned she was in no haste to dismiss the subject as if it were an awkward or a disagreeable one; if Lady Wynmere praised his good looks, or his fine horsemanship, or his pleasant manners, she acquiesced, moderately: "He was very agreeable and good-natured; but was he not a little bit conceited? Most good-looking young men were, and that was the reason, perhaps, why they were sometimes less popular than ugly men. Besides, the ugly men were generally cleverer; and it was the business of a man to be clever: beauty belonged to women. It did not matter what sort of looks a man had, so long as he looked like a gentleman. Did not Lady Wynmere think so?"

Lady Wynmere would qualify her assent to these remarks, and Polly did not feel interest enough in the matter to discuss it further. But her little hostess saw through this. Qui s'excuse s'accuse. It was all too studied to be genuine. Young ladies don't take that serene tone of criticism in speaking of an avowed admirer, unless they wish to convey the idea that he and his character and other people's estimate of him are matters of complete indifference to them; and no young lady cares to convey this idea unless she feels in her heart that it is a false one. Moreover, with all her proud pretence of not caring, Polly's face was betraying her. Her brow grew clouded; her lips had a hard expression that told tales; she was pale and troubled, and she took unnecessary pains to make Lady Wynmere understand that anxiety about the boys kept her awake of a night.

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"I am not clever," thought Lady Wynmere, as she noted these signs. "If I were clever I might find a way out of this trouble for them both; but I don't see what I can do. If I meddle I may do mischief."

But she was too fond of Polly to be satisfied with this negative policy. Something must be done to bring Percy to reason. After mature deliberation she decided that Polly's personal influence would do more than anything else, so she wrote, begging him to come down to Lamford, as she wanted particularly to see him.

Mr. Danvers wrote back to say that he was so pressed with business it was out of the question his leaving town for the next fortnight; could he not, meantime, know by letter what Lady Wynmere had to say to him?

"He is too clever for me," thought the unsuccessful diplomatist; "he saw through my little scheme."

But Polly was looking so depressed—because she *was* so depressed, as Mrs. Monteagle would have said—that Lady Wynmere set to work again for a remedy.

"You are worrying too much, my dear; you will fall ill yourself if you fret about the boys like this. I have a great mind to carry you off to London for a change. Would your mother entrust you to me for ten days or so?"

Polly brightened up at this proposition.

"Of course mamma would entrust me to you, dear Lady Wynmere! But it would be selfish to go away while she is shut up alone here."

"What use are you to her?" said Lady Wynmere. "If there was any anxiety of course I would not dream of proposing it; but the boys are quite over their illness, and it will be just the thing for them and your mother to come over here for a change while we are absent and the Hollow is being aired and fumigated. We will stay away till everything has been done that is necessary, and then we can all come back together—the colonel and Lord Ranperth and ourselves. It is a capital plan!" She clapped her tiny hands and danced on her chair, and Polly kissed her and said it was certainly the kindest plan that could possibly have been devised.

"And there is to be a charming ball at Lady R——'s on the 26th, and we shall be just in time for it; and the last ball at the palace is to be on the 28th, so we sha'n't have our journey for nothing," said Lady Wynmere, who began to feel quite elated at her own cleverness.

"Oh! I sha'n't think of going to balls," said Polly; "besides, I have not a dress fit to go in."

"There will be time for that; leave all that to me, my dear." And her ladyship flitted across to the writing-table and despatched a letter to Mrs. Redacre, while Polly looked out of the window and dreamed. Perhaps the mental operation in which she was engaged was too active and wide-awake to be called dreaming. She rapidly ran over the probabilities this visit had in store. It was probable she should meet Percy; it was probable she would bring him to his senses; it was probable she would have opportunities of making him madly jealous, and it was absolutely certain that she would turn them to the best account. These reflections had such an exhilarating effect on her that when Lady Wynmere, having finished her note, turned round and saw the young face alight with

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the glow of anticipated victory, she again congratulated herself on the success of her scheme.

Her next note was to Percy Danvers. It was better to let him know they were coming; it might vex him if he met them suddenly somewhere without knowing beforehand that they were in town.

"I am taking her up for a little change," she said. "The poor little thing has been looking very pale and unhappy lately, and I think a little going out will do her good. If she is thinking of a certain person, who does not think so much of her, it will help to put him out of her head. I shall take her to a few dances, and she is sure to make a sensation, especially coming towards the end of the season, when a novelty produces such effect. She is in great beauty, and more sweet and charming than ever. I have no doubt but that she will take the feather out of every belle's cap, and have you all fighting duels about her before we return.

"I have not dared say a word about the subject of *that conversation*. I am not clever, you see, and I am so afraid of making mischief!"

Not clever, indeed! Percy Danvers took the next train to Lamford, and arrived there just as Lady Wynmere and Polly were returning from their afternoon drive.

"Mr. Danvers! What a nice surprise!" exclaimed Lady Wynmere, as the carriage drove up and Percy came forward to assist them to alight.

"You gave me a general invitation to come whenever I could break loose," said the young man. "Of course I'm not going to offer an apology for having accepted it. I know you better than to suppose you expect one. Am I not right?" he added to Polly, as he assisted her from the carriage.

"People who know Lady Wynmere always take her at her word," said Polly gaily, with head erect, and obdurately blind to the adoring look in Percy's eyes. Let him adore! She would show him whether she was a tame bird to come hopping to his finger when he whistled for it.

"Come in and give us some cups of tea before you go up-stairs, dear," said Lady Wynmere, who, being off her guard, was letting Mr. Danvers see too plainly that his arrival filled her with delight. But Polly was never off her guard, and was in no hurry for tea—" she hated taking it with her bonnet on "—so she walked up the great wide stairs with a leisurely step, while Mr. Danvers dawdled in the hall, hanging up his hat, and watching to see if she would not turn and look down at him from the landing; but Polly swept on and out of sight without casting a glance at the guilty, disconsolate one.

Lady Wynmere took advantage of the opportunity to read Percy a lecture while they were alone. He bore it meekly, but made no protestations of penitence or remorse. He had been badly treated, and it had taken him some time to get over it and make up his mind whether he would make it up with Polly or not; but he had decided on granting her a free pardon, and he had come down to tell her so.

"But Polly thinks she has something to forgive, too," said Lady Wynmere, who, for a person so wanting in cleverness, was conducting Polly's affairs very discreetly. "She is evidently very much hurt by the way you have behaved. I know this, though she never even hinted at the subject; she has such a proud spirit I should not be surprised if she refused to take your pardon now. You saw how she received you? Nothing could be more cold and indifferent than her

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manner. You don't know what a haughty little spirit she has!"

This was a check that Mr. Danvers had not foreseen. He was quite taken aback by it, and looked so surprised and mortified that Lady Wynmere began to purr inwardly and to think that perhaps, after all, she was not so wanting in wits as she had imagined.

"You think she won't give in when I explain how I took her want of confidence to heart?" he said. "What has she to complain of? If I hadn't been so fond of her I should not have minded it half as much. Any man would have resented being treated in that way."

"Well, you must plead your own cause. I can't help you. You went away in a huff, and she does not know why, and so has every right to be angry."

"A friend can always help—a friend like you," said Percy. "I expected you would have taken my part all this time while I was away. I did indeed."

"You never said so; and I was afraid of meddling. You see I am not clever, and so I prefer not to run the risk of saying or doing the wrong thing. Besides, I saw Polly was very angry and unhappy; but this prospect of going to London and seeing new sights and faces has revived her wonderfully."

"But you don't mean to take her to London now?" said Percy, unable to repress a start.

"Why not?" inquired Lady Wynmere innocently. "I am sure the change will do her good. She has fretted about her brothers, too, poor child! I shall be as vain as a peacock chaperoning her about the town. I ought to have thought of it sooner."

The butler came in with a note, so the conversation was cut short, and Lady Wynmere went up-stairs to take off her bonnet, leaving Mr. Danvers alone in the drawing-room. He was in a very bad humor; he felt himself an injured man, and Lady Wynmere, instead of smoothing down his feathers, had taken a most unkind, a malicious pleasure in ruffling them. She had, in the first instance, agreed with him that Polly had behaved badly, and that he deserved sympathy and she blame; and here she was now all on the other side, and bent on taking the girl off to London.

"She will have a dozen men ready to blow each other's brains out for her before the end of a week," was his angry reflection. "She sha'n't go to London, if I can help it—until she comes there as my wife."

Lady Wynmere was a long time having her bonnet taken off—so long that Polly had time to write a letter to Pearl, leaving it open for a possible postscript to-morrow morning, and then to dress for dinner and to come down-stairs, when to her surprise she found nobody in the drawing-room. She went into the conservatory to get a camellia. Lady Wynmere liked her to wear one in her hair of an evening. She was fastening it in the silky coils, with the help of a narrow strip of looking-glass in one of the pillars that supported the roof, when some one said, "May I help you to do that?"

And there stood Percy, looking wonderfully handsome and tall and strong, but with a deprecating, subdued air about him that melted Polly. She let him fasten the camellia in her hair, and he did it so awkwardly that it fell out the moment she moved her head. They both laughed, and

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then he tried it again; and when Lady Wynmere came down dressed for dinner he was apparently trying it still, for they still were in the conservatory, and in the distance, through the screen of flowers and tropical leaves, she could see the two figures very close together; and when they entered the drawing-room that unfortunate camellia looked as if it had been sat upon.

"We have made it up," said Percy, leading Polly to Lady Wynmere, who had discreetly retired to the window. "I have gone on my knees and eaten the dust at her feet, and she has forgiven me."

"He is telling stories," said Polly, tossing her lovely head, with a blush soft as a rose. "There wasn't a grain of dust on the marble to eat, and he didn't even go on his knees."

"Shall I do so now?" And Percy made a movement as if he were going to drop down before her; but she fled away to Lady Wynmere, and hid her face on that lady's shoulder.

"Go off and dress; you will keep us waiting for dinner," said her ladyship. And Mr. Danvers hurried out of the room, and reappeared in full evening attire in a shorter space of time than it had ever taken him to perform the change before.

CHAPTER XIX.

REST AND PEACE.

POLLY had kept her own counsel, and said nothing to Pearl about her quarrel—if quarrel it could be called—with Percy Danvers; but now that all was right between them, and their engagement formally announced to Colonel and Mrs. Redacre, she indulged in the luxury of a long lamentation to Pearl, dwelling pathetically on her own sufferings, and extending a magnanimous pardon to Pearl, who had been the immediate cause of them.

"Of course you will now come home," wrote Polly. "Percy, who is the very essence of good nature, volunteered at once to go to Paris and fetch you. You will all meet in London, and come down here together—papa and Cousin Bob, and you and Percy—and we will stay at Lady Wynmere's until the Hollow is ready for us. The whole house will have to be washed and smoked, and I know not what, to get rid of the infection, they say; and the boys' room must be repapered, etc.; and all this will take some time. Lady Wynmere is very nice and kind, and she and I get on very well together. *You* would call her silly; she thinks a great deal too much of birth and race, and that sort of thing, to suit your radical taste for heroes and self-made men; her ideas are so thoroughly aristocratic that she is intolerant of everything vulgar or that savors of 'the people.' But I expect Percy will convert you from all these crotchets, you dear old Pearl; he would never stand his sister being a radical, and I must have you and he great friends. I mean my marriage to make you all very happy at home. Percy will be very rich by and by, you know. His uncle's death will put him in possession of the estate; and, though we are in no hurry to send the old gentleman to heaven, he is in wretched health, poor man! and past seventy; so, in the course of nature, we can't have very long to wait.

"I hope mamma will now give up worrying papa about getting something to do, as she calls it. I am sure he has had lots to do, poor papa! ever since we have been poor. Somebody wrote a story called *A Schoolmaster Abroad*. If I were clever I might write one and call

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it *A Schoolmaster at Home*. You, who are so fond of heroes—you ought to raise a statue to papa. The way he has slaved away with those boys is quite wonderful. And yet, to hear mamma lamenting over his having nothing to do, one would think he sat in an arm-chair all day smoking; she is always saying that he would be so much happier if he only 'did something.' I dare say you think so, too, for you never rested until you went off and did something yourself. There is one comfort, you didn't do much good, so I hope you are cured of heroics for the rest of your life. Give my love to Blanche and Mrs. Monteagle. I am glad Blanche has made such a glorious match. I like my friends to be prosperous and happy, and I am glad those designing old frumps who were laying traps for M. de Cholcourt have all been disappointed. Blanche will make as good a Marquise de C. as any of the Faubourg girls, and it will be nice to go and see her in her château. She said I must go and stay with her when I am married; so I shall tell her now that I mean to accept the invitation sooner than she expected. I wonder whether Mrs. Monteagle would ask me over with mamma for a fortnight to get my trousseau? I can't bear the idea of getting it in London, and it would be fun to go and order it in Paris. Mme. de Kerbec, I am sure, would take us in if I asked her; but she is such a goose and so vulgar that I should not care to be paraded by her as the bride-elect. Still, if Mrs. Monteagle can't, or won't, Mme. de K. would be a pis-aller; so I shall write a palavering letter to her, announcing my engagement. Don't you say a word about it till she hears it from me. As I am not making a very bad match, she is sure to be full of congratulation and sympathy. She is a worldly old thing, Captain Jack; but she is good-natured after a fashion, and she may turn out useful just now.

"I have no news. Fritz is kept chained to his kennel, and he does not like it, and 'struggles and howls by fits,' poor little man! Sometimes to quiet him they let him up to see the boys for a moment, and then they wash him, and he is allowed to dash over and pay me a visit. I tried to keep him here in quarantine; but the struggling and howling that he kept up were simply unbearable.

"Good by. Let me have a letter saying when you will be ready for Percy to go and fetch you.

"Your affectionate sister,

"POLLY."

Pearl got this letter in the morning, after her breakfast, as she was sitting in the garden, where the sun was shining warmly—a hot noon July sun. It was the first time she had been out since her illness—it scarcely deserved so big a name, for it had been merely a collapse of strength from the strain put upon the nervous system; yet it had pulled her down a good deal, and she felt absurdly weak as she sauntered along under the shade of two venerable chestnut and two elm trees. The neglected old garden was cool and pleasant, with its stone fountain where the water used to play in the time of the great Revolution. She sat down on a rusty iron chair, and read Polly's letter for the third time. Of course she was glad of this news of the engagement, formal and open now; everything in the letter was cause for gladness, and yet it brought her a strange mixture of pain with the pleasure. The worldliness and selfishness that Polly avowed with a sort of cynical frankness were not pleasant; but the off-hand censure of her mother, mocking her anxiety about their father's discontented idleness, and the covert sneer at Captain Darvallon—all this gave Pearl positive pain. Poor Pearl had too fine an ear for the undertones of life; they reached her and penetrated, echoing long after many a louder, joyous strain that should have drowned them had died away. She had got into a state of chronic alarm about Polly, as we are apt to do about a person whom we know to be afflicted with some organic weakness which, under certain conditions, may at any

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moment develop to a fatal issue. Would not this intense worldliness grow to a passion that would choke all nobleness out of Polly's nature? Misfortune had not improved her; she had been hardened, not purified, by passing through the fire. It is true that different natures require different experiences; some flourish best in the sunshine, some in the cold; the tropics give us flowers and birds with the plumage of the rainbow; the ice-clad mountains give us gems and marbles. Polly was one of the rainbow-feathered creatures that perish when they are exiled from their own burning skies. Born in luxury, she had been loving and good and free from all defects while she breathed her native atmosphere; she would regain her natural character when she was restored to it. Her marriage would replace her in her true element; the rebellious spirit would disappear when there was nothing to provoke it; her heart would expand when it was satisfied, and she would cease to be absorbed in self when the struggle was over and self had attained its end. This was very poor philosophy, but in her despair Pearl took refuge in it, and it comforted her. The song of the lazy summer birds sounded cheerier, the lights grew brighter on the flowers, the shadows softer beneath the trees, as she read the letter for the third time, and reflected that the period of dark probation was now over for Polly, and that she would soon be her own sweet self again.

"I wish I could see Mrs. Monteagle at once and tell her about the marriage," she thought. It was evident that Polly left the asking for that invitation in her hands, and she had no doubt but that it would be volunteered without the asking. Why should she not take a cab, and drive over at once and see Mrs. Monteagle? It was a heavenly morning, and the drive could do her no harm. The doctor had said he preferred she did not attempt more than a stroll in the garden until the day after to-morrow, when Mme. Mère was coming back; but Pearl felt so exhilarated by the balmy air and the bright horizon which this letter opened out that she was inclined to defy the doctor and steal a march on Marianne and old Pierre. It would be such a pleasant surprise to Mrs. Monteagle to see her walk in! With her mind full of treason she was crossing the untidy old garden, sniffing at its beds of sweet-smelling flowers here and there, when she looked up and caught sight of Marianne scraping a carrot at the kitchen window.

"Mademoiselle does not feel too tired, does she?" said the kind cook, bending forward and looking down at her patient.

"Not a bit, Marianne! I should like to walk to the Bastille, only I am afraid you would scold me."

"I should not scold mademoiselle if she walked to the Bastille. I should weep over her, because she would be dead. And then Mme. la Baronne would scold me!"

"Then I will not have you scolded, my good nurse. I will give up the Bastille for this morning; but it is a pity, the day is so lovely!"

She sauntered on round to the courtyard, to enter by the front stairs, which was less steep than the back. The wide gates were open, and a little victoria was crawling down the street. Pearl cast a longing look at it; the coachman stopped and held up his hand.

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"Bonne voiture, madame! Un beau temps pour se promener!"

Pearl crossed the yard, and got in and drove off to the Faubourg St. Honoré. She would get well scolded by Marianne, but the fun of the escapade and the delight of surprising Mrs. Monteagle were well worth it. Dear Mrs. Monteagle! What a loving, faithful friend she had proved herself! It would be like going home, returning to her. And how delightful it would be to have her mother and Polly there getting the trousseau. It was nonsense to talk of her going back to the Hollow at once; she must come and stay with Mrs. Monteagle and bully her into good spirits, as she had promised, and then they would all return together, and carry her with them and keep her for the wedding. How strange that Polly had not suggested this! But Polly was too full of her own mighty concerns to have room for anybody else's. All this would come right, however; everything was coming right. The dark days were over, and the beautiful earth was covered with flowers and full of sunshine and summer shade. How happy they would all be when they were together again! She had suffered a little since she had taken to playing at heroics, as Polly called it; but it was over now, and nothing but the sweets remained. Mrs. Monteagle had provided nearly all the sweets, and preciously Pearl meant to preserve them—loving, tender memories of helpfulness, and sympathy delicate and strong, and counsel always wise and true.

"Numéro quarante sept, madame a dit?" called out the coachman.

"Quarante cinq," corrected Pearl, and the victoria drew up, and she alighted at the house where the bright years of her young life had run their happy course; where, at the door above, so many affectionate welcomes had awaited her.

"You will wait; I won't be long," she said as the coachman assisted her out.

Marianne was right about the Bastille; she certainly was not in force for a walk there yet.

The concierge saw her through her small window, and stood up with a surprised face.

"How are you, Mme. Labarre?" said Pearl at the open door of the dark lodge. "I have been poorly these last ten days; that is why you have not seen me. I need not ask if madame is at home. I know she is not allowed out yet."

"Out! Mademoiselle does not know?" said the woman, coming forward.

"Oh! yes. I know she had a bad accident, and that she is not to be moved for some time yet."

She was turning away when the concierge called her back.

"Mademoiselle, I see, knows nothing. Mme. Monteagle has had no accident; she is dead."

"*Dead!*"

Pearl put her hand to her forehead and reeled against the door. The woman caught her by the arm, and steadied her, and called to her husband, who was working at his shoe-mending trade in the next room.

"Make her sit down, and get her a drink of eau sucrée and fleur d'oranges," said the man kindly, and he almost carried Pearl to the one arm-chair in the place.

She had not fainted; she had her senses fully about her; but her limbs had nearly given way, and there was a sensation in her throat as if she were strangling.

"Go and call Mlle. Parkère," said Mme. Labarre. The man

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called to Mrs. Monteagle's maid from the court, and she came in an instant.

"O Miss Pearl, Miss Pearl!" cried the woman, bursting into tears.

"Is it true?" said Pearl, looking at her with horrified eyes out of a face as white as a corpse.

"Indeed it is, miss! She died this very morning! At ten o'clock. Just two hours ago!"

"My God! what does it all mean? Why did you not send for me?"

"I didn't dare, miss. They wouldn't let me. The doctor that was attending her was the same that was with you, and he said you were so poorly it might kill you if you heard she was dying. I begged him hard to let me go and tell you. I promised him I'd break it very gentle. I said it would be harder on you to hear the worst without having seen her; I did indeed, miss! But he wouldn't hear of it; he said you were all alone here, with no one to help you to bear the bad news. He was very kind, and seemed so sorry; but he wouldn't go out of the house till we all of us promised we wouldn't take you or send you the bad news. O my dear mistress!"

Parker broke down into passionate sobs. But not a tear came to Pearl; she was too stunned.

"How long was she ill?"

"Just a week, miss. There was no hope from the first. It was the heart, they said; she hardly ever spoke, but she had her senses about her almost to the last."

"And was no one with her? Was no member of her family sent for?"

"No, miss. You see we didn't know where to send. None of us had Mr. Percy Danvers' address, and he was the only gentleman of her family that ever came over. Mme. Léopold was away with the baron, who's got his leg broken, and M. and Mme. de Kerbec went to the country somewhere just after missus was taken ill. There was only you could have given us the addresses, and we couldn't ask you."

Pearl listened quite calmly, still in that dreamy state, stunned, not realizing yet the horrible truth.

"Take me to see her. I must see her," she said, rising with a sudden energy; and she caught hold of Parker's arm, as if to lead her away.

"O Miss Pearl! my dear young lady! I'm afraid it might be too great a shock to you. And, now I look at you, you look very ill!" said Parker.

But Pearl, with an impatient movement, drew her on and out across the porte-cochère and up the stairs. The door was ajar, as Parker had left it; the drawing-room was darkened; all the shutters were closed in the front rooms. Nothing was changed anywhere; there was the embroidery-frame, with its silks and wools on the little table beside it, as the worker had left them when she drew her last needle through the canvas. The flowers were faded in their glasses; this was the only semblance of death that was to be seen, and yet the room was as desolate as if it had been the death-chamber.

"Are you sure you are not afraid, miss?" said Parker, speaking under her breath, with her hand on the door of the inner room.

"No, I am not the least afraid. Let me go in. But tell me first," Pearl said, as with a vague idea that the power of speech might be taken

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from her by what she was going to see, "did she never mention me from the time she fell ill? She never asked to see me?"

"She never spoke almost from the first, miss," replied Parker evasively, and gently turning the handle, as if to avoid further questioning.

"But I want to know. I must know if she never spoke of me at all. Did she not try to send me a message? Parker, as you loved your mistress, tell me the truth!"

"Well, miss, she did; but it wasn't my fault, indeed it wasn't!" protested the maid, sobbing.

"I know that. I'm not going to blame you; but I want to know what she said."

"Well, miss, the truth is, we were all in such a confusion that everything got upset; but I'm certain it'll turn up. When the funeral is over and the place is properly cleared out, I'm sure as I live the letter 'll be found; I can't conceive—"

"The letter! It was a letter? She was able, then, to write to me? Oh! why, then, could I not have seen her? Parker, for heaven's sake, tell me the truth!"

Pearl was trembling all over.

"You're going to faint, Miss Pearl!" cried Parker, frightened out of her wits.

"No, no," said Pearl. "When did she write that letter?"

"She didn't write it, miss. It was a letter that came the morning she fell ill. She put it on her little writing-table, and before she had time to do anything with it she fainted, and we had to send for the doctor. It was the next day she told me to take it and put it into an envelope, and then she said I was to go off with it to you, and to give it into your own hands. 'And give her my love, Parker,' she said, 'and tell her she has been a great comfort to me; I send her my blessing—' But she broke down and couldn't finish; the tears came and choked her."

Parker herself broke down here, and Pearl, as if some string had been snapped by the tender message from her lost friend, gave a great cry, and the tears rained down her face in a bitter flood.

"But the letter—what did you do with it?" she said, when the paroxysm was over and she was able to speak.

"Well, miss, I can't for the life of me think where it went," said Parker. "The doctor came in just at the moment, and I had to fuss about, and somehow or other I dropped the letter, and, though I looked everywhere for it, I couldn't find a trace of it!"

"O Parker, Parker!" cried Pearl, wringing her hands and sobbing passionately.

"Indeed, Miss Pearl, I could have cried myself for vexation: but it's sure to be found, for I missed it the moment the doctor went, and I hadn't stirred from the room."

"What sort of a letter was it? Was it an English one? Had it English stamps on the envelope?"

"No, miss; they weren't queen's heads. There were a lot of stamps, but I don't know what was on them; it was a large letter, and fine, bold handwriting; that was all I saw when I was putting it into the other envelope."

This was dreadful. There was no use upbraiding Parker; but if the letter was not found it would add a life-long regret to Pearl's sorrow. She turned the handle of the door softly, and went in. The room was darkened, but one spot

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was appallingly luminous; it was as if every ray of light had been gathered up from the surrounding gloom to make more distinctly visible the figure lying with upturned face upon the bed. How still it was! What a royal peace sat on the wan features, what a placid smile on the closed lips, what a beam of immortality on the smooth brow! This was the first time Pearl had looked on death. She had entered the presence filled with a kind of shrinking horror that was only overcome by a longing stronger than fear; but as she gazed on the white, cold face, white as nothing else is white, cold as nothing else is cold, her terrors vanished, and something of the solemn peace of death fell upon her heart. Gone! Dumb! Those lips that had spoken so many kind words to her would never speak again. Those ears would never again be opened to her voice. Those hands would never feel the pressure of hers. Gone! The gates were past. The veil was drawn back; but only for the spirit that had fled. Nothing could follow it beyond that thin, impenetrable screen, nothing could pierce the darkness. What a solitude that going forth made for those who were left behind! How overpowering the presence of the departed one was! It seemed to Pearl that her heart ceased to beat, that everything was hushed to an unearthly silence, listening to the silence of that figure on the bed. She looked, and looked, until she fancied the lips moved. Were they asking for a kiss? She stole gently round to the bedside, and bent down, and kissed the cold, white forehead. The touch went through her like a sting of ice. She dropped on her knees, and buried her face in the bed, and wept bitterly.

"Come away, miss," said Parker in a whisper, and attempting to raise her.

Pearl let herself be lifted, and then bent forward and imprinted one more kiss on the white brow, her tears flowing abundantly all the time. She was moving away when at the door she missed her handkerchief.

"Go in, miss; I will fetch it," said Parker, turning back. In a minute she reappeared.

"Here it is! Here is the letter, miss. It had slipped in between the mattress and the wood, and in getting at the handkerchief I pulled it up."

Pearl took the letter almost joyfully. It came like a message from the silent lips. She sat down and opened the blank envelope. The letter within was addressed in an unknown handwriting, but the postmark was Vienna. Her heart, that had seemed stricken with paralysis a moment before, gave a sudden leap, and then went on beating so violently that she had to hold her hand to her side to still it before she could bring herself to read the letter:

"MADAME:

"The mission on which I was so hastily despatched is now nearly at an end, and I expect to be in Paris in less than a week. Meantime, I come to you for advice and help in a matter of deep importance to me, and to one dear to you—one of whom I have heard you speak as of an adopted child. Am I mistaken in suspecting that my love for her is no secret to you? If so, I confide it to you now. I love her, and it is the ambition of my life to win her love and to make her my wife. I dare not flatter myself that she cares for me, but she must know that I love her, and she has not resented my boldness in venturing to do so. This is

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all I have to build upon. But when a man loves as I do, this same is much. And I am patient. My love is strong enough to live a long time on hope. There is no trial she can put me to, no sacrifice she can ask of me, that I am not willing to accept; if only she gives me leave to work for the greatest happiness, the highest privilege this world could bestow on me, that of one day calling her my wife. I am a poor man; she also is without fortune; and this is the only point of equality between us. I am a son of the people; my *blazon* is my sword and a name that can boast of no illustration beyond that which honor lends to the most plebeian. I believe that her soul is great enough to overlook these shortcomings, and to bestow her hand where her heart found a love worthy of it; but I cannot ask her to do this. I cannot ask her to decide her own fate without having first the consent of her father to address her. Is it perfectly hopeless for me to ask for this consent? You know him, and you can advise me. I have the possibility of getting an appointment which would considerably increase my pay, and which I should apply for immediately if I could hope that she, whose name I do not even dare to write, would consent to share my poverty, and give me with her love a possession that I would fling away wealth and fame, and risk even life itself, to buy. If you could read my heart, you who love her, you would not be afraid to entrust her to me.

"Madame, I place my cause in your hands. If you believe that you can further her wishes and her happiness by pleading it, you will do so. If not, throw this letter into the fire, and forgive the boldness that prompted it—a boldness that draws its only strength, its only justification, from a love stronger than death. I will not pursue her; I will not resent her rejection; I will never intrude myself upon her presence; I will go away to Africa, if she so wishes it; but one thing she must not ask me to do—that is, to cease to love her.

"I have the honor to remain, madame,

"RAOUL DARVALLON."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A MISSION MASS.

THE fog slow lifted o'er the hills,
  Their wooded crowns unveiling,
Slow lifted from the inland stream
  Through widening meadows trailing;
The busy little white-walled town,
  To ragged hillside clinging,
Woke not with restless start to hear
  The work-day summons ringing;

The mill-race poured no eager flood
  For clattering wheel's full-feeding,
And youth and maiden wandered by
  The factory door, unheeding;
From belfries, crowned with cock and vane,
  The service bells were pealing,
The Sunday rest the day had brought
  In jangling notes revealing.

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Beyond the village' dusty edge,
On bluff the river crowning,
Where path-worn greensward and gray fence
Marked still some human owning,
Here humble wanderers gathered near
A cabin rude and lowly—
The August sunshine in the town
Shone on no spot so holy—

Within whose rudely sheltering walls,
Beneath whose darkened ceiling,
Rough-seeming hearts with reverent thought
Awaited Heaven's healing;
Awaited Him who came of old,
No grander refuge claiming,
His worshippers, the shepherds meek;
His guard, the angels flaming.

This day again he came with train
Of angels, all adoring;
The modern town, like Bethlehem,
His presence sweet ignoring.
Within the Irish workman's hut
Knelt Erin's faithful people;
In vain for them the swinging bell
Called from the village steeple.

Too scant the cabin's log-bound walls
To hold the flock adoring,
Whose sturdy members stood without,
Recked not the sunshine pouring
With summer's passion on the sod,
From skies clean-swept and glaring;
Who knew the presence of the Lord,
Their heads before him baring.

No common Sunday this for them,
This joy they knew but rarely,
Who on the iron pathway's track
Hard labored late and early;
For whom no sacred house of God
Its broad-armed cross uplifted—
So far from faith's pure Sacrifice
St. Patrick's children drifted.

Yet ever when their Lord drew near,
Their hearts' warm shelter seeking,
They held his priest their dearest guest,
Their homes his altar making—

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An altar bare of earthly pomp,
  Yet rich in loving tender,
And perfect in the Sacrifice
  That God to God should render.

No less was theirs who knelt about
  That spot so poor and lowly
Than stirred the consecration bell
  Of Old-World shrines most holy.
Though through no painted window fell
  The tale of saint's devotion,
Nor organ's low and lengthened swell
  Stirred reverent air to motion,

Yet even to this pauper state
  Would come the Lord of Heaven,
His perfect presence, love-disguised,
  In grace divine be given;
Yet blessing not alone with love
  Brave Ireland's sons and daughters—
Soft gleamed silk robes of matrons fair
  Who dwelt by distant waters,

Who sought the green New England hills
  For loved one's health retrieving,
Who late had learned the beauty strange
  Of these poor hearts' believing.
Here maiden knelt to whom the faith
  Taught noble ways of duty,
Showed wondrous paths, illumined fair
  Beyond all earthly beauty;

Knelt little child, with childish awe
  And simple wonder gazing,
Whose memory e'er hath kept the lines
  Of that day's sunny tracing—
The glitter of the summer sky,
  The soft mists slow unfolding,
The humble cabin's narrow walls
  The perfect worship holding;

The quaint Franciscan's robe of brown
  Beneath his vestments gleaming,
The stranger-matrons' broideries soft—
  Like Gentile monarchs seeming—
The pure, true-hearted courtesy
  The simple people proffered,
The inborn grace of chivalry
  With Celtic fervor offered;

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The bending down in her own land
Amid the foreign nation;
The half-felt wonder of the heart
At truth's sad isolation:
And still she keeps, the wonder lost,
The far-off childish vision,
The fair New England hills made glad
With poor Franciscan's mission.

Strong sound to-day within that town
Bells pealed from cross-crowned steeple,
And where once knelt a handful scant
Now throngs a growing people
Winning the fulness of the soil
While richer harvest sharing,
Still on the railway's smoke-wreathed path
The cross's standard bearing.

THE TOMB OF MAGDALENE.

We descended from the Sainte Baume on foot, following our guide through the low bushes and sharp rocks that cover the steep sides, by intricate paths it required no little sagacity to trace. We hope the way was better when the Grand Monarque and his court came down to dine at Nans because he would not eat meat on the holy mountain. Nans is a little hamlet at the foot. It was there, at a fork in the road, we took the diligence to the town of St. Maximin. We arrived after an hour's drive; but it was already too dark to see anything of the place, and, having no hungry courtiers in attendance to urge on us the necessity of dining, we went at once, footsore as we were, to the chapel of the Dominicans. They were saying Complines behind a veiled screen in their measured recitative way, with a numerous congregation in the outer part silently praying in the obscurity. There was only a feeble lamp before the pale statue of Our Lady, with a taper or two by which some old people were reading their prayers. At the Salve the screen was withdrawn, according to the custom of the Dominicans. The altar was lit up, and we could see the fathers in their white woollen robes and shaven crowns, as they sang the evening hymn to a grave, sweet air peculiar to themselves. Then, as they knelt, the prior gave them his benediction with the aspersorium, and afterwards to the congregation: Noctem quietam et finem perfectum concedat nobis Dominus Omnipotens—May the Almighty God grant us a quiet night and a perfect end. Amen. The screen was closed, the lights were extinguished, all but that before the tabernacle, and the people stole quietly away in the darkness, as if peace had descended upon them with the prior's blessing. It

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was like a mediæval picture unveiled for a moment, and then concealed from our view. Going out in our turn, we passed beneath the dark shadow of the church of St. Maximin, so interesting to the archæologist and pilgrim, which we had come to visit, and were soon in a narrow cell under the guard of St. Dominic. The next morning at an early hour we went to the church, where we spent the greater part of the day, for there is little else of interest in the place.

St. Maximin owes its origin and celebrity solely to a tomb. It is a small Provençal town that stands in a solitary plain enclosed among hills that descend from the three ranges of Mt. Aurelian, Mt. St. Victoire, and the mountain of the Sainte Baume. The plain of St. Maximin is dry and monotonous, the roads that traverse it are dazzling white from the chalky rocks, but it has a picturesque outline, and a history of its own exclusively religious and legendary. For here was buried St. Mary Magdalene in a tomb of alabaster, suited to her who broke the precious vase over the feet of the Son of God. This, says Lacordaire, is one of the three great tombs in the Christian world. Not to speak of the Holy Sepulchre, it comes immediately after the tomb of St. Peter at Rome; for she who, out of the mists of death that barely veiled her brightness, was raised to the triumph of her Assumption, left no tomb on earth, and the disciple so dear to the Sacred Heart was allowed to remain buried, as it were, in his Gospel.

No woman, except her "above all women glorified," has been more venerated in the Christian world than Magdalene. All the doctors, all the Fathers of the Church, every nation that has received the light of the Gospel, have sounded her praises. In England alone there are one hundred and fifty churches that bear her name. Poets and artists have celebrated her beauty, her golden hair, and her penitent life. Christian chivalry took her for a patroness. Her name was a watchword for the Crusaders. It was natural for those who went to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre to choose as their guide one who, by her repentance and love, merited to lead the disciples to the tomb of the risen Saviour. A whole race of princes, as Lacordaire says, consecrated themselves to her service. The first of them discovered her remains, so long concealed through fear of the barbarians, digging the ground with his own royal hands. Bishops removed her body with respect. A king sent his own crown to adorn the brow a divine hand once touched. Gold, silver, and precious stones were lavished on her shrine. An immense crowd hailed the discovery. Rome, source of truth, consecrated the solemn triumph by her approbation. The greatest of the French monarchs, after the example of his race, came to render homage at her tomb. In one day it was visited by five kings; in one century, by eight popes.*

According to the old Provençal legend, Magdalene, after spending thirty years in the sublime solitude of the Sainte Baume without holding any intercourse with mankind, was transported by the angels, accustomed to bear her to the Saint Pilon, to an oratory several leagues distant built by St. Maximin on the Aurelian Way. This place is now marked by a tall stone pillar on the roadside, curiously sculptured, likewise called the holy Pié-

* Lacordaire's *Sainte Marie Madeleine.*

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loun, or Pilon. The processions from St. Maximin at Rogation time, etc., stop here to sing the *Gaudez* in her honor. This pillar was set up centuries ago with a statue of Magdalene on the top completely covered by her long hair, sustained by four angels. When brought here her face reflected so much of the dawning glory of heaven that St. Maximin was filled with awe and dared not approach her. But she told him she was only Magdalene, the sinner whom he had baptized in the Jordan, who had come with him to Marseilles. God had preserved her all these years that she might have space to do penance. Then with streaming eyes she begged for the Viaticum of souls, as she was about to pass to the heavenly life. He gave her the divine food, and then, says St. Antonin, she expired in the oratory where she received her Lord, in the presence of St. Maximin and all the clergy, on the eleventh day before the kalends of August, leaving behind her, says the Golden Legend, so sweet an odor that the oratory remained perfumed for seven days. St. Martha at Tarascon saw her soul borne to heaven by the angels, and cried: "Goest thou to enjoy without me the sweet presence of the Lord Jesus, whom we both loved so much, and who so loved us?"

The clergy bore her body to a chapel near the ancient Villa Lata, or Tegulata, and St. Maximin, after embalming it, buried it in a tomb of alabaster, and over it erected a basilica. A holy guard, with a few short intervals, has always kept prayerful watch around it. Cassian, we know, or his followers, established a convent here in the fifth century under the invocation of St. Maximin, the first apostle of this region. It afterwards belonged to the Benedictines. It was not till the thirteenth century it was given to the Dominicans, and became one of their most important establishments in France.

It was in the time of the Cassianites that the Saracens invaded Provence. It was then that Magdalene's remains were taken from her tomb for safety and buried in the ground, where they remained till 1279. The precise spot was, in the course of ages, forgotten, but that they lay somewhere in the precincts was a constant tradition. In spite of this it began to be rumored that Gerard de Roussillon had removed them to Vezelai. Perhaps some other holy body had been mistaken for hers — some sainted nun who had borne the name of Magdalene. The church at Vezelai where the great penitent was honored began to be famous. In the time of the Holy Wars many of the Crusaders, as did Richard the Lion-hearted, went there to receive the cross. St. Bernard preached the second Crusade there to a multitude of lords and knights. The bishop of Autun formally protested against pilgrimages to Vezelai in view of the constant tradition at St. Maximin. And though St. Louis went there before going to the Holy Wars, the Sire de Joinville unhesitatingly says her body reposed a short day's journey from Aix. The popularity of Vezelai, which, after all, only confirmed the tradition of Magdalene's coming to Provence, died out after the discovery of her real tomb, and the relics honored there were burned by the Calvinists in the sixteenth century at the instigation of Theodore de Beza, a native of Vezelai.

A portion of Magdalene's re-

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mains had always been kept for veneration at St. Maximin in a wooden coffer called the Arche des Vertus—the Ark of Power, or miracles—which used to be carried in procession on Ascension day, the people passing beneath, kissing the rich drapery that veiled it.

It was a nephew of St. Louis, Charles of Anjou, Prince of Salerno, afterwards King of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, as well as Count of Provence, who, out of hereditary devotion to Magdalene, resolved to bring her tomb once more to light. A legend says she appeared to him and told him he would find it beneath a bush of fennel still green in spite of the frosts of winter. He took the spade and dug himself with the workmen till the tomb was found. When the clergy opened it a wonderful odor was diffused around, as of sweetest aromatic spices, which is thus alluded to in the ancient liturgy of Aix:

> "Sacrum corpus balsamum
> Transcendit odore."

The skin still adhered to the forehead on the spot touched by the risen Saviour, as if from a remnant of life. This became known to pilgrims as the *Noli me tangere*. The tongue also that announced the resurrection of Christ was well preserved. In it had taken root, says the legend, the fennel plant that grew green above the grave—the giant fennel in the stalk of which Prometheus brought to earth the fire stolen from heaven. The lower maxillary bone was wanting. This was at the church of St. John Lateran at Rome, and was found to correspond exactly when Magdalene's head was taken there for the Sovereign Pontiff to venerate

In the tomb was a box of cork containing an inscription on parchment, put in by the Cassianites, stating that December 6, 710, during the reign of Eudes, King of the Franks, the body of Magdalene, out of fear of the Saracens who had invaded the country, was secretly transferred in the night from her sepulchre of alabaster to the marble tomb of St. Sidonius, in which it was buried. Critics long objected to this inscription on the plea that there was no king of the name of Eudes, or Odo, in the eighth century; but it is now known this was Eudes, Duke of Aquitaine, the great-grandson of Clotaire II., who declared himself independent when Pepin le Bref took possession of the kingdom of Austrasia, and reigned as sovereign over all that part of France between the Loire and the ocean, and even beyond the Rhone. Many old documents call him king, and his charters bear the date of his reign. It is not surprising that the very clergy of later times should be staggered by this objection, when even experts in history a century ago were unaware that Eudes ruled over this part of Provence and styled himself king. This very fact only serves now to prove the authenticity of the inscription. The Dominicans had nothing to do with the discovery of the tomb. They were not established here till sixteen years after.

A second inscription was found, written on a wooden tablet faced with wax. Such tablets were in common use in the early ages. We know that St. Honorat wrote St. Eucher on waxen tablets. St. Hilary of Arles tells how the latter replied on one occasion: "You have restored the honey to its wax or comb," alluding to the sweetness

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of St. Honorat's style. This inscription simply said: "Here lies the body of Mary Magdalene," but Charles could scarcely read it on account of its antiquity, whereas he had no difficulty as to the one on parchment.

Magdalene's remains were divided into three portions. For the body Charles had a silver shrine made, ornamented with gold, and six bishops of Provence placed it reverently therein the Sunday after the Ascension, 1280. A silver arm was also made for two bones of the right arm. And for the head there was a bust of silver and gold, set with diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, topazes, rubies, and pearls. On a plate of gold was inscribed: "Stained first by sin, but afterwards purified by holy love, Mary, the admirable hostess, the devoted follower of Christ, after traversing the seas, filled this land with the splendor of her sanctity. The prince of Salerno in 1283, out of love to the Supreme Goodness, placed this holy relic in its châsse of gold, and adorned it with a royal crown. O Mary! protect Charles during his life, and open Paradise to him at its close." It was his father, Charles of Sicily, who sent his own crown to be placed on the bust.

Charles II. founded the church of St. Maximin, on the site of the ancient one, but it was not completed till the time of King René, two hundred years after. He had the Dominicans placed here in 1295, exempting them from all but a nominal tax, out of honor, as he says, to the remains of St. Magdalene, which he had discovered, and which now reposed in the church. He gave them his library, in which were many valuable manuscripts, including a Bible in seven languages, now at the Vatican. He transmitted his devotion to Magdalene to his fifteen children, especially to St. Louis of Toulouse. He himself was regarded as a saint, and his tomb in a monastery he founded at Aix was resorted to by many people for cures.

The church of St. Maximin was continued by the pious liberality of the counts of Provence, who invariably assigned as their motive: Ob reverentiam beatæ Mariæ Magdalenæ, cujus beatissimum corpus requiescit ibidem. They even sacrificed a portion of the public revenues for the purpose. King Robert set apart the *gabelle* at Nice for ten years. And two thousand florins that had been dishonestly appropriated by the fiscal agents during his reign, and restored through the confessional, were also given to the work. The pious Marshal Boucicaut, whose valor was of so much service to his country, repaired the ancient crypt and built one of the chapels. But its completion was chiefly due to King René, who is regarded as its second founder. He had a great veneration for the early apostles of Provence, especially Magdalene, and showed his passion for the arts by building and adorning numerous churches. He imposed great sacrifices on himself to complete that of St. Maximin, and founded, moreover, four lamps to burn in the church—two before the high altar, and two in the crypt before the shrine of Magdalene—assigning two measures of oil for this purpose from the royal domains, afterwards acquitted by the lords of Carqueirane. This beautiful custom among the princes and nobles of the middle ages of making a foundation for a lamp before the Blessed Sacrament, the altar of Our Lady, or the shrines of

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the saints, has not wholly died out in Catholic lands. Scarcely a celebrated sanctuary but has its perpetual lamp or taper due to pious liberality. Who that has visited Lourdes has not been struck by the enormous candles, the offering of the rich, slowly consuming in the grotto—as well as the meagre tapers, the more affecting offerings of the poor?

King René also founded a college in connection with the convent. He usually spent the Great Week of the Holy Passion at St. Maximin's in solemn recollection and attending the religious exercises in the church. He left sixty-six hundred florins * in his will to continue the works, enjoining on the friars to give hospitality to the counts of Provence, as patrons of their house, whenever they came to St. Maximin's, and desiring that the prior and brethren, in their turn, should be freely entertained whenever they went to court, and as long as they chose to remain. The Dominicans at the end of every office used to say the *Absolve, quæsumus, Domine*, for Charles II., Robert I., Louis II., and René, as the four chief benefactors of the house.

The kings of France were no less generous, and down to the time of Louis XV. confirmed all the ancient privileges of the church. Louis XI. allowed it an annual revenue out of devotion to Mme. Saincte Marie Magdaleine, la glorieuse dame et amye de Dieu. Charles VIII. gave five silver reliquaries to contain the heads of five saints entombed in the church, among whom were SS. Marcella and Susanne, who came from the East with the family of Bethany, and SS. Blaise and Siffrid, disciples of St. Maximin. When Anne of Brittany came here she gave four angels of silver gilt to support the bust of Magdalene. She had herself represented kneeling on the silver pedestal—a statuette of enamelled gold, a work of remarkable execution.

Francis I. visited the church with a great train to give thanks for the late victory of Marignano. He was accompanied by his mother, Queen Claude, his wife, and his sister Margaret, Duchess of Alençon, afterwards Queen of Navarre; they were not permitted to enter the crypt, which was forbidden to women, but the king and lords went down to pay their devotions.

Louis XIV. visited St. Maximin in February, 1680, with his mother, Anne of Austria, and a numerous retinue. They arrived at six o'clock in the afternoon, and, according to Pope Boniface's orders in 1295 as to the reception of the king, the monks, sixty in number, each with a lighted candle and wearing his richest cope, went out in procession to meet him. The church was lit up with more than five hundred flambeaux. They conducted the king to the high altar, and the *Te Deum* was sung. His devotions completed, he was taken to the hospice of the convent, where he was served at table by the prior and the chief of the brethren. The next morning he heard Mass at the high altar, but the queen went down to the crypt and there received holy communion, showing that the custom of excluding women had been abolished. But men were still obliged to lay aside their arms before entering it, and the king and all his lords conformed to the rule. They afterwards ascended to the Sainte

* A florin is equivalent to 8.25 francs.

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Baume in spite of the snow and ice on the mountain, and at their return Magdalene's shrine was opened, her remains were taken out by the clergy and examined by the king's physician, and the king, torch in hand, followed them from the crypt to the high altar amid the acclamations of the multitude, and there they were placed in a porphyry urn, the gift of the archbishop of Avignon. This urn rested on two dogs with flaming brands, the cognizance of the Dominican Order, and was surmounted by a bronze statue of Magdalene reclining, the work of Algardi. The king set his seal to the urn. Fifteen days after he returned here from Toulon. The queen gave three thousand livres to the church, and the king drew up a procès-verbal concerning the translation of the relics:

"It having been thought proper that the bones of St. Mary Magdalene, the incomparable penitent, who once received from the lips of Truth itself the assurance of her perfect contrition and the remission of her sins, which, according to tradition and many ancient documents, repose in the church of St. Maximin, should be transferred to an urn of porphyry, we hold it to be our duty, having been present at the translation, to give this testimony to the public, regarding it as a great glory to render, as we do with reverence, honor to the sepulchre of this great saint, trusting that she who poured out her precious balm with so much love and effusion of soul against the day of the Saviour's burial that he desired that which she had done to be told wheresoever the Gospel should be preached in the whole world, will also render our offerings and tribute agreeable in his sight."

The relics of Magdalene had, from the time of their discovery by the prince of Salerno, been always guarded with the most jealous care, and in seasons of danger were frequently concealed, as in the time of the Saracens. In 1357 they were secretly conveyed to the Sainte Baume, where they lay hidden three years. A century later some people from Marseilles made an attempt to carry them off as they were borne in procession; but the citizens of St. Maximin, aided by the stout arms of a band from Arles, succeeded in defending them. The people of St. Maximin were so grateful for this assistance that they every year invited the captain of the city of Arles with several of the prominent citizens to attend the celebration of St. Magdalene's day. The keys of the town were presented them and their expenses paid. This was kept up nearly two hundred years. King Charles VIII. forbade the monks giving away the least portion of the relics, unless they were authorized by the king. When some Italian monks, who perhaps thought the pious theft no robbery, took off the gold masque and attempted to carry away a portion of them, they were seized and actually hung by the parliament of Aix. The Emperor Charles V. tried to get possession of them when he came to Provence in 1536, but the Dominicans hid them in a pit. One of the vertebræ, however, was offered Queen Anne at the translation under Louis XIV. She received it with gratitude, and left it to the nuns of Val de Grâce at Paris. When these holy remains were verified by the religious and civil authorities in 1780, the people assembled with loud cries around the church, demanding with threats to see the

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great saint. They were only kept out by an armed force, and at length they grew so violent that, fearful of a riot, the consuls induced one of the Dominicans to put on his stole and go forth to appease them by promising to expose the bust in one of the side chapels. Whereupon the fathers began to intone the *Lauda, Mater*, and, after carrying the shrine around the cloister twice, bore it into the church, where the crowd was admitted to venerate it. At nine o'clock in the evening the magistrates, desirous of repose, attempted to carry the châsse away, but the crowd renewed their outcries. Accordingly it was borne across the square to a public hall, where the people, who had by this time collected from the country around, had an opportunity of approaching it. Then, for the first time, the *Noli me tangere* fell from the forehead. It was placed in a crystal case. The porphyry urn, however, was not opened till 1781, when, by order of Louis XVI., a bone was detached in presence of the monks and consuls for Don Ferdinand, Duke of Parma, to whom it was carried by the prior. This was providentially sent to Paris many years after by Napoleon among the spoils of war, and in the time of Mgr. de Quélen was placed in the beautiful church of the Madeleine.

At the Revolution the church of St. Maximin was despoiled, the urn broken open, and the contents scattered. The head of Magdalene, however, was borne secretly away by the sacristan, as well as the arm, some of the hair, the Sainte Ampoule, the head of St. Sidonius, and fragments of other holy bodies. But the ancient documents were all burned, and the gold and silver shrines carried off. The tombs, too, were opened and the pavement torn up to extract saltpetre; but, thanks to the prudence of Lucien Bonaparte, the church itself was saved by his putting *Fournitures militaires* over the door and filling the interior with hay and provisions. It was finally sold by the commissary of the republic for one hundred livres to a person honorable enough to restore it to its proper use at the reopening of the churches.

The church and convent of St. Maximin were restored to the Dominicans in 1859. The head of Magdalene, on which Charles of Anjou, the brother of St. Louis, had placed his royal crown, and before which stood the golden statue of Anne of Brittany, was then in a poor wooden reliquary, given by peasants. It was decided to transfer it to a more suitable one of bronze. This was done in 1860 in the presence of eight bishops and a great number of priests and laymen. The whole town on this occasion was adorned with flowers, evergreens, and banners. The streets were crowded with people. The relics were borne through the town by the Dominicans, surrounded, as in the olden time, by a guard of honor carrying their *pertuisanes*—a kind of halberd once forged at Pertuis, a village not far from St. Maximin. The Père Lacordaire was to have made an address, but was prevented by his health, then failing. The streets were illuminated in the evening, and the church lit up with a thousand lamps.

The church of St. Maximin is of the Gothic style, and remarkable for its majestic nave and harmonious proportions. There are two aisles, but no ambulatory. The right aisle terminates in the Chapel of

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the Rosary, the mysteries of which are painted in the compartments of a frame around the Madonna. At the end of the other aisle is the altar of the Corpus Domini, which has a very remarkable retablo of the Crucifixion surrounded by sixteen scenes of the Passion, painted by Breughel d'Enfer, and curious for the costumes of the painter's time. The apsis of the church is occupied by the choir. Over the high altar is the urn of porphyry that once contained the remains of Magdalene, and at the sides are bas-reliefs framed in rich mosaic—one of the Assumption of Magdalene, by Puget; the other of the dying penitent receiving the last communion from the hands of St. Maximin. This is of terra-cotta.

There are ninety-four stalls in the choir, admirably carved by an artist of the Dominican Order, and furnishing quite a page of Christian symbolism. On the panels are the saints of the order. There are St. Antonin weighing the word of God against bread; St. Vincent Ferrer preaching on the last judgment, lightning flashing in the heavens; St. Raymond de Peñaforte crossing the sea on his mantle; the Blessed Henry Suso with his discipline; St. Marcolin with the name of Jesus in his heart; St. Ambrogio Sansedoni of Sienna preaching to convicts in the galleys; St. Hyacinth with a trumpet of victory, bearing the ciborium and Madonna across the Dniester; St. Peter Martyr with the knife in his head and the palm in his hand; St. Thomas of Aquino with the sun on his breast; St. Pius V. miraculously witnessing the victory of Lepanto; St. Agnes of Montepulciano stealing the cross from the Infant Jesus; St. Catharine of Sienna with pierced hands and a crown of thorns; St. Margaret de Castello with the eye on her heart; St. Margaret of Savoy, to whom our Lord offered the choice of three things, with her three darts; St. Rose of Lima holding the Infant Jesus; St. Dominic with his lily, etc.

Out of the north aisle you go down into a little crypt barely large enough for you to pass between the four sarcophagi that once contained bodies of the saints. Popes and kings have descended here. There was a lamp suspended from the vault, and the sacristan lighted a torch that we might see the head of Magdalene, which is on the altar beneath a Gothic baldacchino. The Bras de Ste. Madeleine was also shown us. The old sarcophagi are very curious, particularly that of Magdalene, which is of calcareous alabaster, and worthy of study on account of the ancient sculpturing. It resembles in style the beautiful tomb of Junius Bassus, taken from the catacombs, which every one will remember who has visited the crypt of St. Peter's at Rome. Corinthian colonnettes divide the front into five compartments, in each of which is a scene from the Passion in high relief. The tombs of St. Maximin and the Holy Innocents are also interesting, but the largest and most beautiful is that of St. Sidonius, which has a relief of Tabitha restored to life, and others with their lesson of hope beyond the grave.

It was fortunate we visited the crypt in the morning, for a regiment of soldiers that had halted in passing through St. Maximin kept it full all the afternoon, as only two or three could go down at a time. Meanwhile, when not watching them with some curiosity, we examined one chapel after the other, and visited the sacristy. In the

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latter we were shown the cope of St. Louis of Toulouse, a remarkable piece of needlework, said to have been done by Queen Blanche, and left by the holy bishop to the church founded by his father. Unfortunately it has been injured by an attempt to modernize the shape. The groundwork is of gold tissue, and on it are embroidered, with silk of different colors, thirty scenes relating to the life of Christ and the Blessed Virgin—subjects the middle ages loved to paint on its windows and sculpture at the portals of its churches. M. Rostan calls this piece of "needlework sublime" a poem in three cantos. The first relates to the happy portion of Mary's life—the ineffable joys that pertained to her maternity. The second paints the infinitude of her grief at the time of the Passion. The third has reference to her supernatural joys in heaven. Around these medallions is a cloud of angels with censers, enveloping the sacred mysteries, as it were, with an atmosphere of celestial delights.

There is also one of St. Louis' sandals (he was a Franciscan), but so worn by the pious curiosity of pilgrims that the outer texture is no longer to be distinguished. The first chapel finished in the church was dedicated to this saint at the request of King Robert, his brother, who was carrying on the work of its completion.

But the most precious relic at St. Maximin's is the Sainte Ampoule. This is a crystal tube of the thirteenth century, containing the fragments of a far more ancient ampulla, with some earth and little stones, tinged with the holy Redeemer's Blood, that were gathered up by Magdalene at the foot of the cross. They were found with her remains when discovered by Prince Charles, but are known to have existed before, being spoken of in a cartulary of the eleventh century. Nicephorus Callixtus speaks of an Oriental tradition which says Magdalene preserved and bore about with her a fragment of the stone on which our Saviour was placed when taken down from the cross. Nothing is more reasonable than to suppose such relics were preserved by the disciples and holy women. The Sainte Ampoule, as M. Faillon says, has always been the object of a constant public and solemn cultus. This was known to the popes who resided at Avignon, and virtually authorized by those who made a pilgrimage to St. Maximin, without speaking of the great number of cardinals, bishops, and priests from different Christian lands, who never failed, when honoring the relics here, to show supreme veneration to this. Louis of Tarento gave it the highest rank, always designating it as the most precious Blood of the Lord. The cylinder that contains it is of octagon shape and mounted in silver gilt. It used to be kept in a rich vase with the arms of King René graven on the gold foot. This was lost at the Revolution. It is now in a curious coffer of silver gilt of the thirteenth century, with the attributes of the apostles on the sides.

So frequent were the miracles formerly attributed to this sacred relic that it acquired great celebrity. It was shown on Good Friday after the reading of the Passion, and the Blood, like that of St. Januarius at Naples, used to liquefy and boil up till the vial was filled. This was called the *saint miracle*, and drew a great crowd, sometimes amounting to five or six

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thousand people. They were allowed to go close to the vial to see the miracle, as they passed out through the cloister to prevent confusion. Belleforèt, in his *Cosmographie Universelle*, says: "This vial is shown every year on Good Friday, the day of the Lord's Passion, and this not without great marvel and astonishment on the part of all who witness it. For, the office being over, the prior of the Jacobins exposes the said vial, the blood of which is seen, little by little, to rise till it fills the vase, as has been witnessed by many, even the Huguenots, who, thinking there was some monkish subtlety in it, wished to see for themselves, and in fact beheld what they had considered incredible, and were confused, after keeping guard over the sacred vase all night, to see before their face and eyes the hard substance in the bottom soften and liquefy, then grow clear, manifesting visibly the blood and water that flowed from the side of our God when the soldier pierced it with his lance. For this miracle we have the testimony of the Sire de la Burle, who, for our greater satisfaction, has placed in our hands a letter of attestation he obtained from the Seigneur de Germigny of Burgundy, who visited all these holy places, not out of curiosity, but with a religious spirit, and had the privilege of witnessing the said miracle April 13, 1571, there being, as M. de la Burle declares, scarcely a good Catholic in Provence who has not witnessed what is so uncommon and miraculous."

When the Sainte Ampoule was exhibited or carried in procession, it had, as a guard of honor, the captain of the town and twelve citizens "of the best quality," armed with pertuisanes. These processions took place several times a year. The priest in a cope bore the Sainte Ampoule under a canopy, and it was constantly incensed, like the Host on Corpus Christi day, which was never done to the relics of St. Mary Magdalene. The captain was paid thirty livres each time, but he had to furnish a band of players on the viol. After the procession this guard took dinner with the consuls of the town, and were given, moreover, twelve pots of wine and twenty-four loaves of bread. The Dominicans at length tried to be exempted from furnishing this supply, but the magistrates insisted that it had been the immemorial custom, and they considered its fulfilment of inviolable obligation. Accordingly the Dominicans yielded.

When the relics of Magdalene were carried in procession they were met at the door of the church by the mayor of the town at the head of the municipal corps. The former offered Magdalene a bouquet of flowers which was attached to the bust. The magistrates always took an oath, when they entered upon their duties, to respect the privileges of the church and convent, formally declaring it "propter singularem devotionis affectum quem ad ipsam Mariam Magdalenam apostolam incessanter gerimus."

La Madeleine used to be a day to date from, like Michaelmas, Martinmas, etc., and was chosen for the performance of special things. On that day all work ceased and the holy relics were brought forth. The church of St. Maximin, now stripped of its ancient splendor, must have presented a most imposing spectacle at such times. The triple range of

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windows, now partly walled up, were filled with stained glass that only imparted a greater charm to the obscurity of the long aisles; the splendid shrines were gleaming with countless lights; the cunningly wrought stalls were filled with white-robed friars; the numerous chapels were occupied by the different confraternities in their various picturesque costumes; and the offices of holy church were celebrated in all their ancient splendor that nothing can rival this side of heaven, if, indeed, such rites be not heaven itself begun. One of the old confraternities used to be called the Compans de Notre Dame de Grands Cierges. It owned property, and furnished the large candles that burned around the ancient Virgin of Miséricorde. It also distributed garments among the poor, and attended funerals with the great candles peculiar to this *dévot illuminaire*. The Illuminaire de Corpus Domini also owned land, and used to furnish candles for the procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

Among the ancient coin of this region was a gold piece weighing six grains, called *Magdalins*, struck by Charles III. of Sicily to perpetuate the remembrance of the coming to this country of the great penitent—always considered, in the ages of faith, the chief glory of Provence. On some of these the saint is represented half-length, only covered with her hair, holding in both hands the vase of alabaster. On others she wears garments and holds the vase in her left hand. Her head is bent down and the right hand extended. On the back are the cross of Lorraine and the fleur-de-lis of Provence, with the legend: In hoc signo vinces.

It is said no one was ever killed by lightning at St. Maximin and at the Sainte Baume, and the people attribute this preservation to the power of Magdalene. It has been the custom from remote times in Provence to say the following prayer in a thunder-storm:

Sainte Barbe, Sainte Hélène,
Sainte Marie Madeleine,
Preservez-nous du tonnerre, s'il vous plaît.

Joanna I., Queen of Sicily, being overtaken by a furious tempest on her way to Provence, invoked St. Mary Magdalene and made a vow to give nine hundred florins to her church, if delivered from danger. She escaped and scrupulously fulfilled her vow. Cardinal de Cabassole, her minister, finding his life endangered on the Mediterranean, vowed to make a pilgrimage to St. Maximin and the Sainte Baume as soon as he should be permitted to land. He relates this in a work composed in honor of the protecting saint.

It is also said that no one was ever killed by lightning at Aix, and the people believe the town protected by St. Maximin, to whom they have great devotion. He was the first bishop of Aix, and one of the seventy-two disciples. St. Nymphe, his niece, came to Provence with him. It was she who evangelized the colony that gathered around the old Roman Castra Pinorum, now called Pignans. She built an oratory in honor of Our Lady on a height the people call the Montagne Sainte, from which you can see the Mediterranean, the islands of Hyères, the mountains of Corsica, the Sainte Baume, and the glaciers of the Alps. Thierri, the son of Clovis, built a new chapel here in 508. In his act of foundation he alludes to the ancient oratory built in the time of the Beata Nympha, niece of St. Maximin.

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Cardinal de Bouillon, in a petition to Louis XIV., speaks of this chapel as having existed about twelve hundred years. In it is an ancient statue of the Blessed Virgin, of Oriental type and costume—according to popular tradition, the work of the first Christians. Thierri expressly says: "Here is honored an image of Mary, carved out of wood in the time of Christ's disciples." The chapel of Notre Dame de Pignans has been specially patronized by the popes. Clement III. called it the privileged daughter of the Roman Church. The old counts of Provence endowed it with lands, and the king of Aragon gave it a village and an entire mountain.

SOUVENIRS OF MADAME LE BRUN.*

THE ante-Revolution days in France are fast becoming social and historical curiosities. Their conditions have the interest of antiques, and their politics no longer rouse any save the spirit of investigation. Very few living men and women remember them; still fewer have taken any part in them. Traditions which seemed ineradicable have wholly lost their influence, and the historical metamorphosis of the country which first disturbed "the balance of power" in Europe is as complete as any of the natural metamorphoses which we witness year by year. The life of Mme. Vigée Le Brun, a portrait-painter patronized by the court of Louis XVI., and afterwards by that of Catherine II. of Russia and of the great Napoleon, became, like that of many others among the younger *émigrés*, an epitome of the quick changes leading from one phase of society to the other. Born in 1755, when fashionable atheism was still securely playing with fire as a drawing-room experiment, she died in 1842, during the reign of the citizen-king, Louis Philippe, when France was a republic in all but in name. Her travels through Europe are interesting as illustrating the different degrees of rapidity with which other European states followed the democratic lead of France, and also the measure of real change which distinguishes the march of each, irrespective of apparent and violent alterations. She saw Rome in 1789 as it remained until 1848, but Venice she knew as a republic long before it fell under the Austrian yoke, which is now the oldest tradition there. Nelson and Lady Hamilton were powers at Naples, where the queen, Marie Antoinette's sister, ruled with a strong hand and a skilful tongue, doing her supine husband's duty better than she did her own. The Russia of Catherine II., essentially "Holy Russia" in those days, and apparently a successful result of strong paternal government, offered a field for endless study; and though only the outward details of its life and the startling personalities of its court appear in Mme. Le Brun's narrative, the extraordinary contrast between its various classes, and the chaotic possibilities shaping themselves into a nation-

* *Souvenirs of Mme. Vigée Le Brun*: an Autobiography. New York: R. Worthington. 1879.

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al sentiment and foreshadowing an independent movement towards Western modes of thought and politics, cannot fail to strike the reader. Prussia gains a foretaste of its present supremacy by being the first on the Continent to stand up against Napoleon; and England, still a country of conservative tendencies and stiff, antique social ways, appears very different from the pushing, levelling, hurrying England of to-day. This picture of European society, here rigidly withdrawing into a shell of prejudice, there startled into the wildest bravado of innovation, is the most interesting outcome of the book in which Mme. Le Brun has recorded her souvenirs; otherwise the narrative is disjointed, the descriptions conventional, and the interest uneven. She herself lacks individuality; her standard of conduct is not very high, though personally she was blameless; her experiences do not strike one as thrilling, because she was as much disturbed by the noise of a pump or the practice of a violin early in the morning near her bedroom as by her husband's habit of appropriating her earnings, or her sorrow at her daughter's marriage to a handsome, penniless Russian diplomat. She spoiled her little girl terribly, and then lamented that at seventeen the child did not make a friend of her, but persisted in crying for the moon in the shape of this romantic lover, who after all treated his little wife very well. Mme. Le Brun had a good deal of the kindly, merry artist nature inherited from her father; but unless you call her wanderings trials, she had no adversity to tone down her character. Early and persistent popularity followed her, and her travels, though she called them exile, gave her both freedom from her worthless husband and wealth for herself and her daughter. Her frequent moves in the cities she visited must have drawn on her resources, as she was persecuted in each house she lived by a succession of the most unpleasant sounds and smells (to which most Frenchwomen are too sensitive), from the frying of tripe in bad oil to recent corpses, and from street-cries to birds in the chimneys. Everywhere royalty gave her commissions to paint portraits, and the society of each place followed suit. Louis XVIII. (then Comte d'Artois) sang vulgar comic songs during the sittings which Marie Antoinette gave her, and the Emperor Paul I. of Russia played monkey-tricks and made faces over the top of a screen during his wife's sittings to the artist. Madame Murat tormented her with caprices and unpunctuality such as the artist complained no "real princess" ever stooped to, and the Queen of Naples confided to her her pleasure at having arranged two good matches for her daughters. Notwithstanding so many familiar insights into court life, Mme. Le Brun remained an enthusiastic royalist, and tells many anecdotes of royal personages with the gusto of a thoroughly undemocratic yet not cringing observer. Statesmen, artists, and actors all met her on equal terms, and her *salon* in Paris, Rome, and St. Petersburg was the *rendezvous* of brilliant and witty people. Even in London she managed to overcome some of the stiffness of her acquaintances and to gather Englishmen and foreigners together in lively parties.

A few anecdotes of famous places or people will give the reader the best idea of the book, and of the

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society it describes. Some of the Paris amusements before the Revolution sound strangely modern. The Palais Royal garden was a fashionable resort, day and night, Sunday afternoons included, when custom did not forbid the men paying evident court with their eyes to every pretty woman, whether protected or not by a father, brother, or husband. After the opera, which in summer was over at half-past eight, the "world" adjourned to the garden and stayed there often till two in the morning, the heavily-scented hair-powder and enormous bouquets of hothouse flowers overpowering the cool morning breeze, while music and refreshments made these gatherings a fashionable prototype of the beer-gardens of to-day. The Boulevard du Temple was, on Thursdays, a regular "Rotten Row." Hundreds of carriages rolled slowly up and down or drew up in shaded alleys, and flirtation was the chief pastime; but democracy had invaded the charmed circle, and established a file of highly-rouged fishwomen, who gambled at loto all day, and affected to think the navigator La Pérouse, who was starting for his tour round the world, a very idle man, at a loss what to do. The Coliseum, a rotunda in the Champs Elysées, with broad, sanded pathways and armies of seats round a miniature lake used for aquatic sports, had an additional attraction in its music-room, where the Paris dandies lounged on the steps, criticising the women as they came in. This hardly sounds like "the good old times," but people forget, when they extol the past at the expense of the present, that, if we are not yet perfect, we have at least got rid of the idea that grossness is fashionable. On the other hand, a queer simplicity prevailed which is foreign to our present straining after the perfection of material adjuncts, to the neglect of the intellectual elements of society. For instance, Mme. Le Brun had a very small room for her receptions, and her guests often had to sit on the floor or the bed, which in France it is sometimes the custom to place in the sitting-room, a dressing-room being reserved for the uses to which we put bedrooms. Her suppers, too, were very frugal, and even rich and titled people commonly asked their friends to informal meals where two or three vegetables, a soup, and a bit of fish or fowl, with a bottle of light wine and a salad, were the utmost delicacies. The famous Greek supper which malicious report said cost Mme. Le Brun eighty thousand francs, in reality cost fifteen francs, and was distinguished only by two sauces made after ancient Greek recipes. The guests draped tunics and shawls round their figures, and a few Etruscan vases skilfully arranged completed the background; some "Greek" odes (in French) were sung and recited, and a bottle of Cyprus wine, an opportune and recent present, was opened. The whole thing was an impromptu, moving tableau; but exaggeration, as usual, turned it into a dangerous and "fast" proceeding, the fame of which preceded the hostess at St. Petersburg. Mme. Le Brun had the natural artistic dislike to fashionable costume, and preferred to paint her sitters in flowing robes and graceful scarfs. Good taste, however, was not yet developed in this direction, and full dress seemed so much the correct thing that one of the relations of a young married woman whom the artist painted

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as Iris flying through the clouds complained of the beautiful bare feet, when her husband laughingly put an elaborate pair of slippers below the portrait, saying, "She has just let them drop." The innovation of Talma's appropriate historical costume on the stage met with the approval of all the artists in Paris, and as a "classic" mania came in soon after with the Empire, the anomaly of actors going through the parts of Greek heroes in the dress of eighteenth-century exquisites was done away with.

Everything that Mme. Le Brun describes from Rome is familiar to the tourist and the newspaper-reader; the city was full of the motley crowd it drew for nearly a century later; *savants* and idlers of all nations flocked to it for widely different purposes; the carnival and the ceremonies of Holy Week, etc., were the same we know, the people the same picturesque, strong-passioned, good-humored yet shrewd population we read of, the society a little more mixed and vivacious than the writer remembers it, but in its main features the same. The ruins and the pictures are enthusiastically but somewhat conventionally described; so is Naples and everything strangers visit there. The Russian ambassadress figures rather as a sultana than a modern diplomat's wife. "Her happiness was to lie stretched on a sofa, wrapped in a large black pelisse. . . . Her mother-in-law ordered for her . . . boxes full of the most exquisite dresses, . . . and when [she] entreated her to wear them, the Comtesse Scawrouska answered carelessly, 'What is the use? for whom? for what?'" Her uncle, the famous Potemkin, had given her jewels of enormous price, but she never wore them. Although Mme. Le Brun mentions the festival of the Madonna dell' Arca as original and better than most village festivals, she gives no detail which is not reproduced in all popular Italian festivals; of course the richness of local costume was greater then than now in all parts of Italy, and added to the picturesque effect of the pilgrimage. At Perugia she saw a bull and dog fight, which by custom was repeated every six years in honor of a local patron saint; at Florence she saw one of the best collections of wax models of various parts of the human frame, prepared by the great anatomist, the Abbé Felix Fontana, a Tyrolese, who was director of the Museum of Anatomy and Natural History of Florence, to which he added fifteen hundred pieces of wax representing anatomical sections of the human body. At Venice an improvisatore made upon her the impression of an enraged lunatic, though many other specimens of improvisatori are too mild and affected to suggest anything but school-boys at a "commemoration"; and at the Chartreuse, near Turin, she was regaled with frogs dressed in various ways, and exhibited a disgust to this food which would have astonished a credulous John Bull.

Vienna, the headquarters of the greatest social exclusiveness, has changed less (except Rome) since the days of Mme. Le Brun than any other place she visited. Here, among other celebrated men, she met Prince Kaunitz (then eighty-three years of age), nicknamed "Europe's Coachman" from his having been so long a prime minister and a mover in all diplomatic missions and delicate transactions. When Maria Theresa said to him of a man whom he recommended

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to be president of the Aulic Council, "But he is your declared enemy," he replied: "Madame, this man is the friend of the state, and that is the only thing I ought to consider." It would have been well if those Frenchmen who confused loyalty to their king with patriotism, and not only took diplomatic but even military service against their country under foreign royal governments, had had something of this spirit. It was the custom at Vienna for the women to take knitting and sewing to the opera with them—a fact which surprised Mme. Le Brun till she found that the work was for the poor. The homeliness of many details of life among the Viennese, where her art and occupations gave her the *entrée* to the real privacy of the court circles, made the customary magnificence of St. Petersburg all the more dazzling. At the latter place, she says, "Numbers of the nobility possessing colossal fortunes prided themselves on keeping an open table, so that any well-recommended stranger never had occasion to dine at a restaurant. . . . Prince Narischkin, grand equerry, kept an open table of twenty-five to thirty places every day for visitors who had brought letters of introduction." Everything was on the same scale; pleasure seemed the only business, court favor the only treasure. Catherine II., like Elizabeth, was more of a sovereign than a woman, thoroughly national, popular, and practical. Her improvements were solid, and her paramount passion the good of the people, though she allowed herself all the reprehensible or puerile caprices of commonplace women. A capital woman of business, she was domestic enough to light her stove and make her own coffee at five in the morning, and weak enough to succumb to the little tyrannies of servants who acted towards her as spoiled children or pet dogs. One of her earliest favorites, Potemkin, followed her example in public lavishness, though the objects of his generosity were less worthy. It is said that at a birthday feast, supposed to be given in honor of the empress, but really to his right-hand guest, Princess Dolgorouki, he had crystal cups filled with diamonds set on the table at dessert, and the jewels served to the ladies in spoonfuls. At another time he sent a courier express to Paris, travelling night and day, to get a pair of shoes for the princess, as she would wear no other kind. The balls and suppers at the palace were like those of the *Arabian Nights;* Russian costumes encrusted with jewels were commonly worn, the empress especially adhering to the national dress and ostentatiously discarding foreign manners. At dinner, she fastened her napkin to the front of her dress with pins, like a child's bib, and laughed at the ladies who placed theirs on their knees, saying: "Mesdames, you will not follow my example; you only make a pretence of eating. For myself, I always take the precaution of fastening my napkin under my chin, for otherwise I should not be able to eat an egg without throwing it all over my collar." A quarter of an hour before dinner a servant, in Russian houses of distinction, brings in a tray of liqueurs with slices of thin bread and butter; and after dinner, when the French take liqueur, the Russians (of that day) take Malaga. The customs of precedence also differed a little from the French; the hostess went in to dinner before the guests, and, if

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a female guest was to be specially honored, the hostess herself took her arm and they went in together. The chief luxury, then as now, was a tropical temperature and appropriate vegetation within doors, so that it was commonly said that in St. Petersburg one only *saw* the cold; but the artificial life thus fostered could hardly make up for the lost delight of watching the spring. Snow lay thick in June, and the warm season burst upon one like a miracle, to disappear with equal swiftness. Mme. Le Brun had only surface opportunities of learning to know the people of Russia; servants and peasants were childlike in their behavior, gentleness and patience seemed part of their natural disposition, and a deep instinct of religion characterized their daily life. Their aptitude for improvement in every direction belied their supposed contentment with their lot; but so far as this aptitude proved useful to the higher classes, and allowed itself to be guided by them, the lowest serf found his master a generous patron. Perhaps this is true of every country where class differences exist; a surrender of the claim to equality generally enlists in a man's favor the interest and patronage of his social superiors, but it is too high a price to pay, for a man of spirit. The power of the purse, however, is one which existed in Russia under the old *régime* as practically as it does at present, and it was not unusual for the steward of a large estate to become his master's creditor.

The good-fellowship which Catherine wisely encouraged at her court was followed by a social reign of terror such as reminds one of the perversities of Nero or Caligula. When Paul I. ascended the throne he issued ridiculous and vexatious ordinances: forbade the wearing of round hats; ordered even women to get out of their carriages or sleighs to do him homage in the streets (which was the more perplexing as he was to be met with at all hours and in all costumes, lounging or careering through the city); exiled and imprisoned any one he disliked for trivial reasons, and as capriciously freed or recalled them, loading them with favors; and compelled men to wear powder and to bow to his palace, even when he was absent. On the whole, Paul was fond of foreigners, especially of French artists and actors, and employed many at his court, delighting in their sayings and allowing them liberties no Russian would have dared to take, even at his express desire. Doyen, Mme. Le Brun's old friend and master, was living in St. Petersburg, and got as many commissions from Paul as from Catherine; he was famous for his readiness of speech, as is illustrated by the answer he made to a critic who, in the emperor's presence, said, as he was painting a ceiling:

"You are painting the Hours dancing round the chariot of the Sun. I see one over there much farther off, smaller than the rest; and yet the Hours are all alike."

"Sir," said Doyen gravely, "you are quite right, but the one you speak of is only half an hour."

Of Moscow Mme. Le Brun says very little, except that the national costume was almost the only one worn at all times and on all occasions by the higher classes, the women going to balls in cashmere tunics edged with gold fringe, and Greek head-dresses with narrow bands covered with diamonds. She met Prince Bezborodko in Moscow, and tells the following in-

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stance of his readiness: Catherine having once ordered him to draw out a new ukase, or order, he forgot it, and when she saw him again she inquired for it. He coolly took a paper from his pocket and read off a draft of the proposed law; but the empress, on demanding the paper, found it a blank page. The next day she made him a privy councillor.

Mme. Le Brun's notes from Germany on her way home from Russia are scanty; at Berlin the same welcome she always received from crowned heads awaited her, and at Dresden she met again the Russian millionaire, Demidoff, whose chief concern was that he could not manage to spend a thousand crowns a day. The Paris of the Consulate (and later on of the Empire) greeted her with mingled dismalness and magnificence; the former illustrated by wall-inscriptions such as 'Liberty and fraternity, or death," the latter by the assemblies and outward show of the foreign embassies. The beauty and wit of the leading women in society were still conspicuous, and the elasticity and recuperative power of the French character were evident even in such small matters as the revival of political and literary *salons*.

Since Louis XIV. no embodiment of sovereignty had so securely controlled and fascinated the country as the court which a clever Russian called "not a court, but a power"; and, much more than Louis XIV., Bonaparte owed this power to his unique individuality. The great emperor was the ideal of a self-made man; he reigned by the right of manhood in an age of pitiable disintegration. Mme. Le Brun, like most legitimists, felt more or less uneasy under his rule, and once again migrated to London, where the court was as much a contrast to Napoleon's as the society was to that of Paris. She gives some very odd sketches of the customs of the time, which it is needless to say have since so changed as to be more of a curiosity to Englishmen at present than they were to Frenchmen at the time. The separation of the men from the women at evening parties, and the silence of couples when they *did* walk arm-in-arm, seem apocryphal; but having no means of testing the truth of the statement, we take it as it stands. She also says that conversation was rare after dinners; men took books and women embroidery and sat in silence; but she adds: ". . . This is not caused by the impossibility of talking agreeably; I know many English who are very witty, and I may add I never met one who was a fool" (in which experience she was perhaps exceptionally lucky).

Holland House was in its glory during Mme. Le Brun's three years' stay in London; Fox came repeatedly to her studio, Reynolds and West were her friends, and Mrs. Siddons occasionally relaxed her tragedy-queen airs while admiring her portraits. The Prince of Wales (George IV.) made her paint his likeness for Mrs. Fitzherbert, and some of the royal princes sought her out to help them in their generous care of the poor French exiles. The English country-houses were a source of curiosity and delight, and the customs of the watering-places, a social institution now greatly lessened in influence, amused the lively and critical giver of impromptu suppers; but the most interesting thing she mentions is her visit to Herschel and his sister Caroline, to whose "learning and noble simplicity"

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she adds one more among the thousand well-earned tributes offered to the astronomers. The details of the visit are not striking, but are such as any one can imagine for himself. Sir James South, an English astronomer who died a dozen years ago, lived a somewhat similar life at a retired, old-fashioned house in Kensington, London, and his microscopes, which we remember his exhibiting at a private visit one evening, were almost more marvellous than his telescopes and other instruments in the observatory built in the large, tangled garden.

Mme. Le Brun returned to Paris when the Bourbons were finally re-established there, and speaks in warm terms—which her political sympathies sometimes color too strongly—not only of the popular enthusiasm that greeted them, but of their individual qualities.

She lived to see the elder branch suicidally cut the ground from under its feet, and to witness the accession of the son of Philippe Egalité, whose radical gatherings at the Palais Royal had not saved his head during the "Terror," any more than the son's affectation of *bourgeoisie* saved him from deposition in 1848.

The warm-hearted, unworldly, generous portrait-painter died in 1842, having lost her husband and her daughter some years before, and leaving most of her art treasures and some of her own works to her niece (on her husband's side), Eugénie Le Brun, married to M. Tripier Le Franc, herself a good artist and wealthy collector.

THE BRIDAL RING OF OUR LADY AT PERUGIA, AND THE PARDON OF ST. FRANCIS AT ASSISI.

I INDITE the following in fair Umbria, in the very heart of the vale of the Tiber; with Assisi, blessed by holy Francis, on yon mountain-side easterly, and, beetling over me in the west, the strong walls of Perugia the "august"; in the north remote the gorgeous mountains of Tezio, and to the south the river ever journeying to Rome, yet never tarrying there; when the sun shines brightest on the ripening corn; when the vine is heaviest with the luscious grapes; when the fig-tree is in its glory, yielding fruit a thousand-fold, striving, as it would seem, to undo the curse laid by the Lord ages ago upon its barren fellow; when the olive-tree is proudest; when there is a mellow glow abroad upon plain and hillside which tells you, as conclusively almost as your consciousness of place, that you are in "sunny Italy."

The genius of the place has invested me—the spirit of the Catholic Church. At Rome the *genius loci* is too majestic, too awful for my comprehension. I cannot cope with it. The church there is a sort of Transfiguration; eternal dogma and historic grandeur are there hand-in-hand. So I stand afar off believing and admiring.

Here the *genius loci* is more tempered to one's incapacity. It

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comes through a medium, so to say —gently takes possession of one— through the unobtrusive shrines of Our Lady by the wayside, through the homely traditions of saints like Francis of Assisi over there, like Bernardine of Sienna, and through pious legends—such, for instance, as that which tells us that the bridal ring of the Madonna still exists in the Cathedral of Perugia. And here the word *legend* is not used in the uncomplimentary sense attributed to it by the present age, but in its old meaning, such as it bore at the time of the *renaissance* of Italian letters, when it was applied to narratives written in candid faith and simple style; when ingenuousness was the beauty of the Christian and the writer. Though my purpose is not to establish the authenticity of so important a relic, but to portray a few scenes and incidents—illustrative of great faith —which accompanied its exposition in the old cathedral, yet I would intimate to the reader that the ring of onyx now pendent from a miniature crown of gold set with diamonds has its history. How the bridal ring of Our Lady found its way to Rome is a matter of conjecture. But how a holy Christian matron, Mustiola by name, and cousin of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Claudius, carried it to Clusium, now Chiusi, where it was venerated for a thousand years, is the subject of positive tradition. How, in the year 1473, a German Franciscan friar called Brother Winter stole and bore it thence to Perugia, where he gave it up to the decemviri of the city; how religiously they preserved it and fought for it with the magnificent signiors of Sienna, which held Chiusi tributary, suffering, for a period of thirteen years, reprisals and acts of vengeance characteristic of the middle ages in Italy; how popes, kings, and princes were appealed to by the contending parties for a settlement of the feud; how the Perugians finally carried the point, kept the ring with jealous magnificence, and gratefully gave honorable sepulture beneath the chapel of the relic to the unfortunate Brother Winter; how the pencil of the immortal Pietro Perugino depicted the altar-piece, the Espousal of Mary and Joseph (afterwards stolen by Napoleon I.), and the Rossetti brothers, worthy rivals of Benvenuto Cellini, wrought the reliquary; how, in fine, the power of God was made manifest time and again through that ring by astounding and incontestable miracles—these are historical facts a notion of which, while lending any interest of their own to the scenes herein described, may also serve to keep the sceptical spirit aroused by the first part of the title in abeyance until you choose to read somewhat on the matter—say the work of Adamo Rossi.*

The principal exposition of the ring is made on the 30th of July, the anniversary of its coming to the city. Of old, Perugia used to receive within its walls on that occasion thousands of pilgrims of every social grade from all parts of Italy, and even from beyond the Alps. The day was a civic as well as religious festival. Prisoners were released, pardons granted, and all customs abolished at the city gates until the pilgrims had departed. The usual itinerary was, first, to visit the Holy House at Loretto; then go to Perugia, stopping on the way at Assisi for the great fair; and, lastly, to return to

* *L'Anello Sponsalizio di Maria Vergine.* Dall' Ab. Adamo Rossi. Perugia, 1857.

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Assisi for the Indulgence of the Portiuncula. In our own day, when the magnates of the land have become of little or no faith, the pilgrimage to Perugia is limited to the poorest of the poor, the *ciocciari* (so-called from the *cioccie*, a sort of moccasin they wear strapped across the foot and around the leg) from the province of Naples, from *Terra di Lavoro*—Land of Labor—and from Calabria in the extreme south. But these come in shoals, observing the ancient itinerary, and performing nearly the whole journey on foot.

For the foregoing information, as also for much edification and genuine pleasure, I am debtor to my kind host, the worthy Capuchin friar who has the care of this little wayside church. When, therefore, at midnight of the 29th of July, I was gently awakened by hearing the name of Mary sung from afar in a sweet yet never so melancholy cadence, I knew it was the pilgrims, and I arose and went out into the night. They came along in little bands, some telling the beads, others singing the refrain of St. Leonard's hymn to the Madonna:

Evviva Maria,
Evviva Maria,
Evviva Maria, e Chi la creò!

There is a vigor and enthusiastic ring to these words as I have heard them sung elsewhere, but as produced by these pilgrims it was a threne—tender and sweet, if you will, but so expressive of their hard lot on earth, children from the Land of Labor, who anticipate the early summer sun, and still toil on when he has gone to rest! Seen in the starlight, they were but a dusky mass, moving slowly up the hill towards the city. But in the waxing dawn, and outside the Roman Gate of the city—itself a picturesque monument of the middle ages—they presented a motley appearance not devoid of interest to the artist. They were all short, thickset, sturdy, and apparently of one age; for hard toil and exposure had hardened and furrowed the cheek of the maiden and the youth till they looked as old as their parents. But the many-hued tartans of the women, their quaint head-dresses and snowy jackets, formed a splendid contrast of color to the dull gray walls of the city, to the unromantic costumes of the men, and to the numerous carts and wagons waiting for admission into the city. But they all looked dusty and weary, and many of the women walked in threes and fours, arm-in-arm, for mutual support; otherwise they would have sunk on the way. One poor girl had fallen and swooned away from sheer exhaustion, and so weak were the poor creatures who supported her thus far that they were unable to carry her to the roadside. Was it a wicked thought in him who lifted her up and bore her aside to think it a blessing for her if God would bid her weary heart, there and then, to be silent for ever? An old, old woman in the first, or at most the second, of her teens! Her hands were horny and large-jointed, like those of the men; and when they took off the heavy woollen head-dress, they displayed a head already nearly bald from the enormous weights it carried. Oh! this is the "proletariat" which is a living, crying sin in the land, and not that composed of hardy men like yonder wheelwright who is just immersing his mug in a measure of wine.

A worthless lot they seemed as they entered the city gate; and yet

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the minions of the custom-house pried into their dusty bundles with officious zeal, and even felt about the vesture of the women, lest the mighty state, forsooth, should be defrauded of one centime. It was not thus in other days, contemptuously styled *dark* by those of the present generation who know least about them. The steps of the cathedral presented in the dawn another picture—hundreds of pilgrims, who had arrived in the early night, sleeping in a singular variety of postures, supine, procumbent, kneeling, couchant. Meanwhile, when the arriving pilgrims filed into the square in sight of the pile which housed the relic, they went on their knees and so walked up to the yet unopened door of the temple. Daylight came on apace, and the sleepers felt the spirit of the day and awoke. The women washed their faces and combed out their hair at the great fountain in the square. The men contented themselves with a shrug, a prolonged yawn, and a stretching of the limbs. Their general appearance betokened that they had performed no other manner of matutinal ablutions for an indefinite period—as unlaved an assembly as eye ever rested upon. The doors of the church were opened at half-past four o'clock, and then ensued a rush towards the Chapel of the Ring, situated on the left of the general entrance. A mercy that it was well fended with a stout, lofty iron railing. As it was, they charged against this as if they would bear it down, shouting "*Evviva Maria!*" Again was the ear affected tenderly by that melancholy chant, which was borne to and fro undulatingly on the night wind in the valley below. And when the last strophe of holy Leonard's poetic emanation was sung, one of the young men nearest the railing went on, as if under the influence of an inspiration, improvising and singing. Here is the sentiment of one of his verses:

"Bright and beautiful are thy eyes, dearest Mother!
But ne'er so lightsome and lovely,
As suffused with tears of compassion
For thy down-trodden children of labor."

Anon came other pilgrims to the door of the church. But before entering they stopped, men and women, loosened their sandals, and walked into the church barefooted. The women of this band were an imposing contrast against the rest. Erect, tall, impressive, they seemed another race, not of Italy but of Egypt as we know it from her monuments. Their costume, too, was unique: A skirt of black cloth curiously frilled behind, and tucked up by strings pendent from the shoulders; a white bodice elaborately embroidered with gold thread, and a long white veil hanging down behind over the shoulders and fastened around the brow by a red fillet. Their eyes were singularly piercing yet kindly; the nose Roman. But labor had left its mark on the lower part of the face, contracting the under jaw, sharpening the chin, and hardening the lines of the mouth. They excited no little curiosity among the strangers there, and one of these approached the tallest and asked her whence she came. She looked down upon him calmly, giving no answer. But the shaggy, villain-visaged man who stood beside her stepped around to the questioner, and said in a curt, decisive way, "Ask *me*, sir." "Where do you come from?" repeated the stranger. "Campobasso," replied the pilgrim, and he resumed his former position. The stranger understood the hint and

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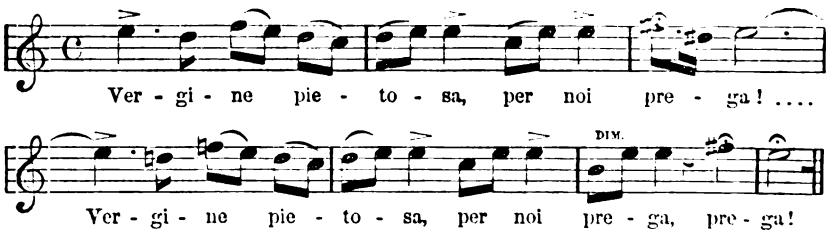
moved to another part of the church.

At five o'clock one of the canons of the cathedral, habited in surplice and stole, and attended by two acolytes, came out of the sacristy and entered the chapel by a side door. Candles were lit about the shrine high up over the altar. Then a rattling of heavy keys was heard; a pair of gilded iron doors slid aside, revealing a red veil. This too was removed, and, in a crystal case, the people beheld the ring, hanging by a chain of gold from a miniature crown of gold set in diamonds, and supported by four columns of gold chiselled in the cinquecento style. At that moment repeated cheers of *Evviva Maria!* rang through the edifice. The women clapped their hands, waved handkerchiefs, and addressed Our Lady in the most endearing terms, as if she were present in the flesh. But the tall pilgrim-women from Campobasso sang an anthem of their own, clear and weird. It had not the regular, easy cadence of Italian song, but suggested Araby, Egypt, the Nile —what you will that is Oriental. And it was prayerful, too. It was in the following strange rhythm:



The excitement reached an indescribable pitch when the entire apparatus within which the reliquary is enclosed was slowly lowered down upon the altar by an arrangement of ropes and pulleys, and the reliquary itself taken out and placed upon a table. But when the iron gates of the chapel swung back to admit the surging throng, a strange commingling of the terrible, the edifying, and the ludicrous ensued. Terrible was the spectacle of that multitude of stalwart men and women crowding, jostling, pushing, even buffeting each other in their eagerness to get into the chapel. The men nearest the railing laid hold of the iron bars with desperate grip, and pulled themselves up until they were man's height above the crowd, and then literally walked into the chapel on human heads. The women shrieked with pain and fright, the men puffed and tore, and the police, stationed inside the railing to moderate the inrushing tide, shouted. But, despite the turmoil, it was edifying to behold the faith and piety of those peasants. High above the brawl of the strugglers, and more tenderly than ever, rang the melancholy chants of the Neapolitans and of the Oriental-looking women. They produced a strange harmony. How they held aloft their hands in supplication; how many who were too faint to hold them in a prayerful position had them supported by those near them; how they wept with holy emotion, and poured forth litanies of the sweetest epithets in honor of their Queen, was enough to move any heart; and I know of one, a cold, callous-souled, calculating American, who turned his

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head to the wall to hide the honest tears of emotion which welled into his eyes, while he prayed God, did the doubter, to give him but the faith of those creatures, who believe much and question little. Ay, and he had the courage thereafter to plunge into the throng and elbow his way into the chapel, unmindful of the consequences—and these were not inconsiderable to one averse to having his ribs kneaded, shy of personal contact with the unlaved, and the veriest thrall to a repugnance for the odors indigenous to an Italian crowd. The sight within the chapel amply repaid him. Those rude, ungovernable men, on approaching the relic, knelt down and kissed it reverently, then walked out by a side door. The women were more demonstrative. Not content with imprinting repeated kisses on the relic, they applied their beads, their scapulars and handkerchiefs to it; and so reluctant were they to leave the chapel that the police had to push them out. The ring, as has already been intimated, is of white onyx. It is very thick—almost too much so, one would fancy, to be worn save as a thumb-ring. And yet its inner circumference seems too small for any but the little, or an exceedingly delicate annular, finger. It is without any embellishment, if exception be made to a slight depression in one spot, once probably an intaglio, but now utterly indistinguishable.

There was a touch of the ludicrous to be witnessed at the side-door of the chapel, out of which the pilgrims passed after having seen and venerated the relic. Here comes a burly, thick-headed little fellow whom we have observed swinging himself aloft by the iron bars of the railing. He has already been in the chapel twice, and now he undoes the button of his shirt, displaying a throat like that of a young bull; he hitches up his short netherlings with a jerk, and, tightening his belt another hole, charges again for the chapel, shouting out the usual cry, *Evviva Maria!* evidently impressed with the notion that the oftener he beholds and venerates the ring the greater the merit. He may be right. An old woman is escorted out of the chapel by her son. She is almost on the point of fainting from exhaustion. But the boy will not hear of it. He locks his arm in hers, brushes back his shaggy locks, and says: "Now, madre, once more. Courage! Your son is at your back. *Evviva Maria!*" She responds to the cheer feebly, and again they are lost in the crowd.

I had been observing with some interest a quiet young creature who stood in a remote corner of the church, keeping guard over a huge pile of shapeless bundles, wallets, sandals, and an old woman or two who were tired out and insensible. Apparently she did not relish her task. She walked to and fro with a short, impatient step. Then she would stop and scan the struggling multitude, as if in search of some one who would relieve her. To and fro more impatiently than before. Then another cheer re-echoed from portal to apse of the temple. She stopped quickly, looked at the crowd excitedly, stooped down, unstrapped her *cioccie* and kicked them upon the pile, and then whipped off her jacket, threw it from her recklessly, and ran like the wind towards the crowd; and the voice of a girl rose buoyant and clear over the great roar, *Evviva Maria!* These are realities.

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They may provoke a smile bordering on the contemptuous. Repress it in consideration of the mountain-moving faith which underlies this strange demonstration. Call to mind some of the scenes enacted when Jesus walked in Judea, when the crowds pushed and jostled against him and he rebuked them not. The taking of the roof off a house, and the letting down with ropes a sick man, bed and bedding, into the presence of Christ, did not smack of the contemptible or the fanatical to any one—bating the Pharisees.

The streets of Perugia are already thronged with pilgrims hurrying back towards the Roman Gate *en route* for Assisi. Their staves, their rosaries, their wallets, their dusty appearance excite immoderate laughter in the Perugians. They seem to feel so good and happy in the sun of liberty, progress, and civilization which dawned upon them with the revolution. But we all know how dearly they pay for these luxuries which have no reality, and we do not envy them the 33 per cent.* Besides, we know an item or two touching their social, civil, and political status. The gate of the city presented a bustling scene. Waiting there was a large number of oxen-wains about to set out for Assisi. With the owners of these the pilgrims at once entered into spirited negotiations for a ride. They talked fast, but gesticulated faster. A Neapolitan only expresses one-third of his ideas in speech; the other two-thirds find utterance in gestures. On this occasion the manipulation of the fingers of a hundred men and as many women overpowered the Umbrian drivers, and they consented to take the pilgrims on their own terms. Such a charge as they made on the wagons! A happy crowd they were when all found places. The meek white oxen bellowed inquiringly, as if they wanted to know what was amiss. But the pilgrims began a litany, and to its cadences the wains moved off. All that afternoon, and far into the night, carts and wagons laden with happy pilgrims bowled along the high-road through the valley of the Tiber, and far and wide might be heard that lonely threne which was borne to me on the gentle wind the night before.

Two days after—that is, on the 1st of August—bright and early in the morning, I was on the road to Assisi. I went over the same road trodden by St. Francis and his companion, Masseus, six hundred years ago when they sought Pope Honorius III. in Perugia, and begged of him the indulgence of the Portiuncula. It is called by the people here "*Il Perdono di San Francesco*"—the Pardon of St. Francis. The why and wherefore of this indulgence cannot be better told than in the words of the Franciscan Breviary, in the office of the 2d of August, feast of the dedication of the Portiuncula:

"At the second Nocturn, *Lesson IV.*—Albeit the blessed Francis as long as he lived always loved all churches exceedingly, and held them in the greatest honor, yet with especial zeal and singular piety did he venerate that little chapel near Assisi which is called the Church of St. Mary of the Angels and of the Portiuncula. And that for many reasons. First, on account of his incredible devotion to the most blessed Mother of God and his great veneration for the holy angels. Then, in that he had not only known from others that in this chapel most sweet songs of the

* The average tax of the government upon the earnings of every Italian subject amounts to 33 per cent.

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angels were often heard, from which it was thought it received its name, but also he himself had experienced it, and enjoyed their presence, their communion and comfort. Lastly, because it was the church, long before prepared by the Lord, in which he would begin his order; which church, therefore, he wished called the Portiuncula, because it would be the future mother and head of the lowly flock of the Friars Minor. Wherefore he greatly desired that it should be held in the highest veneration by all.

"*Lesson V.*—When, therefore, on a certain night he was praying in his habitation near the above-named church, it was divinely made known to him that the Lord Jesus and his most holy Mother, with a great multitude of angels, was in the church. At which announcement, affected with incredible gladness, he arose quickly; and entering the church with the greatest reverence, when first he beheld that ineffable majesty and glory of the Son of God, he fell down before his sight and adored him with the greatest possible humility of soul and piety. Whom the Lord most graciously called, and admonished that he should ask some benefit from him for the salvation of men. But he, aided by the patronage of the Mother whose assistance he had implored, suppliantly asked him to grant to all who would enter that church pardon and remission of all their sins whereof they had made confession to a priest. The Lord made answer that such was pleasing to him; and he commanded him to go to his vicar and ask the indulgence from him in his name.

"*Lesson VI.*—In the morning, therefore, the blessed Francis, accompanied by Brother Masseus, set out for Perugia, where the Sovereign Pontiff, Honorius the Third, then was. Entering into whose presence, he exposed the order, asking that what was pleasing to Christ, whose stead and person he held upon earth, might not be displeasing to him. At first the thing asked seemed hardly just to the pontiff, because it was sought as free—that is, without any offerings—and besides the greatest favor, and the same absolute and perpetual. For he said that he who wished to obtain pardon for his crimes should in part merit it, and denied that the Roman Curia was wont to grant such an indulgence. The cardinals also who were present were opposed to its concession. For they said it would come to pass that the indulgences of the Holy Land and of the holy apostles Peter and Paul would be neglected. At length the pontiff, knowing the divine will, granted it to the blessed Francis, plenary, too, and free and perpetual, but only for one natural day of every year—to wit, from the Vespers of the kalends of August until the Vespers of the following day, which is the anniversary day of the consecration of the above-mentioned church. And when he wished to give him a diploma, he (Francis) said that his word was enough, for that the Lord would publish and magnify his own work through himself. Which, indeed, we see has wonderfully come to pass."

A no inconsiderable part of the Lord's work in regard to holy Francis is that stupendous convent with its three-storied church, partly hewn out of the living rock of the mountain-side, and the other part built so massively that it seems to vie with nature's masonry. In the lower church, deep in the mountain, reposes the body of St. Francis; above this another church where the great Giotto will live in his matchless frescos for ever, if it please the Lord to hold in thrall the sacrilegious, vandalic spirit; and above this a third church, lofty, airy, and elegant in Gothic forms. The revolution has already invaded part of the glorious convent in the name of education. Over the great portal glare the arms of Savoy, recently intruded there, bearing on an appended scroll the announcement, that within is a college named after the Prince of Naples (son of King Humbert). And when death shall have reduced the present community of monks to the number of three—for they dare not recruit, says the law of suppression—then will the great convent and triple church of St. Francis be taken by the government entirely,

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and rented out, mayhap, to an enterprising manufacturer of matches, as befell the monumental convent *Della Giustizia* in Perugia. Yet the middle church spoke gloriously and eloquently of God and St. Francis on that morning of the 1st of August—at the numerous confessionals, around which flocked in hundreds the pilgrims anxious to confess; at the altars where as many more were receiving Communion; outside in the cloisters, where many more waited for their companions; and away down in the plain, where the crowds of pilgrims moving towards the Portiuncula were confounded with the great shadows of the fleeting clouds above.

A lowly chapel by the wayside, with a pointed roof and narrow pointed windows, low and unadorned, save by the little cross which arose from the roof over the entrance; a solitary altar within, poorly furnished—such was the Portiuncula six centuries ago. I forgot to mention an ancient picture of the Madonna which served as an altar-piece. Such, too, is the Portiuncula to-day, with the exception of two angels and a Madonna painted in gold on the front gable, and a few ornaments within. But instead of being shaded by friendly trees as of yore, it is completely housed in by a magnificent church in the Romanesque style, under whose great dome it looks more lowly and humble than ever. From the central portal of the basilica up to the door of the Portiuncula extends a strong double fence, and the space within the two railings is packed with living beings standing in platoons and waiting for the Vesper hour, when the doors of the little chapel will open and the Pardon commence. On the right-hand side of the little chapel is a door of the same size as that in front, through which the pilgrims pass out. To gain the indulgence it is sufficient to enter the chapel and pass out at this door. The right aisle of the large church is kept clear by carbineers, for the pilgrims will rush down there, out at the corresponding door, and in again at the principal entrance. Hark! a cheer. The doors have opened; the Pardon has begun. In rush the excited pilgrims to the sacred shrine, only to be seen the next instant tearing pell-mell out of the side door, and down the right aisle of the large church, as if the fiends were at their heels. At this juncture I noticed that a kind of order was maintained by the pilgrims, despite the apparent confusion. Acquaintances and friends kept close together. Companies of eight and ten women moved inside of a square of men, who held each other by the hands and kept back the impetus of the crowd behind. A faction spirit seemed at work, too. Occasionally a powerful young peasant would break from his own ranks, rush forward, and throw himself with all his strength against the chain of strongly-knit hands in front of him. He was thrown back with redoubled force. Then the two parties would glower at each other. But, even if they had the will, they had not the time, to adjust any differences there and then. That tide of human beings was like the current of the ocean, all action, all motion, ever rushing forward. Many a poor exhausted woman prayed to be let out of the line; but before she had expressed her request to the men behind the power still farther back pushed them all forward more violently than ever. I wondered when it would all end,

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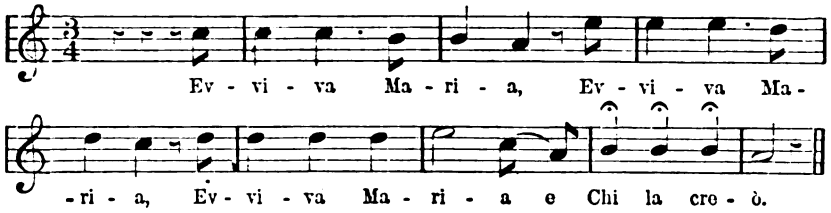
and even asked one of the friars. He said they considered it essential to enter the chapel three times (the old story; volumes might be written about that mystic number). I entered the ranks with a desire of having "the handwriting erased." I was borne along as if by a whirlwind, and found myself in the chapel. There I backed into a corner to breathe—and pray. I had barely time to observe that the altar was behind an iron railing, that the pilgrims threw coppers over this and said the sweetest things to our Lord and his Mother so utterly unlike what they said to each other outside, that the costliest lamps burned before the altar, when a carbineer, a kindly fellow indeed, told me to "move on." So I was floated into the square outside, where the fair was going on.

I shall not enlarge upon the scenes and incidents I encountered there, especially that of the enterprising "patriot" who inserted his hand so clumsily into my breast-pocket while I was drinking a glass of the vilest beverage that ever was distilled, sworn to by the vender as "sincere wine of Umbria." Uncommented, too, I leave the fact that never, in so short a period, did I witness so much dishonesty as in the booth-keepers at the Fair of St. Francis. These are matters of the world which might, without any great effort of one's logical powers, be proved as kith and kin to the nether kingdom. No; let me think of those faithful pilgrims with all their incongruities. I love their wild, emotional devotion. If it be faulty, it is on the side nearest heaven.

As the twilight falls upon the vale of the Tiber a gentle zephyr springs up in the south, and it wafts upon its wings that sweet, melancholy anthem of the pilgrims, the weary children of the Land of Labor, journeying homewards:



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THE MAJOR'S MANŒUVRE.

I.

BRAY is the Newport of Ireland. Its cimiter-shaped bay, fringed with snowy foam, is bounded by the villa-crowned heights of Killiney at its northern extremity, Dalkey Island peeping timidly round the corner, while at the south it is guarded by a frowning headland, stern and wild in winter, in spring vine-mantled with the tender green of the maidenhair fern, and in autumn purple as the cassock of a monsignor with glowing, perfumed heather. In the near background stand the Sugar Loaves, twin sentinels protecting the passes into the lovely county of Wicklow, whose hills are visible from Djouce to Auchavana, while the far-famed Dargle and lordly Powerscourt are within "goodly bowshot" of the trim little town that sits in the lap of a mountain and gaily disports itself by the surf. Bray is coquettish in summer residences, from the white-washed fisherman's hut, rented to Dubliners at £10 a month while the landlord and his family retire to the recesses of an inverted boat, to the pretentious mansion of bastard architecture let at over ten times that amount. The strand for three miles is studded by terraces, whither during the dog days the "upper ten" of the city by the Liffey most do congregate, for Kingstown is considered but second rate, and Dalkey a degree lower still. Bray boasts of two hotels, a club, a bank, a pretty Catholic church, half a dozen conventicles, a Turkish bath, and other luxuries too numerous to mention. It is struck by two railroads, and being but ten miles from the capital, and the gate to the County Wicklow, presents at all seasons of the year a bustle and animation of a character peculiar to itself. The best outside cars and horses in all Ireland are to be hired at Bray, and the drivers to a man are merry, witty, rollicking sons of the shamrock, who wheedle the occupants of their respective vehicles to their hearts' content, and until the delighted Saxon is willing to pay half a sovereign extra for a song, and to stand as much "rale Irish" whiskey as the car-driver cares to call for.

The neighborhood around Bray is exquisitely picturesque, the roads running between fern-caressed hills, along the courses of brawling trout-streams, or by domains skirted by rare old elms, or ash-trees that might have yielded lance-staves when the O'Byrnes held the pass of Auchavana against the belligerent O'Tooles.

On the Dargle road, and situated about two miles from Bray Bridge and close to the turn to Enniskerry, stands Assam House, the residence of Mr. Peter Bridgebanke. You cannot fail to notice Assam House. The gates and massive iron railings are gilded. The gate-lodge is plate-glassed, with gilt wire blinds, and lace curtains such as are not to be seen outside of Merrion Square. Rows of scarlet tubs with golden hoops, containing blood-red geraniums, fringe the avenue, white with Killiney gravel, that leads to the house, backed by ribbon-borders of the newest and quaintest arrangements in leaf floriculture. The house is

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square, with a mansard roof surmounted by a gilded railing. Sunblinds of blue and yellow stripes, such as one beholds at Naples, or perhaps Florence, flare all over the *façade*. The portico is a bower of mediæval brass-work and creeping plants. In the middle of the closely-shaven lawn is a pond, and in the pond an out-of-proportion fountain consisting of Cupids, with corporations fit for aldermen, blowing water from cheeks distended like india-rubber balls. The pond is a mass of shell-work, and closer inspection reveals the existence of numerous gold fish and a pair of disconsolate-looking swans. Peacocks and guinea fowl move across the emerald velvet carpet, perching upon croquet-hoops or the poles supporting the netting of lawn tennis. A garden blazing with color stretches away to the right, relieved at intervals by marble statues and gilded seats. On the left are the stables, mansard-roofed, with a clock-tower fit for a Belgian market-place, and a clock large enough for a city hall. Assam House is built upon the top of a hill, and can be seen for ten miles in almost any direction. Not a tree, not a shrub, breaks the sky-line, and in the clear, cold eve or the lovely summer twilight, when the sun has gone down to rest behind Boher-na-breema, the house and clock-tower seem actually as if they were painted against the sky.

The owner of this striking and showy residence is a Mr. Peter Bridgebanke, a retired tea-merchant, formerly of King William Street, in the city of London. It so happened that about ten years prior to the opening of this story Mr. Bridgebanke, accompanied by Mrs. Bridgebanke and his infant daughter, paid a flying visit to Ireland, principally for the purpose of taking a peep at an estate that he had purchased in the county of Kildare. Having one day to spare, they were advised by the clerk at the Gresham Hotel, where they were stopping, to spend it in a short excursion in the County Wicklow. "You can leave Dublin by the nine o'clock train, get to Bray at 9.45, hire a car, and do Sir George Hodson's place—well worth seeing—and by the Rocky Valley, up to the Deer Park gate at Lord Powerscourt's. Then you can drive to the Waterfall, lunch there—I'll put up a basket for you—and, after sauntering about for a couple of hours, come to Powerscourt House, and from that to Tinnehinch, the estate that the country bought for the great Henry Grattan. You'll cross the road on foot, and get into the Dargle by the upper gate; walk through it along the road they made for George IV. when he was here in the year '21, and get back to the Bray gate and into Bray in time for dinner at the International Hotel, kept by an American, or to do the 6.20, which will put you to a better dinner here," said the clerk, who was a man of parts and had a careful eye to business.

Mr. Bridgebanke, who had written down the clerk's instructions, followed them to the letter, his pretty little daughter doing her seven Irish miles of walking "like a Throjan," as the car-driver remarked; but Mrs. Bridgebanke, who rarely allowed herself the luxury of a walk, remained on the car, and it was while her husband was powdering along the dusty road that leads from the Dargle to Enniskerry that his eyes encountered the words, printed on a white board, "This land to be sold. Lease 999

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years. For full particulars apply to Thomas Walsh, Solicitor, 79 Harcourt Street, Dublin."

"Wot a spot for a 'ouse!" observed Mr. Bridgebanke, thinking aloud. "The 'igh 'ill; the woods in the valley; and—yes, a trout-stream running right in the 'ollow, and a pond for perch. If that 'ill was at 'Ampstead or 'Ighgate, or within fifty miles of London, I'd 'ave it before four-and-twenty hours. I wonder what they're asking for it?"

The car containing Mrs. Bridgebanke drove slowly up, the worthy lady clinging to the rails at both ends of the seat in a very unclassical and spread-eagle attitude.

"Wot a spot for a 'ouse, Mary Anne!" cried the tea-merchant, pointing with his stick, a blackthorn, purchased at the railway station for half a sovereign.

Mrs. Bridgebanke, who was of a languid and aristocratic turn, and who, like Mrs. Malaprop, aspired to be a queen of the dictionary, expecting all the difficult words to come and go at her bidding, and who usually found them exceedingly rebellious subjects, exclaimed, after a lazy glance through a pair of *pince nez*—not that she required them, but they were considered *distingué*—

"Yes, Peter, the diorama from that hill ought to be very rekerkay, and the perceptive worthy of a painter."

"'Ow stylish a 'ouse like Alderman Buggins' would look right on the brow of the 'ill!"

"If I owned that promontory I'd erect a Swiss shalot or an Italian pagoda."

"No; Buggins' 'ouse is the 'ouse for my money." And Mr. Bridgebanke, requesting of his wife to allow him a few minutes' grace, ascended the hill, puffing and blowing like a stranded whale.

"Come up 'ere, Mary Anne!" he yelled, after he had been on the summit a few moments. "There an't such a view this side of the Crystal Palace or Bolong. I say, cabman, just 'elp the lady up for 'arf a crown, will you?"

"I'd rowl her up to ye for nothin', av I cud get some wan for to mind the mare's hed. There's a new county inspecthor, mam, an' the poliss is leppin' mad for somethin' to do. But here goes," he added; "I'll not see himself bet for all the poliss in Ireland." And tying the reins to the branch of a tree, the carman gallantly assisted Mrs. Bridgebanke to where her perspiring lord awaited her coming.

"The age of chivalry is not dead," observed the gratified Mrs. Bridgebanke to the car-driver. "You are a Savoyard, sir, without fear and without reproach."

The view from where they stood was perfectly enchanting. The blue, crescent-shaped bay with its white-laced edge; the Hill of Howth in the hazy distance; the foliage-covered heights of Killiney, dotted here and there with curiously-peeping villas; the vale of Shangannah bathing in the amber rays of the setting sun, and below them the white houses of the little town of Bray, and over against them the purple, keen, rich, luminous, and glowing, of Bray Head. They turned, to be encountered by the pine-crowned mountains overhanging the Waterfall, and the luxurious foliage, its deeper tints marking the beauteous valley of the Dargle; the great Sugar-Loaf, its needle-like summit piercing the azure sky, the road winding to

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Togher up its steep shoulder like a piece of white tape; the lesser Loaf modestly hiding from the last glances of the amorous sun behind its larger brother, and away in a plume of purple clouds, seeming of the clouds themselves, the hills of Luggelaw and Glendalough.

"We needn't start till the seven o'clock boat to-morrow night, Mary Anne," said Mr. Peter Bridgebanke, when he had seated himself on the car beside his wife; "for I'll have a talk with this Mr. Thomas Walsh, Solicitor, about the price of this 'ere 'ill." And the tea-merchant was as good as his word. The interview proved satisfactory to both parties. Mr. Walsh was instructed to forthwith prepare the deed of surrender and the new lease, £10,000 being the sum agreed to be paid for the property; and Mr. Bridgebanke was not twenty-four hours in the city of London until he had had a chat with his friend Alderman Buggins over a dry biscuit and a bottle of tawny port.

"I tell you wot it is, Bridgebanke," exclaimed the turtle-fed civic father, "I wouldn't let any man build a 'ouse sich as mine inside the wooden walls of hold England; but as you are a-goin' to build in h'Ireland, amongst them savages as will pot you from be'ind your 'ouse 'edge some fine mornin', I don't mind lettin' you 'ave my plan, and I'll give you a note to my architect, Mr. Valentine Pitcher, F.R.A.A., of 'Igh 'Olborn, that'll do the trick for you. But h'Ireland h'an't fit for a true-blooded Englishman, and you'll be a-comin' to me afore this day twelve-month, a-sayin', 'Buggins, you was right; h'Ireland h'an't the country for a true-born Englishman. I've dropped my money, but I've saved my skin. 'Ere we are again.'"

The grim prophesyings of Mr. Alderman Buggins failed to shake the tea-merchant's resolve. Mr. Valentine Pitcher, F.R.A.A., received a commission to construct at Knock-na-Kill, in the county of Wicklow, Ireland, a house similar in every respect to that erected for Mr. Alderman Buggins on Herne Hill; and when the purple heather again came to bloom on Bray Head, Assam House was inhabited by Mr. Peter Bridgebanke and his family, who became so attached to it and its surroundings that the tea-merchant three years subsequently retired from business, and instead of merely passing the summer and autumn months in Ireland, went to reside there permanently.

II.

It was a broiling day in the summer of 1876, and even the showy sun-blinds failed to keep the stove-like heat out of the ordinarily well and scientifically ventilated apartments of Assam House. Every Irish summer is gilded by a few such days, as a bouquet is here and there studded with a flower a little too warm in tone *per se*. It is such suns that fill the corn-ears, and render ragged boys hoarse as ravens from shouting at brigand birds.

In an elegantly but too copiously furnished drawing-room sat two young ladies. One of them is the girl who did her seven Irish miles on the day that her father first laid eyes on Knock-na-Kill. She is now a young lady of eighteen, with blue eyes, yellow hair which she wears, like a skye-terrier, down over her forehead, a nose inclined to be tip-tilted—what a champion in the cause of cocked noses Mr. Tennyson has proved by this redoubtable

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thrust of his lance!—a peevish mouth, and a figure, if built upon the lines of the Venus de' Medicis as regards the waist, utterly outside the model of the goddess with respect to the remaining portions of her frame. She is attired in a white robe that extends its protecting shelter to half a dozen pieces of furniture, so ample are its dimensions, and is engaged in writing a letter on very showily monogrammed note-paper at an inlaid and costly *secrétaire*.

In a corner upon a *fauteuil*, and in an attitude of indolent grace such as Sarah Bernhardt would set herself to study, and perhaps model in clay, if she could, reclines another young lady, also attired in ample but less Alpine peaks of white; in fact, her dress was a plain white muslin in dainty folds, and adorned with those leg-of-mutton sleeves which Josephine Beauharnais wore when she first met—to her cost—"Le Petit Caporal." This young lady has a classically-shaped head, classically-sitting chestnut hair, and a classical "one inch of forehead." Her eyes are dark gray, widely divided, heavily lidded, and black-lashed. When she raises her eyes they are intensely luminous, and she looks at you from beneath the upper lids—a long, earnest, and, to susceptible mankind, destructive glance. This is in nowise done for effect. It is perfectly natural, and, as a certain gentleman says, who shall be presently introduced to the reader, "awfully fetching, you know."

This young lady is Marguerite Bridgebanke, niece of the retired tea-merchant, an orphan, and without "a shilling to her fortune," her father having died of the *vomito* at Vera Cruz, in which city he had settled in order to carry on a trade in the much-vaunted Cordoba coffee.

Marguerite gazes compassionately at her cousin as she murmurs:

"If *I* were engaged to a gentleman who did not think it worth his while to visit me for three weeks, I would give him his *congé* in a few short words, sharp as steel and cold as ice. Louisa is too proud to admit that she is slighted, and too tender and true to the man she loves to impeach his conduct even to *me*." Then, as a gong sounded, she said aloud, "That's the luncheon-bell, Louey."

"I hear it," was the snappy response.

"Finish your letter, dear. You should be hungry. You ate no breakfast."

"I hate eating; you can go."

Marguerite knew that sympathy is the heart's safety-valve, and she resolved upon forcing her cousin's confidence. Rising from the *fauteuil*, she crossed over to where Louisa Bridgebanke sat, her face buried in her hands.

"Louisa dear," she began.

"Do not interrupt me, please," moving her shoulders like a naughty child.

"I must—I shall," persisted Marguerite. "What have I done that you should shut me from out your heart, closing the gates of confidence upon me?"

"I have no confidences worth confiding to anybody."

"You imagine that you have a secret hidden from *me*. You deceive yourself, dear. I am too fond of you to permit any sadness to press upon you without craving to bear at least a portion of the burden."

"If you are so *very* clever, why trouble yourself by questioning *me*?" retorted Louisa.

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"Because when a pretty little bird ceases to sing, and refuses its food, and pecks wickedly at you if you approach it, is it not natural that those who care about it should begin to feel anxious?"

"I hate birds. I always hated birds."

"I will come to the point, Louisa: your *fiancé*, Mr. Byecroft, is—"

Louisa sprang to her feet, while an angry flush passed rapidly over her face as she hotly exclaimed:

"If you are going to say anything against Mr. Byecroft, Marguerite, I shall leave the room."

"I will save *you* that trouble," said her cousin, as with suffused eyes she softly glided from the apartment.

Mr. Byecroft is a lieutenant in a marching regiment, living upon his pay and an allowance from his maternal uncle, Major Bagshawe. He met Miss Bridgebanke at a picnic in the Dargle, heard she had "no end of tin," got permission to call at Assam House, called pretty often, and finally offered his flabby heart and still flabbier hand to Louisa, both of which that young lady accepted *con amore*. Jimmy Byecroft is weak, vain, and foolish. He is a mere puppet in the hands of his uncle the major, a wiry, unscrupulous veteran, who "looted" to his heart's content while in India, and retired from the service, selling his commission at the highest price, resolving to live on the best of everything for the remainder of his natural life, a fig for the cost.

The major possessed another nephew, Fred Stonleigh, a high-bred, handsome young fellow, having five hundred pounds a year and nothing to do. Fred was rather weary of existence, although he lived that butterfly life of which so many examples may be found in the city of Dublin. In winter he attended the Castle balls and the receptions of the best families in Merrion and Fitzwilliam Squares. He hunted with the Ward Unions and the Wicklow Harriers, and belonged to the Stephen's Green Club, within whose palatial walls he spent the major portion of his time. In summer he ran up to London for a slice of the season, coming back to Dublin for the Kingstown regatta, and the 20th of August found him in the County Wicklow pursuing the grouse on the heather-clad hills of Auchavana or in the hooded hollows of Derrylossany. He is—for I use the present tense in introducing him—an idle man about town, highly educated, cursed with a competence—for if he had to make his own way he would do the state some service—and, as this story opens, inclined to yawn double yawns over everything.

One lovely summer day Major Bagshawe, his light gray trousers strapped tightly beneath his varnished patent-leather boots, his hat brushed till it shone again, his black frock buttoned military fashion up to his chin, called at the Stephen's Green Club and "drew" his nephew.

"What's up, major?" asked Stonleigh.

"I want you to come out to Bray and pay a visit to the Bridgebankes. I'll present you."

"Jimmy's people?"

"Hum! yes."

"I don't mind."

Fred Stonleigh had met Marguerite Bridgebanke, and her earnest eyes had fascinated him, despite his habitual and *blasé* indifference. It was at the annual dance given by the St. George Yacht Club, where he danced with her twice, and

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had a long half hour's delightful chat on the balcony that hangs over the flashing waters of Kingstown Harbor.

"Saw you dawncing with the teaman's daughter," exclaimed a friend of his. "Doing duty for Jimmy?"

"What do you mean?"

"Mean! Don't you know that Miss Bridgebanke is about to be handed over to your cousin with forty thousand pounds and a tea plantation on the Peiho River?"

"Ah! I don't see much of my cousin." And Fred turned on his heel, an angry wave of envy breaking over his heart.

The major's offer to take him to Assam House was bitterly sweet. Yes, he *would* like to see Miss Bridgebanke again, to gaze into her wondrous gray eyes, to hear her speak, even of his idiotic, selfish kinsman. She was just the one girl worth—Pshaw! And he dug his heel into the soft grass—they were taking a short cut through Stephen's Green to Harcourt Street station—as though he would crush any sentimental feeling as he had crushed a timid daisy beneath his boot.

They were soon speeding past Dundrum, with the Throne Rocked Mountain frowning down upon them; past Stelligan; past Stepaside, the rugged Scalp clear cut against the soft blue sky, flecked here and there with fleecy clouds white as the driven snow; past Castlemines and its Druidical altars; past the beautiful vale of Shangannah, slumbering in sunshine, its feet laved by the caressing waters of Killiney Bay; and onwards till Bray was reached.

"We'll walk over, Fred; and as I never can speak in a railway carriage, I'll take this opportunity of parading the Bridgebankes for your especial information."

The major is a small, wiry little man, with a winky eye, a port-wine nose, and a hard-shaved chin. He wears a black satin stock of the time when George IV. dressed *à la* Brummel, and holds his head in the air as if there were traps set beneath his jaws, the avoidance of which was his especial mission in life.

"Old Bridgebanke is a retired vender of Souchong and Bohea. He's a well-meaning old chap, always fishing for one particular trout, which he never catches; and he's as vulgar as boiled mutton in July. Mrs. Bridgebanke is about the same thing. She takes steady aim at all the big words in the English language, and, like Mrs. Malaprop, piques herself on 'a nice derangement of her epitaphs.' This worthy couple are blessed with one daughter, and it is this young lady who has brought me here to-day. I have a little business on hand to transact with her, but it is of so exceedingly delicate a nature that it requires to be manipulated in primrose-colored gloves."

"What can this mean?" thought Stonleigh.

"You are aware, Fred," continued the major, "that your cousin Jimmy stands to me in the double-barrelled relationship of nephew and godson. Well, I do as much as I can for Jimmy—consistent with my own comforts, for I'm at that time of life that demands the best, the very best, of everything. To deny myself anything in reason would be equivalent to perpetrating a heartless practical joke upon a very refined and gentlemanly set of feelings. I am at the claret age, and nothing short of a comet vintage, a bottled velvet, will soothe *me*."

"You haven't much to accuse

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yourself on the score of self-denial, major!" laughed his nephew.

"No, Fred, no," observed the other placidly; resuming: "Jimmy must be kept in the front rank, must dress well, horse well, club well, and marry superlatively well. Such a marriage is on the cards, and as soon as I get him out of this scrape I'll—"

"Has Jimmy got into a scrape?" interrupted Stonleigh.

"Of course he has," replied the major. "I got him into it, and I'm bound to get him out of it. This is how it happened: I introduced Jimmy to the Bridgebankes—a good commercial stroke of business. No family, not so much as a beggarly city knight, but lots of tin. Jimmy swallowed the pill, and went in to fascinate; succeeded, as a matter of course, and, being something of an ass, became spooney. Parents consent, everything goes like a dozen of oysters, when in a lucky moment I meet Jack Flint, who served with me in the 42d, just returned from India. Jack has no liver, but, what is better, he has a charming little daughter with a lac of rupees. Jack's daughter was evidently born for Jimmy, and Jimmy was evidently born for Jack's daughter." And the major chuckled behind his black satin stockade.

"And what of the young lady to whom he is already engaged? Is *she* not to be considered?" asked Fred indignantly.

"Certainly not. There is no one to be considered in this case but Jimmy and—myself."

"But the poor girl's heart?"

"Putty, Fred, putty!"

"Girls *do* pine sometimes and fade like flowers."

"Tight-lacing, Fred! tight-lacing!"

"Ay, and—die."

"Thin shoes, Fred, and ball costumes, my boy."

"And do you mean to tell me, major, that my cousin, James Byecroft, consents to this?" demanded Stonleigh almost fiercely.

"Of course he does. *He* knows on which side his bread is buttered."

"Is it not worse than shabby, your lending yourself to this pitiful business, major?" observed Fred after a pause.

The major stopped; they were just at the gilded gates of Assam House.

"My dear Fred," he said, "I've seen a few things in my time—startling things, too—but I'll tell you two things I never met with, and I never knew any man in the service who did: a ghost is one, and a lady die for love another. That sort of thing is played out, my boy."

The two men walked up the flower-bordered avenue in silence, the major engaged in flicking the dust off his varnished boots, giving a rub to his hat, and generally setting himself to rights, while his nephew indulged in reflections in no wise flattering to his kinsman.

"Miss Bridgebanke has given my cousin her heart," he muttered between his clenched teeth, "and he dares to trifle with it as though it were a sixpenny bauble. He *shall* not. Cost me what it will, I'll checkmate this disgraceful manœuvre."

A pert English housemaid responded to the major's ring.

"Ah! my blooming Hebe, is your master in?" demanded the warrior in a jocose tone.

"He 'ave gone a-fishing to the pond, sir."

"Still after that famous trout, eh?"

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"Yes, sir, mawster 'as 'igh 'opes of 'ooking 'im to-day."

"It's most astonishing, Fred," chuckled the major. "To my own knowledge Bridgebanke has been after that fish these four months. The trout knows him as well as I do, and they stare at each other like country cousins for hours together. Wait till you see Bridgebanke's Irish fisherman. *He's* a character fit for the stage. Ladies in, Chloe?"

"My name an't Chloe, Major Bagshawe," retorted the nymph of the spider-brush. "It's Miss Kate Flip."

"Ah! here's Bridgebanke crossing the lawn. Now you'll see, Fred, how adroitly I'll prove to him that it will be to his daughter's advantage that this engagement should be broken off."

"And is this young lady to be humiliated, huckstered, and tortured in this shameful way, major?"

"Ah! here he is," cried the other, giving his nephew what is popularly termed "the bothered ear."

Mr. Bridgebanke's face was a picture of sorrow, dismay, and dejection. "You see me in great trouble, major," he almost moaned.

"I'm awfully sorry to find you out of sorts, Bridgebanke, old boy. What's the matter?"

"He's gone, major; he's gone!"

"Who's gone?"

"My trout, sir," groaned the other. "I missed him, sir, after 'aving fished for him since ever the season opened. It was only last Saturday week as 'ow I got a rise out of 'im. Since that he was more familiar, and this very day I put up an elegant worm, wriggling like the tail of a kite on a windy day, which he kept eyeing for about two hours, when all of a sudden he gives a great bounce and swallows it, 'ook and all. Away he run, and I gave 'im as much line as ever he wanted; but O major! wot was my 'orror to find my line all go, and that it wasn't fastened to the reel." And the discomfited disciple of Izaak Walton rubbed his perspiring forehead a slow and melancholy rub.

"Never mind, old boy; there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught. This is my nephew, Bridgebanke."

"I'm proud to see you, sir, in my 'ouse, sir. Are you a fisher?"

"I'm very fond of fishing."

"Then 'ang up yer 'at 'ere, sir, in this 'all. There's a freemasonry about us brothers of the rod and reel."

Mr. Bridgebanke led the way into a very showy dining-room, with a quantity of plate on exhibition in a glass case. The table was already laid for dinner. Three massive épergnes, silver giraffes craning their elongated necks up into cocoanut-trees in search of fruit as large as plums, occupied two-thirds of the snow-covered mahogany, while a superb Louis Quatorze clock stood with its back to a mirror that stretched from the mantel to the ceiling.

"You'll 'ave a little drop of something after your walk?" suggested Bridgebanke, giving the bell a vigorous tug as he spoke.

"Wot's the use of pulling the bells up by the roots?" exclaimed a sharp, shrill woman's voice, while at the same moment a little, elderly lady of waspish aspect bounced into the apartment. "La, brother Peter!" she exclaimed, "I didn't know as how you had strangers here."

The host duly presented his guests, adding *sotto voce* to the major:

"My sister Patty is a very blunt

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sort of person. Speaks her mind and calls a spade a spade."

In good sooth, Miss Patty Bridgebanke was about as brusque a little old maid as dwelt between Luggelaw and Wicklow Head. Very rich, very self-opinionated, very full of common sense, she dealt the foibles of her fellows severe raps on the head whenever she got a chance, which was pretty often; and were it not for her money, Miss Patty would have been put in Coventry or mercilessly sat upon by the victims whose pet corns she so relentlessly trampled over. The major, finding himself alone with this dangerous female—Mr. Bridgebanke had taken Stonleigh to show him the exact spot where he had lost the trout—essayed to make himself as agreeable as possible; but, after uttering some commonplaces about the weather, the beauty of the surroundings, and the passion Mr. Bridgebanke had for fishing, discovered that he could not get an inch further, and that Miss Patty merely listened with an occasional "Humph!" while she prepared a hank of colored worsted which had become entangled in her work-basket. He was about to beat a retreat in the direction taken by his host when Miss Bridgebanke interposed with:

"Here, major! make yourself useful for once in your life. You're not ornamental. Hold up your hands until I roll off this worsted!"

This was an occupation wholly at variance to the major's inclinations, so he courteously replied: "I should be delighted beyond measure to be of the slightest utility to Miss Bridgebanke, but might I suggest that the back of the chair would be more suited to your purpose."

"Not a bit of it," retorted Miss Patty. "The worsted would slip off the back of the chair, but it will be held on by the knobs of your knuckles."

"Knobs of my knuckles!" thought the major. "I shall lose patience with this uninteresting person."

"Hold up your fingers, major."

The gallant warrior deemed it more prudent to comply. "Sold!" he muttered—"sold most infernally, tied neck and heels, like a wretched human fly in the worsted web of a most villanous female spider."

Miss Patty drew her chair directly opposite the wretched major, and, as she commenced to unwind, observed:

"So you're in the army?"

"I *was*, madam."

"And why on earth aren't you in it now? There are some men as old as you in it."

"I am on half-pay, Miss Bridgebanke."

"Whole pay would be better than half-pay. Were you at the battle of Waterloo?"

"Waterloo, madam?"

"Yes, Waterloo."

"Why, madam, Waterloo was fought in 1815, and this is '72."

"You might have been there for all that."

The major stared at her. Were her ideas as to dates so hazy, or did she put him down at seventy-five?

"Were you ever in a battle, major?" continued Miss Bridgebanke.

"I never had the good fortune to be in action, madam," replied the major tartly.

"Then you're what is called a fireside general. Are you married or single? Hold up your hands!"

His elbows ached as he responded to her mandate and her question:

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"I am still unlucky enough to be a bachelor, madam."

"That's a wonder. Girls are such fools nowadays and so plenty that they'll marry anybody who asks them. I am an old maid, major."

"Say rather an unappropriated blessing," gallantly retorted the warrior, whose joints were now creaking.

"Anybody marrying *me* would be after my money," said Miss Patty.

The major wondered to himself how much coin the elderly damsel had at her disposal.

"Yes," observed Miss Bridgebanke, "any single woman with money is nothing but a target for every Jeremy Diddler to try his chance at."

"I trust that your capital is well and safely secured," said the major.

"It's in the funds."

"You prefer the simple elegance of the three per cents to a risky five or six."

"I prefer safety, if that's what you are driving at."

"There are a lot of men who would marry this old girl for her money, and—might do worse," thought the major, as he anxiously watched the dissolving worsted. "She'd pass for forty, if she only tried it on with a bunch of curls, or a chignon, or something in that way."

"You're wondering how much money I have; now an't you?" suddenly demanded the lady.

"Really, I—"

"I'll tell you. I have thirty thousand pounds—not a pound more, not a penny less. There, now, I'm done with you," she added, as the last thread of worsted unwound itself from the major's paralyzed fingers.

"Thirty thousand!" thought the major when he was left alone. "A snug thing in a cake; and at her own disposal, too—absolutely at her own disposal. Even at three per cent it's a cool thousand a year, and a thousand a year *is* a thousand a year."

While the major was busy with his calculations Mrs. Bridgebanke glided into the room, attired in a rich *moiré antique*—it was a broiling July day—her fat wrists covered with heavy gold bracelets, her neck surrounded by a corpulent locket and chain.

"Ah! Major Bagshawe," she exclaimed. "So you 'ave found your way to Assam House. You are a little strange. I thought you had turned hermit or anchobite."

"Neither, my dear madam, I assure you. And how do *you* find yourself?"

"Poorly, major, poorly. An assiduity on the chest. Dr. Darby, of Bray, proscribed me a bottle, as I was threatened with a guitar. But I feel quite reverberated. I feel as if I could dance a minaret. In my younger days I was quite a voter of Terpsichory, and my mother danced almost to the last; and she was very old, almost a centurion. But what has become of your nephew, Mr. James?" demanded the good lady in an anxious tone.

"He has been much occupied," replied the major: "balls, parties, routs, drives, picnics, 'at homes,' croquet matches, lawn-tennis matches, cricket matches, and billiard matches. He is asked out tremendously. To-day he's at the Viceregal Lodge, and to-morrow he goes to Malahide Castle to spend a week with Lord Talbot de Malahide." And the old fox watched the effect his communication had upon his listener. His object was to

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pique the family, put them on their pride, cause them to give his nephew his *congé*, and enable him to retreat with the honors of war.

"It's all very well for Mr. James to mix in that spear, but his devour is here," said Mrs. Bridgebanke.

"He's young, my dear Mrs. Bridgebanke, and fast and giddy; and when youth and folly get together, they generally manage to make a mess of it."

"His folly ought to bring him here. See what a diploma Louisa would be in if he didn't turn out all that her fancy painted him."

The wily old warrior, resolving to carry his project into execution, asked Mrs. Bridgebanke to take a turn with him in the garden, in order to be free from interruption, and then and there proceeded to paint an imaginary picture of the misery that must ensue from the mating of a very foolish young man who didn't know his own mind with a young, innocent, and charming girl who in all probability did not know hers.

Fred Stonleigh, leaving Mr. Bridgebanke at the pond, strolled back to the house. As he passed the lawn-tennis ground he perceived his uncle in close confab with Mrs. Bridgebanke.

"So, so! The major is pouring the leprous distilment into this foolish old lady's ear, wily diplomatist that he is. He's just the man to wind father and mother round his finger like pack-thread—induce them to believe themselves a pair of wiseacres, and to consider *him* as the fool in the middle. *Can* Miss Bridgebanke really care for an empty-headed coxcomb whose heart *must* be in the wrong place, or he'd never stoop to the double treachery of humiliating the girl who loves him, and to deceive another to whom he is to sell himself for his daily bread! I cannot realize it. It's an enigma."

Mr. Stonleigh passed into a drawing-room through a window that opened to the ground. His heart leaped as his eyes met those of Marguerite Bridgebanke.

"The last time I saw you, Miss Bridgebanke, I uttered prophetic words," he laughed. "I said that we should meet again."

"Does it not strike you, Mr. Stonleigh, that your prophecy was one singularly easy of fulfilment?" she retorted, a bright blush mantling her cheeks.

"Not quite so easy as you imagine. An astronomer watches for the appearance of some especial star upon the horizon, and just as he is about to pursue his investigations an inky cloud comes between him and his hopes."

"Perhaps if the star were aware of the astronomer's good intentions she would prove more gracious by shining through the cloud."

"What if the cloud were too dense?"

"Every cloud has a silver lining, Mr. Stonleigh."

They laughed and chattered, and chattered and laughed; and yet Fred Stonleigh, still under the impression that he was speaking to the daughter of the house and the *fiancée* of his worthless kinsman, had uttered no warning note, although while crossing the lawn he had made up his mind to give Mrs. Bridgebanke to understand that Major Bagshawe was not to be trusted implicitly, and that his cousin, being more or less under his uncle's control, was sound at the core.

This he resolved to do; and yet

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was he justified or warranted to interfere? What was this marriage or break-off to him? He was not consulted. It was no affair of his. Let things take their course. The major was pretty near the truth when he declared that broken vows never produced broken hearts.

Fred Stonleigh looked at Marguerite's earnest eyes, and then he suddenly exclaimed:

"May I tell you a story, Miss Bridgebanke?"

"A fairy story?" she asked with a light laugh, perceiving the heavy shadow that suddenly and like a veil fell upon his face.

"Yes, a fairy story."

"By all means."

He sat facing her, his elbows on his knees, his hands clasped, his body bent, his eyes under hers.

"Once upon a time—that is a good beginning, is it not?"

"Most orthodox; pray proceed."

"Once upon a time there lived a king—"

"The originality of the opening promises well," she laughed.

"And queen, Miss Bridgebanke."

"That's better. Every king should have a queen."

"And they possessed an only daughter, and she was beautiful."

"Naturally! All princesses are beautiful."

"And a young prince fell in love with her."

"Violently, I hope, as becomes a prince."

"Right royally. But the prince had a wicked uncle."

"Oh! there's a villain in the piece?"

"A cruel genius," continued Fred, "who considered that wealth alone constituted happiness, and who resolved that the prince should wed an uglier but wealthier princess, although he had plighted his troth—"

"To Princess number one," laughed Marguerite, adding: "And the prince, in the most commercial manner possible, assented to his uncle's proposition."

"Wrong, Miss Bridgebanke."

"What! did love triumph over lucre?"

"*Espérons.*"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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AN ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY IN THE TENTH CENTURY.*

In the legends of the saints and in Holy Scripture a great stress is laid upon names. They are shown to be full of significance for the future career which they are to adorn. It will be seen in the course of these pages whether our English St. Dunstan did not justify his name in his life. Dunstan signifies a mountain and a rock,† and in Holy Scripture a very particular meaning is attached to both, the one signifying the desire after eternal things, the other the immutability of the soul which seeks after God in the storm and whirlwind of this world.

Herstan and Kynedritha, Dunstan's parents, were both noble. They lived in the neighborhood of Glastonbury, a monastery whereof popular tradition ascribed the foundation to angelic hands, but which at that time bore few signs of the angel's workmanship about it, being an insignificant building in the midst of a swamp. On the feast of the Purification which preceded Dunstan's birth his mother was assisting at the Candle Mass which gives its name to the solemnity, when suddenly the tapers of the whole congregation went out. Before conjecture had shaped itself as to the cause of the occurrence, Kynedritha's candle enkindled as of itself, and communicated fresh light to all in the church. The sign fitly expressed the particular work of the child who was so soon to be born to enlighten not Glastonbury only, nor even the monastic order in England, but the whole Saxon nation. The child was brought into the world under the reign of Athelstan in the year 925. When he had grown up to be a boy his parents brought him to Glastonbury, in accomplishment of a promise concerning him, probably, which they had made to God. Here whilst they prayed in the church Dunstan had a dream. An old man in white, of shining appearance, conducted him round the monastery, drawing a plan of buildings which, he said, the boy should one day erect on that spot. Long years afterwards Abbot Dunstan remembered the heavenly lesson. But on this occasion he was left by his parents to be educated at Glastonbury. He seems to have been no idle scholar, but to have taken only too kindly to his studies. Irish monks, in the ardor of their philosophical pursuits, much frequented Glastonbury at that time. Under their guidance Dunstan ate and drank his fill of Holy Scripture.* The ardent boy had a soul full of poetry and the thirst for knowledge, yet his body was weaker than his desires. His overtaxed brain gave way, and he became so ill that both parents and doctors despaired of returning health. Yet God used extraordinary means to raise his young servant to life and strength. One night the sick youth got up out of his bed and left the house, meeting, says William of Malmesbury, a pack of barking dogs, who ran

* *Memorials of St. Dunstan.* Edited from various MSS. by Professor Stubbs.

† Quod et montem et petram sonat.

* William of Malmesbury, p. 257.

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straight at him.* Dunstan recognized something more than a dog in one of the most savage of the troop, and he administered a sound beating with his stick, which he seems to have used the convenient precaution of taking with him. He climbed a mason's ladder, and reached the end of his nocturnal journey, the church, by means too unaccountable to be explained. The next morning he was found asleep in a portico between two watchmen, perfectly sound and well. If the heaven-enkindled flame on the Purification denoted the coming of one who should restore light and purity to the sanctuary, the mysterious dogs and his illness so preternaturally cured may be taken as a further illustration of his energetic and powerful working.

Once more Dunstan set himself to his former studies with an ardor so undiminished that its fame reached the ears of King Athelstan. He acquired a special proficiency in two sciences which apparently have no very strong analogy, music and mathematics. The harp became Dunstan's constant companion, his relaxation, and the instrument which he was never weary of using to sing the divine praises.

Dunstan's vocation seems to us to be one of the strange things in his strange life. It might have been supposed that the extraordinary graces he had received would have naturally engendered a call to the service of the altar; but it was not so. In this case it was Dunstan's parents who moved him to receive minor orders, lest he should slight the evident tokens of divine pleasure; and Dunstan agreed to take up the yoke for fear of seeming ungracious to those who so pressed him.* But about this time, being fifteen or sixteen, he was introduced to Athelstan, who held his court in the western shires, and so managed to combine attendance on the king with service at the altar. The talented boy soon rejoiced in the highest favor shown to any courtier. His melodious harp charmed and soothed the royal spirit. In the house of a certain noble matron the same harp, untouched by human fingers, executed an antiphon to the words, "The souls of the blessed rejoice."† In the height of Athelstan's favor Dunstan's purity of heart did not forsake him. As he listened to the heavenly strain he prepared his soul for tribulation. His enemies had, indeed, taken umbrage at his excellence, and they determined to get rid of him; for as long as he stayed at court he absorbed their master's attention. They mooted an accusation of sorcery which forced Dunstan to retire; but they moreover tried to put a violent end to him and his fascinating manners. They waylaid his horse, trampled him under foot in the mud, and left him there to help himself as best he could. Dunstan managed to get up in order to gain a friend's house which was near at hand, but he was so unsightly an object that the said friend's dogs would have sprung upon him had not his caressing voice made them think better of it. They brought him to the house with their canine signs of approbation, wagging tails, which caused Dunstan to say in the sadness of his heart: "I see that the order of nature is reversed; for whilst my friends are as cruel as beasts, dogs are as kind as men."‡ After this

* William of Malmesbury, p. 256.

* Ne præcipientibus durus videretur.
† "Gaudent in cœlis animæ sanctorum."
‡ P. 260.

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first painful experience of court Dunstan retired to Winchester, where a near relation of his, Elfege, was bishop. Although in minor orders, Dunstan had renounced neither the world nor the flesh,* so that when Elfege urged him to become a monk he put the bishop off with playful answers, sometimes even pretending to see no merit in the religious life. Good Bishop Elfege, however, took the matter seriously to heart, and he prayed earnestly that Dunstan might be brought to graver thoughts by bodily sickness. His petition was heard. Dropsy, or king's evil, had the merit of working a thorough change in Dunstan, who rose from his bed with the resolution to embrace the counsels. In the silence and solitude of Glastonbury he was to prepare for his future career—that is, in order to become the counsellor of kings he was to begin by learning obedience. William of Malmesbury paints in one single line a graphic picture of his working at the already ancient monastery: "There he applies his hand to work, his lips to prayer, his soul to heaven."†

Another biographer describes the cell which Dunstan built for himself at Glastonbury, though, he says, "I cannot find a word which will at all express it, as it was much more like a tomb than a human abode."‡ It was not more than fifteen feet long by two and a half wide, its height about that of a man. An aperture in the wall served as a door and a window; but, concludes the monk biographer, "the wide and spacious walls of cities may not be compared to this narrow cell, by the grace of which many forms of disease are now cured and the fury of demons is assuaged."

In the meantime Athelstan died at Gloucester, in 941, and was succeeded by his brother, Edmund I. How long a time elapsed before Dunstan was again called to court does not transpire, but we should place it not earlier than 944, when he would still have been full young to act as a royal counsellor. But now he had the additional strength and maturity which are gained from a religious training, and there is some difference noticeable between the harp-playing youth whose music had found the way to Athelstan's heart, and the professed monk whose motto at Edmund's court seems to have been, "Render to Cæsar those things which are Cæsar's, and to God those things which are God's." The king's special choice of Dunstan was, it must be remembered, the sole ground for the influence which he exercised over the affairs of the nation. His whole soul was bent upon a strict administration of justice, which cardinal virtue he found in a singularly languid condition. In this matter he was altogether as good as his word, causing transgressors to be punished with severity; but, not unnaturally perhaps, the courtiers revolted. The ardent monk with his sweeping reforms could not be tolerated, and Edmund, forgetting his own gracious invitation, hastily ordered Dunstan to quit the court. Shortly afterwards there was a royal hunt at Cheddar. In the heat of the sport the king pursued the deer over hill and dale till at length he was led to the brink of a steep declivity, and could no longer rein in his horse. On the point of certain death, he bethought himself, as is the wont

* Irrepserat enim jam adolescenti voluptatum fomes.—Ibid.

† "Ibi manus applicabat operi, labia psalmis, animos cœlis," p. 262.

‡ Vita, auctore Osberno, p. 83.

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of men at these critical moments, that he had wronged no man but Dunstan, his friend, whom he had condemned without hearing. He resolved that, if God would save him by Dunstan's merits, he would make good his bad treatment. He had hardly come to this determination when the horse, whose hoofs were already on the edge of the descent, became as tractable as a lamb; the king regained his mastery over the animal, and was delivered from all danger. His gratitude was royal. Without any delay he called for Dunstan and proposed that they should proceed together to Glastonbury. Arrived there, he offered up fervent prayers of thanksgiving, and, pressing Dunstan's hand with great affection, he led him to the vacant abbatial chair, and proclaimed him abbot, promising at the same time to supply all possible needs from his treasury. This event is referred by Professor Stubbs to the year 946.

The date of Dunstan's ordination is very uncertain, though the event was rendered noteworthy by Elfege's prophecy. Dunstan received Holy Orders from the same Bishop of Winchester who had taken so paternal an interest in his vocation, and who now bestowed a similar dignity on two others. He distinctly foretold the future career of the three youths anointed as priests of God by his episcopal hands. "To-day," he said, "by the grace of God I have imposed hands on three men, the first of whom will be the archbishop of Canterbury; the second will one day succeed me in this see; the third will throw off the veil of religion and end his life in a mire of licentiousness."* Even the number three will not always exclude a Judas.

To pass over in silence Dunstan's holy charms to gain the hearts of great ladies to God would be to omit a very characteristic feature of his life. A certain Ethelfleda, who was, it seems, related to King Athelstan, having once listened to Dunstan's burning words, was so enraptured with the sweetness of eternal life that she could not make up her mind to return home or to leave the spot, but chose to live and die near to blessed Dunstan.* In our own days many would be the criticisms on such a step. It might be called running after a priest, or a silly attachment which should be nipped in the bud by its object; but friendships vary in their nature somewhat after the fashion of souls, and if our Lord drew all men after the odor of his ointments, why should not his servants have the power of discerning the true love of God from the idle seekers after a vain-glorious excitement? Ethelfleda then established herself in the vicinity of Glastonbury, giving herself up to prayer and good works. When the hour of her departure drew near she sent for her holy confessor, and, having made her confession with many tears, Dunstan exhorted her to detach herself from all earthly things, that the prince of this world might find no part in her heart. He returned to Glastonbury for the night, and there in the church had a vision of the Mystic Dove, who entered with great brightness into the house of the dying Ethelfleda. The vision caused him to go back to his royal penitent, whom he heard conversing behind her curtain with an invisible guest. Who, Dunstan asked, was her visitor?

* Auctore Osberno, p. 262.

* P. 86.

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It was God, answered Ethelfleda in quiet ecstasy, who came to take away all her fears of death. The noble lady's last recorded words to Dunstan explain what kind of friendship theirs had been: "I thank you heartily, my dearest and best friend, because, owing to your advice and to your prayers, I am now going to God. There is one thing which I still ask, and beg for if I may, as a last favor: that at early dawn you would bring me the precious Body and Blood of our Lord, that, fortified by these life-giving mysteries, I may not be confounded in the gate when I shall speak to my enemies."* When on the morrow Dunstan had carried her last Communion to Ethelfleda, she happily departed to eternal rest.

It was during the peaceful days at Glastonbury that William of Malmesbury places Dunstan's famous encounter with the devil which has given rise to the story that the saint "pinched his nose." The young monk then—for the incident properly occurred before his nomination as abbot—being very clever with his fingers, was often solicited by the neighboring people to do a little smith's work for them. One evening, as he was thus engaged, the devil, under the appearance of a petitioner, appeared at his window. Dunstan did not discover the fraud, and set himself to do as he was asked, when the devil began to insinuate very bad thoughts, though always under the gloss of a certain decorum. The saint accordingly heated his tongs and caught the arch-deceiver by the jaw. "Nor would the pestilent creature have escaped," quaintly remarks William of Malmesbury, "unless he had resorted to his usual artifices and melted away in the night air."* It is a curious fact that at a retired village in Protestant England the tongs wherewith "St. Dunstan pinched the devil's nose" are still produced as a sort of victorious trophy.†

Dunstan's dream as a child will be remembered. Thrice he received supernatural warnings of his future career. As a boy he was shown his work as abbot of Glastonbury; as a monk he again looked on a sort of panorama of his life in the silence of the night; and once more, at King Edred's court, he had the most significant vision of all concerning his future primacy. These particular signs have the merit of showing Dunstan's vivid faith in the communion of saints; for in general dreams form the subject of our daily thoughts. A monk called Wulfred, whom a close friendship had united to Dunstan, died. After a short time he appeared in his earthly form to his friend, and foretold to him all the events of his life in detail. But Dunstan was of a practical mind, and heard the prophecy with caution, saying in his characteristic way: "These are fine things which you promise, but by what sign am I to trust them?"‡ Then Wulfred seemed to take him by the hand to the place before the church which was almost entirely covered with the tombs of the dead. "Here," he replied, "a priest shall be buried in three days who is now perfectly sound. His body shall be brought from the western side to be buried." Having uttered these words, he vanished, and Dunstan awoke. On the morrow he had scarcely recounted the dream to

* P. 88.

* P. 263.
† At Mayfield, in Sussex.
‡ P. 265.

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the other monks when a priest came to the monastery seemingly for no other purpose than to fix upon his tomb. Having seen the small space still left unoccupied in the church-yard, he asked the monks as a great favor that his body might there be laid to rest. He had hardly departed before he was taken ill, and in three days Wulfred's prophecy was accomplished to the letter.

The young abbot now remembered the specific vision he had had as to the enlargement of Glastonbury, and, with his eminently practical mind, he set himself to add a tower and aisles to the church, whilst at the same time he bethought himself of the monks who should pass from their earthly to their heavenly paradise. He enclosed the cemetery, which became under his rule "like a beautiful garden secluded from all noise or thoroughfare,"* where the bodies of the monks might truly be said to rest in peace. But Dunstan's ardent spirit rejoiced rather in the spiritual weal of the living than in the temporary repose of the dead. From all parts vocations flocked to Glastonbury. It was the centre which formed holy monks, abbots, and bishops who perpetuated Dunstan's example throughout England. He had a strong comprehension of the axiom that vice is fostered by ignorance, and to this conviction must be traced the impulse given to learning under his rule. Some notion may be gained of the scheme carried out at Glastonbury by citing the example of Ethelwold, one of the monks thus formed by Dunstan. About this Ethelwold Dunstan had one of his significant dreams. He thought that within the monastic enclosure he saw a tree whereof the branches embraced the whole of England. They were laden with monastic habits, but one at the extreme top appeared to be larger and more prominent than all the rest. The abbot gazed and was perplexed, when a venerable old priest in his dream thus enlightened him: "The tree," he said, "is this island; the habit at the top signifies the religious merit of thy monk Ethelwold. The others are the souls of those monks whom he shields from the devil by his piety, and whom he protects under the shadow of his righteousness."* These words are full of meaning when it is considered how many Ethelwolds were formed by Glastonbury.

Under these circumstances it can hardly be wondered at if Dunstan's relations with the devil were of a somewhat unpleasant character. The persecution he endured from "that pestilent creature" bears a strong resemblance to that inflicted in our own times on Jean Baptiste Vianney, the holy curé of Ars. Thrice in one night he was assailed by the devil, who appeared to him under three different forms; but Dunstan, whose courage is proved by the legend itself, quietly laughed him to scorn for changing his form. The abbot had a brother, Wulfric by name. He died, and on the day of the funeral, for some cause which is not specified, Dunstan stayed behind with one boy, who survived to recount the extraordinary fact which took place. They were walking in the court, awaiting the return of the monks from the cemetery, when an immense stone was flung at Dunstan. It carried off his cap or cowl, rolling heavily beyond him; but the unseen agency which had hurled it

* P. 272.

* P. 273.

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was fully revealed when the monks came to examine it. The stone could hardly be lifted from the ground, and was of a kind entirely unknown in Somersetshire.

Soon after the accession of Edred to the throne in 947, Dunstan seems to have taken up his partial abode at the king's palace, dividing his time between Glastonbury and the court. During the nine years of his reign Edred suffered from the most persistent ill-health, which caused him to look to Dunstan as to his right hand for the administration of his kingdom, and he made him his treasurer. According to William of Malmesbury, those were palmy days for England. This time Dunstan met with no opposition from the spirit of envy and unrighteousness. He possessed the king's ear and governed his counsels, and practically worked out the Biblical precept, "Fear God and honor the king." Edred wished very much to see his favorite Dunstan a bishop, but the prime minister was inflexible even to the prayers of Queen Elfgiva, the king's mother, who had been charged by him to use her powers of persuasion. "Be assured, lady," said Dunstan, "that I will never become a bishop during your son's lifetime."* However, Dunstan's high-minded resolution was not apparently ratified in heaven. The following night he had a curious dream. He seemed to be returning from a pilgrimage to Rome at a spot from which its walls are visible, and which used in consequence to be called by pilgrims the Mountain of Joy, as the place whence they could descry the bourne of their desires. Here he was met by the apostles St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Andrew, each holding a sword. On those of St. Paul and St. Andrew their names were written, but St. Peter's sword contained the words in golden letters, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God." Whilst the apostles offered their swords to Dunstan, St. Andrew greeted him as a special friend, and, partly in allusion to his name, partly to give a point to his words, he said, "Take up my yoke, for I am meek and humble of heart." Then Dunstan received a sharp blow on his hand from St. Peter, with the intimation that this was the punishment for the bishopric refused, and that in future he was not to be so stubborn. After this chastisement Dunstan awoke, and inquired of a monk sleeping near who it was that had struck him. Upon a negative answer he said confidently: "Now, then, I know, my son, who it was." He did not sleep again that night, but passed it in prayer till the early dawn, when he imparted his dream to Edred. The king, possessed by a spark of prophecy, explained the words written on St. Peter's sword as signifying Dunstan's future promotion to the archbishopric of Canterbury, where the principal church is dedicated to our Lord.* But in spite of the familiarity apparent between the king and his chief counsellor, Dunstan was absent at the time of Edred's death. The sickly king was carried off suddenly at last, and Dunstan had his wish not to be burdened with fresh cares whilst his ailing master required all his energy. On his way to the royal death-bed Dunstan received a supernatural intimation that the king "slept in God,"† and enjoined his com-

* P. 279.

* P. 281.

† "Modo," inquit, "Edredus rex obdormivit in Domino."

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panions to pray for Edred's soul. When he reached the palace he found a sad instance of the proverbial self-seeking of courtiers. They, who had formerly flattered their master during his life, fled from his corpse, which could give them nothing. Dunstan mourned over the sight. He and his monks watched by the royal remains till they were buried with becoming honors at Winchester. The abbot retired to Glastonbury for a short breathing-time. "Yet, although," says his biographer, "he had chosen Mary's part, he did not disdain Martha's solicitude."* A beam from a tower in course of erection was stopped in its descent by the holy sign of the cross which Dunstan made upon the air; but whereas the good rejoiced at his miraculous power, the wicked were thereby moved to greater envy of his gifts.

With Edred's decease in 955 a new phase begins in the life of Dunstan. Hitherto he had served deserving sovereigns, and had been generally treated by them with grateful appreciation; but now an unworthy successor ascended the throne of Alfred. Edwy or Edwin the Fair, whose short reign began by profligacy (956) and ended in grief (959), brought discord into his kingdom by bad and ambitious women. The scene of his coronation has been often described. The spiritual lords of England, its bishops and abbots, were gathered together for the ceremony, but, as they sat afterwards at the banquet, the king suddenly retired. A certain woman, Elgiva, who was nearly related to him, and her daughter had inspired the lust of the king, and for their company he forsook the great ones of his land. Who would go and call him back to his duty? To do so implied the hatred and revenge of a bad woman in power, which revenge would last as long as the king's passion for her. Dunstan and his kinsman, Bishop Kinsige, offered themselves for the perilous task, but it was Dunstan who used a gentle violence with the king. The crown of England was on the floor, strange emblem of its wretched possessor. Replacing it on the king's head, Dunstan drew him by the arm back to the banqueting-hall; but Elgiva, turning to him with a dreadful look, exclaimed: "Because *you* are impertinent enough to draw the king away from the couch whether he will or no, *I* will take care that you never forget this day nor me as long as I can help it."*

The queen's words—for she attained the object of her ambition—were not vain. Her vengeance pursued Dunstan and made England an unsafe place for the courageous abbot of Glastonbury. Dunstan set sail for Flanders, narrowly escaping the loss of his eyes—a punishment ordered by Elgiva to be inflicted on her enemy. At that time the monastic life in Flanders flourished under Count Arnulf, whose father had married a daughter of Alfred; and thus it came to pass that on different sides of the German Ocean two of his grandsons, Edred and Arnulf, were simultaneously carrying on monastic revival. Dunstan's cause, therefore, was warmly adopted by Arnulf, who received him at Ghent and allotted him a monastery, where, far from being looked upon as a stranger or an exile, he was treated as a friend and a superior.† A less kind treatment, as he learned by revelation, would have been his at Glaston-

* P. 282. * P. 284. † P. 285.

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bury. He seemed one night to be in the choir there, and to hear his monks singing an antiphon from the words of Job: "Why have you detracted the words of truth, whereas there is none of you that can reprove me?" but they could not complete the chapter, in spite of various attempts which they made. Then Dunstan urged them to go on: "However, finish what you have begun." But he heard a voice saying: "These words are hidden from them because they shall never carry out what is in their thoughts—that is, to depose thee from thy post in this monastery." His flight took place in the year 956.

In the meantime affairs did not prosper with Edwy. The Mercians revolted against him, and peace was only arrived at by the division of the kingdom (958), Edwy retaining the country south of the Thames only, and his brother Edgar taking the rest of England. Edgar was but sixteen when he became king, and already he showed some decided character by recalling Dunstan, the devoted friend of his family.

After Dunstan's return to England his life shapes itself into two principal aspects—his work as an ecclesiastical reformer, and his labors as a politician who had before his mind's eye a great principle to which he was always and singularly faithful. It is only from this double point of view that we can form an adequate notion of the man, and defend his memory from the imputations of those who have pretended to trace a fanatical hand in his reforms, or an inordinate desire to meddle with state affairs in his undoubted capacity for guiding the counsels of a young king. More weight was in the first instance given to his position by the episcopal consecration which he received on his return from Flanders. According to a custom in force at the time, he was probably consecrated a shire-bishop, pending the vacancy of a see. Three years elapsed between this and his final dignity as primate; for in 959, after the death of Edwy, his mysterious dream was fully accomplished and he became Archbishop of Canterbury. He had previously governed the dioceses of Worcester and London.

There is perhaps no better test of an apostolic spirit than the fearless correction of those who occupy high places. King Edgar himself seems unfortunately to have been no model in his private life, and once he fell into the sin of seducing a noble maiden at Wilton, who, if not a nun, subsequently took the veil to free herself from his importunity. Dunstan, moved to holy anger, went to remonstrate, when Edgar, putting out his hand, would have led him to the throne. But the archbishop, evading his touch, said with spirit: "Do you dare to touch the pastor's hand when you did not fear to seize a virgin given to God? You have seduced the spouse of your Creator, and do you think to please the spouse's friend by a bit of flattery? I will not be the friend of one whom Christ opposes."* When Edgar had bewailed his sin Dunstan imposed a penance with no sparing hand. The king was not to wear his crown for seven years; he was to fast twice a week and to give large alms. In short, he who had robbed God of one virgin was to found a convent which would give him back many spouses.

If, as we are proud to boast, the English character becomes early

* Osbern, p. 111.

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apparent in the nature of its free and healthy laws for the good of the lowest British subject, then we must acknowledge that Dunstan was a representative Englishman. Edgar's constitutions bear the impress of a strong and thoroughly English individuality, except, indeed, the institution of the Hundred, which seems to have been an administrative idea inherited from the old German system. Peace, order, and the rights of the subject are the undercurrent of Edgar's secular ordinances concerning the remedial jurisdiction of the king, the regular holding of the popular courts, the general system of security for appearance in the gemots, and the uniformity of coins and measures. The claims of the individual English citizen are fairly and clearly recognized in these early ordinances: "I will that every man be worthy of folk-right, as well poor as rich, and that righteous dooms be judged to him." And again in the Supplementum three points are insisted upon which are of fundamental importance to the prosperity of the state: First and foremost come duties towards God and religion; secondly, the proper balancing of power between the sovereign and his thanes; and, thirdly, the legal freedom of the Danes. The development of these early principles points to the religious mind of the English even amidst the errings of heresy, the independent English monarchy, the free and generous nature of English hospitality toward strangers. Edgar's words in one instance at least mark the guidance of Dunstan. He says: "I and the archbishop command that ye anger not God." The ecclesiastical laws enacted may be divided into two classes; the first are called the sixty-seven canons of Edgar, and concern religious observances and the guidance of the clergy. Professor Stubbs recognizes Dunstan's hand in some of the number. For instance, "That no priest receive a scholar without the leave of the other by whom he was formerly retained"; "that every priest do teach manual arts with diligence"; "that no learned priest reproach him that is less learned, but mend him if he know how"; "that no noble-born priest despise one of less noble birth; if it be rightly considered, all men are of one origin."* The penitential canons form the second class of which we spoke, but they are much less individual. Dunstan's claim to be viewed as a spiritual ancestor of the great St. Gregory VII. lies in the apostolic strife which he waged against the excesses of the clergy. It is not easy to explain the falling away of the Anglo-Saxon priests without a deep knowledge of the period, but certain causes of degeneracy appear on the surface. Civilization, in its first stage, does not always act favorably upon the moral life of a country, and it may safely be said that the refining process begun by St. Augustine had been interrupted by two and a half centuries of internal growth impeded by foreign invasion. The ceaseless incursions of the Danes had had a depressing, not an elevating, effect upon the Saxons; and now, at the latter end of the tenth century, they were little more than half-civilized barbarians, knowing, indeed, those things which they ought to do, but possessing not energy wherewith to do them. Fear had cast out love, instead of the reverse.†

* Preface.

† Perfecta autem charitas foras mittit timorem.

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Thus William of Malmesbury describes the clergy as "given up to worldly things, addicted to games of chance, equal to or surpassing seculars in their love of dress and in their licentiousness, intent upon food even to shameful excess, ignorant of letters as if it were a disgrace to priests to be learned, scarcely knowing the meaning of the words their sacred calling ordered them to say so often." In this state of things any man courageous enough to set up a high ideal of perfection would deserve more gratitude than the founder of a world-wide empire. Yet this is what Dunstan did by the illustration he gave to monastic life, in itself a faithful carrying out of the counsels. He enacted that every see should be filled by a monk or an abbot, who should be able to serve as an example to his diocesans, pending the time when the secular clergy awoke to the nature of their sacred vocation. Dunstan would tolerate no compromises, no half-hearted attempts to serve God and the flesh; it was to be a question of living according to the canons or of expulsion from the service of the altar.* He was also the stanch enemy of any violation of the sacrament of matrimony, justly regarding the purity of Christian marriage as the tie-beam in the frame-work of society. Dunstan himself founded five monasteries, and the monks formed at Glastonbury, or put forward by his exertions, carried the vigor of their primate into their new dioceses. Ethelwold, a monk of Glastonbury, and Abbot of Abingdon, and afterwards Bishop of Winchester, built innumerable monasteries, raising Ely and Thorney from their foundations. His clergy at Winchester, placed before Dunstan's alternative, had chosen to leave the spot rather than to be reformed. The same course was pursued by Oswald at Worcester, and by Wulfsige at Sherborne.* Dunstan put great zeal into the work of visitation, but no monastery attracted him more than Glastonbury. Primate though he was, he became a simple monk within those peaceful walls. On one of these occasions a story is told which is touching, as revealing the nature of Dunstan's relations with his former brethren, and the simplicity of heart to which God loves to confide the secrets of his providence. He had gone out one day into the court-yard before the church, where a single monk was walking. Arrived at a certain spot, Dunstan heard a voice from heaven saying, "Come, come, Elfsige, come." The archbishop, understanding the intimation, turned to the monk with the words, "Prepare yourself, brother, and make ready the viaticum which will enable you to undertake so important a journey. For your hour is at hand."† In a very few days Elfsige went indeed to his reward.

But the good times of Edgar and Dunstan were drawing to a close. The king died in 975, and was succeeded by his son, Edward II., the Martyr. A great reaction heralded in the new reign. By the help of the nobles the expelled clergy sought to recover their footing, and the archbishop was publicly confronted with his numerous enemies at a council held at Winchester. According to William of Malmesbury, a crucifix spoke thrice to relieve the archbishop's mind from the anxiety caused by the unruly priests.‡ And

* "Aut canonice vivite aut ecclesiis exite." * P. 302. † P. 306. ‡ P. 308.

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as if that were not enough, a second palpable sign confirmed the justice of his claims. At a second council the floor gave way beneath the assistants who were upbraiding that "strong pillar of the church, Dunstan," * he alone remaining safe and erect. This miracle silenced at last the angry tongues of his enemies, and caused the archbishop's decision to be universally accepted.

The history of England during the last twenty years of the tenth century is disastrous in the extreme. No sovereign appeared with the capabilities of Edgar, and the country's energies were sapped by Danish invasions and by an incompetent and worthless ruler at home. Ethelred the Unready deserved his nickname. The shadow of the cruel murder by which he came to the throne hung over his reign, as Dunstan had prophesied that it would. On the day of his coronation the archbishop is said to have predicted the disasters which subsequently came to pass: "Because you aspired to the throne through your brother's death, whom your ignominious mother stabbed, the sword eager for your blood shall not be taken away from your house all the days of your life. It shall slay some of your kindred until the kingdom shall be transferred to a strange nation whose language and customs are foreign to the people you govern." † The peace and glory of Dunstan's legislation were soon forgotten in the weariness of present strife, but his holy life remained as a shining light after the fame of lower things had passed away.

To those alone it is given to shine to others who have first consumed all seeking of self in the love of God. In his archiepiscopal palace Dunstan divided his time between prayer and study, devoting the early hours of the morning to the correction of faulty manuscripts. The equal distribution of justice, the preservation of the sacred character of matrimony, the protection of widows and orphans, the pacification of those who were estranged one from another, were the objects which lay nearest to the archbishop's heart. Charity towards the poor and zeal for the monastic order constituted, as it were, the flames upon which his ardor spent itself. His preaching was forcible and earnest, tender to the good, but unsparing towards sin. Dunstan never performed any great ceremony without shedding abundant tears. "In the day," holy David says, "the Lord hath commanded his mercy, and in the night his song." * Nocturnal prayer has a special value in God's eyes, and in it the archbishop was proficient, never, as his biographer records, taking his full allowance of sleep. Thus, after the turmoils of his life, he tasted before death of the peace of God, which surpasseth all understanding. The end was at hand, though there was no appearance of a decline. It was Ascension day, 988. Dunstan preached three times to his people with an unwonted vigor and unction, and at the third sermon he left them his legacy. Let them, he besought them, have charity and love one for another; it was the only means of becoming united to God. This brotherly tenderness was the pledge our Lord had bequeathed to his disciples, and now he left it to them as his parting

*. . . Validissimum illum Ecclesiæ murum, Dunstanum dico.

† Osbern, p. 115.

* Ps. xli.

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gift. Then he told them that he should be no longer with them, for that he was to depart to his true resting-place in heaven. After Mass, nevertheless, the archbishop went to dinner, where he was full of a holy mirth, making himself all things to his brethren. A sudden illness fell upon him, and he grew constantly worse till the Saturday. When Matins were over the archbishop knew that the hour was near at hand when he should see God face to face. He summoned his household for the parting, bitter indeed to them, but sweet to one whose heart had been for so long fixed on heaven. Extreme Unction was administered, then the holy Viaticum, and, whilst the hidden God still dwelt within his breast, Dunstan cried out: "Memoriam fecit mirabilium suorum misericors et miserator Dominus, escam dedit timentibus se." They were his last words, a farewell to earth, full of gratitude to God for the greatest of his gifts. Dunstan was in his sixty-fourth year.

This short record would fulfil its aim could it fix the attention of some future biographer of St. Dunstan. The broad outlines only of his career have been given here, both because the details would require a larger space, and because in a sketch we feared by dwelling too much upon them to take away from the vigor of the salient points. The indifference and rudeness of the age, the vices of those who should have supported him, make Dunstan's own sanctity all the more forcible. It is as if in a poor collection of pictures we were to come upon the work of a great master. Another attribute of his holiness must be borne in mind. At a time when men left the world because it was so bad that their hearts sickened at the prospect of bettering it by their presence, Dunstan sanctified himself in the atmosphere of courts, thus showing forth in his own example the strength engendered by obedience, and the weight carried with it by a steady purpose which looks to God for its accomplishment.

THE END OF MAN.

I.

O SEERS and sages! ye have read
Unnumbered volumes through,
And Knowledge hides his head
With you.
Deep-pondering and far-seeing,
Ye know the mystery of this being,
Its origin and end.
Tell me, then, what I am;
Tell me from whence I came;
Tell me whereto I tend;
Yea, why I am at all.

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In vain I call.
From sage or seer
No answer cometh to my ear.
Why ask of them that cannot give?
Why call for light
To them that grope in the night?

In God I live,
Draw breath, have sense and motion.
I came from God; to God must I return,
As the rain, ocean-born,
Returneth to the bosom of the ocean.
I am all his, and his alone.
No other maker names me;
No other master claims me.
Nay, I am not my own.
Lord of my life and destiny,
I do confess, my God, in thee
Full sov'reignty and absolute domain.

II.

Why was I made? God had no need of me.
I was not necessary, had no claim to be.
Without consulting me or mine,
But of his royal pleasure,
And as the by-plan of a vast design
Including me and my scant measure,
From a deep mould
As infinitely old
As his eternal mind he brought me,
And into being wrought me.
A delicate complexity
Of spirit and machinery,
Of matter, force, and faculty,
A frail and feeble creature,
But with a destiny above my nature,
He designed me,
And assigned me
To a station, service, and vocation
In the great feodary of his creation.

There, to my post and duty tied,
Let me abide,
Calm and content;
Indifferent
Whatever may befall me;
Ready to stay and labor on
Until my work be done;

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Ready to go when God shall call me.
He that made me and my destiny
Is wise and true;
He knows what is his due
And what is best for me.

Oh! what should be the end of man
But to fulfil
That holy will
In which man's being first began?
My end, the reason of my being, yea,
My soul's true bliss,
All lie in this:
To live for thee, my God, for thee.

A MARTYR OF MARTYRS.*

I.

BELLS were ringing jubilantly, cannon were pealing, the shout of a mighty multitude echoed to the heavens, where in an oriental sky the stars were blazing. Below them torches of scented wood flared red, lines of many-colored lanterns ran like webs of fire from tree to tree and from bough to bough, turning the groves to fairyland. The road, on either side of which the myriad people tore the air with clamor of eager expectation and of welcome, was carpeted with fabrics of regal splendor. Whatever an Eastern realm could lavish of gorgeousness and grandeur seemed spread forth that night, for the monarch of an ancient kingdom was bringing home his bride.

On came the royal procession. Banner and pennon, lance and spear, went proudly by; high-stepping war-horse, plumed warriors, courtiers in gay attire, nobles in robes of state, princes of royal blood, were there. Then appeared the unsurpassed white elephant, bearing on his broad back a throne of state, where sat the king of the vast multitude with his veiled bride motionless beside him.

Behind them was a throng of retainers, bearing gifts from provinces far off and near. With these there came long lines of slaves, sent too as gifts. Upon them searching looks were bent by men jealous of their sovereign's honor, and desirous to judge if they were worthy to be given to him upon such great occasion. One among them attracted every eye, and caused in all hearts unwonted feelings of reverent amazement.

In that long-drawn procession of unveiled women slaves, walking each after each singly and slowly, so that the beauty of each might be seen by all present and redound to the monarch's greatness —among those women, some haughtily defiant, some indifferent, some despairing, some most vile to

* There is an historic basis for this story.

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see in their Eastern tarnished beauty, wholly of the clod—one walked quietly, looking neither to right nor left, and men and women held their breath at sight of her.

Tall and slight, and fair with lily fairness, she was clad in a robe of soft white wools, and over it her hair fell to her feet in a golden veil. Her features were perfectly formed, her face clear-cut and oval. She never raised her eyes, but kept them bent upon a little child who lay sleeping in her arms. That sweet face bore a look mysterious to the people, filling them with strange emotion. They loved her as they saw her, but they loved her with the love we give to angels. It was the face of one who has suffered acutely, who has loved and still loves with intense devotion; but the sign of a higher love was on it, and men, not knowing what it meant, did reverence to it.

A louder clamor of drum and horn, and cymbal and trumpet, a mightier shout upon the echoing sky. The king has brought his bride to their palace home. The carven doors are open to her; the bridal feast is spread; music rings around her amid fragrance of flowers and fruits and costly wines. Never has bride of that kingdom known such rapturous greeting, or been treated so nearly as the equal of her lord.

They brought her gifts before her dais, displaying each one to her. They brought the slaves before her, men and women, whose lives hung on her slightest whim. It was her fancy to choose one that very night to wait upon her, and the king watched her pretty perplexity with gratified pride.

Yet in a moment her doubts vanished when the pale stranger stood before her. Even the king felt the amazing spell. A hush fell over the heathen court, but now alive with wine and passion. What unearthly vision was there?

"I weary of the noise, and light, and heat," the queen said, looking at the stranger wistfully. "Beautiful mother, let us be alone for an hour, that my head and my heart may rest."

And queen and slave passed forth together from the banquet, ending unwittingly the first act of a drama wherein no less than heaven was to be risked and won.

II.

"The woman is a Christian, your majesty—a Christian surely."

The king knit his brows and looked wrathfully at the speaker.

"You do not know whereof you speak," he said.

"Pardon me, sire. I am your oldest counsellor. I was your royal father's counsellor before you. I know whereof I speak. You have never seen a Christian. We banished them from the kingdom before your majesty's most happy birth. Believe me, they are more dangerous than the plague. One single follower of the Nazarene sets a whole realm on fire. 'Tis even said, sire—"

The old man hesitated.

"Speak on!" was the imperious cry.

"I fear, sire, that my life is worth nothing if I say the rest."

"It is worth nothing if you do not."

"'Tis even said, then, your majesty, that she has already tainted with her errors the mind of our most gracious queen."

The king strode to the casement and leaned forth as if stifled. In

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the sheltered, glorious gardens below he beheld the two persons who filled his thoughts. Where a fountain sprang upward in glittering, lace-like spray; where birds sang blithely, flitting like gorgeous tongues of flame from bower to bower; where the trees cast quiet shadows, and flowers of magnificent color and wondrous fragrance lit up the greensward, his young queen sat in her dark and brilliant loveliness so worshipped by him, and close beside her shone like a star the Christian's exquisite fair face. Surely it was of no common matter they talked together; no court gossip was sullying their lips. Sometimes their eyes were fixed earnestly upon each other, sometimes they lifted them as earnestly towards the sky. And on either face was a look not earthly. So might St. Monica have talked with Augustine and gazed towards heaven.

Vehement in anger, yet strong to control it till he knew most surely how and when to strike, the king watched and thought. This work must stop; yet how to stop it? His young wife loved this woman as her own soul, and upon his wife's life now the hopes of the nation centred. The slave, being necessary to the realm, must live.

Yet she was tainting the queen's mind with her errors, and the king remembered to have heard strange stories of these Christians. Torture meant little to them, death meant nothing, riches counted for dross, compared with something or some one invisible, to whom they gave themselves. If the queen were a Christian she would rather see her husband and her children slaves and dead, so only they were Christians also, than to see them crowned kings of the universe. The nation would be in commotion. What could be done?

He turned sharply to the counsellor. "Prepare the torture-chambers with all speed," he commanded, then looked again to the gardens.

Through flash of fountain and song of bird no words could reach him. He could only note that the conversation was as intent and as free from levity as before. God heard the words they spake.

"It is a land more fair than this, then, Aimé?"

"This land is an idle dream compared to it, your highness."

"How can that be, Aimé? Tell me; for I dream of naught more beautiful than this."

"There is no scorching heat there, lady, and the flowers never wither, and no storms come nigh. And God is there always, lady, and his Blessed Mother, and the saints and angels. It is the court and the country of the King of kings."

"And he is mightier than my king, and wiser and more loving? How can that be, Aimé? I dream of none more strong and tender than my king."

"He is fairer than any child of man, this King of kings, your highness. He loves us as no man can love us. He loved us so that he died for us, and now for evermore he lives and reigns, and he asks our love. We shall never have to part with him."

"Poor Aimé!"

The queen understood that patient sigh of the widowed heart. She could not understand the smile of joy which triumphed over it.

"God is good," cried Aimé gladly. "His will is best. He has given me you to love, he has given me my child, he has given me himself, and heaven waits for us."

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Heaven! At the word it was as if she saw the celestial country opening before her rapturous gaze. She, a captive in a strange land, saw the fatherland of God before her, and the gates of pearl flung open to her, and the King who waited on his throne.

The earthly monarch, watching, started as her face, lifted more clearly into sight, flashed its seraphic beauty on him. Then, through the sounds which had made their voices inaudible to him, the shrill cry of Aimé's infant reached his ear.

All the mother-love flew back into her face. She caught the baby from its grassy cradle at her feet, fondled it, hushed it, then nursed it at her bosom, drawing her veil closely round it, while the queen said caressing words and played with the small pink feet. It touched a chord of pity in the strong man's nature.

"I will save her, if I can," he mused. "She will forget her folly. Now must I summon the queen away, and find an opportunity to work my will."

"His majesty awaits your highness."

The queen turned to the kneeling slave who had brought the message.

"Tell him I come at once," she said.

But she bent again over the baby, and whispered to the mother: "If I obey your King, and am a Christian, Aimé, then I may surely pray to him, and he will surely hear?"

"He surely will."

"And that everlasting kingdom will be mine for ever, with no end or sorrow—surely?"

"Most certainly, dear lady, if only you hold firm unto the end."

Was it of reward she thought—this queen whose cup of earthly ambition was filling to the brim?

"It has seemed to me," she said slowly, "that if I were a Christian my dearest lord would be a Christian also—I would pray so hard for that!—and then that heavenly country could be his for ever also. I would be glad to win all that for him."

They went together, through the shadows and the sunlight, out of the joy and abounding life of nature, into the palace glittering with barbaric pomp, and the heart of each was yearning for a higher life and an eternal splendor. And as the great doors closed behind them an awful highway opened to them, even the King of king's own royal highway, leading for ever from earth's gardens to the garden of the Lord.

III.

They had led her—two spectral figures clad in hideous masks and garments of linked mail—through long galleries and vaulted chambers, amid instruments of torture, nameless, horrible as the work of fiends. She had been summoned from her child to attend the queen, but no queen was waiting for her. There was no one to be seen except these men, who walked one on either side of her, holding her by the arms. Neither spoke then, but, as they walked, one told the other what the nature and the uses of the engines of horror were.

They brought her by and by—was it after many hours they brought her?—through these anterooms of cruelty, to the presence of the king.

"You are no Christian?" he said to her abruptly.

She made no reply.

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"I told you so," he cried to the aged counsellor. "She is no Christian, say what you may, and I will save her."

Smiling sardonically, the wily statesman took from his robes something which, in the late king's reign, he had known how to play his part with well in discerning gold from dross, something which had been unseen in the kingdom for many years, and he laid it down at Aimé's feet.

It was only the figure of a Man, thorn-crowned, nailed to a cross.

"If you are no Christian trample on that," he said.

She lifted up her hands in horror. She, who had passed through all the torture-chambers with no sign of fear except her whitening face, uttered now a sharp, agonized cry like one who has been struck on a raw wound. And she flung herself on her knees before them, and she kissed the crucifix on feet and hands and face.

"Is *that* your God?" cried the king contemptuously.

"It is the likeness of my God," she answered him. "My God died on a cross for me, and I am a Christian."

Rack and fire, and scourge and shame, they tried them on her, cautiously yet sharply. They could force no other answer from her, could not bring that frail, fair woman to do that simple thing: to place her beautiful, her small, her harmless foot upon that piece of wood and silver.

"It was a priest's crucifix," the counsellor said meditatively. "He was an old man, I remember, and he died hard for it. He died harder even than common. These are a strange people."

The king, who had been used to conquer men by thousands on the field of battle, and who had subdued provinces to work his will, stood baffled here. And then he deigned to plead with her:

"The queen loves you. Deny your faith, give up your folly, and you shall be her best and dearest, nearest to her throne."

But it was as if she did not hear him.

Suddenly he bade the torturers cease. A new plan had occurred to him. He gave whispered orders to the counsellor, who departed; then shortly after the king bade the torturers lift their victim and follow him. And so they brought her one more stage upon her journey to the court of the King of kings.

IV.

A small room, but, where all was magnificent, most marvellous to see in its luxury and display. Tables were there, piled with most tempting viands, wines to warm the fainting heart, perfumed waters to refresh the racked and quivering frame, couches of down to give it tenderest repose.

In a princely cradle lay the Christian's child.

Weak as she was, she would have sprung to clasp it to her bosom; but they held her back, gently but firmly, and they laid the crucifix before her feet.

"Now," said the king in mild and courtly accents, "you may go to your little child."

She did not stir.

Gently they laid her down on one of the soft divans; they gave her wine to strengthen her, they put a healing salve upon her wounds. And they left her hungry eyes free to feed upon her baby's innocent, rosy, happy face; they left her tongue free to speak, to call to him;

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they left her ears open to hear his slightest cry. And they only bound her feet with a painless golden chain whose links they would quickly loosen for her on one small condition: they only laid the crucifix in the path between her child and her.

The child cooed and laughed, and talked his baby talk to himself contentedly for a time—yes, for time long enough to revive in the racked heart of the mother (if she needed it) the memory of his beauty, and his love, and his amiable, exquisite baby-ways; long enough for her to note again his perfect health, his unusual strength and activity, his unusual beauty.

By and by one of the torturers rang a sweet-sounding silver bell above her head, and drew the eyes of the child to the mother's face.

He sprang up in his cradle, laughed out delightedly, stretched his hands to her, allured her to come to him, and lift him and play with him.

She, like a mother, crushed down her faintness and her longing, and answered back to him with smiles and tender gestures and most tender words.

But such devices could not long satisfy a baby. He wanted his mother to touch him and hold him, and he wanted to be fed. Why did she not come to him—this mother always so ready to attend to his slightest wish? He cried loudly.

Aimé looked with imploring gaze to the monarch.

"You are free to go," he answered.

Free, with the warders' eyes upon her—free, with the crucifix lying in her pathway—free, by one touch of her foot, one effort of her will.

She did not move, except to fold her hands, and pray, and pray.

The child cried much. It cried itself to sleep at last, and lay flushed and restless even in sleep, with tears on the plump cheek.

In the stillness memories of past earthly joys, dreams of future earthly joys and greatness, haunted her. Once she had had a loving husband, who protected her from so much as a rough breeze, or a curious look, or an unkind word. Once she was a queen's friend and favorite—was it ages ago, or only that very day? Once there was a prospect opening to her of a fair future for her child, a long and happy life for her with him. What did these cruel people mean to do with her? How long would they, born themselves of women, let a mother and her baby suffer thus?

Voices. Men are talking near her—men or devils. Their words seem partial echoes of her thoughts.

"The queen loves her."

"Truly; beyond all counting."

"Even now she asks for her."

"Yes; but the king cozens her. He tells her she has gone for a brief time to bring some splendid present to her. Yet the queen weeps, and says no gifts can satisfy her for the loss of her company even for three days."

"Can it last three days, then?"

"They say so. 'Tis strong and well, you see."

What is strong and well? A vague horror chills her. But she fights it off. Human beings could not be so lost to all compassion. The voices speak again:

"Fools, these Christians! Look, now. Here is a woman whom the king honors and the queen loves. She shall ask naught that they will not give her. Her child shall be the companion and the friend of

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princes, brought up and honored with the queen's own children. And she lets all go for sake of an idle dream."

"Will not put her foot upon a stick!"

If she hears, she gives no sign she hears them. They must touch another chord than that of friendship or of strong ambition. And they are quick to try:

"The king is firm."

"Like rock itself."

"One way or other, he ever gains his will."

"By any sort of torture."

Still no sign of fear.

But now, abruptly, plainly, words unmistakable are spoken:

"It takes a strong man-child, then, three days to starve to death before the eyes of an unnatural mother who refuses to give him food?"

"They say so—three days or more. But the king will not grant her three days' grace."

"Hast ever heard or seen the like? Naught to prevent her, and she will not save him! Let's try once more."

"And then try speedier ways."

She knows all now. She springs up from among the silken pillows, and her face glares on them, and spring and face remind them suddenly of a tigress whom they wounded but yesterday among the mountains, and tore from her young cubs in their den.

They loose the chain. She starts to her feet. What! She is down on her knees again, trembling and shivering, beside that senseless *thing*. Waken the child!

Yes, waken him. He cries with sharp, real hunger when he wakens. He sees her, and he holds his hands to her. By and by they add coarser cruelty to this double-dyed refinement of cruelty. They begin to torture with sharp instruments the famished, thirsty little creature before her eyes.

And the mother?

She does not rise again from her knees where she has fallen. It is strength to kneel there. Over and over again she is saying in her foreign tongue words whose meaning her torturers do not know. Even the king, familiar with the language, cannot understand their import. Is the woman going mad? His anger is blazing now, his obstinate will is set; she shall be conquered. But the very words which she is babbling over and over, like a fool as he thinks, have in them the strength which shall set his strength at naught.

"*There stood by the cross of Jesus his Mother*," she says. "There stood by the cross of Jesus his Mother, his Mother, his very own Mother, the Mother that bore him. Do you hear that, my Jesus, my Lord, my King of kings?"

Whether it be night or day she knows not. Sleep she will never know again till the endless day has broken, and the Queen of Martyrs gathers her sister-martyr unto perfect, peaceful rest upon her bosom. She counts the leaden-footed minutes by baby-sobs that grow more shrill, more faint, more pitiful to hear. She sees the baby-hands, once stretched in anguish to her, fall clenched upon the cradle; she sees the baby-face grow old, and haggard, and livid—the once rosy, joyous face of her only child.

"Jesus!" she pleads, but there is neither bitterness nor complaint in the patient pleading, "thou hadst a woman for thy mother. Have mercy on a woman who pleads with thee for her only son."

The Eastern monarch bows down

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before her marvellous fortitude, compelled to do it homage; he deigns to expostulate with her; he begins to fear the end. She will conquer at last, not he.

"Deny your faith," he entreats her. "Say only one word. I ask no more."

She does not look at him nor answer him. It is no longer this Eastern monarch whom she hears and sees. For a brief awful moment, into which the agony of ages seems concentrated, she sees, and hears, and feels through all her being the suffering of her baby, her own flesh and blood, the child to whom in travail pangs she had given life, and to whom now, in pangs compared with which those counted as the merest trifles, she is free to give life again at the price of one little word.

The room grows dark around her, except the tiny, livid face. She rocks to and fro upon her knees in that horror of great darkness, only lighted by that awful sight. She clutches at her heart with her two hands, then stretches her arms out wide from side to side. And once again they hear her speak those foreign and mysterious words, but now distinct and slow, as calling upon one unseen by them, but seen by her, and sure to heed and answer:

"*There stood by the cross of Jesus his Mother.* Mother, I cry to thee."

And as she spoke the soul of the child departed, but she did not know or heed.

v.

"Aimé! My Aimé!"

Like one returned from heaven's courts she answered to the piteous call, folded her hands, that had been spread for hours as on a cross, looked once again upon things of time and sense, and lo! the queen was weeping over her as one weeps above the dead.

"Aimé, my Aimé, where hast thou been?" she cried.

And grave and calm the slave made answer to her:

"I have been in the presence of the King of kings."

The queen started. "Oh! no, my darling, my darling. They have driven you mad with torture. You are here, with me, my sweet one. You are safe."

But grave and calm the slave repeated:

"I have been in the presence of the King of kings.

"It was not the land we dreamed of, lady. It was the rock of Calvary, most bleak and desolate. A cross was on it. There hung my Lord, my Love. And his own Mother stood beside it; close to her aching heart she held me; and behold! another cross was there, and *my* son hung upon it; and she and I watched, and wept, and waited, and the will of God was done.

"I saw the whole wide world spread out before us, a great plain filled with men who sinned, and suffered, and sorrowed; and behold! her Son was dying in torture, and my son was dying in torture, yet the will of God was done.

"And she prayed no prayer that her woes should be ended, she prayed no prayer that the woes of her Son might cease. With her whole yet broken heart she offered him to the wise will of God. So, clinging to her, I likewise offered my son to him.

"Then, at once, I saw it, the city we dreamed of, lady, only more grand, resplendent, than any dream

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of ours. The throne of my King was in it; and my King—I saw, I heard him, though he spoke no words. For my heart was one with his Sacred Heart, and communed with him without need of speech.

"I saw the length and breadth of mysteries—the mystery of suffering, of the innocent suffering for the guilty, the mystery of the broken heart of a mother, the mystery of the broken and Sacred Heart of God.

"When I saw it all I loved it. I bless your king for my torments. Had I life to live all over again, I would *choose* to endure such pain.

"I have seen my King in his agony, and have seen him in his glory. He has pierced my heart, and wounded it through with his sharp, sweet dart of love.

"I have offered myself and my all with him for a soul's and a realm's salvation. It is a free-will offering, given through love to Love.

"He works his will as he chooses. My son does reign with princes in an eternal kingdom, for ever safe from sin. And the Queen of the kingdom calls me to perfect rest beside her, dear to her for ever, and near to her radiant throne. Our Lord has made use of us for thee, and we who have stood beside the cross are going home to God."

"Aimé!"

The queen's piteous cry broke in upon the words the Christian spoke like one inspired.

"Aimé! look at me, love me. Who will lead *me* home to God?"

Silence in the palace, save for the weeping of a queen left lonely among heathen by the inscrutable will of God.

Silence, save that the very stillness answered her. God had plainly shown her a path that led to him.

Silence, yet are soundless voices chanting:

"O poor little one, tossed with tempest, without all comfort:

"All thy children shall be taught of the Lord: and great shall be the peace of thy children.

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts: nor your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

"For as the heavens are exalted above the earth, so are my ways exalted above your ways, and my thoughts above your thoughts.

"Alleluia: for the Lord our God the almighty hath reigned."

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CHRISTIAN ART.

MURILLO.

THE position of Art, as the handmaid of Religion, is as old as the Mosaic ceremonial which enjoined that the ornaments and accessories of divine worship should be made "according to the pattern shown on the mount"—that is, by God himself. Minute indeed were the directions given as to the gold and silver and precious gems, the candlesticks and the lamps, the incense and the oil, to be provided for the service of the tabernacle. Impressive, also, were the gorgeous colors prescribed for its hangings and curtains; the rich robes and ornaments to be worn by the priests in their great acts of sacrifice and intercession. The "propitiatory," or mercy-seat, was to be made of pure gold; and over it were to brood the outstretched wings of cherubim covering the seat, or throne, of mercy. Thus, even under the old law, was qualified the broad prohibition never "to make a graven similitude or image, male or female, of anything that is in heaven above or on earth beneath"—a prohibition which, in its literal interpretation, has affected Oriental art even to the present day, but which, in the opinion of the late broad-church Dr. Arnold, was literally abrogated by the Incarnation of Jesus Christ, "the brightness of the divine glory, and the figure or representation of the divine substance" (*Life*, by Stanley, i. 315). More glorious still were the visions revealed to the Beloved Apostle in the Apocalypse—as much more so as the reality surpasses the type, as the substance its foreshadowing. Among the golden candlesticks moved "one like the Son of Man," attended not by golden cherubim, but by living angels of the Presence. The worship of the enthroned Lamb was offered by the "ancients" in white clothing, wearing crowns of gold, accompanied by the symbolic evangelists, the odors of golden vials, and the harmonies of celestial harps.

In perfect accordance with this representation of external art has been the feeling of the church of Christ since its foundation. Before it had emerged from the Roman Catacombs their altars and subterranean chapels were adorned, as far as rude artistic skill permitted, by sketches of the Good Shepherd, by emblems of the Resurrection, and other symbols familiar to archæologists. Between figures of SS. Peter and Paul is seen standing, in the attitude of intercession, a majestic woman, known as the *Donna Orante*, and, in the judgment of Mrs. Jameson, an impartial Protestant art authority of no mean rank, designed to represent the great Mother of Jesus herself. By and by the church emerged from the Catacombs and took possession of the pagan temples and basilicas, turning them into churches. Then arose the early art of mosaic decoration—rude, indeed, at first, but often strikingly in harmony with the solemn vaults and subdued light of those old Romanesque buildings.

We must then follow early Christian art to its new home in Byzantium, or New Rome—stiff in the

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beginning, and more quaint than pleasing to a modern eye, but for all that an important link in the long chain that connects the great masterpieces of sacred painting with the rudimentary beginnings of untutored draughtsmen. From this point the history of Christian art, if pursued, as it ought to be, through the media of colored glass in windows and illuminated miniatures in missals and prayer-books, diverges into several paths, leading in the direction of Italy for one, of Germany and Flanders for another, and of Spain. These three great schools, as they are called, have each of them their own characteristics. It were hard to say which of them best fulfilled the high purposes of such delineation, if, as a Spanish writer on art once defined, these be to persuade men to piety and lead them to God.

We turn first to Spain, for reasons that will appear as we proceed. The Spanish school differed from every other in this among several important particulars: that, owing to the force of circumstances, its chief artists confined themselves nearly exclusively to sacred subjects or to portraiture. Velasquez, the great secular painter of Spain, was never surpassed as a delineator of kings and courtiers, and great ladies and their favorite dwarfs and spaniels. They grew out of his canvas with the spontaneity of a wish. Murillo, the other eminent Spanish painter, stands above the Van Eycks, above Titian, nay, in some respects above Raphael himself, as the delineator of that which faith alone has yet apprehended, of the supernatural associations recorded in the lives of saints. These, to his imagination, were as real, as completely within the grasp of his genius, to a certain point, as the incidents of daily human life. His quiet and uneventful career was eminently favorable to the creations of his brush. Few incidents marked the progress of time for him, beyond the completion of one great picture or series of pictures after another, during a period of nearly forty years.

Seville, the chief city of Andalusia, and once the capital of Spain, was the place of Murillo's birth; its date, one of the closing days of the year 1617. His parents, who were persons in humble life, had the lease of a small house in the Calle de las Tiendas from the monks of San Pablo. Their family name was Esteban, or Stephen; but their eminent son afterwards adopted the surname of Murillo, or Morillo, from a paternal ancestor. Bartolomé (that was his Christian name) was left an orphan at the age of ten, and fell to the charge of a married aunt and her husband. Showing at an early age a passion for sketching, he was sent to learn the rudiments of art in the studio of Juan Castillo, a painter of some note in his day. When his master left Seville for Cadiz, young Murillo, then about twenty-two years of age, earned a precarious living by painting little pictures for the *feria*, or Thursday market, in which dealers bought up all kinds of cheap wares for sale in the Spanish colonies of America. A "*feria* picture" came to signify a sketch of a popular saint, of flowers, or of a landscape, dashed off in such haste as to be good for little but to "sell to niggers." Many such rude memorials of art must even now exist in the remote churches of those countries, and, if traced to hands like Murillo's, might fetch their weight in gold.

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Fortunately for the young painter's fame, his mode of living by dashing off *feria* pictures was interrupted by the return of De Moya, a former fellow-pupil in Castillo's studio, who had been to Flanders and England to study art under Vandyck. When Murillo saw his sketches and copies he was fired with emulation to become a pupil of the great Flemish portraitist. But to defray the necessary expenses a good many *feria* pictures had to be worked off; and before money enough had been made in this way the news of Vandyck's death in London (1641) put an end to the project. Murillo, therefore, contented himself with a shorter journey to Madrid, where his fellow-townsman, Velasquez, was then residing, as the court painter, at the summit of his fame. The great artist, who was nearly twenty years senior to Murillo, received him with generous kindness, lodged him in his house, and, while recommending him ultimately to look forward to Italy as the best of all schools for a young painter, assisted him in the meantime, and at less cost, to study the works of the masters in the royal galleries at Madrid: Titian, Rubens, Vandyck, and Velasquez himself. Three years were sedulously devoted to the task; and when the journey to Italy was again proposed, Murillo, now conscious of his powers, resolved to dispense with further study, and to return to Seville and establish himself there for life as a painter.

He had not long to wait for a commission. He was engaged by the Franciscan friars to paint a series of eleven pictures in the smaller cloister of their convent. The last of them was finished in 1646. One or two of the most remarkable call for a word of description. The "Death of St. Clare" represents the saint on her couch, surrounded by her sisters and brethren in religion; the rest of the picture, to the spectator's right, is filled with a retinue of crowned saints of the devoted sex, gathered about the Queen of Angels and the Lord of glory himself. All of them are advancing to clothe the dying nun in the robe of her immortality, and bid her beatified spirit welcome to paradise. Equally conceived from a point of view "within the veil," as St. Paul expresses it, is another of those cloister pictures. A holy Franciscan lay brother, who has charge of the convent kitchen, is discovered by three visitors in an ecstasy, rapt in prayer, raised from the ground, and shedding a supernatural light, while the duties he had suspended are performed by angelic hands. Some are carrying water; others tending the fires; others, again, preparing food for cooking. Their orderly bustle, contrasted with the mute astonishment of the visitors, one of whom is a friar, and with the far-off preoccupation of the lay brother, forms a *motif* of rare interest and power, from which the picture derives its name of "The Angels' Kitchen."

Till the friars gave him this commission Murillo was unknown. By the time it was finished his reputation, in Seville at least, was established. Other commissions soon followed; the painter's future was assured, and in 1648 he married Doña Beatrix de Cabrera y Sotomayor, of Pilas, a lady of fortune and position, but of whom not a feature or a trace remains, unless, indeed, tradition is not in error in asserting that the St. Anne in the "Education of the Blessed Virgin" is a portrait of Doña Beatrix, as

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the Virgin herself is of Murillo's only daughter, Francisca. Domestic happiness attended him through life. Thirteen years after the wedding his eldest son, Gaspar Esteban, was born; and, after an interval of several years more, Francisca; and then, last of all, Gabriel, the younger son, who eventually became a canon of Seville Cathedral, in holy orders. Francisca entered the Dominican Order in the convent of the Mother of God, at Seville. Gaspar emigrated to one of the American colonies of Spain. Doña Beatrix, their mother, died several years before her husband.

To the first decade of Murillo's art-career belong most of the secular subjects he treated: the beggar-boys, the gipsy flower-girls, that delight the artist and the uninitiated alike. In humor, as in imitation of natural objects, he stands on a level with the *genre* painters of the highest class in the Flemish school. But even in the first decade of his work he painted higher subjects, such as the "Immaculate Conception" for the Franciscans' larger cloister; the "Virgin and the Rosary," now in the Louvre; and several other well-known reproductions of sacred history. Murillo's style, up to 1656, consisted of an unconscious adaptation of the styles of other great masters, and notably of Vandyck's. But slowly yet surely he was working his way clear of obligations to any one under the guidance of his own native talent.

His attainment of an original style all his own was marked by the production of his great picture of "St. Anthony of Padua" receiving the Infant Jesus in his arms, according to the legend. The date of that picture is 1656. The saint is kneeling in his cell, a half-open door showing a long, whitewashed cloister beyond. Up above heaven is revealed, its glowing spaces filled with groups of angels radiant in their beauty. Down the centre of the cloud-paved way the Divine Child steps with infantine majesty and grace, as he hastens to meet the ardent desire of the saint to fold him in his arms. Ecstatic love, adoration, joy, longing for union, throb beneath the Capuchin habit and flow from the upturned countenance of St. Anthony, as he awaits with outstretched arms the coming of his long-sought Guest. "Never," says an eminent French critic, "was the magic of painting carried further." This wonderful picture was placed in the baptistery chapel of the cathedral. A few years ago it was surreptitiously cut out of its frame, carried to New York, and sold. The buyer—who, by the way, could have known little of Spanish art to purchase a work so widely known in Europe—was amply compensated for his loss, when the picture was traced and claimed, by the liberal reward of the cathedral authorities for its recovery. Its restoration to Seville was celebrated by the whole city as an occasion of general rejoicing.

The church of Santa Maria-la-Blanca, in Seville, was dedicated to Our Lady of the Snow—a title given to the Madonna in remembrance of the legend relating to the ancient foundation of Sta. Maria Maggiore on the Esquiline Hill, in Rome. Murillo's patron, Don Justino Neve, a worthy canon of the cathedral, wishing to present a picture to the church of La Blanca, and perhaps thinking of his own family name, commissioned the painter to represent the legend of the Esquiline. This was in 1665. The painter rose to the height of

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his opportunity and executed two *chefs-d'œuvre*, *medios puntos* (twin perfections), as they are called in Spain. They were carried off to Paris by Soult among the booty of the French army, and are now in the Academy of San Fernando, Madrid. The pictures are respectively entitled "The Patrician's Dream" and "The Declaration of the Dream." In the first picture the patrician and his wife are shown asleep, perhaps after a long religious vigil. The husband's elbow rests on a table; his fine, serious head is lighted by the reflection of the celestial vision. A little behind him his wife lies easily asleep on the edge of a couch, her head leaning on her hand. A little white dog rolls itself up at her feet among the folds of her robe. The scene of slumber is separated from a distant landscape over which the morning dawn is just breaking. High up is a luminous group in striking contrast to the scene below. The Blessed Mary, with the Infant Jesus in her arms, and seated on bright clouds, is pointing to the hill on which her new shrine is to be erected.

In the companion picture we are shown the Roman nobleman and his wife relating their vision to Pope Liberius, as in the legend. The pope sits on a dais of state, under a canopy, listening with attention to the story. The patrician kneels on one knee before him, and gesticulates with his right hand. On his left his wife is kneeling, in full light, and, by the play of her hands, confirming her husband's narrative. On the other side stands an old prelate (probably a portrait) leaning on his crutch and adjusting his spectacles as he takes in the marvellous account. A friar also forms one of the audience. Through the portico of the palace is seen a wide landscape; in the full light of a summer sun a long procession of priests and prelates, ending with the pope, is advancing to the snow-covered hill in the distance, above which the Madonna is directing the clergy to the spot selected for her temple. The whole scene is passing in the heated glow of a Roman August, thus heightening the effect of the unmelted snow on the hill.

A double action of this kind in the same picture might perhaps be pardoned in a mediæval illumination or a pre-Raphaelite altar-piece, but with greater difficulty consistently with the canons of modern art; as also the anachronisms in dresses and accessories. Yet so vividly is the story told, so becoming are the attitudes of the figures, so finely discriminated the varying expressions of their countenances, so superb the drawing and coloring, so correct and true to life the impression produced, that the spectator forgets to criticise, and instinctively feels that in the *medios puntos*, realistic as they are, Murillo has struck out for himself a grand and, of its kind, unapproachable style. He never, we think, excelled the art in those pictures; their masses of light and shade are blended and united by insensible gradations, by transitions effected with such extreme delicacy as to leave them barely perceptible. The master's infinite resources are revealed by the way in which he marshals his tones, playing them off one against the other in harmonious combinations, or again setting them off by happy contrasts, and even by fine dissonances. Air and light circulate in all directions; the painter's touch is rich and bold, his emphasis delicate and well chosen. His tones are

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full of vigor and depth in the shadows; his half-tones warm; his high lights refreshing and delightful.

Another picture of high interest, belonging probably to the same year as the two last, is the "Nativity of the Blessed Virgin," the finest Murillo in the Louvre, and formerly in Seville Cathedral. The central group in the foreground includes the newly-arrived daughter of St. Anne, attended by representatives of both worlds, the human and the angelic. In the background are St. Anne and St. Joachim, and overhead a group of cherubs is exulting in the auspicious event. The composition, as a whole, is a study of color. Deep reds prevail in the foreground; orange tints in the near lights; the high lights are a little subdued, and are repeated or connected by violets, pale roses or carmines, passing into lilacs and lilac-grays, and thence into tenderest greens with an indescribable charm.

It was one of the distinctive privileges of Murillo's art to earn for him the title of *El Pintor de las Concepciones* (the painter of the Immaculate Conception). At that period the reception of the mystery was an article of living faith among the great majority of Spaniards, with the Franciscans at their head; so much so that it grew to be a customary form of salutation among acquaintances, when they met, to say: *Ave Maria purisima.* To which the reply followed: *Sin pecado concebida.* Murillo painted the subject upwards of twenty times, generally representing the Mother of Grace alone, in her radiant and girlish loveliness, robed in a white tunic underneath a mantle of celestial blue, rapt in contemplation of her sublime destiny, while angelic spirits wait upon her with rapturous love and admiration. The celebrated picture in the Louvre, although a beautiful work of art undoubtedly, was not Murillo's first representation of the subject. Seville possesses another, still finer, called "La Perla." The Madrid Museum has two of supreme beauty. In the same collection there is also an "Annunciation," which has been described as a "pure marvel." The Holy Virgin and the archangel are relieved against a background formed of angels luminous as the sun. The symbol of the brooding Spirit is projected upon it with a yet keener radiance—"a finer light in light."

We referred to the "Education of the Holy Virgin" in the Museum at Madrid, a work belonging to the year 1675 or 1676. Apart from the interest conferred upon it by the tradition of its containing the portraits of the artist's wife and daughter, the group is in itself instinct with the rare union of dignity and homeliness which no one ever surpassed Murillo in depicting. The young daughter of St. Anne stands at her mother's knee, holding a book in her hand, and points inquiringly to a passage. Her mother answers her and explains it with a significant gesture of the hand. The child much resembles one of Velasquez' royal Infantas; and the mother's countenance is engaging enough to make us wish that Murillo's wife was like her.

An easel picture in the same gallery represents the "Martyrdom of St. Andrew." Murillo never painted anything more brilliant. The apostle is bound to his X-cross, in the midst of soldiers and the populace, outside the walls of the Greek Patras; his face radiant

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with holy joy, as he sees angels coming to him and carrying his palm of victory. The scene is enveloped in an indistinct, golden light as in a misty veil, which effaces outlines and blends the tones into general harmony, suggestive of the fulness of the martyr's assured triumph.

Single works like those just named were a species of *hors-d'œuvres*, filling up the intervals between more important series of compositions. To another of these we are next introduced in chronological order: his eight pictures, in illustration of Charity, painted for the hospital of *La Caridad*, at Seville. A word, to begin with, about the nature and origin of that institution. A small chapel of San Jorge (George), at Seville, served in 1662 as a place of meeting for a lay confraternity entitled *La Hermandad de la Caridad*. Its members devoted themselves to certain works of charity, such as burying the bodies of executed criminals, and of persons from time to time found drowned on the banks of the Guadalquivir. Murillo, in the year just named, applied for admission, and three years later was enrolled in the confraternity. At that date the president was Don Miguel de Mañara Vicentello de Leca, a man whose youth had been devoted to pleasure and dissipation to such an extent as to furnish the poets of the time with a second Don Juan of Seville—Don Juan de Maraña, as they called him. Divine grace pursued and overtook him in his erratic course; he fancied himself, on one occasion in a dream, present at his own funeral, and eventually underwent a complete reformation—so complete that at his death he directed that on his tomb should be inscribed: *Here lies the worst man that ever lived.* This reformed sinner built the hospital of *La Caridad*, enlarged the chapel of St. George, adjoining it, into a church, and gave his friend and fellow-member, Murillo, a commission to paint eight important illustrations of Charity, and a few more small pictures, for the new institution. Only two of the larger now remain in their original position, "Moses Striking the Rock" and the "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes." Soult carried five away with him to Paris; and of these only one, "St. Elizabeth of Hungary Tending the Diseased," ever found its way back again to Spain. It now hangs in the Royal Academy of San Fernando at Madrid. Out of the remaining four Mr. Tomline purchased the "Christ Healing the Paralytic"; "The Angel Releasing St. Peter from Prison" went to the Russian collection of pictures at the Hermitage; "Abraham Adoring Three Angels" and "The Prodigal Son's Return" are in the gallery at Stafford House, London; "The Charity of St. John of God" in carrying a poor man on his back, assisted by an angel, was originally the companion picture of the "St. Elizabeth," but seems now to have dropped out of sight (Wornum, *Epochs of Painting*).

The "Moses Striking the Rock" and "The Miracle of the Loaves" are of colossal size, some twenty-six feet wide, and, being at considerable height, are painted in a sketchy manner, calculated for their distance from the eye. But "there they still hang," says Ford, "like rich oranges on the bough where they originally budded." The Hebrew lawgiver is surrounded by his people, who are reduced to the last extremity by thirst. Hence the work is known

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as "La Sed" (the Thirst). His miraculous rod has touched the rock and opened the fountain of water. Moses gives thanks, and the thirsty Hebrews press forward to fill their vessels with the precious beverage. A mother is seen quenching the thirst of her exhausted child. A boy on horseback, between two large jars, in the foreground, points to the opening in the rock, and is said to resemble the painter himself when he was a boy. Although the Moses is pronounced to be disappointing, the rest of the picture is effective and masterly, its tone fresh and bright.

In the companion picture, representing the "Miracle of the Loaves," Christ, attended by his disciples, has the bread in his lap, while he blesses the fishes presented to him by a boy. A group of women look on and wait. The background is an extensive landscape, filled with crowds who have come together to hear the Divine Word. The composition is chiefly remarkable for the skill with which Murillo has managed to make a few figures, in a space no larger than a common room, assume the appearance of thousands of people.

The great picture of "St. Elizabeth," now in Madrid, is one of Murillo's most celebrated works. The saint is standing on the threshold of her palace, among her attendants, to receive the sick and the poor who come. A child in rags is kneeling before her, his head bending over a silver basin, showing the repulsive nature of his disease, under the beautiful hands of the landgravine.* In her expressive countenance may be detected the strife going on between a cultured woman's natural delicacy and the divine spirit of charity. Other objects of her compassion are gathered about her; while in the background, by a mediæval art-license, the saint may be seen with her attendants waiting on her poor pensioners at table. A subject inherently repulsive like this must unquestionably be pronounced inartistic, if we are to measure it by a modern art standard or its pagan counterpart. The canons of beauty and fitness bid us revolt against it. Yet if moral beauty and sublimity are to be taken into account, the verdict of the critic must in this instance be reversed, and the picture pronounced a marvellous success. If moral qualities rank higher than those which are merely physical, St. Elizabeth conquering her repugnance and ministering to the relief of suffering humanity, for Christ's sake, is a nobler subject of art than the loveliest forms ever selected from Greek or any other mythology. And, regarded from a less exalted stand-point, Murillo's picture is a great example of the character of the Spanish school generally at the period of its highest development—a character in great measure depending on much that seems inherent in that of the nation at large. Ease, naturalness, the absence of all forcing, in the composition; a taste for the picturesque in the selection of types, with a decided predilection for those of terror; an eye for contrasts, which are apt to associate the noble with the trivial, the sublime ideal with the boldest naturalism—"Qualities like these, not unfrequently running into serious faults," remarks a French critic, "are of the very essence of the Spaniard's originality and his genius; they belong to him, like his rugged

* The saint is often erroneously called a queen. Her father was King of Hungary, but her husband was the Landgrave of Thuringia.

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Sierras, his swarthy face, his eye filled with sunlight, his mournful, guttural songs, his proud and sonorous tongue."

An artistic success like the *La Caridad* series (finished in 1674) naturally led to many more commissions from convents, churches, nobles, and rich citizens, who competed with one another for the possession of a work by Murillo. About this time he painted for the high altar of St. Augustine's Church a series illustrative of the Latin doctor's life and of the pious acts of St. Thomas of Villanova; also a "Conception" for the hospital of *Los Venerables*—the same, in all probability, which is now in the Louvre.

In 1678 Murillo began another of his great series of illustrative compositions, the last and the greatest of them all. His patrons were the Capuchins, whose convent (now abolished) stood outside the walls of Seville near the gate of Cordova. Twenty canvases of the master adorned their walls, the greater part of them of first-rate importance. Seventeen are included in the Seville Museum. Ten of them were grouped around the high altar; others were placed in the choir, and in the aisles and lateral chapels. To describe them in detail would unduly lengthen our article; yet a word or two about the most important may not be unacceptable. Several of Murillo's best-known works originally formed part of the Capuchin treasure-house of art. Here, as the companion picture to his "St. Michael," hung the "Guardian Angel," now in Seville Cathedral, representing a simple, trustful boy led by the hand of one of the heavenly host across a gloomy desert, and guided by a light breaking through the clouds, to which the angel is pointing. Seville Museum now contains a Madonna and Child, called "La Servilleta" (the table-napkin), which formerly belonged to the series we are examining. Tradition asserts that it was painted on a common napkin at the request of the convent porter for some memorial of the painter; hence its name. "The Child," says Ford, "almost struggles out of the frame. What a creative power, what a coiner, was our Murillo, thus to convert into a banknote a napkin, in which most Spaniards bury their little talent!" In the Capuchin choir there hung two companions, an "Annunciation" and a "Pietà," or "Mother of Sorrows"; the second decided and severe in outline and strong in contrasts far beyond the painter's habit at this period of his career. Upon the tabernacle was placed the beautiful "Madonna," carrying the Infant Jesus, now in the Seville Museum—a picture which even a tyro in art could not pass without recognizing its supreme excellence as an inspiration of genius. Its full significance, however, can be best appreciated when it is taken in connection with two other pictures, also painted for the Capuchins, and representing two other Christ-bearing saints, "Anthony of Padua" and "Felix of Cantalice," both carrying in their arms, according to the legend, the Child of Mary. With him to paint, no fresher, rosier, more exquisite type of infantine beauty was ever imagined by painter's mind or created by his brush. Neither could anything excel the tender and impassioned devotion, the delicate caresses, in which those later *Christophori* * strain and fold and gather

* "Christ-bearer, Christopher, thy name shall be:
Thy love of little ones was love of me."

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him to their hearts. "Instead of ascetics," says a critic, "you would take them for young mothers exulting in the treasure of their first-born."

In a Capuchin church we naturally look for some memorial of St. Francis; nor shall we look in vain. "St. Francis at the Foot of the Cross" is Murillo's version of the mystic scene of the *Stigmata* on Mont' Alvernia. He has depicted with marvellous power the profound humility, the adoration, the utter abandonment of the saint in the supreme moment described by the legend. The protecting and caressing attitude of the Redeemer, as he removes his right hand from the cross and lays it on St. Francis' shoulder, reciprocates all the love of the other, and more. Every light and shadow in this astonishing and captivating picture attests the hand and mind of a master. The glooms of the background lend an air of mystery to the scene, and contrast with the high lights in which the affecting "fellowship of the Redeemer's sufferings" is rendered. The saint's foot tramples on a globe—an action corresponding to a scroll borne aloft by a cherub, on which we read: *Qui non renuntiat omnibus quæ possidet, non potest meus esse discipulus* (Luke xiv. 33).*

We close this brief notice of the Capuchin series with a picture of "St. Thomas of Villanova" distributing alms—a work which we may suppose the painter to have valued above all the productions of his life when he called it *su cuadro*, his own picture. The holy bishop, vested in cope and mitre, gives away money at the porch of a large church to a number of beggars and cripples assembled for the purpose.

* This picture is now in the Museum at Seville.

The Madonna in glory, with her Infant Son and St. John Baptist, appears seated among luminous clouds above the saint's head. It was a favorite subject with Murillo; he painted it several times.

Thus, between the years 1670 and 1680—the closing decade of his busy life—Murillo, in addition to numerous single works, had put the finishing stroke to two important series of his pictures in *La Caridad* and the Capuchin convent. "Both the series are admirable," remarks M. Latour. "The first has more grandeur, the second greater charm. In the hospital the Gospel maintains all its gravity, in the convent all its legendary gracefulness. Under this more familiar form the delicious genius of the painter expands with more complete abandonment. These scenes of tender mysticism are so inexpressibly luminous that the mind penetrates into them with hardly an effort, and the soul is gently carried away by them into the regions of Paradise."

Such was Murillo, in all the power, and the characteristic tenderness of his art in its full maturity, in the perfection of his natural genius, cultivated by the assiduous labor of a lifetime. It was his privilege, even at an advanced age, to pass away without showing a trace of having outlived his powers, or the smallest sign of their decay or diminution. He had long engaged himself to paint for the Capuchins at Cadiz a large altar-picture of the mystic "Marriage of St. Catherine of Sienna." A wealthy merchant of Cadiz, Juan Violato, a Genoese by birth, had bequeathed a sum of money, amounting to £120, which was destined to defray the cost of the work. The execution of the commission was be-

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gun at Cadiz early in 1680. The famous legendary subject, so familiar in Christian art, was well sketched in when a serious illness according to some accounts, or, to others, a bad fall from a scaffold, put an end to the painter's work and obliged him to leave its completion to Meneses Osorio, his favorite pupil. Murillo, feeling, no doubt, that the end was not far off, returned home to Seville to die in peace. Only Gabriel, his younger son, remained to him; but he had many friends about him, and the thousand memories and associations which gather about a place during a residence of about sixty years. Murillo's house at that time was situated in the parish of Santa Cruz; and he passed several hours of most evenings in his parish church, meditating before a remarkable picture, the work of Campana, a Spanish artist, representing the "Descent from the Cross." * This picture is mentioned by Pacheco, in his *Arte de la Pintura*, as so vividly realistic that he felt uneasy when he looked at it alone in the evening gloom. Not so Murillo, who had lingered one evening longer than was his custom. The *Angelus* had rung; the sacristan went up to remind him that the doors must be shut, and asked him what he was waiting for. "I am waiting," replied the painter, "till those holy men have finished taking down our Lord from the cross."

He lingered, occasionally in great suffering, for a couple of years. On the 3d of April, 1682, in a state of extreme weakness, he sent for the notary, Guerrero, to make his will. After declaring his adherence to the Catholic faith, and commending himself to the protection of the Blessed Virgin, he proceeded to give directions about his funeral. His body was to be buried in the church of Santa Cruz, and opposite to Campana's "Descent." So many Masses were to be offered for his soul's repose. A statement of bequests and personal debts followed, together with sums owing to him by several of his neighbors. He named as his executors Don Justino de Neve, his old friend; Don Pedro de Villavicencio, his pupil; and his son. His two sons were to be his universal legatees. While the notary was inquiring the exact names of his elder son he perceived that Murillo was sinking. To the usual question as to whether he had made an earlier will he returned no answer, and in a few moments he expired.

The will was, of course, informal, but, after an official inquiry as to the circumstances of its dictation, it was allowed to stand. Next day his remains were buried with much ceremony in his parish church in the vault of the noble family of Hernando de Jaen, and opposite the picture he had studied so well. A plain marble slab, bearing the inscription *Vive moriturus* (Live as having to die), marked the spot. During the French occupation of Seville the church of Santa Cruz was demolished; and when search was made for what remained of Murillo, the vault was found to contain a promiscuous collection of bones.

Of the schools of sacred art the Spanish was the last to reach its highest point of excellence. Murillo's Italian contemporaries, Carlo Dolci, Domenichino, Guido, and Guercino, cannot be placed in an equal rank with Titian, Raphael,

* Painted 1648; now in the sacristy of Seville Cathedral.

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Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, and Fra Angelico as painters of sacred subjects; and the latest of these was a whole century earlier than Murillo. A similar interval separated him from Albert Dürer, in Germany. Holland, indeed, possessed a Rembrandt at the time that the Seville school was most famous; but the Van Eycks and Memling had raised the Flemish school of Christian art to its pinnacle of fame nearly two hundred years before Murillo was born. If we ask who succeeded him, and are referred to Goya and Fortuny, it is equivalent to saying that Christian art in Spain died with Murillo and his pupils. Neither of the painters named professed it. In its highest form it has died out of every European country as completely as out of Spain. Neither the formal Academical studies of Flandrin, the affected *poses* of Scheffer, nor the feeble imitations of Overbeck can for a moment arrest the critic's judgment that in Europe Christian art, in its best and perfect development, is virtually dead. It would require more space than is at our disposal to attempt an answer to the question, Why is it so? It would probably be idle to inquire, Will it always be so? Is there no resurrection for the elevating and purifying conceptions of their art which were struck out by the great Christian painters from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century? The subjects that inspired their genius and animated their pencils are as real, as true, as great to our generation as to theirs. Can those subjects still affect the intelligence of our age, but fail to kindle the imagination as of old? Or has the pictorial art exhausted itself? Is it no longer the teacher it once was, conveying to the multitude impressions of the past, the distant, or the future? We shall not attempt to discuss these questions now. We shall confine our remarks for the present to the expression of a hope that in the New World, if not again in the Old, a school of art may some day arise to emulate what its predecessors have done, perhaps to surpass it; and aiming at something higher than portraiture, landscape, or secular history, to find a nobler field for invention, a worthier incentive to the most soaring art-ambitions—

"In all that faith creates and love desires,
Terrible, strange, sublime, and beauteous things."

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND MODERN LIBERTIES.*

THE campaign undertaken by the revolutionary sect against liberty of teaching has already had a result on which we cannot but congratulate ourselves: it has placed on its proper footing the contest which for a century has been waged between the Catholic Church and the anti-Christian spirit. There is no longer room for disguise: the church is indeed the object of attack; it is Jesus Christ whom they presume to outlaw. The Jesuits are here but the shadow of a name, and the great crime with which they are reproached, the only one to which their accusers grant some faith and attach some importance, is the firmness with which they sustain the sovereign rights of revealed Truth. That they have created this truth to experiment on it for their own benefit; that they have inspired the *Syllabus;* that the Holy See allows itself to be dominated by their influence—of all this those who allege it believe not one syllable; and it is only by an old habit that they cover with such absurd charges the attacks directed against the church. Moreover, those who advance these pretexts are careful to lay bare their real thought; and from the outset of this campaign not a speech has been delivered in which the question has not been more or less clearly laid down.

We ought to thank our adversaries for their frankness, for it is indeed time that this question should be solved; and how could it have been solved so long as it was not even understood?

Systematically misstated by the enemies of the church, it became, in the eyes even of a great number of Catholics, obscured by regrettable prejudices. Hence arose divisions still more to be regretted, which are the chief cause of our weakness. We shall recover all our strength as soon as we are all of one mind as to the solution of the problem, which the revolution sets before us to-day more clearly than it ever did before.

The present paper will, we trust, prepare the way for this solution, and thus facilitate the agreement of Catholics, and break the chief arm of the revolution.

I.

The difficulty lies in the opposition which exists between the principles of Christian law and those of modern societies. The first principle of Christian law is the social royalty of Jesus Christ; the principle of modern law is the independence of the social from the religious order. Following the first principle, nations, as well as individuals, must submit to the evangelical law interpreted by the church; following the second, religion is a purely individual affair, and the state should remain neutral with regard to Christianity as to all other religions. If this latter principle is not already inscribed in all the constitutions, it is almost universally admitted in practice. The conspiracy which has for its object to remove from Jesus Christ first the empire of society and afterwards that of souls, has accomplished the first of these two enterpri-

* Rev. P. H. Ramière, S.J., in the *Etudes Religieuses.*

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ses: Christendom no longer exists; it has given place to the universal reign of social anti-Christianism.

From this there results to Christians a situation full of obscurity and suffering. For them, it seems, the peril is equal, of withdrawing or of mixing in the fight. If they withdraw they leave to the enemies of the church full power to turn all the forces of society towards the complete destruction of the church; while, on the other hand, they run the great risk, in accepting public functions, of compromising their faith and conscience, both of which reprobate the very principle of the laws which it is the mission of public functions to execute. There is thus apparently no place for them among the divers parties who struggle for the direction of modern societies. Obliged to fight all round, they must resign themselves to the fate of having all for foes. They could not form an alliance with them without sacrificing something of their principles, and consequently without denying their faith and giving just grounds for suspecting their sincerity.

Such is the thorny problem which for more than half a century has been the torment of Christian thinkers and divided the Catholic army. From it have arisen the deplorable strifes between the liberal and the pure Catholics, and the divergencies more deplorable still which have more than once set the least liberal Catholics wrangling. On the one hand, they regarded above all things the interest of the church; and, to save at least a portion of its rights, they thought they might dispense with insisting on the integrity of those rights. On the other hand, the integral claim was regarded as the supreme interest of truth; and rather than compromise this interest by any alliance whatsoever with the holders of error, they preferred to condemn themselves to complete isolation. Thus was transformed into a general rule for the Catholics of all countries the abstention from taking part in political affairs which special circumstances have to this day imposed on the Catholics of Italy.

The Holy See has never sanctioned so absolute an interdiction; nor is it imposed on us a whit more by the demands of the most rigorous orthodoxy. On the contrary, the defenders of the right can occupy a position in the social polemic which, without compromising their principles in the slightest degree, may admit of their victoriously defending the interests of the cause of God. Far from being necessarily in a state of hostility with all political parties, they may ally themselves with that party which has most chance of success. The state of isolation to which we are to-day reduced tends much less towards our true principles than to the false prejudices spread abroad against us. As soon as our position is well understood many of those who are now against us will join with us in combating our real foes, who are also theirs.

But to attain this it behoves us above all to arrive at a common understanding and to cease by our mistakes exposing our flank to the calumnies of our adversaries.

These mistakes do not date from to-day, and in order to dissipate them we must go back to the antecedents of the present situation. Modern society is born of the revolution, and the revolution has been produced by repulsion against the old *régime*. We may, then, form a true idea of the doc-

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trinal position which we ought to assume in the face of modern society, in proportion as we know the place we ought to occupy in face of the old *régime* and of the revolution which overthrew it.

But on all these points, the old *régime*, the revolution, and modern society, there exists, even among the best minds, a confusion which is the principal cause of the hostility of which we are made the butt, and of our internal divisions. If we could only dissipate this we should have gained for our cause a double chance of success in delivering it from a double peril.

II.

If there is one prejudice more generally prevalent than another in modern society, it is that the upholders of Christian right aspire after the re-establishment of the old *régime*. Yet there could not be a prejudice more ill founded. What is the old *régime?* By this word everybody understands, not the middle ages, but the state of affairs that immediately preceded the Revolution of 1789. In France it means absolute monarchy, such as had been organized, after the suppression of the States-General, by Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louis XIV. This monarchy was Christian in so far as it recognized the social royalty of Jesus Christ and the doctrinal sovereignty of the church. It held in its bosom the useful institutions with which, during twelve centuries, Christianity had covered the soil of France. It derived its chief force from the faith and the Christian morals of its people. But side by side with these Christian elements the monarchy had allowed elements altogether contrary to plant themselves in its bosom. If the Christian principle was accepted in theory, making of the monarch the servant of Jesus Christ, of the church, and of the souls of his subjects, in practice the monarch was often guided by the pagan principle which makes the king the proprietary of his kingdom. That is a point of history that does not admit of dispute. At the close of the inauspicious reign of Philip the Fair there was formed around the throne a school of legists which to the end of the monarchy constantly labored to make the doctrine and the practice of Cæsarism prevail over the true idea of the Christian monarchy. Reserving to themselves the direction of the royal power, and not hesitating to assail it when it was not sufficiently docile to them, they showed themselves, in regard to all the other powers, jealous to excess of their prerogatives.

To this hateful influence above all are the abuses to be attributed which have rendered the old *régime* justly odious, and which ended by bringing on the destruction of the monarchy.

To appreciate justly those abuses, which were greatly exaggerated by revolutionary writers, it suffices to read the plans of reform concerted between Fénelon and his virtuous pupil, the second Dauphin. There we see how the development of the Cæsarean idea had destroyed at once the national liberties and the most solid supports of the monarchy, in order to construct out of their ruins an edifice without foundation, and even without the equilibrium of royal absolutism.

As for provincial autonomy, save four or five departments which had, at the price of constant struggles, preserved a portion of their liberties, all the other provinces

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were at the mercy of the king's intendants; and these fixed the taxes at their own pleasure, regulated at their own will the recruiting of the militia, sold exemptions for their own benefit, and increased in proportion the burden of the less favored citizens. Municipal franchises, if granted formerly, had been almost universally withdrawn; and even Languedoc, the freest of all the provinces in the French monarchy, had only been able to preserve to its communes the right of choosing their chief magistrates by repurchasing three times over, and at a costly price, this right, which the greed of the treasury had made an object of traffic.

As for the aristocracy, properly so called, the nobility, despoiled of all the power which had made of it a counterpoise to the royal absolutism, no longer preserved more than honorary and fiscal privileges, which exposed them to becoming hateful from the moment that they were not justified by corresponding duties. In place of allowing them to reside on their estates, where their good offices would have shown their riches to be a blessing, the monarch used every effort to attract them to the court, where they squandered in barren luxury the revenue of their abandoned domains.

One power alone had survived, or rather had substituted itself for the influences capable of tempering the absolute royalty of the monarch. This power was that of the legists, the parliament. But far from being a guarantee for the true national liberties, the development of parliamentary prerogative threatened the ruin of the holiest of all liberties—religious liberty. In proportion as it extended its jurisdiction in the political order the parliament arrogated to itself a more tyrannical jurisdiction in the affairs of the spiritual order. The bishops were no longer to be allowed to communicate with the pope or to assemble in council. The abuses which the church was no longer in a position to correct multiplied and furnished pretexts for new usurpations. The monasteries, given by favor to abbés who had nothing of the ecclesiastic about them but the name, underwent a lamentable decadence. Even the free administration of the sacraments was no longer allowed to the clergy, while at the same time that the parliaments condemned the bulls of the popes and the mandates of the bishops they commanded them to absolve heretics, and compelled them under threat of imprisonment to administer the holy Eucharist to them.

Such was the state to which the growing influence of Cæsarism had brought the French monarchy and society. Is it possible for people in good faith to think the defenders of Christian right are anxious to return to such a *régime?* I make bold to affirm, on the contrary, that their feeling of repulsion for the old *régime* cannot but increase the more they study with serious purpose the traditions of the Catholic school in the works of the great doctors. That Gallican monarchists of the school of Bossuet may be led to confound the Christian monarchy with the absolutism of Louis XIV., we admit; but the disciples of St. Thomas and Suarez will range themselves by preference on the side of Fénelon; and allowing for everything, in the *régime* that the Revolution overthrew, which it had that was really Christian and truly national, they

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will not hesitate to blame severely the abuses which had rendered it hostile to the national liberties, in the degree in which it had departed from the traditions of the ages of faith.

III.

If we can only distinguish in the old *régime* the two contrary elements, which are too often confounded, we shall have no uncertainty respecting the position which we ought to assume towards the revolution.

Here again we find ourselves faced by a confusion which can only be explained either by the success of this satanic conspiracy in the midst of a people profoundly Christian, or by the different manner in which, notwithstanding its crimes, it is interpreted by honest men.

In the revolution one is apt to confound the lawful aspirations which gave birth to it with the criminal tendencies which brought on its bloody *dénouement*. In this juggling of the national liberties the promises of the leaders and the hopes of the dupes are confounded with the real designs of the first and the terrible deception of the second.

The universal aspiration of France at the end of the last century was a reform of the abuses of the old *régime*, and a return to the national traditions as modified by the necessities of new times. In his excellent work on the *Vicissitudes of France* M. de Larcy sets in parallel tables the scheme formulated by the Third Estate of Paris at the time of the reunion of the States-General, in 1789, and the plans of reform proposed by Fénelon to the Dauphin eighty years before. There is between the one and the other complete accord on all points of importance. On both sides nothing else was demanded than the suppression of oppressive institutions and the re-establishment of the old franchises: regular representation of the nation by States-General freely elected every three years; a large decentralization and autonomy to the provinces and communes, by conceding administrative functions to the provincial assemblies; equality in legislation by a codification of the laws and the customs; equality in the administration of justice by the suppression of exceptional jurisdictions; a retrenching of the abused privileges of the nobles, and the opening of careers in which they should win by useful labors the honors attached to their rank; finally, freedom of the clergy in regard to spirituals, accompanied by a renunciation of a portion of their temporal privileges.

Such were the true aspirations of France in 1789, and assuredly there is nothing but what is most lawful in such aspirations. If they had only been satisfied, as they unquestionably ought to have been, even before having been formulated, by the pupil of Fénelon, instead of the terrible eruption which overturned everything we should have had a real restoration in France. Not only would the principle of the Christian order not have been altered, but it would have acquired an expansion much more complete than it had been able to attain during five centuries. France would have returned to the paths which St. Louis had opened up to it.

But this restoration, for which the whole nation sighed, was the very antipode of the purpose which

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the anti-Christian faction had proposed to itself. In the Masonic lodges, where the sect was organized, it was resolved to turn towards the overthrow of the Christian order the movement which in its principle only proposed to destroy the abuses begotten of the changing of the Christian order. To accomplish this the senses of words were changed; they called liberty, not the exemption from trammels in the exercise of their rights, but the negation of the rights of God guaranteed by all the others; authority was called despotism; in place of individual, domestic, communal, provincial liberties, which alone are fruitful and real, they offered to the nation as the supreme and only aim of all their ambitions a pretended sovereignty, which proposed to invest a central assembly with the right of oppression. To this new sovereign, as much less responsible as it was multiform, was attributed a power over one's goods, over families, over communes, over provinces, over all associations, over the souls and bodies of citizens—a power incomparably more despotic than that with which the most absolute monarchs thought themselves invested. Cæsarism, in changing its form, only became more oppressive; in denying the divine source of authority it destroyed the sole efficacious guarantee of liberty; and soon the closed temples, the suppressed educational establishments, confiscated properties, the priests, the nobles, citizens of every condition, the revolutionists themselves cast into prison and hurried to the guillotine, caused deceived France to understand the true sense of the word revolution.

They have since attempted to make us forget this sense; and to-day again nothing is forgotten which might increase the confusion that constitutes the whole stock-in-trade of the sect. By revolution they would again wish us to understand the abolition of abuses; and when we speak of a counter-revolution they translate this term by the re-establishment of the old *régime*. To the impudent adherence to such falsehoods it is necessary to oppose the invincible resistance of truth. It is necessary to say, and again to say, that we detest the revolution, not because it has destroyed the old *régime*, but because it has continued it in its most odious abuses; because it has carried incomparably farther than that *régime* the contempt for all true liberties, and that by very virtue of the principle on which it is built. Yes, in the revolutionary theory of Rousseau and his modern disciples we recognize the most tyrannical doctrine which has ever dared to be advanced; and this doctrine we repel with all the force of our souls, in the name of the dignity of man as well as in the name of divine truth.

IV.

What, then, is our doctrinal position in the face of modern society?

This position is very clear; and if it has been so ill understood, it is because to this very day society itself has not been able to understand itself. From the day of its pretended deliverance its entire existence has been but one lamentable misapprehension—a mad pursuit of liberty by a road which leads far away from the term so ardently desired. It is not I who say this. "Seventy-five years of combat and sufferings to conquer liberty—behold our tradition!" says M. La-

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boulaye. The truly liberal institutions "which have made the glory and the grandeur of our neighbors France has been constantly yearning for these seventy-five years; but, sad to say, ten times have her efforts proved deceitful and her hopes been lost."

In what, then, consists this constant misapprehension? In this: that, deceived by the revolutionary lie, modern society has confounded under the name of liberty three very different things: social liberties, political liberty, and what it calls religious liberty.

Social liberties are, to wit, the liberty of the person, of action, of goods, of the family, the commune, of voluntary associations—substantial liberties which every man ought above all to assure to himself, and which every truly civilized state ought to guarantee to its members.

Political liberty, or the participation of all citizens in the government of the country, is plainly very far from having for them the same value as independence in the conduct of their daily affairs; and it is above all things as a guarantee of social liberties that it behoves them to preserve it.

As for religious liberty, which consists in the power given each one to make a religion for himself and attack the religion which is established, this is so far legitimate and precious when the established religion is purely human, and so far destructive when the established religion is certainly divine; for religious faith being the only solid basis of morality, the attacks made against it tend to destroy all rights, and consequently to endanger all true liberties.

But what has France been doing for an age? Confusing these three kinds of liberties, she is constantly putting off the acquisition of the first, the social liberties, which alone could render her really free, but the re-establishment of which the revolution has rendered almost impossible. As for the second, political liberties, France rejects and reconquers them successively, according as she feels too vividly the dangers of their exercise when she possesses them, or regret for their loss when she has been despoiled of them. She thereupon attaches everything to what she calls religious liberty, by virtue of which she delivers up the religious basis of all rights and all liberties without defence to the attacks of error and of vice.

Here, then, lies the great mistake of modern society; here is the explanation of its continual agitations and deceptions unceasingly renewed, in this constant travail whose tortures, for ever increasing, accumulate only in a perpetual abortion.

Well, it is the defenders of Christian right who are for ever striving to put an end to this fatal misapprehension. They alone have the reading of the riddle whose ambiguity delivers up modern society as a prey to the revolutionary sphinx. Far from unintelligently condemning, as they are charged, the aspirations after liberty, they present themselves for eighteen centuries before freed nations, the Gospel in one hand and history in the other; and they say to them: We are not only not the enemies, but by virtue of our principles we are the defenders, of the true popular liberties, those which alone are practical and substantial, personal and social liberties. The Christian law alone has given them to the world. Established by the church, sustained and augmented

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by the monarchs most docile to its direction, they developed themselves in France parallel with her influence; have declined with that influence under the pressure of monarchical Cæsarism; and have ended by being completely suppressed by the anarchical Cæsarism of the revolution. We only aspire to make them live again, while the revolution continues to ravish us of them.

As for political liberty, we by no means attach the same value to it. At the same time we are far from being hostile to it in principle. The church, which during the course of its long existence has allied itself with all forms of government, has found in turn allies and persecutors in monarchical as in democratic governments. It is not, then, a question of interest which can lead it to prefer one to another. What it demands of all is that they respect the law divine and guard safely human rights. The form of government which shall maintain them more efficaciously in their duties, while giving them a stronger force to defend their rights, is that which will obtain the preference.

Everybody sees that on this double ground there can be no quarrel between the defenders of Christian law and modern society. The true tendencies of that society, its generous, lawful, and liberal aspirations, in the best sense, we not only do not oppose, but justify and assist with all our power; and in pointing out the error which has rendered them vain to this day we indicate the only means of obtaining their final and durable completion.

v.

There remains religious liberty; and this forms the real knot of the difficulty.

We are told that religious liberty is the basis of modern society; of all the conquests of 1789, it is that to which society has attached the greatest price; and it shows plainly enough, by the strifes which it has sustained for four-and-twenty years, that it is disposed to sacrifice everything rather than be stripped of this conquest. But this liberty is contrary to the principles of Christian doctrine; you cannot, therefore, be sincere and logical in the profession of those principles without declaring yourselves the enemies of this liberty, and without avowing that you desire its destruction.

Consequently you place yourselves under the ban of modern society, and declare yourselves unworthy of participating in the benefits which religious liberty guarantees to all sorts of opinions. With what right, in fact, could you invoke it in your favor, when your principles prevent you from granting it to others? With what face dare you proclaim it while the weaker party, when we know that you are resolved to suppress it if in the ascendant?

Here lies the great argument, I may say the only argument, of our adversaries. From the beginning of the present contest the speeches delivered in the tribune and the articles in the journals are hardly anything else than variations, more or less stupid, of this one theme. On this foundation alone they build the speeches destined to set in motion the proscriptive laws.

These laws only strike at one class of citizens; but it is important above all things to state clearly the immense bearing that they borrow from this principle. From

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the moment that a sufficient motive is found for outlawing us in the exercise of the divine mission of the Catholic Church, and in the profession that it makes of being the only true religion, it is no longer certain unauthorized religions that the state proscribes, but the entire clergy, since they cannot without prevarication cease from teaching the doctrine of the church on this subject. They saw this recently in our parliament; they avowed that the liberty allowed to the secular clergy, while some of the religious congregations were attacked, is illogical and a true evil; and they excused themselves by saying that the toleration of one evil might be necessary in order to prevent a greater.

We see, therefore, that the principle is fertile, for it tends to deprive all Catholic priests of their civil rights; but it has a bearing wider yet, for in the question which it raises the simple faithful can only have the same belief as their pastors. "These doctrines," said an uncompromising orator * the other day to the opportunist legislators—"these doctrines have become the doctrines of the church." They have long since acquired this character, as our adversaries themselves rightly trace them back to the words of our Saviour: *Ite docete*—go and teach. But listen to the conclusion: From the moment that they become doctrines of the church "all citizens who become members of the Catholic Church are bound to profess them. Be logical, then, and extend your interdict to the secular clergy." We say for our part: From the moment that they have always been the doctrines of the church all true Catholics are bound to profess them and really do profess them. Be, therefore, quite logical, and make a law which deprives all Catholics of their civil rights.

But you cannot stop even here; for Catholics are not the only ones who consider the profession of a certain religious doctrine as necessary to society. The prerogative which we claim in favor of the supernatural revelation, interpreted by the church, others claim in favor of natural religion. M. Jules Simon, for instance, maintains that an atheist has no right to teach in the name of the state. He therefore also deserves to be deprived of the liberty which he refuses to others. And if we are wholly logical we must recognize that only those ought to have the liberty of teaching who, admitting no absolute truth, attribute equal rights to all doctrines; in other words, that there is only liberty of teaching for those who have nothing to teach, since the sole object of teaching is the truth.

Is this enough? No. The arm which they borrow to strike us does not menace all believers only; it has a higher and wider sweep yet: it reaches to God himself. Let us speak more clearly: it is against God that it is directed from first to last, since it only strikes us according as we make profession of faith in, and bear witness to, the word of God.

If the argument has any worth it is no longer permissible for the Creator to reveal truth to his reasonable creature nor to impose his will on him; for it is evident that, if God has spoken to him, man is compelled to obey his orders and to proclaim the necessity of accomplishing them—in a word, to

* M. Madier de Monjau, quoted by M. Paul Bert in the latter's speech in the Chamber of Deputies during the session of June 21.

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act as the Catholic Church has been acting for eighteen centuries in regard to the Word which it knows to be divine. If the fidelity with which it continues to fulfil its mission furnishes modern society with a just subject of proscription, we must hold that modern society has acquired the right to impose silence on God and to interdict to him all exercise of his authority.

Behold the true bearing of the argument with which our adversaries think to confound us. We lately heard the ablest of them develop this thesis with a frankness for which we had to thank him. He proclaimed in emphatic terms not only the right but the duty of teaching as an imprescriptible right and as a duty which is imposed on all virtuous men; for, according to him, "no one can, without being a culpable egoist, reserve to himself a portion of the truth." But immediately after he refused to God in so many terms the right which he claimed for man; and he condemned the infinitely good God to the culpable egoism which alone could hold the truth captive on the lips of him who possessed it. Lawful and obligatory teaching, so far as it only invokes human right, would become, according to this theory, a criminal usurpation if it proceeded from the divine truth! The man who possesses the smallest portion of truth has the right and the duty to communicate it to his fellows, and God, who is the eternal and infinite truth, has neither this right nor this power with respect to the creature whom he made to know the truth!

Behold whither the revolution is borne when it searches for principles in its attacks on liberty.

Indeed, a greater service could not be rendered to us than to set the question on these grounds. Those who would accuse us of exaggeration when we affirm that the revolutionary doctrine implies the negation of God will surely not refuse to believe the titled defenders of this doctrine. They no longer leave us any doubt as to the true motive of their hate; and we ought to esteem ourselves highly honored thereby. It is no longer certain obscure religions, it is no longer the Catholic clergy only, it is no longer the Christian religion itself, that the revolution attacks. Behold it at last showing itself in its true colors and revealing to us the depths of its thought: it is God himself that it attacks, the absolute truth, the first principles of all religion, of all morality, of all rights and liberties; and consequently it gives us the right to count, in our defence against its attacks, on the support of all men for whom liberty, right, morality, religion, God are not vain words.

When the question shall be thus understood by all, the hypocrisy of the anti-Christian sect will be unmasked, the illusion of modern society will be dissipated, and the era of true liberty will succeed to the reign, already too prolonged, of revolutionary tyranny.

VI.

We do not purpose contenting ourselves with this *reductio ad absurdum* of the sophism which constitutes the chief doctrine of the sect. Let us examine it in itself, and conclude by placing in all its light the attitude which the principles of Christian right impose on us with regard to religious liberty.

There are here two distinct ques-

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tions: a question of theory and a question of practice.

In theory our doctrine is known. Constantly professed in the church, and lately called to mind in the *Syllabus*, it is to-day thrown in our face by our adversaries, who seem to think that we cannot hear their exposition of it without blushing. They deceive themselves: we accept it whole and entire, but not the travesties of it which they deck out. To remove every misapprehension we again sum it up in a few words.

We believe that there is a religious truth as absolute and as immutable as mathematical truth, and that this truth is the basis of the material order. To the orator who recently maintained that there was a morality of the state, but that there is neither a religion nor metaphysics of the state, we oppose the truth of good sense perfectly demonstrated by M. Jules Simon. As there is no code without morality, there is no morality without belief. "From the time that the human law is founded on justice, and not justice on human law, there is a God." You cannot, then, cause faith in God and religion to be destroyed without destroying at the same time all morality, all legislation, all social order.

But we believe that no human authority is capable of establishing this religious truth which human society could not allow to die out. Every man being essentially fallible, no one can teach with an authority sufficient to impose on his equals faith in his word. Here we are at one with our adversaries: we declare that the teaching of religious truths is not within the jurisdiction of human powers, and that the conscience is independent of their jurisdiction. If a state without religion is an impossibility for us, a state religion, understood in the sense of a religion created, defined, and governed by the state, is a tyranny and an absurdity.

In what, then, consists our dissent, and in what is our belief opposed to modern principles?

In this: that we do not admit that society should be condemned to perish, crushed out by this necessity which it is essentially incapable of satisfying. This religious truth which it cannot allow to die, and which it cannot procure of itself, we believe has been given it from heaven, and that a purely spiritual authority has been established on the earth to teach, define, and defend it.

This authority being divine, like religion itself, we believe that societies as well as individuals are bound to submit to its teachings. And since the sure possession of moral truth is the most essential condition of social peace, we believe that a society which enjoys this advantage ought to consider the maintenance of it not only as the most sacred of its duties, but, moreover, as the most vital of all its interests.

We place, then, in theory, liberty to attack the true religion in the same rank as liberty to attack morality and the principles of social right. We are persuaded that the state cannot sacrifice the first of these rights without placing itself in the impossibility of defending the others. We can only admit, therefore, as an abnormal and necessarily disturbed state of affairs that wherein religious truth is delivered without defence to the attacks of passion and of vice. The ideal state of society is for us that wherein the agreement of all intelligences in the profession of the

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same beliefs guarantees their union of will in respect to the same rights and the accomplishment of the same duties.

This ideal of intellectual and moral unity which the Catholic Church is alone capable of realizing, and which it had partially realized in the middle ages, we have hopes will come one day to crown the material progress which is the glory of modern society.

If this hope is a crime, and if one is a traitor to modern society because he desires for it what he considers to be the most essential condition of its true prosperity, in very truth, then, are we culpable, and we deserve to undergo the civil incapacities which are the chastisement of treason.

Meanwhile we may be permitted to ask, In virtue of what law are they so ready to punish our convictions and our inner aspirations? Place, if you will, religious unity in the same rank with theft and assassination; it yet remains for you to inform us since when have you the right to cast a man into prison or to conduct him to the scaffold simply because you imagine that you have convicted him of a desire of committing a larceny or a murder. Human law can only touch outward acts. Is there an exception alone in the case of religious convictions; and will the desire of seeing our fellows accept the law to which we ourselves submit be the only internal act which ought to be chastised by a rigorous penalty?

Strange crime indeed! To listen to our accusers, it would seem that we conspire to enslave all intelligences under the yoke of our authority. But is it thus? Is this our doctrine which we seek to make prevail? Have we invented a single one of the articles of that creed which we would wish to see all our fellows profess? But if, on the other hand, our faith is imposed on us by a divine authority, and if, freely submissive to this authority by sincere conviction, we have no other pretension than to bring our fellow-men to share freely in the light and the peace which it affords to us, how is it possible for any one to see therein an attempt against society?

But they tell us that the proscription with which they purpose striking us is a measure of social defence. Sincere or not, our convictions impose on us the duty of combating all these liberties of modern society; and consequently society owes it to itself to preserve itself from our attacks by depriving us of our liberty.

We have already said enough to cause this incredible charge to be appreciated at its just value. We now know which are the friends of true individual and social liberties, the disciples of Jesus Christ or those of Rousseau. But as far as concerns religious liberty itself, how can they prove that we seek to destroy it in countries where it is established or where the division of faiths makes it indispensable? They have cited as proofs the complaints wrung from the Sovereign Pontiff by the efforts of heresy to corrupt the Roman people. But who does not see the essential difference between a country in which unity in religious truth reigns and countries where it does not exist?

Where religious unity exists we believe it to be a crime to strive to destroy this unity; and in Rome this crime is aggravated by the infamous means which heresy makes use of, and by the certainty that in corrupting Catholics not honest Protestants are made, but apostate Christians.

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A similiar state of affairs has nothing in common with that of France, where for a long period all errors have acquired a right of place. But it is with France we are concerned just now; and it is in France that we are accused of conspiring against religious liberty. In what, I ask, can this conspiracy consist? With what weapons, with what hands, do they suppose we could choke up liberty? Is it the president of the republic or his ministry whom we dream of investing with a power analogous to that of the doge of Venice? Or perhaps some may fear that one of these days we may elevate a monarch on a shield with the condition that he permits us to make a new St. Bartholomew's day. Criminal as they suppose us to be, they might at least do us the honor of not believing us completely bereft of our senses. But one must have lost his senses to suppose that the Christian order can be established in society otherwise than by the free and unanimous consent of society itself.

And here is where our accusers persist in mistaking us. When they hold up our beliefs they confound theory with practice. The Christian order, which we recognize as the only true ideal of society, they pretend to believe we are eager to impose violently on our dechristianized societies, and they are unwilling to understand that the Christian order necessarily supposes a Christian society. The design which they attribute to us of destroying religious liberty in countries where it is established is doubly absurd: in the first place, because truth ought not and cannot be imposed by violence; in the second place, because among modern peoples who construct governments after their own image there is no longer a Christian government to impose the faith on the nations which are no longer Christian. The Austrian Concordat, which left full liberty to the dissenting sects, could not be carried into execution, because it was found too Catholic for a nation in which the ruling classes had ceased to be dissenters. How are we to suppose otherwise that the re-establishment of religious unity could have been the work of the political authority? No, no; such is not our hope. If the religion of Jesus Christ ought to triumph over modern paganism as it triumphed over paganism of old, it will owe its victory to the free discussion which shall demonstrate the truth, and to the still more effective demonstration of experience which will disgust the peoples with error.

Such is, in theory and practice, the conspiracy against modern liberties in which they seek a motive to deprive us of the benefit of our liberties. In theory it is a striving after a state of affairs in which the unity of beliefs will render possible the re-establishment of all the substantial liberties which the revolution deprived us of; in practice it is an appeal, not to violence, which is only used to-day against us; not to the intervention of the political power, which could only be fatal to us, but to free discussion and experience.

It is to defend themselves against this peaceful conspiracy that our adversaries are not ashamed to place themselves, by their own admission, in contradiction with their principles, and only find safety in proscriptive measures. In truth, they do us great honor, and, after their fashion, render glorious testimony to our cause. They have at

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their disposal all the social forces; the thousand organs of the press are at their beck; any kind of weapon is serviceable to them as a means of attack: lying, calumny, sophistry, the appeal to the lowest lusts and to the most perverse appetites. If, indeed, they sincerely believed that they had truth on their side, should they not be the first to call for a free discussion? In falling back on violence to disarm us they prove that they have faith in the justice of our cause. Let them, then, use this weapon, which is the proper arm of injustice, but let them not attempt to justify the suppression of our freedom by our alleged conspiracy against the freedom of others; for we have just demonstrated that this accusation, which has no real foundation whatever, even in regard to the supposed religious liberty is the very opposite of truth in the matter of all other liberties, social and political.

VII.

I have no hesitation in believing that the reconciliation of modern society with the church will be very near as soon as people shall have grasped our doctrinal standpoint as here set forth. From that day forth we shall see a schism work in the ranks of those who today unite in attacking us under the deceitful ensign of liberalism. We shall continue to have for foes the tyrannical sect for which liberalism only serves as a mask, and which in reality is no less the enemy of the true liberty of men than of the authority of God. For it there are no other rights than those of the state; all powers are drawn thence; all interests must be sacrificed to its interests; and as above its sovereignty there is neither on the earth nor in heaven any authority that could limit its omnipotence, so there is under it no liberty which is not subject to its caprice. Has not this theory of the sophist of Geneva, which we should have believed to be for ever discredited by the bloody commentary on it given by the Convention, dared again to flaunt itself quite recently in our national tribune? Yes, it is to France, to that nation which has never been subdued by any other tyranny than that of the democratic republic of 1793—it is to France that, less than a century after the legalized massacres of the revolutionary tribunal, a man has dared address these words: "I say that there is reason to fear that this power of the state, if it be handed over to a monarch, would have such fatal consequences that it would degenerate into tyranny (we know some examples of this); but how could you entertain this mistrust, justified by the single authority of one man, in a democratic republic? For who is here master, unless the nation? Who issues laws, imposes restrictions, unless the universal body of citizens, consulted and in a way condensed into one or several chambers?" For these grand words let us substitute the reality which they represent. In place of the universal body of citizens let us set a majority, like that of the National Convention, enslaved by a handful of wicked wretches. Let us bestow on this majority, which does not even own itself, absolute power to dispose of property, of life, of the very conscience of citizens, and we shall have the theory of revolutionary liberty in its naked truth.

Clearly, between the defenders of Christian law and liberals of this

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stamp there is no possible means of conciliation. We differ from them as far by the idea we form of the human rights of the state as by our belief in the divine rights of the church. For us the state has created neither the rights of the individual nor those of the family; it has, on the contrary, been created to protect those rights, and consequently it has of itself no other rights than those which can aid it in rendering this protection more efficacious. From our point of view, it is not civil society which is the end of the individual, but the individual who is the end of civil society. It therefore cannot attribute to itself an absolute power over its members. We recognize no other absolute power than that of God; God is the end of man, and all men being by nature equal, all having immortal destinies, eternal interests, there is in the world no power which has the right to refuse to the least among men the liberty to administer those interests and to accomplish that destiny.

Such is our belief regarding the dignity and the liberty of man. This doctrine, it will be seen, is the antithesis of the revolutionary theory, according to which the state is everything and the individual nothing. We resign ourselves, therefore, to the misfortune of having the holders of this theory for adversaries; but we cannot allow that in the battle which they wage with us they should any longer bear themselves as the defenders of liberty and make us its enemies. It is time that words resume their true sense and each one betake himself to his *rôle*. If France would begin anew the experience which it underwent at the end of the last century, let it deliver itself up again to the disciples of Rousseau and confide its destinies to the rivals of Robespierre. Perhaps it has not yet shed enough of blood or accumulated enough of ruins! Perhaps this new triumph of the revolution is necessary to bring about its final defeat. But if to the *rôle* of victim it would not add that of dupe, let it cease to wait upon the liberty of a sect whose doctrine only tends to organize slavery.

Thank God! all who wear the livery of liberalism do not belong to this tyrannical faction. There are men outside of our ranks who sincerely wish for liberty, and who, in claiming it for error, are disposed not to refuse it to truth. If between those men and us there are differences in point of opinion, we have nevertheless many common principles which may serve as cords in a fruitful alliance on practical grounds. Separated from us and united to the liberals of the school that calls itself authoritative by a double misapprehension, they will come to us as soon as they become better acquainted with our true doctrines, and their hypocritical allies shall have thrown off the mask under which they hide their odious despotism.

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A LEGEND OF ST. PASCHAL BAYLON.

A SHEPHERD-BOY, upon the hills of Spain,
  Watching the wandering steps of silly sheep
  O'er grassy upland, far up stream-washed steep,
Sang ever in his heart a sweet refrain:
Happy the sheep whom God, the Lord, doth lead,
And he my shepherd is; I shall not need.

Soft mists were on the hills, and, wavering, clung
  To far-off peaks that pierced the thin veil through,
  Bright domes of silver 'gainst the heavens' blue
Where mild, Æolian winds an anthem sung:
Lo! as from earth the stainless skies seem far,
So God's thoughts above man's uplifted are.

Paschal, the shepherd, praised with lowly heart
  The lot that gave the flocks unto his care,
  Thinking of crook the Shepherd true doth bear,
And wayward sheep that seeketh life apart
From Him that leadeth unto pastures sweet,
Softening the stony ways to bruisèd feet.

From far green valley rose the sound of bell
  That told the daily sacrifice of Love,
  The swift descent of Him who reigns above,
Yet loving deigns in earthly shrine to dwell.
Skipped all the little hills with joy untold
While sunlit domes seemed heaven's peace to hold.

As broke the sweet sound through the blessèd air
  Paschal knelt quickly on the rocks he trod,
  Lifted his soul in ecstasy to God,
Serving God's altar through his longing prayer:
Oh! praise the Lord, all living things below,
All fruitful fields, ye winds, and hail, and snow!

As low he knelt, unto the shepherd-boy
  Was vision given of his soul's desire,
  Kindling anew his seraph heart of fire,
Lighting his face with thought of holiest joy.

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O happy sheep! that knoweth His true voice,
Hearing its sweetness bidding life rejoice.

An angel held the shining Host on high,
While humble Paschal's ravished soul adored
The Sacramental Presence of the Lord,
For whom out-rang the clear bell's harmony.
So sweet the waters where His footsteps lead,
The Shepherd true who knoweth all our need.

The vision faded; Paschal led once more
His flocks o'er grassy heights, by waters clear;
The little lambs their shepherd drawing near
As, softly, he the weary-footed bore,
While still his heart unfaded thought did keep
Of Him that His life giveth for His sheep.

The low winds breathed the bell's far melody;
The white-starred blossoms, shining from the sod,
Seemed unto Paschal shadows frail of God,
And sweeter sang his heart in ecstasy:
Happy the sheep whom Christ, our Lord, doth lead,
And he my Shepherd is; how shall I need?

O shepherd saint, that on the hills of Spain
Didst watch the wandering steps of silly sheep,
Didst pure, through life, the wondrous vision keep,
Pray thou our colder hearts sing sweet refrain:
Happy the sheep whom God, our Lord, doth feed,
And he our Shepherd is; how shall we need?

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CURRENT EVENTS.

CATHOLICS AND LIBERTY.

WE call the special attention of our readers to Father Ramière's article on "The Catholic Church and Modern Liberties," of which a translation is given elsewhere. It is a very courageous article, written with even more than the usual vehement eloquence and keenness of vision characteristic of the learned author. It is called forth by the present situation in France, but its scope is universal.

Father Ramière complains that the attitude, or, as he more forcibly puts it, the doctrinal position, of the Catholic Church towards modern liberties is both misunderstood and wilfully misrepresented. It is misunderstood even by Catholics themselves, and the misunderstanding has given rise to those deplorable dissensions from which the Catholic family in France has especially suffered, but which are unfortunately by no means restricted to France. Father Ramière's object is to clear up this misunderstanding and expose this misrepresentation once for all. If he succeeds in this Catholics will be brought to one mind, which is the first necessary element for future success; the honest-minded among their adversaries will learn to appreciate their position and join hands with them against those who use the mantle of liberty to cover the most revolting tyranny.

We sincerely hope that Father Ramière may succeed in at least one portion of his work: that of bringing about unanimity among Catholics regarding their position towards modern liberties. For certainly Catholics in France have suffered greatly from a disintegrating process, resulting, doubtless, in great part from their political divisions. The chief weapon used against them by those whom Father Ramière calls the revolutionary sect is the constant assertion that they hate modern liberties and are always striving to go back to the old *régime*. The old *régime*, to be sure, is a rather vague phrase, but phrases work wonders in France. Father Ramière begins by very effectively squelching the stupid charge regarding the old *régime*—so effectively, indeed, that one wonders how even "the revolutionary sect" had ever the courage to make it, while he regrets that Father Ramière's squelching process did not come into act a little earlier in the day. He then turns on "modern liberties," and mercilessly exposes the utter hollowness and falseness of the title as used in the cant of the day. And how thoroughly he does all this the reader can judge for himself.

The question remains, If the Catholics will not go back to the old *régime*, and if they will not accept modern liberties as expounded by the present *régime* in France, what in the name of peace and good citizenship do they want? Father Ramière shows very clearly what they want. They want real liberty; political, social, and religious liberty; liberty of the person and of goods, liberty of worship and of conscience, and a proper share in the government of themselves These cannot come from haphaz ard governments. They can come from no government that is not

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founded in its essence on the law of Christ. These modern liberties —let not the phrase frighten American readers; it is only used as interpreted by the revolutionary sect in France and the world over —reject the law of Christ. They will not accept Christ as the corner-stone of their constitutions. They will accept no divinity but the divinity of man, otherwise the state. Man is to be the be-all and the end-all here, and we may "jump the life to come," if we so wish.

Here lies the fundamental point of difference between Catholics and the sect. One believes in God; the other rejects God. If we believe in God we must believe that he takes some interest in his creatures; that he takes the very deepest and most active interest in them and their affairs; that, let men legislate as they may, he refuses to be legislated out of his own world and out of the hearts of his children. God is not blind, or deaf, or impotent. We cannot contemplate him as making the world as a mere toy to amuse a leisure moment and then let go by. Believing in God at all, we can only contemplate him as living and working and ruling in this world; as the source of all right and the inspirer of all good; as the fountain-head of truth and justice. Nor has he left man to discover all this. He has revealed himself very plainly and fully, and given laws that were meant to be obeyed. His laws are the only code of right morals, and no state or government can be moral and just which does not embrace them, in their essence at least, in its constitution.

But it is precisely against this that the "revolutionary sect" which to-day is triumphant in France fights. Again let not American readers be frightened at mere expressions. What Father Ramière understands by "revolutionary sect" they may easily discover from his article. If any man, Catholic or non-Catholic, needs a truer and larger measure of liberty than Father Ramière would grant him, then he must go seek for his liberty in other worlds than ours. But while a vital difference as to the very essence of government exists and grows there must be conflict. It is useless to cry peace here where peace is impossible. What Catholics want and demand is seen in Father Ramière's brilliant exposition; what the "revolutionary sect" wants all the world sees.

THE COURSE OF EVENTS IN FRANCE.

What the French government wants in the Jules Ferry bill is now clearly manifest. It is easily told, and without circumlocution may be described as no Christian teaching in France. Refine and define as they may, that is the substantial upshot of the Ferry Educational Bill which has been supported so heartily by the government. The bill passed successfully through the Chamber of Deputies. The debates during its passage were at once instructive, amusing, and saddening. Some of the supporters of the bill—the learned supporters—took the rash course of appealing to Catholic books of theology in support of their thesis that Catholic teaching was necessarily immoral. It is strange to see how fond anti-Catholic controversialists are of treading on this, to them, *terra ignota*, which, to one who is not thoroughly acquainted with it, is the most treacherous of all

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grounds. Yet invariably they fall into a pit at almost every turn. Jules Ferry indulged in a little of this; but he was surpassed by M. Paul Bert, who made quite a learned and effective speech. The theologians and doctors of the church were all at the latter's fingers' ends. He quoted authorities by the score, and matters looked really alarming. It is hard to rise up on the spur of the moment and refute a man who quotes chapter and verse from your own side for the most damaging statements and propositions. M. Bert was the hero of an hour and duly celebrated by those extremely learned organs, the newspapers. But when competent men came to examine M. Bert's speech in cold blood, and test it, the usual result followed: he had muddled things; garbled, misquoted, misunderstood all round, and, as invariably happens, had quoted as Catholic doctrines what in the customary form were simply propositions to be refuted, and which were refuted by the very authors quoted as laying them down as doctrine. So much for M. Bert's learning.

The bill was rejected in the Senate, and M. Jules Simon, Freemason and theist, as Gambetta is Freemason and atheist, according to the Paris correspondence of the London *Times*, was very instrumental in having it rejected. He declared that the quotations from clerical works made in the Chamber were garbled, incomplete, or misunderstood, and that the morality taught by the Catholic Church is unquestionably pure. In this he was anticipated by so decidedly anti-Catholic a journal as the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and, indeed, by the common sense of all fair-minded men. The bill was substantially thrown out, and we still await results.

On the rejection of the measure by the Senate the champions of "modern liberties" took a characteristic revenge. The annual vote for the ecclesiastical stipends came up. The average salaries of French curés and prelates have been given in this magazine. The entire sum provided by the Budget for the support of the Catholic prelates in France is 1,350,000 francs, or about $270,000. The prelates number eighty-seven, so that their average salary is about $3,000. What the bishop of a diocese in France can do with his $3,000 may be easily imagined. There is certainly not much left at the year's end. Indeed, it is absurdly inadequate; and as for the curés, a beggar would starve on their salary. The generous deputies came to the rescue. They resolved on increasing the curés' salary; and to do so effectually they cut down the prelates'!

And this is legislation according to ideas of "modern liberty." These good people are playing fast and loose with the power given them, and acting throughout like vicious children entrusted for the moment with interests that concern mankind. All sane people look on them now with distrust, not to say contempt. Everything that men esteem as good they contemn; everything bad they welcome. They refuse liberty of education and expel Catholic teachers from their schools; they welcome Communists. They cut down the meagre salaries of the bishops; they indemnify Communists. They legislate against God and Christianity while they set a premium on wickedness. This is the French republic. How can a man with a

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spark of freedom in his soul, not to say a reverence for God, live contentedly under the rule of such men? A change must come, either from within or from without.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

One cannot view without deep regret the seeming hopelessness of attaining to anything like a stable popular government in France. The political factions there are as wide apart as the poles. The republicans now in power, instead of attempting to conciliate those of their countrymen who are confessedly hostile to the republic, seem determined on showing that a republic in France means neither liberty nor order. Ferry's Educational Bill strikes at the very root of liberty. It was condemned from the outset by all the organs of free opinion in other lands, by writers who may be supposed to have as little sympathy with the Catholic Church as Ferry or Gambetta. Yet the government never hesitated in its action. The unanimous opinion of free men in all lands had no effect whatever upon it. To justify its case it had recourse to gross calumnies and charges that were both exploded and stale. What are we to think of a government whose leader can find no higher or stronger watchword for his party than "Clericalism is the enemy"? Or what of a leading member of his cabinet, Waddington, who only the other day resorted to the mean device of supporting the anti-Jesuit clause of the Ferry Bill on the ground that the Society of Jesus was a political and not a religious society? What trust can be placed in statesmen of this calibre, who presume on the recognized loyalty, patience, and long-suffering of Catholics to experiment on them at will? And these gentlemen, who are so courageous towards the most orderly body of the French people, tremble at the faintest flutter of the red rag. A measure involving a tenth part of the hostility manifested towards Catholics in the Ferry Bill, if turned against the Reds, would be the signal for barricades in Paris to-morrow. Indeed, the French government might not inaptly be described as seated on a barrel of dynamite, and from that lofty eminence ruling the France of history. The France of history is nothing to them; all they are concerned with is the barrel under them. As long as the dynamite does not explode they are secure; but if it should explode, where are they? They are trying to keep it down by pressure! They dare not leave their seat for fear of the consequences; and they care to make no alliances with respectable people.

The moral weight of the French government was illustrated at the death and funeral of the ill-fated Prince Louis Napoleon. Not a word of sympathy was addressed by them to the boy's mother. Hatred need not go so far as that. A kind word at such an hour would have cost the government little and gained it much. The presence of the ambassador of France at the grave of the last direct member of a dynasty which after all must ever continue illustrious in French annals, and which is illustrious as human history is made up, would not have derogated from the dignity of the French Republic. But the government went beyond this. It refused permission to any of its soldiers, high or low, to attend the funeral and offer a last mark of respect to the son of the man under whom they had served and won

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such distinction as they possessed. The reason alleged was that they feared a popular *émeute* if such permission were granted. If this be the only reason it confirms our picture of the government sitting on a barrel of dynamite. But even if this were so it was hardly necessary for M. Gambetta to use the sad occasion for a counter-demonstration in Paris in honor of the taking of the Bastile, and celebrating it with something, according to unprejudiced accounts, not altogether unlike a bacchanalian feast. In fact, approach from any side these men who to-day rule France, and we can find nothing that is great or admirable about them. A republic led by any such men cannot have the elements of stability; for they do not understand freedom, they do not love greatness, and they do not fear God.

NEWS.

The duties of a newspaper correspondent, if that correspondent happen to be a conscientious man, are not always the most enviable. His chief business is to supply news. He must have it first, fullest, and most accurate, otherwise he will be behind his compeers. If his news arrives late it is of no use; if it is constantly inaccurate, however startling it may be for the moment, in the long run it does not pay, for it brings discredit on the journal. We speak, of course, of journals that have some regard for their character and their readers. In the matter of mere news we believe the leading English and American journals mean to be fair. It is hard, however, to reconcile this belief with the nonsense that constantly appears in the daily journals concerning Catholic matters abroad. Nor is the nonsense always harmless. It is sometimes of the most malicious description, and evidently written by a practised hand.

One explanation of this peculiar inaccuracy of the public press regarding Catholic matters of wide import is that the telegraphic news from abroad really comes to us from one or two sources, and these are of a character hostile to Catholicity. They lie, and lie with a purpose. It gives them no concern to be contradicted. They lie again gaily the next day. They live in and live on falsehood. Witness all the ridiculous reports circulated about the present Holy Father soon after his accession. He was one day represented as being in a state of deep melancholy and sighing for death. Another day he was afraid to eat lest he should be poisoned. Again he was to all intents and purposes a prisoner and kept in confinement by the Jesuits. He did nothing but weep and deplore his fate. Everybody had deserted him and he was the victim of a conspiracy against which he found it hopeless to contend, and so forth.

It seems absurd to mention all this now, yet it will be found gravely set forth in the journals of the past year, and the news cost no small sum in the transmission. There was never the remotest shadow of a foundation for any reports of the kind, yet they and others like them were telegraphed from Rome to London week after week by correspondents of the London *Times*, or the *Standard*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and *Daily News*, whence they were transmitted to our journals in this country. And that is how the world writes and reads contemporary history nowadays.

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These are the clumsier kind of falsehoods, which have not even the negative merit of malicious ingenuity. Why they were circulated at all and at such expense nobody save those who concocted or used them can know. If a correspondent who has been sent from the London *Times* to Rome, to keep his eye on the Pope and report whatever was worth telling, flies to the telegraph office and sends a costly despatch announcing that the Pope has had poison administered to him, or is about to have, that, of course, is to the editor important information, and so it appears in the paper. Next morning the world is talking about it, even the Pope himself; and that, to a certain kind of journal, is a great gain. It is rather provoking, however, for a journal, with some character to lose to be contradicted point-blank the following morning; and when this process has been renewed time and again the affair begins to grow disastrously monotonous, and the journal that does it too often loses caste.

Mr. Reid, editor of the New York *Tribune*, recently gave a very instructive address on the office, the work, and the possible future of the newspaper. In the course of a long, interesting, and suggestive speech he made no reference to the particular point to which we have referred. It had probably never occurred to him. To the average editor eating falsehoods, or false news, is like eating dirt. It is unavoidable. A certain quantity must be consumed whether we like it or not. The human system can stand up against a fair amount without any great harm being done. Yet one would think that an intelligent man who is the responsible editor of a great newspaper could not fail to be struck from time to time by the systematic, and at certain seasons chronic, falsehood of news from Rome or general news regarding Catholic matters of wide import. Indeed, now that we think over the matter, the *Tribune* did at the time of the Conclave write to correct the absurd reports regarding the proceedings of that great assembly which found their way into the columns of the European press. But why is not such intelligent supervision more often exercised?

The wild reports regarding the Holy Father have for a long period ceased of themselves. How they originated is a mystery save in the brains of fools, or demented persons like Mr. Marsh, who chooses to continue to represent this country in Rome. He does it at his own expense, it is true; but the services of some persons are dear at a gift, and Mr. Marsh is certainly demented on the Catholic question, for it would be uncharitable as well as cruel to suppose that a man guilty of the communications with which Mr. Marsh favors Mr. Evarts, our Secretary of State, could be wholly master of himself. The journals seem to follow the policy of the government: they never send a Catholic representative to a Catholic country, for fear, doubtless, that he should tell the truth.

Nevertheless, in Catholic matters of national or home interest most secular journals are courteous and kind, and—to speak more particularly of those that we best know, the New York daily papers—especially anxious to be as accurate as possible. It used not to be so; but it certainly is so now, and, as a rule, Catholics in this particular have nothing at all to complain of in the daily press. We do not

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speak, of course, of matters of doctrine, with which they rarely deal.

An instance of what we mean is afforded in the treatment by the foreign press of the negotiations going on between Prince Bismarck and the Vatican. Prince Bismarck, to be sure, is a treacherous man to deal with. He has before now used newspapers, even the London *Times*, for his purpose, and afterward repudiated what he was represented as saying. His frankness is treacherous. But it would be a hopeless task to retrace or recall the various rumors that throughout the year have come now from Rome, now from Berlin, regarding the progress of the negotiations. They are of the most contradictory nature possible and stated without any authority whatsoever. The reports during the last week of July and the first week of August were especially thick and contradictory. On August 8, for instance, was published a triple contradictory despatch, as follows:

"A Berlin despatch to the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: 'The latest proposals of Cardinal Nina, the Papal Secretary of State, do not satisfy Prince Bismarck, who is willing to ameliorate the operation of the May laws, but is not willing to repeal them.' The *North German Gazette's* Posen correspondent denies that the German ambassador at Rome has caused a fresh writ of the Prussian courts to be served on Cardinal Ledochowski. The *Post's* Berlin correspondent reports that the Prussian government has caused summonses issued to Catholic priests by the secular courts to be withheld for a time. The government has also determined not to appoint priests to vacant livings on its own authority."

The week previous it was finally and solemnly announced that at last a *modus vivendi* had actually been established between the courts of Berlin and the Vatican.

It is hard to discover the truth, impossible, indeed, among the reports of these "Macaulays of the press" whom Mr. Reid is anxious to welcome into the journalistic fraternity. All that can be said with certainty is that Dr. Falk's resignation has gone into effect; that there are signs of a kindlier attitude on the part of the German government toward the Catholics; and, above all, that the Catholic party has rendered important voluntary service to Prince Bismarck. The party is capable of doing him equal injury; so it is worth his while to conciliate them. On such reasons rather than on the sense of justice and right must Catholics build their hopes: on a faithful return for faithful service. In the present condition of Europe all loyal hearts should be welcomed and won to the service of the government. The crowned heads of the most powerful nations have to go constantly surrounded by guards to protect them from their own subjects. Prince Bismarck himself dare not move about unprotected. He fears his old friends, the socialists. Catholics do not threaten his life. Their religion secures their loyalty. Wise statesmanship would easily secure their love.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DE RE SACRAMENTARIA. Libri Duo Posteriores De Pœnitentia, De Ordine, De Extrema Unctione, De Matrimonio. Æmil. M. De Augustinis, S.J. New York: Benzigers. 1879.

This is a new volume of the Woodstock Course. Father De Augustinis has his own style and manner, quite different from those of Father Mazzella. He is very concise and clear, and what he writes is specially well adapted for young students. The treatises on Penance and Matrimony are comparatively full and complete. In the treatise on Penance, we should have been pleased to find the question whether the love of God as our own good suffices for perfect contrition, or is only a motive of imperfect contrition, distinctly treated. The treatise on Order has some remarkably good points. The old scholastic doctrine that the sacrament of order is principally constituted in the priesthood is brought out, as we think, to advantage. The episcopate is presented, in accordance with this doctrine, not as an order separate from and above the sacerdotal order, but as the completion and perfection of priesthood, which is a bipartite order, subsisting in the two grades of bishop and presbyter. The divine rights of the episcopate suffer nothing from this manner of stating the case, but on the contrary are much better defended and vindicated from Presbyterian objections. These objections are ably refuted by Father De Augustinis, and the question of the ordination of bishops *per saltum* is likewise well handled. The author defends an opinion which Perrone pronounces to be obsolete, viz., that the pope can delegate to a priest the power of ordaining deacons. The point must be considered as proved conclusively, if the documents cited in proof can be certainly determined to be genuine as they now stand. This genuineness is, however, precisely what is attacked and denied by most respectable critics and theologians. It is requisite, therefore, to argue this point more fully and minutely, before any solid probability can be claimed for an opinion which has a *primâ facie* presumption against it, and is so generally condemned. This has a bearing on another opinion which the author has embraced, against St. Alphonsus, Perrone, and the prevalent modern teaching. He regards the five lower orders of the ministry as having each one a sacramental character. The minor orders, as is well known, can be conferred by abbots on their own subjects, and permission has sometimes been given to abbots to ordain subdeacons. If we regard the subdiaconate and the inferior ministries as of purely ecclesiastical institution, then the exclusive right of bishops to confer these orders is also derived from ecclesiastical law, and the same authority which made the law can derogate from it, by authorizing priests to confer in certain cases orders which usually can be conferred only by a bishop. The diaconate is, however, certainly of divine institution, and has a sacramental character. If it can be shown that the pope has ever delegated to priests the power of ordaining deacons, then the lower orders may be considered as sacramental, even though power is conceded to priests to administer them. Still, as the sacramental character of the diaconate is only a preparation for the sacerdotal character and not an essential part of it, it may be regarded as similar to the character of confirmation, and not absolutely requiring the exercise of a power which can be given only through episcopal consecration, in order to its being validly and lawfully imparted. Yet, even so, the other arguments against the sacramental character of any order below that of deacon remain in their full force. These orders lack divine institution. Three of them do not exist in the Eastern churches. There is no matter and form consisting in the imposition of hands with words expressing the conferring of sacramental grace, in the rite of administration. Those who receive them are not irrevocably bound to the service of the altar, except in the case of Latin subdeacons, who are bound only by virtue of an ecclesiastical law and of an implicit vow which they take voluntarily at their ordination. The only

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probability which Father De Augustinis can claim for his opinion is derived from the authority of theologians, and from inferences drawn from official documents which have never been considered as defining any doctrine. It does not seem to us that Father De Augustinis has succeeded in proving that the general current of modern opinion, sanctioned by such high authorities as St. Alphonsus and Perrone, goes against the preponderating weight of intrinsic and extrinsic probability. It is to be hoped that the Council of the Vatican will be reassembled, and will make some definitions respecting the Sacrament of Order among other things. Questions about the subdeaconship and the minor orders are of small importance in themselves, and only acquire an accidental importance when they provoke controversy among Catholics and embarrass the discussion of essential matters with Protestants. The essential matters are the true nature of the priesthood and the reality of the Sacrament of Order, the divine institution and rights of bishops, and the necessity of episcopal ordination to make true bishops and priests. These are all finally and irrevocably determined, nor is there any uncertainty respecting the sacramental character of the diaconate. A few more explicit and positive definitions, especially in regard to the matter and form of the sacrament, would, nevertheless, we think, be very serviceable to Catholic theology and controversy. If we except the thoroughly high-church section, the more orthodox among Protestants make their defence on the ground that the episcopal constitution of the church is either an early alteration of apostolical order, or at most not essential to the very being of the church, and the valid administration of orders and the sacraments which depend for their validity upon ordination. This error is connected with another which denies the truly sacerdotal character of the Christian hierarchy. The Catholic doctrine of the essentially hierarchical and sacerdotal constitution of the church, derived from the apostles and depending on the apostolical succession transmitted through the episcopal line from our Lord Jesus Christ, is the one which is fundamental in this controversy. Father De Augustinis has handled it in a masterly manner, and in some respects with an ability quite original and peculiar to himself. We venture to suggest, however, that his treatise may be improved by expansion and enlargement. We may say the same of the treatise on Extreme Unction, and in general of his whole work, especially in regard to the answering of objections, and the discussion of the arguments of various schools. The succinct and compendious form which he has given it makes it, indeed, more available as a text-book and a manual for young students. We should prefer, however, over this advantage, the greater one which would accrue to professors and the clergy from a more enlarged and thorough treatment of topics.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE: their Union Historically Considered. By Maurice Ronayne, S.J. New York: Peter F. Collier. 1879.

This modest little volume is as useful as it is interesting. It takes us down the stream of Christian history, points out the great landmarks of science, gives their history and the controversies connected with them, and shows how at every point the church regarded science as a favored child and noble assistant in the work of advancement and civilization. To-day the child has risen up against the mother who guided her so long and so patiently. Science, in the hands of unbelievers, has forgotten, or tried to forget, what it owes to the church, without which there would be no science, for there would be no civilization. And if there is one truth better established than any other in history, it is that the Christian Church is the great civilizer of peoples.

It is to remind science of its deep debts that Father Ronayne has written his charming little volume, where learning and research and extensive reading are so happily and deftly woven together that in the enjoyment of the narrative one is apt to overlook the great labor involved in such a work and the ability with which it is wrought out. The work, he tells us, "purports merely to sketch the relations which, during the Christian era, have existed between religion and science. Being of an elementary character, it deals only with those facts with which scholars are generally acquainted, and which, for the most part, can be found on the surface

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of history. The aim of the writer has been to present these facts in a connected view, and to confront them with the exaggerated or unfair statements of some modern scientists. In carrying out this plan he has sought simply to arrive at the truth and to point out the scientific merits of some of the illustrious dead."

The plan is an admirable one and has been admirably executed. The story of the calendar, the rise and character of the early Christian schools, of Charlemagne and the Othos, of the distinguished mediæval scientists, of Catholic scientists in modern times, science and the Fathers of the church, reputed "martyrs" of science, etc., etc., is full of interest and profit for readers of all classes and ages.

THE LIFE AND EPOCH OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON: A Historical Study. By the Hon. George Shea, Chief-Justice of the Marine Court. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. (The Riverside Press, Cambridge). 1879.

We cannot sufficiently commend the literary style of this work or the typographical beauty of the book; but we scarcely agree with the spirit in which the work is written from beginning to end, being more than ordinarily praiseful and Carlyle-like in the worship of its hero. And yet Alexander Hamilton was by nature and circumstances a great man, and deserves to be better known—and Judge Shea's work will assuredly make him better known—abroad than he would seem to be, to judge from the sneering allusion to him in an important publication made at Edinburgh in 1863 (alas for the glory of the *American* Hamiltons in the land of their ancestors!) as "a certain Secretary of the Treasury to Washington, whose fame is not very generally known on this side the Atlantic."

The work treats not only of the life but, as its title proclaims, of the epoch also of Hamilton; and for the general reader the epoch part will be better reading than the life proper, which is rather tame up to the point at which the author leaves it; allusions to events and men of the times and the numerous footnotes being very interesting. Apropos of which Hercules Mulligan—mouth-filling name!—comes in (as a patriot, and one who kept up a treasonable correspondence with Hamilton—then on Washington's staff—while enjoying British protection at New York) for a due share of laudation, and is described, presumably to settle his social standing in the city, as "a junior member of the firm of Kortwright & Company, to which firm produce was consigned from the West Indies to be sold," thus making him out a merchant; but among a large number of receipted bills now before us, ranging from 1776 to 1783, and which formerly belonged to the Honorable Andrew Elliot, Superintendent of the Port of New York during the Revolutionary War, we find two for tailoring done by this same fellow. Hamilton made his home at Mulligan's house when he came first to reside in New York.

THE MYSTERY OF THE WIZARD CLIP: A Monograph. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1879.

This is a small but valuable contribution to a point in the early history of the church in the United States with which we have long been familiar, and partakes both of the *Magnalia Christi* and of Satan's invisible world revealed. It is a curious and on the whole edifying little book. We have always thought it singular that the hero of the account, or rather the subject of these visitations, being "of Dutch [German?] descent and a Lutheran by profession," born in Pennsylvania, bore the unmistakably Scotch and noble name of *Livingston*. Was it a corruption to suit Americans of the not uncommon German name of *Löwenstein* (the *w* being pronounced like *v*), or may the man have been a descendant of the Scotch exile, Rev. John Livingston, who passed the last nine years of his life at Rotterdam, dying in 1672, whence some of his race may have wandered into Germany and thence to America?

A melancholy interest is attached to this little monograph from the fact that it is the last literary relic of the late Father Finotti, who died in Central City, Colorado, last January, while it was passing through the hands of the printer. It is dedicated to Dr. John G. Shea, under whose auspices it now appears. It is embellished with illustrations of the scene of the mystery.

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THE LIFE AND ACTS OF POPE LEO XIII. By Rev. J. Keller, S.J. New York: Benziger Bros. 1879.

We have looked over this well-printed and handsomely-illustrated work with great satisfaction. The reverend and learned editor has performed his task remarkably well, giving us such a number of pontifical documents and utterances and such a mass of information about the late Pope, Pius IX., about the Conclave, and about our present Holy Father, Leo XIII., as cannot probably be found elsewhere collected in one body in the English language. The spirit of loyalty to the church and of devotion to the Holy See is just what we would expect and be sure of finding in a book by a member of the Society of Jesus; and we hope that Father Keller's work will have considerable influence in directing attention to Rome, the Papacy, and the Pope, which ought to be the chief subjects of our historical studies, as well as the dearest objects of our thoughts and affection. The work is written in an entertaining and instructive manner, and we have remarked only a few inaccuracies, due doubtless to the difficulties of translation or to a want of personal acquaintance with the Vatican, and some errors which will certainly be corrected in the second edition, to which so interesting a work is sure to run. For instance, on the first page the birth-place of Pius IX. is called "a little village," whereas Sinigaglia is an ancient city and very flourishing seaport. On page 185 Blessed Gregory X. is called (before his election) "Theobald, Viscount of Piacenza," instead of "Theobald *Visconti*, of Piacenza," which is something quite different.

EMERALD GEMS: a Chaplet of Irish Fireside Tales, Historic, Domestic, and Legendary. Compiled from approved sources. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co. 1879.

There is no folk-lore more pure and beautiful, more tender and sad, more quaintly mirthful and shrewd in moral, than that of the Irish people. If Irish fairy-stories only had a Hans Andersen to tell them we should have a book more popular even than that of the wizard Hans or the *Arabian Nights*. Not that Irish stories have lacked good tellers from time immemorial down to Father Tom Burke or Mr. Boucicault. The volume so carefully collected and published by Mr. Noonan attests this. Apart from the delightful legendary lore, there are excellent stories founded on historical events and characters in *Emerald Gems*, which is just the book to make a dull or lazy afternoon enjoyable.

THE CONSTITUTION "APOSTOLICÆ SEDIS MODERATIONI" explained by the Rev. Thomas J. Carr, Professor of Theology, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. First Part. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; London: Burns & Oates. 1879.

This first part of a treatise which, when completed, will be a very useful one for priests, though scarcely so for any other class of readers, in this country at least, is in the form of a well-printed pamphlet of about one hundred and thirty pages. It will probably have a much greater circulation after the entire work is issued and bound up in one volume, outside of Ireland, than it can be expected to attain in its present imperfect state. The title sufficiently shows the scope of the learned professor's essay, for the ecclesiastical reader. The fact that it emanates from Maynooth is a strong *primâ facie* recommendation of its excellence. It is not easy to examine and criticise with accuracy and thoroughness a treatise of this sort in midsummer, and, besides, it is always more satisfactory to have a complete work on hand, if it is to be carefully appreciated. For the present we confine ourselves to this simple notification, reserving a more ample notice for a future occasion.

GOD THE TEACHER OF MANKIND: a Plain, Comprehensive Explanation of Christian Doctrine. By Michael Müller, C.SS.R. Vols. ii. and iii. New York: Benziger Bros. 1879.

These are two new volumes of Father Müller's useful and popular explanation of Christian doctrine, the first volume of which has been noticed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Each volume, though part of a series, is complete in itself and published separately. The second volume is devoted to an explanation of the Apostles' Creed, and the third to Grace and the Sacraments. These are subjects on which all Catholics should be intel-

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ligently instructed, and popular manuals, such as Father Müller's work claims to be, intended to supply such instruction, ought to be in great demand. We have not yet had an opportunity of giving these two later volumes the careful examination so important a work deserves.

LES DERNIERS JOURS DE MGR. DUPANLOUP. Avec une préface de Monseigneur L'Archevêque D'Albi. Paris: Ancienne Maison Charles Dounoil. Jules Gervais, Libraire-Editeur, Rue de Tournon, 29. 1879.

We owe to the able pen of M. l'Abbé Lagrange this most interesting record of the last days of the great Bishop of Orleans, who died while on a visit to his intimate friend, M. du Boys, in his château at Lacombe-Lancey, the 11th of October, 1878.

Mgr. Dupanloup was a bishop who was alive to the needs and the dangers of his time, full of sympathy for every good and holy work, and foremost among the bravest defenders of the faith in this century. The last time we had the singular pleasure of meeting this distinguished champion of the church was in the summer of 1873 at the ancient Benedictine monastery of Einsiedeln, which was so dear to him, and where he was accustomed to make his annual retreat. He was then in feeble health, and his figure reminded us of one of the noble knights of old, bearing the scars of many a hard and well-fought battle with the enemies of faith, justice, and right. The lustre of his eagle eyes was growing dim, his movements indicated a falling off of his accustomed strength, and the signs of old age were perceptibly creeping over his whole frame. But his bodily weaknesses served only to make clearer the valiant spirit which filled his soul, and one felt a grandeur in his presence which could only have sprung from its secret stores of heroic virtues. It might be justly said of Mgr. Dupanloup that he was a knightly Bayard clothed with the dignity of a bishop.

Those who have learned to admire the zeal and activity of Mgr. Dupanloup will be led by this sketch to venerate him no less as a Christian of assiduous prayer, a model of sacerdotal virtues, and a pattern of deep, genuine, fervent piety—sources from which he derived his energy. We look forward with great interest for a full biography from the same competent pen of this great bishop of Catholic France, and one who was an honor to the whole Catholic Episcopate.

LEGENDS OF THE SAXON SAINTS. By Aubrey de Vere. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1879.

We have been anxiously expecting the arrival of this volume of new poems by Aubrey de Vere. A few of them, thanks to the extreme and constant kindness of Mr. de Vere, saw the light for the first time in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and we are sure our readers will value the rare privilege as highly as we do. As the volume has only just been received, all that can be done at present is to acknowledge its receipt, a review being reserved for a future number. We cannot, however, refrain from giving, as a faint index of what is to come, the dedication of the volume "to the Venerable Bede":

"'Mid quiet vale or city lulled by night,
Well pleased the wanderer, wakeful on his bed,
Hears from far Alps on fitful breeze the sound
Of torrents murmuring down their rocky glens,
Strange voice from distant regions, alien climes:
Should these far echoes from thy legend-roll
Delight of loftier years, these echoes faint,
Thus waken, thus make calm, one restless heart
In our distempered day, to thee the praise,
Voice of past times, O Venerable Bede!"

THE FOUR GOSPELS UNITED INTO ONE. Newly translated from the original, and rendered into verse. By Elijah H. Kimball. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1879.

The object of this work, the translator tells us, "has been to render into verse a faithful translation of the Gospels, and to unite them in a connected and harmonious form." The work has plainly been a labor of love, and of the reverent and faithful spirit in which the author, who is not a Catholic, has approached his task there is no reason to doubt. We fear, however, that the work is destined to stand as a curiosity of literature rather than to move about and make its way in the world. Readers of the Gospels will always prefer them in the sublimely simple form in which they were written.

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LITERARY BULLETIN.

A NEW edition of Father Hewit's excellent work, **The King's Highway,** having been called for, the Catholic Publication Society Co. has just issued one in excellent style. It is a book that should be circulated freely, especially amongst the people of New England and those holding their opinions. Those who ordered the book when it was out of print will, we hope, avail themselves of this opportunity to procure a copy.

Father O'Brien's book on **The Mass** will soon go to a third edition. The author has received the following note from Cardinal Newman:

"THE ORATORY, July 25, 1879.

'MY DEAR REV. SIR: Your very welcome gift, the *History of Holy Mass*, so full of matter, and so beautiful in the form in which you have sent it to me, has come quite safely, and I thank you very much for it. Very truly yours,

"JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

"The Rev. PROFESSOR O'BRIEN."

The *Catholic Telegraph*, Cincinnati, says of it:

"This work, which presents in a compact yet readable form an immense amount of knowledge of the Holy Sacrifice and the diversities of ceremony in the different rites, has already passed through a second edition. In this edition some doubtful statements which appeared in the first have been withdrawn. In its present shape it is the only book in the English language which gives a Catholic a clear idea not only of the origin of the ceremonies of the Mass, but also of the ritual of the various Eastern churches, whether in union with the Holy See or schismatic. We repeat what we said of the first edition, that it is a book which no intelligent Catholic, cleric, religious, or layman, can afford to leave unread. It is a fine piece of book-making, too. Paper, type, ink, and binding are all that could be desired."

And the London *Bookseller*:

"A little volume descriptive and explanatory of everything connected with the Eucharistic Office, or Mass. The vestments in which it is celebrated, the vessels and ornaments employed, the various rites and liturgies in use in the East and West, receive careful attention, and serve as an introduction to a full discussion of the words and ceremonies constituting a Greek or a Roman Mass. Nothing better or so good, in the same short compass, was ever put together in English."

School Books.—The *Catholic Telegraph* justly remarks:

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We, the undersigned members of the Ladies' Archbishop's Aid Society of Cincinnati, moved by sympathy for the aged prelate who has so long labored for the good of the souls committed to his care, and desirous of rendering assistance to the many poor people whose savings have disappeared in the late disaster, have just given a concert in aid of the needy creditors. The success attending that concert, and the experience gained in the distribution of its proceeds among the poor and suffering, have impelled us to make another effort for the same charitable end.

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Signed in behalf of the Ladies' Archbishop's Aid Society.

Mrs. J. F. MELINE,
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We gladly approve and heartily bless this charitable enterprise of the Ladies' Aid Society. ✠ J. B. PURCELL,

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Communications may be addressed to either of the above members of the Corresponding Committee, in care of John B. Mannix, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, N. E. corner of Fifth and Main Streets; or to Mr. T. F. Galwey, Editor of the *Catholic Telegraph*, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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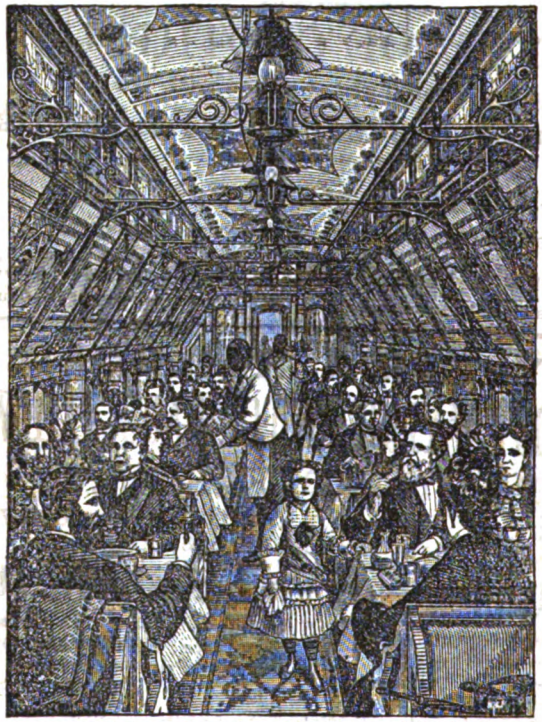

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DEC 3 1894
APR 8 1901
DEC 9 1908
DEC 4 1907
FEB 15 1908
MAR 4 1908
MAR 4 1908
OCT 13 1910
DEC 29 1930

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